

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1822.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH

AND

T CADFELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1822

To the King.

LOWLY to thee, his liege, with love and reverence bending,
Christopher North presents this tome, the twelfth of his labours.
May thine eye be pleased, and thy heart well satisfied, while thou
Rovest o'er the varied page of *Maga* vested in olive.
Nonsense, perhaps, is there—much random writing, and some too
Of that abundant food which joys in the title of Balaam.
But besides these much more, thy cultivate mind will discover—
Many a page rich fraught with wit, and beauty, and pathos,
Jewels of sparkling verse, and high and rapturous musings,
Tale, and critique, and song, of woe, or drollery, swelling
From the grief-stricken heart, or the soul loud-laughing in gladness ;—
And above all, the voice for ever boldly proclaiming,
HONOUR TO THEE, O KING, AND PRIDE IN THE GLORY OF BRITAIN !
Torn be his tongue from his mouth, and trampled his lip in the kennel,
If while life remains, while his *Magazine* flourishes proudly,
Such a voice be not heard from loyal Christopher's bosom.
Scoundrel indeed is he, in ruffian Whiggery thrice dyed,
Who can withhold from thee due meed of praise and of honour,
Mirror of brilliant Kings !—the PRINCE and GENTLEMAN blended !
Elegant, graceful, polite, kind, affable MONARCH OF FREEMEN !

King of the men whose arms both Orient and Occident bowed to,
 Who, with unconquer'd keel, have ploughed the bosom of Ocean ;
 Lords of the human race, but proud of thee as a Master.
 Gladly, in future days, th' unborn historian of England
 Will, with unwearied pen, retrace thy glorious annals :
 Proud will he be to tell, that in moments of darkness and danger
 Thou to the helm wert call'd, and firm wert found in thy station ;
 Portugal, ancient ally, deliver'd from barbarous outrage ;
 Spain, arous'd to the fight, and led through the terrible conflict :
 Germany, mighty land ! the mother of sages and heroes,
 Waked from her deadly sleep, like th' irresistible Danie
 Bursting her bonds, to chase her worse than Philistine foemen ;
 Holland, rejoicing again 'neath the much lov'd standard of Orange ;
 Russia, urg'd to war to shower down fierce desolation
 On the godless host, who, led by the Jacobin Despot,
 Went, in evil strength, to heap on the terrified nations
 Misery, and sin, and shame, and slavery, woe and oppression.
 Fire and sword in their hands, vice, lust, hate, rage in their bosoms.
 Why need I mention more ?—All Europe hails thee, O Monarch !
 As the Angel of Light, who stood 'twixt the dead and the living,
 Staid the raging plague, and gave back peace to the nations.
 Nay, even France herself, whence flowed the pestilent torrent,
 Now to purer views and truer feelings awaken'd,
 Cured of her feverish rage and pernicious ambition of conquest,
 Under the stainless flag and the ancient lilies of Bourbon,
 Owns, 'tis to England's King she owes the blessings of order.—
 Thine was the rule adorn'd by the brightest of WELLINGTON'S trophies,
 Bounds not every heart, as 'twere to sound of a trumpet,
 When we speak of the tide of ceaseless victory, flowing
 From the day when Junot, defeated, fled from Vinniera,
 Until the glorious hour when the Lions of England were planted
 High o'er the walls of Tholouse, in the ancient domain of the Black Prince ?
 How thou art loved at home, it now were bootless to mention ;
 Dumb is Faction itself, (the multifaced demon of Southey) :
 Not a sound is heard but shouts of love and affection,
 Ringing in thundering cheers wherever thou turnest thy footsteps.
 Ireland received her King with a more than national uproar ;
 Stanover, land of thy sires, with greetings rapturous hail'd thee ;

Scotland her sons poured forth to do thee reverent homage ;
 Such would the greeting be, hadst thou to thy icy dominions,
 Won by the sword of Wolfe, to Arctic Canada wander'd ;
 Such would the greeting be in India, land of the Bramin.
 Never does the glorious sun, the argent lamp of Apollo,
 Set in the realms which are swayed beneath thy merciful sceptre ;
 Monarch in every zone, whether temperate, torrid, or frigid,
 Thou in every zone art loved, O King, as a Father.

What dost thou think, my liege, of the metre in which I address thee?
 Doth it not sound very big, very bouncing, bubble-and-squaky,
 Rattling and loud, and high, resembling a drum or a bugle—
 Rub-a-dub-dub like the one, like t'other tantara-rara ?
 (It into use was brought of late by thy Laureate Doctor—
 But, in my humble opinion, I write it better than he does)
 It was chosen by me as the longest measure I knew of,
 And, in praising one's King, it is right full measure to give him.
 Just for a jiff I shall stop, to drink thy health in a bumper,
 Then for a handful of lines to make a fine peroration !



Peroration.

HERE IS THE HEALTH OF THE KING ! WITH HURRA QUADRUPLY RE-
 PEATED !

Long may his Majesty live in health, in glory, in greatness !
 Loved by his people at home, look'd up to abroad by the nations !
 Blest may he be rising up—blest lying down to his slumbers !
 Gay be his visions in sleep, and happy his thoughts in the day time !
 Ruled be the land in love, and—kept be the Whigs out of office !
 And when the final hour shall summon him hence to the judgment,
 Summons that must be obeyed by prince as well as by peasant,
 May he descend to the tomb as loved as his father before him !

Postscript to the Public.

Stop—I omitted to tell our King one glorious matter,
 Merely through modesty pure, and my virgin-like fear of offending ;
 You, my Public, must know I mean that this worthy Production,
This Magazine of mine was in his Regency founded.
 GEORGE THE FIRST declared that he held it a haughty distinction,
 To be the monarch at once of NEWTON (Sir Isaac) and LEIBNITZ.
 So I should think GEORGE THE FOURTH must feel himself highly delighted
 With the idea of having so famous a subject as KIT NORTH !
This is no more than a guess, but is it not likely, my Public !

Postscript the Second.

Counting my lines on my fingers, I find they want six of a hundred,
 And 'twere a pitiful thing if I did not make up the number,
 Therefore I throw these in for the sake of my millions of readers,
 Who might otherwise think me a stingy chap of my hexams :
 So I have added them here, and now my reader benignant,
 Reckon my lines with care, and you'll find them certainly five score.

C. N.

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VOL. XII.

Contents.

Letter from a Protestant Layman to Christopher North, Esq. on Mr Canning's Speech, and on the Letter of the Catholic Layman.....	3	Metricum Symposium Ambrosianum, seu Propinatio Poetica Northi.....	79
The Nocturnal Separation.....	17	Green's Guide to the Lakes of England.....	84
Milman's Belshazzar.....	25	The Earl of Liverpool.....	91
Thomson <i>versus</i> Brande.....	40	Another Oxford Controversy.....	93
Letter from Philomag.....	48	The Quarterly Review. No. LIII.....	94
Answer from C. North, Esq.....	ib.	Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. IV.....	100
Postscript to the Public.....	53		
Letter from a "Gentleman of the Press," to Christopher North, Esq.	56	WORKS PREPARING for PUBLICATION.....	115
Dale's Irad and Adah.....	61		
First Notes of an Incipient Ballad-Metre-Monger.....	67	MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.....	117
Packing up after an English Country Ball.....	69		
Bowles's Grave of the Last Saxon.....	71	MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Farewell to my Friends.....	78	Appointments, Promotions, &c.....	126
		Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....	128

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SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

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LETTER FROM A PROTESTANT LAYMAN TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

ON MR CANNING'S SPEECH,* AND ON THE LETTER OF THE
CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR,—Having considered with some attention the great question, whether it is expedient to confer on our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects farther privileges than have been already granted; and as you have already laid my thoughts on the subject before your readers, in the shape of a letter to Lord Nugent, I am tempted to offer you some remarks on the speech of Mr Canning, delivered in the House of Commons on the 30th of April last, on the occasion of moving for leave to bring in a Bill to restore the Catholic Peers to their seats in Parliament,—which speech has been recently presented to the public.

The talents and character of Mr Canning, the friend of Mr Pitt, and the zealous defender of the Constitution against the attempts of Radical Reformers, entitle him to a high degree of respect, which, I trust, I shall not trench upon whilst I freely state the difference between my sentiments and his on the question before us. I am conscious that no unworthy motive disposes me to contravene his liberality towards persons of that religion, and I am as well satisfied that his intentions are guided by the best principles.

Before I proceed to examine the arguments he employs, it may be proper

to take a succinct view of the whole of his speech.

He begins by noticing certain preliminary objections, which had been made within and without the walls of the House of Commons, applicable rather to the form than to the principle of his proposition. The first is, that there is something insidious in thus obtaining a partial decision on the general Catholic question. The second, that the separation of one class of the Catholic community from the rest, is a prejudice to the whole. These two objections, Mr C. observes, counteract each other,—that all discussion is an advantage to the general question, but that no unfair advantage is gained by setting the case free from complicated matter, as is done in the present instance; no data being here assumed, nor do the arguments soar into the regions of abstract principle, but are confined to law and fact. Those who think the question too much narrowed, must, he thinks, “lament the removal of so many disabilities, under which the Roman Catholic has long ceased to groan. How must they regret that, from an early period of the late reign up to the present time, so many of the most galling fetters have gradually been taken off, and leave little more than the mark of them now visible!

* Corrected Report of the Speech of the Right Honourable George Canning, in the House of Commons, 30th April, 1822, in moving for leave to bring in a Bill to restore to Roman Catholic Peers their right of sitting and voting in Parliament. 8vo. London, Murray, 1822.

How must they regret the act of 1778, which restored to the Roman Catholics the right of property;—the act of 1793, which removed many vexatious disabilities, with respect to the exercise of religion, to professions, to civil, and in several important instances, political rights. How must they deplore the act of 1793, which gave to the Irish Roman Catholics, in many instances, advisedly, distinctly, specifically, in all more remotely, and by sure implication—political power and consequences in giving them the elective franchise! How must their sorrow have been increased by the measure which, five years ago, silently opened the army and the navy to Catholic enterprise, bravery, and ambition! Mr C. rejoices that these privations are removed, though the relief takes away the ground-work of much impressive eloquence. Another objection coupled with this last is, that the noble persons interested have some disinclination to the introduction, because it does not include all those connected with them in the same religion. He denies having any special commission to be their advocate, and asserts that he undertakes the cause merely on principles of state policy and national benefit; it is, however, untrue that the Catholic Lords have any disinclination to his plan, and he cites the Duke of Norfolk's authority to this effect; but he assures the House that the proposition is spontaneous on his part, without receiving any suggestion from any of those Peers. Another objection is, that there is an impropriety in originating in the House of Commons, a measure which concerns exclusively the rights of the House of Peers. This is completely overturned by precedents; as the very act, the operation of which is now proposed to be corrected, originated in the House of Commons; and also, that of the 5th of Elizabeth, which recognized the right of Peers to hold their seats unquestioned, and disqualified on account of religious opinions. The act, too, which was brought in by Mr Mitford, (now Lord Redendale,) in 1791, entirely regarded the House of Peers. It has likewise been remarked, that a proposition for reforming the House of Lords, comes with an ill grace from an assembly to reform in the House of Commons. Mr C., however, contends, that his great objection to schemes of

reform is, that they have always been loose and undefined;—he aims not at reconstructing the House of Lords, but to bring it back to the state in which it formerly existed, and he points out the precise period of its existence to which he would restore it, viz. the 30th of November 1678, on which day the Royal Assent was given to the Act, by which Roman Catholic Peers were excluded. "The principle of my measure," says he, "is not innovation, but restoration; and if further questioned as to the extent to which this restoration would go, I reply,—to the immediate admission of six English Catholic Peers, and by possibility, at some future time, to the admission of about the same number of Irish." He proceeds to state, "But I will go farther: I will shew that not only my measure is not innovation, but restoration,—but that it is a restoration founded upon principles of the strictest justice. I will shew that it restores rights, the suspension of which arose from causes which no longer exist, and was justified on pretences, which were never true." Mr C. divides the legislation affecting the Catholics into three periods;—1st, From the reign of Elizabeth to the Restoration;—2d, From Charles II. to the Revolution;—3d, From that time to the reign of George III., the auspicious era of the relaxation of the penal code. He very fairly justifies the precautions and the severities of Queen Elizabeth, on account of "the disquietude of one religion not altogether put down, and the instability of another not wholly established; and by those frequent plots against her crown and life, which were instigated by the influence of foreign politics, and connected an opposition to her belief, with a refusal of allegiance to her authority. The security of Elizabeth's throne was identified with the security of the Reformed Religion." In the third period, Mr C. observes that the circumstances of King William inclined his advisers rather to discountenance the religion of the exiled monarch, than to do away laws enacted against the Roman Catholics; and he supposes that some design might have existed of driving the Catholics of England to expatriation, though by a less violent process than that which some years before had driven out the Protestants from France, by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

"I state these circumstances," adds he, "without either condemning or justifying them; without condemning, because much allowance must be made for the political exigency of the times; without justifying, because it would, indeed, be painful to justify, in cold blood, the harsh and terrible enactments of irritation, jealousy, and fear. In Ireland especially, where so much greater a proportion of the people was hostile to the Government, and favoured the cause of the dethroned King, the system towards the Catholics was one of unmixed oppression. The endeavour there was to grind the people to the dust, to loosen the holds of family and kindred, to reduce society to barbarism, and to erect a garrison of Protestants amidst a nation of Catholic slaves. But was this attempted in mere wantonness or caprice? No;—but because the Protestant religion in Ireland was less settled; and because the opposition to it was, in almost every instance in that day, connected with the support of a competitor for the crown." He lastly takes the middle period, the reign of Charles II. which particularly concerns the present question, and lays down the following positions. In the merciful reign of our late Sovereign almost the whole of the penal laws of the two other periods were repealed. Charles II. being secretly a Catholic, and his brother avowedly so, a design was justly suspected of re-establishing that religion, and of subverting the Constitution. The predominant feeling of Parliament was the dread of a Popish successor. Keeping this point constantly in view will throw light on the transactions of that time, remove some appearances of inconsistency in the principal actors, and divest their measures of the stain of excessive rigour. The great object of the House of Commons was to debar the Duke of York from the succession. This is proved by their repeated angry remonstrances which preceded their direct attempt at his exclusion. The Test Act of the 25th Ch. II. had the same purpose in view, and also the Address to the Crown against the Duke's marriage with a Catholic, and another to remove him from the King's presence and councils; and finally, by the act of the 30th, which was defeated by the Lords inserting an exemption in his favour. The Commons then resorted to the direct and more

questionable measure of an Exclusion Bill. Mr C. does not argue that the Commons were wrong, but that they were anxious to provide against "the real and undoubted danger" which then threatened the country. But if that great state necessity existed then, he asks, is there any ground now for continuing these penalties? Whether the expulsion of the Catholic Peers were then right or wrong, he thinks it is now no longer maintainable.

The particular circumstances under which the Act passed, he remarks, deserve especial notice. In the hottest ferment of political controversy, the Popish Plot came to the aid of the Exclusionists. It may be too much to affirm, that the whole of this accusation was unmixed falsehood; but, certain it is, that the character of those who pretended to give information of it, is stamped with fraud and perjury. The Commons, under the influence of this panic, sat for seven days occupied in the examination of Titus Oates and his associates, and then passed the Act, which is the subject of the present proposition, having previously issued warrants for the arrest of five out of the eighteen Catholic Peers who then sat in the House of Lords. The tears and protestations of the Duke of York obtained an exemption; but the whole of the Catholic Peers were excluded from their seats, and they continue so to the present hour. Mr C. contends that the framers of this Act did not mean to inflict a permanent disability. The King himself, he thinks, expressed that intention; for in passing it, he said that he consents to it, because it is thought *fitting at this time*. "In fact, had the Duke of York not been a Papist, the Catholic Peers would not have been disturbed in their seats. Attempts had formerly been made to impose oaths and declarations on the House of Lords, which had uniformly been rejected. A standing order was made in 1678, that no oath shall be imposed upon the Peers, with a penalty, in case of refusal, to lose their votes in Parliament, which order remains to this day unrepealed. Mr C. infers from this, that their intention in 1678 could only have been a temporary enactment; but he acknowledges that a standing order could not be placed in competition with the law of the land. He draws an analogy from the Habeas Corpus Act being left unrepealed."

pealed during its temporary suspension. The act of 1678 is, he observes, very hastily put together, the case of the Peers and the Commons being strangely confounded, and the reasoning in it as inconsequent as the measure was unjust. One of the privations inflicted by this act has been removed. The privilege of a Catholic Peer to come into his Majesty's presence, as an hereditary counsellor of the Crown, is restored by Lord Redeale's Act in 1791, which substitutes another oath instead of the Oath of Supremacy, the altered form merely denying the Pope to have any temporal or civil power within this realm. The deprivation of access to the King is the only one for which the statute assigns a reason; whilst the expulsion from Parliament, for which no reason is given, still remains, which Mr C. deems a gross absurdity. Mr C. acknowledges that the reign of George III. was fertile in acts of relief, ameliorating the condition of his Roman Catholic subjects. His present Majesty added another anomaly to the condition of the Catholic Peers, by having them summoned to his coronation; which, gracious as the design was, Mr C. supposes must have brought some bitterness with the enjoyment.—“Did it occur to the Representatives of Europe, when contemplating this animated spectacle—did it occur to the Ambassadors of Catholic Austria, of Catholic France, or of States more bigotted in matters of religion, that the moment this ceremony was over, the Duke of Norfolk would become dispossessed of the exercise of his privileges among his fellow Peers? that his robes of ceremony were to be laid aside and hung up until the distant (he it very distant!) day, when the coronation of a successor to his present most gracious Sovereign might again call him forth to assist at a similar solemnization?—that, after being thus exhibited to the Peers and People of England, and to the Representatives of the Princes and Nations of the world, the Duke of Norfolk, highest in rank among the Peers, Lord Clifford, and others like him, representing a long line of illustrious ancestry,—as if called forth and furnished for the occasion, like the lustres and banners that flamed and glittered in the scene, were to be, like them, thrown by as useless and trumpery formalities?—that they might bend

the knee, and kiss the hand—that they might bear the train, or raise the canopy—might discharge the offices assigned by Roman pride to their barbarian ancestors—*Purpurea tollant aulae Brillemis*,—but that with the pageantry of the hour, their importance faded away;—that as their distinction vanished, their humiliation returned; and that he who headed the procession of Peers to-day, could not sit among them as their equal to-morrow?”

He goes on to mention the honours conferred on Lord Fingall during the Royal visit to Ireland, which he thinks of little avail, whilst excluded from electing, or being elected among the Representative Peers. This would be remedied by the proposed Bill. Having considered the Act 1678 hitherto principally in a political point of view, he endeavours to shew that it was a measure of individual injustice. Had it been the intention of the Legislature to have extinguished the Catholic Peers, instead of excluding the Duke of York,—had Lord Stafford and the four other Peers been clearly guilty of the alleged treason, there is no ground for visiting the Catholic Peers with perpetual disabilities,—still less when built on such a foundation as the Popish Plot. Lord Stafford was brought to trial, condemned, and executed. His attainder was reversed by the Lords about seven years after, on the principal witnesses against him being convicted of perjury; but the bill was dropped in the Commons, which might have been occasioned by the Duke of Monmouth's landing about the time the bill was to have been committed. Mr C. quotes Hume, and also the authorities of Lords Thurlow and Kenyon, who, in a discussion of precedents at Mr Hastings's trial in 1786, asserted, in very strong language, their belief of Lord Stafford's innocence. Mr Hume speaks of the execution of Lord Stafford with generous indignation; but Mr C. takes occasion to censure the historian for using terms, when mentioning the loss of the bill, which he thinks cold-blooded and revolting. This is the passage: “Though the reparation of injustice be the second honour which a nation can attain, the present emergence seemed very improper for granting so full a justification to the Catholics, and throwing so foul a stain upon the

Protestants." Mr C. infers, on the whole, that, as far as the act of the 30th of Charles II. rests on the Popish Plot, the foundation entirely fails; and that if technical difficulties or temporary expediency prevented the reversal of Lord Stafford's attainder, no such reasons prevail at present "to prevent this House from paying homage to truth, though late, and reversing legislative error." Mr C. then recapitulates the grounds on which Parliament ought to annul the statute, even if political considerations were set aside, viz. that it violated an inherent birth-right, which cannot be taken away unless for causes which would warrant taking away property and life; and it rested on grounds solemnly denied within the space of seven years. If it be objected that the admission of the Peers would create an anomaly whilst Roman Catholics are excluded from the Commons, it is answered, that this prevailed for 115 years, from the 5th of Elizabeth to the 30th of Charles II. The anomaly, Mr C. thinks, would be best removed by admitting them also into the House of Commons: but the injury to the Peers is much greater; this is a privation of a birth-right,—the Commoner only loses the benefit of a contingency. The restoration of the Peers would be tardy justice; for fifty years they have seen concessions granted to others, being themselves silent and contented spectators. The present case stands independent of the general question;—any Jury would determine that the expulsion being wrongfully obtained, the posterity of the parties injured are justly entitled to restoration. As a reply to some persons who assert that the re-admission of the Catholic Peers would be a measure indifferent to the great body of the Catholics, he exclaims, "What! Is not the whole church of England ennobled by the admission of its prelates into the House of Lords, although there is an express statute prohibiting any parson from sitting in the Commons House of Parliament? Is it possible that any great body in the State should not partake of the dignity or degradation attaching to those who are at its head? Does not the meanest Catholic in the kingdom sympathize with the Catholic Peers for the sufferings endured by them in their exclusion, and would he not feel elevated by their restoration?"

No happier illustration perhaps can be found of this principle, than one drawn from the plan devised by an honourable gentleman on the other side of the house (Mr Ricardo) for the restoration of our depreciated currency,—a plan as full of genius as of science. The paper currency of the country was in a state of depreciation. To set it right by a corresponding issue of gold, was impracticable. It was suggested to make certain large masses of notes payable with bars of gold. It was objected to this plan, that the poor man's one-pound note would thus be more depreciated in value by comparison with those which the rich man could carry in aggregated hundreds to the Bank, and get exchanged for bullion. Parliament, however, wisely adopted this plan; and what was the consequence? why, that the value of the currency was speedily raised from one end of the country to the other, the one-pound note of the poor man partaking in that rise with its fellows aggregated in the treasures of the rich, although it cannot be exchanged for gold. In like manner, if Parliament should determine to admit the Catholic Peers to their seats, although the Catholic peasantry could be little affected, so far as regarded any prospect of their reaching Parliamentary honours, yet would they find a measure not useless to themselves, by which the value of the whole Catholic denomination would be immediately raised throughout the kingdom."

Mr C. concludes by requiring two questions to be answered:—1st, Were not the Catholic Peers excluded by the act of the 30th of Charles II., after they had been expressly and anxiously retained by Queen Elizabeth? 2d, Were they expelled with a view to exclude the Duke of York from the throne, or was it on account of the Popish Plot? In considering the second question, he observed, if it was for the former purpose, no such reason now exists, the throne being unalterably Protestant;—If the Popish Plot was the cause, were the five Catholic Peers justly or unjustly accused? if justly, why were they not all tried? Has not Lord Stafford's innocence been established? even if that be doubted, why should four be condemned for one? and not only four, but all the other Catholic Peers, and all their posterity? "If these ques-

tions are not answered satisfactorily," argues Mr C., "I am entitled to say, that, while I leave the larger question of Catholic disability, or admissibility to sit on political expediency, what I claim for the Catholic Peers, I claim as a matter of right." He thus concludes,—“Against their continued exclusion I appeal, not only from the House of Commons of 1678 to this House, which I have now the honour of addressing; not only from the former to present times, but from Shaftesbury to Burleigh, from the testimony of Oates to that of Queen Elizabeth. Nay, I appeal from our ancestors of that day, to our ancestors themselves; from the House of Lords in 1678, to the same, or nearly the same body, in 1685; from the intoxication of their fears, to the sobriety of their reflection and repentance. I adjure the House not to adopt in conduct, as they certainly would not sanction in words, the implied opinion of Mr Hume, that perseverance in wrong can, under any circumstances, be preferable even to inconvenient (if in this case it were inconvenient) reparation. And I solemnly declare to the House, that I would not have brought this question forward, had I not felt assured that the reparation which I ask on behalf of the Catholic Peers, is, in the name of policy as expedient, as in the name of humanity it is chritable, and in the name of God, just.”

Having thus given an abstract of the Right Honourable Gentleman's speech, in which I have endeavoured to state his arguments as fairly as possible, copying some of the most prominent passages, I shall venture to offer a few observations without having had the advantage of seeing the arguments of the members of the House who opposed the motion, which were doubtless of great weight, although they failed to effect its rejection.

In Mr Canning's statement of supposed objections, he introduces the term *insidious*, as applied to the measure. This epithet has an unpleasant sound, and I am unwilling to adopt it. The present question, however, may be said to have been brought forward with much *adroitness*. The Right Honourable contriver of the plan, certainly understands the mechanical power of the wedge, and is sensible that if this question of right,

narrowed as it is by divesting it of complicated matter and abstract principle, could be forced to make its way, the more substantial and gross parts of the general question would not fail to follow by the energetic action of his powerful mallet. To make, therefore, resistance successful, the friends of Protestantism must oppose their efforts to the edge of this cuneiform process. This might perhaps be done at once, by shewing that the terms of the Union with Scotland make the proposed alteration absolutely impossible. But waiving that inquiry, let us try the expediency of it by the examination of Mr Canning's principal arguments. It is by no means necessary to pursue the whole course of the speech; for to much of his statement we may yield unqualified assent, however we may differ in the conclusion.

Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding the machinations of her Catholic enemies, might have had good reasons for shewing respect to the Catholic Peers of her time. In some of them she had faithful and able servants. Lord Howard of Effingham, for example, at a subsequent period evinced conspicuous merit to his sovereign and his country. But there is a very great difference between the abstaining from the ungracious act of expelling the present possessors, and the restoring a particular class of nobles to those privileges which the cautious prudence of a former age had “advisedly, distinctly, and specifically, resolved to debar them.” Mr Canning admits the real danger of a Popish successor in the reign of Charles II., and that Parliament was justified in taking strong measures of prevention. I will as readily concede to him the perjury and fraud of Oates and his confederates, and the horrible injustice of Lord Stafford's sentence, founded on such evidence. The blindness of Parliament and of the nation on the subject of the Popish Plot, can only be accounted for from the violence of their fears, lest the horrors of persecution should be again renewed under a Roman Catholic King. The fears were excessive, but the danger was imminent, and the precautions wise. Mr Canning allows that part of this act of the 30th Charles II., so obnoxious to his feelings, is the bulwark of the British constitution. He is not entirely successful in demonstrating that the statute was intended only as

a temporary regulation. Had that been the case, it would probably have been so expressed in the Act itself. The analogy with the Habeas Corpus Act by no means applies; every suspension of that safe-guard of liberty being avowedly temporary, and never lasting beyond the immediate necessity; whilst the exclusion of the Catholic Peers has lasted for more than a century; and whatever might have been the intention of those who made it, the wisdom of those patriots, who settled the nation at the accession of King William, retained the precaution, and combined the spirit of it with those laws which are the basis of the constitution. The Popish Plot, which stimulated the Parliament of Charles II., might be an unreal phantom, but the peril to which the Reformed Religion was exposed was real and appalling. The composition of the act may be hasty and ungrammatical, but its meaning is plain and obvious. The threatened succession of a Catholic to the throne made it necessary, for the interest of the Protestant ascendancy, that Catholics should not possess a voice in the House of Lords, as in the unsettled times of Queen Elizabeth, it was judged expedient to remove them from the Commons. The exclusion of the Duke of York might be the great and primary object, but the depriving the Catholic Peers of their votes was considered as a necessary precaution against present and future possible danger. The demonstration of Lord Stafford's innocence is a good reason for giving every reparation to his memory, but the hazarding our religious establishment, by rescinding so important a law, is a sacrifice too great, and too unreasonable to be offered to his manes. The philosophic historian is too harshly censured by Mr Canning, in the warmth of his zeal to do justice to that injured Peer. To reverse the attainder of a nobleman unjustly condemned, was an act of strict justice; but there is a time for all things; if the measure was brought on at a critical juncture for the purpose of aiding the efforts of the partisans of Popery to overturn the Protestant cause, the discussion might be reasonably postponed till a more convenient season: the unfortunate object had been seven years in his grave; public opinion had turned strongly in his favour; little or no injury could

therefore accrue to his memory from the delay. Hume may surely be excused for saying, that "the present emergence seemed very improper for granting so full a justification to the Catholics, and throwing so foul a stain on the Protestants." If the birth-right of the Peers is invaded by the act of the 30th Charles II., that of a British King is also taken away by the powers of parliamentary enactment, as James II. fatally experienced. Both are sacrificed to the paramount necessity of preserving the Protestant establishment. Why should we estimate the privilege of a peer higher than that of a monarch? Every future prince who holds the sceptre of these realms is by the same immutable law deprived of his birth-right, if he conforms to the proscribed Roman Catholic faith. This regulation Mr Canning admits to be *unalterable*; but the most certain way of making this law resemble those of the ancient Medes and Persians, is to take care that no persons be admitted to the function of legislators, who are likely to desire their abrogation. The admission of six Catholic Peers into the House of Lords, or a few more to be elected from Ireland, might be a matter of no great importance to the state; but it is not, as Mr Canning would persuade us, a case independent of the general question; the success of this attack must be considered as a lodgment on an outwork of the Protestant citadel. It is highly necessary to convince those who contend for farther indulgence, that the case is hopeless;—it is of material consequence, that the agitation and irritation which have so long afflicted the country, tantalizing the Catholics with vain expectations, and harassing the Protestants with continual apprehensions, should be reduced to a state of quiescence. The gratification which Mr Canning imagines the Catholics as a body would feel from his gaining this point, may well be balanced by the uneasiness it would inflict on the great mass of Protestants.

He very ingeniously illustrates the elevation which every Catholic would derive from the restoration of their Peers, by a comparison with an honourable member's scientific operation on the circulating medium;—but if the humble Catholic receives no higher enjoyment from the success of Mr Canning, than the poor man found from the

contemplation of his paper pound, ennobled by Mr Ricardo's ingot, I believe the complacency excited would not be excessively exhilarating. As well might the eloquent advocate for Catholicism have explained Transubstantiation by the supposed real presence of the precious metal, which virtually exists in the greasy note at the bottom of the labourer's pocket. But why should we be anxious to raise the value of "the whole Catholic denomination?" Is it not devoutly to be wished that, by honest and fair means, without either persecution or oppression, that mode of faith and worship, which every true Protestant believes to be erroneous, could be discouraged. It is surely sufficient to grant perfect toleration to the old religion, from which the members of the Established Church have formerly suffered so much, and which boasts that its principles never change:—it is enough to forgive those injuries, which it would be folly to forget.

Indignor—

Non veniam antiquis sed honorem et præmia posci.

The reign of George III. was, as Mr Canning fairly acknowledges, "fertile in acts of relief to the Catholics;" and he makes an ample detail of these acts of beneficence. Parliament has kindly and wisely taken away every unnecessary restriction and privation. The liberality of his present Majesty has conferred fresh favours; but the cordial regard which we bear as Protestants, and as Britons, to the reformed religion, established both in the north and in the south division of our island, must compel us to stop somewhere in our concessions—to fix some point;—and where can we make a better stand than where we now are? beyond which the adversaries of our church shall not advance towards the possession of power, which, in some possible circumstances, may be dangerous to its existence. I may be allowed to call the professors of the Roman Catholic faith *religious adversaries*, however estimable they may be as individuals, or excellent as subjects. The Roman Catholic Church will bear no sister near the throne—and all who dissent from her doctrines are branded with the name of heretic, and if she were able she would not fail to extirpate them.

If I am right in the view I take of the subject, and I flatter myself a

great majority of the British nation sympathise with my sentiments, it matters not how the questions proposed at the close of the speech are answered. However charitable it might be to restore the Catholic Peers to their seats as a reparation for the wrongs suffered by Lord Stafford, the defence of our religion makes it neither just in the sight of Heaven, nor expedient in the sight of men, to grant such a portion of political power to those who must wish to overturn it.

I have thus attempted, however feebly, to cope with the eloquent and able advocate for the Catholic Peers, who has powerfully pleaded for them in the House of Commons, and sent forth his arguments to bias the opinions of the people at large. Feeling bold in the justice of the cause, I am satisfied that from this vantage ground a smooth stone from the brook may prostrate the most gigantic strength. I have dared to hurl my missile;—and I now turn my sling towards an opponent of a different description, who has thought proper to notice my letter to Lord Nugent, published in your 62d No.;—at him I may, perhaps, cast a somewhat rougher pebble.

You do me justice, Mr North, in supposing that I should like to see the Catholic Question fairly discussed on the arena of your pages; I would listen most patiently to temperate arguments brought on the side contrary to that which I have adopted. I am sorry that my very calm observations should excite an organ, causing your correspondent, the Catholic Layman, to throw out some very hard words. With him I will enter into no altercation. There is little wisdom in doing so with an angry opponent, whatever advantage this irascibility may give to a more cool antagonist. To you, Mr North, who view this great question with an impartial eye, and not to him, I address what I have to say.—to your court I appeal against the charge of misrepresentation and calumny. Your readers will form a jury of good men and true, to determine how far the accusation is just.

The champion of the Lady of the Seven Hills is not disposed to give me much credit for candour; I request, therefore, that it may be duly remarked, how tenderly I have treated this ancient gentlewoman. Although, it

must be confessed, her temper and conduct have been somewhat repulsive, I nevertheless honour the stock from whence she sprang. I have a warm attachment to one of her younger daughters. I have scarcely meddled with her creed, and have touched her mode of worship with a most gentle hand. If the high pretensions of her zealous advocates had not roused me to the defence of objects of dear and vital importance, I had rather, like the pious son of the patriarch, "cover her with a garment," than, imitating the graceless Ham, expose to derision that nakedness which her former intoxication had but too much displayed. In undertaking this defence, I have been under the necessity of adverting to some defects in her manners and her morals, and to place in view those arts which raised her to the giddy height from whence she has fallen. Never should I have interrupted her repose, but have left her with satisfaction to the peaceful enjoyment of her mysteries and her ceremonies, if she could have been content to do so, without stirring up a fresh struggle for power. Desirous of giving my small aid to restrain this inordinate love of sway, I declared my apprehension, that the complete success of her efforts might in the end occasion the renewed persecution of the Reformed Religion. I stated, that this opinion was founded on the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, and on the authority of past experience. I insisted, that when the acquisition of wealth and power had corrupted the doctrines of Christianity,—when the Church claimed the exclusive possession of the keys of Heaven and Hell, that intolerance and persecution naturally followed; because, without the imputation of unworthy motives, an anxiety for the eternal welfare of mankind would urge the rulers of the Romish Church to compel all whom they could by any means influence to come within her pale. When abuses were grown to an extreme height, "the pure flame of the Reformation," however offensive this phrase may be to the Catholic Layman, has, under the guidance of the great Disposer of events, cleansed the ecclesiastical floor of its chaff; and the salutary effects of this purification have extended beyond the bounds of those countries

where it has shone out with the brightest lustre.

I may be pardoned this repetition, as the Catholic Layman finds so much want of method in my former letter, that he cannot follow it in detail, and I would fain accommodate my statement to the dullest capacity. The question is reduced to one single point. Does the Roman Catholic Church arrogate to herself the sole means of salvation, excluding all who dissent from her doctrines from eternal happiness? If this be answered in the affirmative, my case is proved.

Our correspondent imagines that he has cancelled the Protestant charges of persecution, by his debtor and creditor account of cruelties; and the severities of "good Queen Bess" are marshalled in his letter in terrific array. I conceded whilst I lamented the retaliation practised by some of the Reformers, and I endeavoured to account for these outrages, without excusing them. The peculiar situation of Queen Elizabeth, who had rescued her subjects from the thralldom and cruelties of superstition, required, as Mr Canning acknowledges, the protection of rigorous laws, which happier times have abrogated. May the same necessity never return again! The punishment of treason, which those persons enumerated by our correspondent had incurred, was the disgusting sentence of a barbarous age, which the humanity of the present times has expunged from the laws; but let it not be forgotten, that it was for overt acts, declared by the law to be treason, and not for religious opinions, that these persons suffered; the persecutors, who had just changed places with the victims, could scarcely expect a relaxation from the general mode of execution to be made expressly in their favour. Let the Catholic Layman believe, if he can, that Protestantism obtained a footing by the most cruel persecutions of the old religion,—let him confirm his faith in this fantasy, by insisting that Henry the VIII. was a Protestant; but does not the gentleman know, that Henry, to his dying day, indulged in his favourite amusement of burning the Protestants? Is he ignorant that his last Queen narrowly escaped the fate of a heretic, on account of some expressions in conversation, which the King thought fa-

vourable to the reformed doctrines, and that she only evaded the danger by a fortunate presence of mind? This tyrant was undoubtedly an instrument in the hand of Providence to bring about the happy change which followed; but there is no gratitude due to *him* for the boon. If King Henry was a Protestant, King Pharaoh may be styled one of the conductors of the Israelites to the land of promise.

It excites somewhat more than astonishment to mark the charges which the partizan of Rome presses down into the Protestant scale, whilst he is weighing the atrocities of the contending religionists; hoping, as it should seem, that his ponderous pen, like the sword of the *ancient* Roman, will sink the sins of the heretics, and make the light offences of the calumniated Catholics kick the beam. I can believe that a scratch on a man's own finger may be borne with less patience, than the amputation of a neighbour's limb. It can be on this principle only, that the tender-hearted Layman feels so acutely the sufferings of the Catholics from their Protestant adversaries; whilst he views, with tolerable composure, the cruelties exercised on the Lollards in England,—the butchery of the Albigenses and Valdenses,—the horrible massacre of St Bartholomew,—the exploits of Alva in the Netherlands,—the flames lit up by Queen Mary,—the slaughter of the Protestants in Ireland, in the time of Charles I.,—the miseries caused by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes,—the acts of the Roman Catholic Parliament of King James II. in Ireland,—and the tortures continued down to our own times in the dungeons of the Inquisition. His rhetoric fails to persuade me, (and will scarcely prevail with others,) that the examples of breach of faith, so glaringly shewn by Queen Mary and King James II. to their Protestant subjects, are not conclusive as to the expectation of Catholics in power performing their promises to heretics; nor am I yet convinced that the “whispering humbleness,” which the Roman Catholic Priesthood affects at present amongst us, would be expressed with the same “bated breath,” if the rod of power was once more placed in their hands. But the Catholic Layman illustrates the subject of keeping faith with heretics so admirably,

when he discusses the case of John Huss, that I cannot help thanking him for presenting a perfect specimen of the genius and spirit of Catholicism. He proves himself to be a thorough-bred disciple of that school; and I am tempted to say to the Protestant spectator, as I point him out to particular observation, *Ab uno disce omnes!*

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I mean to include in the class, of which the Layman is the representative, only the narrow-minded and the bigotted,—those babes and sucklings of their Holy Mother, who resign into her hands every particle of their reason, and swallow, without flinching, all the theological panada with which she may think fit to cram them. Amongst the English Roman Catholics, I am satisfied there are very many persons whose intellect will not submit to this priestly sagination,—whose liberal minds hesitate to believe the exclusion of all the rest of mankind from eternal happiness. For many individuals of the Catholic body, I cherish a cordial regard,—for some, a warm affection,—nay, for some of the ministers of that religion, I entertain a high respect. I reverence worth in all situations, whether under a triple crown or a mitre, in a Ganganelli or a Fencelon, or in a humble Curé in exile, compelled to receive his daily bread from the hands of heretics,—or in a good Catholic pastor, who well performs his duty to his little English flock. Among these may be found hearts which recoil at the intolerant dogmas of their brethren, however high the authority may be on which they are supported. But it is not against such men that we are to be on our guard: it is not the liberal, the reasonable, the intelligent, who usually, in political or religious tempests, guide the whirlwind and direct the storm. The mention of a persecuted priest brings to my mind a question triumphantly asked by the Catholic Layman, referring to my assertion, that even an atheist in power would not distress us with the spectacle of an *Auto-da-Fé*. “Have you forgot,” says he, “the horrors of the French Revolution?” I certainly have not. That event is too recent, and too striking, to slip so easily from the memory, and I am old enough to be contemporary with more distant transactions.

I am moreover willing to allow that those scenes of blood were performed by atheistical zealots. The Revolution itself was in a great degree brought about (though other causes combined) by atheistical, or at least infidel, French writers, calling themselves philosophers. But let me ask in my turn, what was it that gave rise to these pernicious publications? They derived their origin from no other source than the absurd superstition and intolerable tyranny of the Church of Rome. Folly had placed power in the hands of the priesthood. Hence it was that Galileo in Italy was compelled to renounce, as a damnable heresy, those discoveries which are now admitted by the whole civilized world; happy in having his books only consigned to the flames, from which his submission with difficulty saved the astronomer himself. Hence it was, that in France the innocent Calas was broken on the wheel for the alleged murder of his Catholic son, who committed suicide; reason and truth contending in vain for the acquittal of a Protestant against the rancorous bigotry of Roman Catholic judges. This horrible despotism of ignorance excited the acute minds of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others, to vindicate the cause of humanity, and of the freedom of the human understanding. The same causes which set the more sober spirit of Wycliffe in England, and Luther in Germany, patiently to investigate truth, and to prune away the noxious shoots sprouting from the vine of Christianity, urged the volatile genius of Frenchmen to endeavour to destroy both root and branch of that excellent tree, which, from bad cultivation, had produced such abominable fruit. For a time this design seemed almost effected in France, but the horrors of this dreadful explosion were at least of a milder kind than the infliction of mistaken religious ardour. The votaries of the Goddess of Reason, of Mammon, or of Power, all of whom had their share in exciting this awful commotion, were content to pillage and to murder. They kept indeed the guillotine in constant requisition—they swept away multitudes with their grape-shot—they choked their rivers with their *noyades*;—but all their work of slaughter fell short of those refinements of torture, of that studied protraction of human agony, which have been the pride of

the disciples of St. Dominic, and which have been so often exhibited for the edification of the faithful in different parts of Europe.

But to return to John Huss, and our Catholic correspondent.—“In fact,” says this astute casuist, “the Council of Constance no more violated the safe-conduct or passport granted to Huss by the Emperor Sigismund, by depriving him of his ecclesiastical functions, declaring his propositions to be heretical, and leaving him to the judgment of the state, than any court of law could be said to do, which had tried and condemned a man on charges proved against him, to refute which he had voluntarily agreed to submit himself to its tribunal, on condition of receiving proper protection against any supposed violation of the law in his person previous to trial, and after, if *duly acquitted*.”

The opinion of Usher is quoted to prove that Huss had no cause of complaint against the Emperor or the Holy Synod; and the former, we are told by the Catholic Layman, condescended expressly to explain to the heretic that his safe-conduct had not been violated. I have not at hand the works of the Primate of Ireland, and therefore I neither contradict nor allow the accuracy of this statement. Such an opinion appears a little extraordinary from an opponent of Popish doctrines, so strenuous as to be averse even to their toleration. If Usher really defends the Emperor and the Council, it would be difficult to find another Protestant of the same sentiments, from the days of Huss to the present hour. Let us try the question by the simple rules of common sense. Huss being accused of heretical opinions, and summoned to a general Council to give an account of them, sends for answer, that he has no objection to declare his doctrines freely, and to profit by the assembled wisdom of Christendom, in order to correct any errors he may have imbibed; but that he will not appear, unless he obtains a promise of safety under the word of the Emperor himself. His request is granted, and he presents himself before the Council, by whose command he is immediately committed to prison, is subjected to what they call a trial, and is condemned and executed. Can anything be more idle than to suppose that he asked for this protection merely during

his journey to the court, and for his safe return in case of an acquittal? With all the artlessness of his character, he could not be ignorant of the fierce malevolence of his enemies, whom he had grievously offended by exposing their scandalous vices. This, in fact, appears to be the great cause of his persecution, for his deviation from the Catholic creed seems to have been very slight. He had even stepped over that great stumbling-block, the mysterious doctrine of transubstantiation, which our correspondent tells us with some surprise, many Protestants are so ignorant as to be unable to explain. But John Huss well knew the focus with whom he had to deal, and therefore secured, as he thought, his personal safety, by the sacred tie of an imperial promise. The insidious snare, and the nominal trial, were conducted with one and the same spirit. Condemnation to the flames followed as a matter of course; and however clear the emperor's exposition of the case might be, the *explanation* appears not to have been entirely satisfactory to the poor victim. He bore his fate nevertheless with the resignation and fortitude worthy of a primitive Christian. This opinion of Sigismund's conduct will appear from one of his letters written a little before his death, and which was conveyed to his friends by some Bohemian noblemen who visited him in his prison. "My dear friends," says he, "let me take this opportunity of exhorting you to trust in nothing here, but to give yourselves up entirely to the service of God. Well am I authorised to warn you not to trust in princes, or in any child of man, for there is no help in them. God only remaineth steadfast; what he promises he will undoubtedly perform. For myself, in this gracious promise I rest. Having endeavoured to be his faithful servant, I fear not being deserted by him. 'Where I am,' says the gracious Promiser, 'there shall my servant be.' May the God of heaven preserve you! This is probably the last letter I shall be enabled to write. I have reason to believe I shall be called upon to-morrow to answer with my life. Sigismund and all things acted deceitfully. I God forgive him." Who would give implicit credence to the words of this pious and patient martyr, when on the verge of eternity, rather than listen to the glosses of emperors, or

bishops, or laymen, who labour to defend his barbarous persecutors! To excite still greater abhorrence against the Council of Constance, I might have added the similar fate which Jerome of Prague received from this execrable consistory. Jerome, however, in some degree made himself a voluntary sacrifice; and though his death equally displays the cruelty of the tribunal, his condemnation was not accompanied by that detestable and despicable treachery which attaches to the case of Huss.

To demonstrate the innocent and gentle character of these Synods, and of the Church by which they were appointed, that pure snow, which "cannot escape calumny," the Layman proceeds. "But you say, sir, that Huss was burned by desire of the Council. This I positively deny, and I prove my assertion by referring to the Acts of the Council. 'It having been manifestly proved,' says the decree, 'that John Huss did publicly preach and teach many scandalous, seditious, and dangerous heresies, and as it is apparent from all that the Council has seen, heard, and known, that John Huss is stubborn and incorrigible, and that he will not return into the pale of the Holy Mother the Church, by abjuring the errors and heresies which he had publicly maintained and preached, this sacred Council of Constance declares and decrees, that the said John Huss ought to be deposed and degraded from the order of the priesthood, &c. The deposition and degradation having accordingly taken place, the Council afterwards declared that John Huss ought to be delivered over to the secular arm, and does actually deliver him over to it, considering that the Church of God has nothing more to do with him. Now, sir, can any thing be more plain than this, that the Council passed no sentence of death upon Huss, and that there was no Ecclesiastical law inflicting such punishment, when it is admitted by the decree itself, that the church could do nothing further than by deposing, and degrading him?'—Compassionate souls!—honest, simple, Catholic Layman; what a worthy subject is he for the tuition of his infallible guides! He believes, without doubt, that these soft-hearted Ecclesiastics were not at all aware that the secular arm to whose care the degraded wretch was commit-

ted, with whom the church had nothing more to do, stood ready to bind him to the stake, and that the faggots and the torch were ready prepared for his extermination! If the Layman can hope thus to impose on the understanding of others, he must have made an extraordinary estimate of their intellect, or his own head must be as well furnished as that of his wooden namesake, who supports the drapery at the side of a painter's easel!—Let us however beware of mistakes. Has the Roman Catholic Church verily and indeed an aversion to punish heresy with death? I read this merciful disposition asserted in books of modern date; I hear it advanced by the learned teachers of that religion;—and the Catholic Layman of Edinburgh, holds up both his hands against the calumniator who charges her with this propensity, and with the detestable doctrine of absolving the subjects of heretical sovereigns from their allegiance.

Let us carefully consult grave authority, which can plainly inform us touching these matters, without the trouble of sending to Salamanca, Valladolid, or even Paris, for a solution. Who can decide better than the angelic Doctor, so much praised by the learned Layman? He will doubtless impart to us the pure unsophisticated doctrines of the Catholic Church. Hasty writers may quote authorities *par hazard*, as may suit their purpose; but let us, eschewing such random assertions, brush off the dust and cobwebs from the huge folio of St Thomas's lucubrations, and report what is actually found in that sacred oracle of scholastic wisdom. I naturally turn to the 2d part of the 2d division of this great divine's principal work, *Summa totius Theologiae*, as being that wherein he particularly considers the subject of heresy. Here I find the identity of heresy and infidelity fully ascertained, and infidelity denounced as the greatest of sins.

As your readers, Mr North, might be fatigued with too prolix a display of the subtle disquisitions of the voluminous Saint, my extracts shall be as brief as possible. Having given some latitude to Jews and Gentiles, who have never embraced the faith, he recommends that wanderers who have strayed from the orthodox flock should be reclaimed by wholesome compulsion:—if they continue obstinate, he prescribes how to dispose of these stray

sheep. In his usual method, he brings an objector to start an argument, viz. that St Paul, in his second Epistle to Timothy, says, “And the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient. In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give these repentance to the acknowledging of the truth. And that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will. But if,” says this shrewd *avocat du diable*, “heresies are not to be tolerated, but delivered to death, the power of repentance is taken away from them, which therefore seems against the word of the Apostle.” To this specious reasoning the Angel of the Schools decisively answers—“The sin of these persons not only deserves excommunication from the church, but exclusion from the world by death. For falsifying the faith is a much greater offence than counterfeiting the coin, which secular princes justly punish with death; so may they punish those convicted of heresy. But such is the mercy of the church to the conversion of those who stray, that it does not immediately condemn them, till after a first and second admonition, as the Apostle directs in his Epistle to Titus. If he is then obstinate, the church, despairing of his conversion, provides for the safety of others, by separating him from others by a sentence of excommunication; and then leaves him to the judgment of the secular power, to be exterminated from the world (*per modum* is the Saint's phrase, which probably means) in the usual manner.”

To enforce his argument he quotes Jerome—“*Rescandae sunt putridae carnes, et scabiosa ovis e caulis repellenda, ne tota domus, massa, corpus, et pecora ardeant, corrumpantur, putrescant, intergant.*” This is a tolerably clear exposition of St Thomas's promises to inferior heretics, which he was probably well disposed to fulfil with all the sincerity which the Catholic Layman ascribes to his character. Let us now see how he treats the shepherds of the people, (I use the term in the Homeric, and not in the ecclesiastical sense,) who may unfortunately be affected by this contagious stain by which their flocks are contaminated.

The 2d division of the 12th Question expressly treats of this matter. He

inquires, "Whether, on account of apostacy, subjects are absolved from the dominion of their governors, being apostates?" On this point he lays down the following axiom—"That apostacy (*illa apostasis*) by which the faith once undertaken is rejected, is a species of infidelity. The apostate himself; whilst he is denounced as excommunicated, loses at the same time all right and dominion over his subjects." This opinion is fortified by the authority of Pope Gregory, who asserts this law as an ancient decree of his holy predecessors. "*Nos sanctorum predecessorum statuta tenentes, eos qui excommunicatis fidelitatem aut juramenti sacramento sunt constricti, apostolica auctoritate a sacramento absolvimus, et ne sibi fidelitatem observent omnibus modis prohibemus quousque ad satisfactionem veniunt.*" The holy man then sums up the essence of the doctrine in the following conclusion—"When any one is denounced by sentence as excommunicated on account of apostacy, by the very fact his subjects are set free from his dominion, and from their oath of allegiance. *Quum quis per sententiam denuntiatur propter apostasiam excommunicatus, ipso facto, ejus subditi a dominio et juramento fidelitatis ejus liberati sunt.*"

A logician like the Catholic Layman may perhaps argue that this sentence proceeds no farther than deposition, and does not prescribe murder. But let it not be forgotten that apostacy has been already declared worthy of death, without respect of persons. In no case does the church pronounce the fatal sentence, *She has no more to do with thee*, whilst inferior heretics are consigned to the secular power, the degraded sovereign is left to the mercy of his bigotted subjects.

Now, Mr North, I think I have at least demonstrated that I have actually turned over the erudite pages of St Thomas Aquinas, although I own he is not the author, of all others, most to my taste. I shall now leave him to the more attentive perusal of my Catholic monitor, who may also, if he please, pursue the same sage doctrine through the *Scholia* and *Commentaries* composed for the benefit of mankind by the great Cordeliers and Jesuits who have toiled in the same laboratory. The reason why Jean Petit incurred the censure of the reverend Council of Constance is sufficiently

clear. The denunciations of the church were not levelled against tyrants in general, but against those only who apostatised from the Catholic faith; and even in that case it was not necessary that her power should give the word to let slip the dogs of vengeance. Jean Petit dared to go a step farther, and to "cry havoc!" *without any sentence or command whatsoever*; for which reason his doctrine is pronounced to be heretical, scandalous, deceitful, and damnable.

And now, having studied the Angelic Doctor,—having there observed with what facility his Holiness the Pope disposes of the obligation of an oath,—having seen the bloody tale of Roman Catholic persecution staining so many pages of history,—having heard of the disposition recently evinced in France and Italy,—and having read and marked the sentiments of the enlightened Layman of the good town of Edinburgh, who not only defends Sigismund and the Council of Constance, but believes that the great error of James the Second was his too great toleration,—I can lay my hand on my heart, and say, with the truest sincerity, I believe, if opportunities should offer, that the Roman Catholic Church would exterminate heretics as she has heretofore done; and that her priests, kings, and emperors, would keep their promises much as they did in days long past; and that, if she were admitted to the possession of power, she would not bear her faculties one jot more meekly.

I have, however, no fears for the result of the question now pending before the great British Council. I venerate the representatives of the people, and abhor the calumnies which faction is continually throwing out against that truly honourable House, which is the temple of British liberty. The utility of the House of Peers in the composition of our unrivalled constitution, is nevertheless apparent—Their sedate wisdom will now, as they have done on other occasions, take care that the state receives no injury.

I here bid a final adieu to the subject, and to our Catholic Lay correspondent, who has been pleased to mix a certain degree of courtesy with his harsh imputations. In bidding him farewell, let me thank him according to the extent of the obligation, whilst I assure him that his attack leaves no sting. It is troublesome, but harmless

like the flies of the season :—should he continue to buzz, I shall merely say, with the placid Uncle Toby, Go, poor devil, whilst the Roman Catholic Church is kept within her present li-

mits, the world is wide enough for both thee and me ! I remain, Mr North,

Yours very faithfully,
A PROTESTANT LAYMAN.

18th June, 1822.

P. S.—Since this letter was written, the House of Lords has fulfilled the hopes and wishes therein contained. May I be permitted to express my satisfaction at the result, and to join in the thankful sentiments which will be generally felt towards that august assembly, which has so vigilantly watched over the best interests of the country.

THE NOCTURNAL SEPARATION.

ONE summer, while at Baltimore on a pleasure excursion, peculiar circumstances suddenly rendered it necessary that I should set sail for St Thomas's. I immediately proceeded to make inquiry about a vessel to convey me there, and found that there were none bound for that quarter, except a small schooner, which had very inferior accommodations, and was commanded by a person of rude manners and a disobliging temper. However, as my business admitted of no delay, I engaged a passage in her, and put my luggage on board, and desired the captain to send me notice whenever he was ready to sail, that I might immediately join him.

I passed two days in that anxious and unsettled state of mind which the prospect of going to sea generally induces, and went despondingly to bed the second night, after having ascertained that the wind was unfavourable to the prosecution of my intended voyage. A loud knocking at my chamber door awakened me from a profound sleep, about an hour before dawn. I was on the point of demanding who occasioned the disturbance, when a voice called out, "The schooner is ready to sail—they are heaving up the anchor—Captain Burder sent me to warn you to come on board without a moment's delay."

I started from bed, and having dressed myself as quickly as possible, accompanied the messenger to the wharf, and embarked in a boat which waited there for us, and soon reached the schooner. Her captain was so busily engaged in giving orders to the seamen that he seemed scarcely to notice my arrival. However, I addressed him, and made some remark about the suddenness of his departure. "That doesn't concern you," replied he a-

bruptly; "I suppose your birth is ready below." But instead of taking his hint, and going down to the cabin, I remained upon deck until we cleared the mouth of the harbour, which we at last accomplished with much difficulty, for the wind was as directly ahead as it could blow.

I felt at a loss to conceive the cause of our putting to sea in such unfavourable weather; but judged, from the specimen of the captain's manner which I had already had, that it would be useless to address to him any inquiries upon the subject. I therefore went to bed, and did not get up next morning till called to breakfast.

On entering the cabin, I was astonished to find a lady and a gentleman there, whom I had not previously known to be on board. They were introduced to me as fellow-passengers; and after expressing my gratification at the prospect of enjoying their society during the voyage, I began to converse with them, and soon found that their presence would in a great measure counterbalance the disagreeables arising from Captain Burder's surly and untractable temper. They were named Mr and Mrs Monti, and were both young, and had recently been married. She was a pretty, lively, interesting creature; and having fortunately been at sea before, she did not suffer from sickness, or feel at all incommoded or depressed by the comparative uncomfords of her situation; and therefore the sociality of our little circle was never interrupted by her absence, or her incapacity to join it. But the charm of her manners seemed to exert no influence upon the stubborn nature of Captain Burder, who always maintained a cold reserve, and rarely took any part in our conversation.

His appearance and deportment were singularly unprepossessing. A short muscular figure, a stern countenance, burnt almost to a copper colour by an exposure to tropical climates, black bushy hair, and small scintillating eyes, formed the exterior of our commander; and his actions and external behaviour proved that the traits of his mind were as revolting as those of his person.

He treated his crew in a capricious and tyrannical manner; but, at the same time, behaved towards them with an air of familiarity very unusual for ship-masters to assume when among common seamen. But a negro man, who attended the cabin, daily experienced the most inhuman usage from his hands, and afforded such a spectacle of degradation and misery as was painful to look upon. Almost every night after dark Captain Burder had a long conversation with his mate, during which both seemed particularly anxious to avoid being overheard; and I once or twice observed them studying charts of parts of the ocean that lay quite out of our due and proper course. Their whole conduct was equally suspicious and inexplicable, and I often felt uneasy and apprehensive, though there was no defined evil to fear, nor any danger to anticipate.

Our personal comfort was but little attended to on board the schooner; and our table, which had never been a well furnished one, soon became so mean and uninviting, that Mr Monti complained to Captain Burder about it; however, without avail, for the latter told him that he must just take things as he found them. On comparing the quantity of stores we had respectively brought on board, we thought we could manage to live independent of our commander; and Mrs Monti's woman servant was, therefore, desired to prepare our meals, and spread a table for us every day. Captain Burder grew furious with passion when he learned this arrangement, and muttered some threats which we did not understand. However, next day, his rage against us was further increased, in consequence of Mr Monti having told him with cruelty and injustice of the act of beating the negro man already mentioned. This offence was not to be forgiven, and he accordingly broke off all intercourse with the individuals of our party.

Delightful weather attended us during the first week of the voyage, and we usually spent the evenings upon deck, under an awning. While thus seated, one calm and beautiful moonlight night, Mrs Monti said, "If the weather and ocean were ever in this placid state, I believe I would prefer a sea-life to any other. The most susceptible mind could not discover any cause for terror or anxiety in the scene around us—I would rather meet a speedy death among these little billows than linger life away upon a sick-bed, racked with pain, and surrounded with weeping friends."—"I have less objections, Harriet," said her husband, "to your mode of dying than to your mode of living. I should not care to spend much time at sea, for I am sure it would pass very heavily. I love variety, and nothing of that is to be met with on board a ship."—"I agree with you," said Mrs Monti; "but variety is not necessary to happiness—a regular, well-planned, uninterrupted routine, would suit my dispositions exactly, and would be more easily attainable at sea than any where else. A life of change entails many miseries. It makes us the slaves of accidents of every kind, and when we are happy we never can feel secure that our happiness will continue. Now, were I mistress of a large ship, and had the power of sailing continually upon a calm and safe ocean, I would collect my dearest friends on board of her, and get out of sight of land as fast as possible, carrying with me of course various means of amusement and recreation. We would regulate our time and our pleasures as we chose—no disagreeable person could intrude upon us—no spectacles of misery would meet our eyes, and no lamentations assail our ears; and we would enjoy each other's society without the fear of ever being separated or disunited, except by death; and when any one was removed, the remaining persons would console themselves with the reflection, that a link had been withdrawn from the chain which bound their hearts to this delusive and transitory world; and that, in proportion as their friends dropped away, they would feel more ready and willing to die than they had done while the former were in existence."—"This seems a very plausible scheme of yours, my love," replied Mr Monti; "however, I am

glad you cannot put it in execution. I don't know any part of the ocean that is exempted from tempests, which I see you are resolved entirely to avoid, and with reason, for I suspect that a good gale of wind would discompose you and your select party, even more than Captain Burder himself, were he to find means of admittance into your projected floating Elysium."

While we were engaged in conversation of this kind, I several times observed Samno, the negro man, beckoning to me, and then putting his finger upon his lips. At length I went to the bows of the vessel where he stood, and asked if he had anything to communicate. "Yes, yes, master," said he, in a whisper, "something very strange, and of great consequence—but will no one overhear us?"—"Do not fear that," answered I; "Captain Burder is asleep in his birth, and the watch are all near the stern."—"Then I will speak," answered Samno. "You and that other gentleman have been kind to me, and have often tried to save me from the rage of my wicked master—I mean now to serve you in my turn. Your lives are in danger. The captain intends to cast away the vessel."—"What do you mean?" cried I; "I am at a loss to understand you."—"Oh, I'll soon explain it all," replied he. "Last night, I listened to my master and the mate while they were talking together, and found out that they had formed a plan to wreck this schooner, that they might get the insurance, which would buy her and all she contains twenty times over. These hales, casks, and boxes, that lie in the hold, have no goods in them. They are full of sand and stones. Captain Burder has cheated the insurers in this way, and now he wants to run the vessel aground somewhere on the Bahama Banks, and leave her to be beat to pieces by the waves. He and his crew, who are all leagued with him, will go off in the boat, and land upon the nearest coast, and give out that they have been shipwrecked. This story, if it is not found out to be false, will entitle him to claim the insurance, which is all he wants. Here is a scheme for you!"

I was too much startled and agitated by this intelligence to think of holding any farther conversation with Samno; and, after warning him to conceal his knowledge of the affair from

his master and the seamen, I returned to my friends. As the tale I had just heard completely explained Captain Burder's mysterious behaviour, and unveiled the cause of his sudden departure from Baltimore, I did not at all doubt the negro's veracity, and began to consider how the infernal machinations of our commander might best be counteracted. When Mrs Monti retired to her state-room, I informed her husband of the plot that was in agitation. We conferred together a long time upon the subject, and, at last, resolved to do nothing openly, until matters came nearer a crisis.

Captain Burder's villainous scheme occupied my mind incessantly, and Mr Monti daily made it a subject of conversation; but still we could not determine what course to pursue, and passed our hours in that state of irresolute anxiety, during which, the mind seeks an excuse for its own inactivity and want of decision, by endeavouring to convince itself that the proper time for exertion has not yet arrived. We cautiously concealed the affair from Mrs Monti and her attendant, and took care that every thing connected with our little establishment should go on in its usual routine, lest any alteration might have excited suspicion among those who were leagued against us.

Four or five evenings after Samno had made the above-mentioned communication to me, we were seated upon deck according to custom. It blew pretty fresh, and we went through the water at such a rapid rate that Mrs Monti remarked it, and asked me, in a whisper, if vessels usually carried so much sail at night as we then did. At this moment, Captain Burder, who had been pacing the deck in an agitated manner for some time before, seized the lead, and hove it hurriedly, and continued to do so without mentioning the soundings to any one, or making any reply to the mate, who came forward, and offered to relieve him of his charge. There was a dead silence among the crew, all of whom stood near the bows of the vessel, observing their commander with expressive looks. An indistinct sensation of dread, in which I participated, appeared to steal over the individuals of our party. Mrs Monti trembled and seized her husband's arm, and looked anxiously in his face; but he

turned from her gaze without saying any thing. Samno leant against the bulwarks, and twice stepped forward, apparently with the intention of addressing some one, but each time, after a few moments hesitation, he quietly resumed his former position.

The moon was nearly full, and we enjoyed all her light, except when a thin fleecy cloud occasionally happened to intervene, and to throw a fleeting and shadowy dimness upon the surface of the ocean. The wind, though strong, appeared unsteady, and at intervals its sighing was changed into wild and melancholy moans, which seemed to hover around the vessel for an instant, and then to be borne far over the deep. At one time we glided silently and smoothly through the billows; and at another, they burst and grumbled fiercely around the bows of the schooner, and then collapsed into comparative quietness and repose;—every thing wore an ominous and dreary character, and the scene appeared to exert a depressing influence upon the minds of all on board.

The silence was suddenly interrupted by Samno, who cried, "We are now on the Seal-bank! I see the *black heads*! The schooner will be a-ground immediately!"—"Rascal! What do you say?" returned Captain Burder, running furiously up to him; "you are a lying vagabond! Utter another word, and I will let you feel the weight of the lead upon your body!"—"What can all this mean?" exclaimed Mrs Monti, in a tone of alarm; "are we really in danger?"—"Captain Burder," cried her husband, "I command you to put about ship instantly! We know all your plans! You are a deceitful villain!"—"Scamen," continued he, addressing himself to the crew, "obey this man at your peril! he intends to cast away the vessel for the insurance; if we do not resist we shall lose our lives."—"Mutinous wretch!" returned the Captain, "you speak falsely! I deny the charge! You shall repent of this yet. Yes, yes, I'll find a time.—Fellows, stand by me; recollect I am your commander. May I depend upon you all?"—"Ay, ay, sir, to the last," answered the sailors, though some of them spoke rather faintly and irresolutely.

Silence now ensued; and Captain Burder having thrown aside the lead, began to pace the deck hurriedly, and

often cast looks of fury and defiance at Mr Monti and me. We easily perceived that any sort of resistance on our part would be vain, and perhaps dangerous, and therefore patiently awaited the catastrophe. While he employed himself in soothing and encouraging his lady, I went down to the cabin, and collected all my valuables of small bulk, and concealed them about my person; and likewise privately desired Mr Monti's servant to occupy herself in the same way.

In a few minutes I distinctly felt the keel of the schooner rub upon the bottom. Every one started when this took place, and then appeared to await the next shock in breathless alarm. The vessel, as was expected, soon began a second time to grind against the sand and rocks underneath, and quickly got hard and fast a-ground. Captain Burder immediately ordered the sails to be backed, but this did not move her in the least degree. The shifting of the ballast, which was next resorted to, proved ineffectual, as he probably intended it should.

Our situation now became truly alarming. There was no land in sight; but from the fore-top we could discern shoals stretching on every side to the horizon—those of sand being indicated by the bright green colours of the sea—and those of rock by irregular patches of blackness upon its surface. However, these beacons of danger did not long continue distinguishable, for the moon sunk below the horizon, and clouds gradually overcast the sky. The wind and sea increased at the same time, and we soon began to drift along, being one moment elevated on the top of a billow, and the next dashed furiously against the bottom of the ocean. It was evident that the schooner would quickly go to pieces, and Captain Burder ordered his men to let down the boat. While they were engaged in this, a temporary dispersion of some of the clouds afforded us light enough to discern a rocky island at a little distance; and the boat had hardly been dropped when our vessel struck violently—the waves breaking over her at the same time in rapid succession.

We all rushed to the side of the schooner on which the boat lay, and leaped into her, one after another, with the exception of Mr Monti, who, when he had assisted his wife and servant in getting on board, returned to the cabin

for some papers which he had forgot. Just as he came upon deck again, a tremendous sea took the vessel astern, and swept him overboard. Mrs Monti fainted away. Captain Burder immediately cut the barge rope, and ordered the crew to make for the island, saying, it was absurd even to think of saving my companion's life, and that we would be more than fortunate if we escaped a similar fate ourselves. The men rowed furiously, and we soon gained the rock, and landed in safety, though not until the bows of the boat had been stove in by the violent percussions she underwent while we were getting ashore.

It was so dark that none of us attempted to explore the apparently isolated spot upon which we had been obliged to take refuge; and my thoughts were chiefly directed to the recovery of Mrs Monti, who continued in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and revived only to feel the agonizing conviction that her husband was no more. Captain Burder and his crew stood watching the schooner as she rapidly went to pieces, and had a great deal of conversation among themselves, which the noise of the sea prevented me from overhearing.

About an hour after we had landed, Samno came running to me, and whispered, that he believed Mr Monti was still alive, for he had recently heard some one shouting at a distance. I immediately accompanied him to a projecting point of rock, about one hundred yards off, and we both called as loud as we could. A voice, which I instantly recognized to be that of my friend, answered us; but it was some time before we were able to distinguish what he said. At last I ascertained that he had reached the shore by clinging to part of the wreck, and that he could not then gain the spot on which we stood, on account of an arm of the sea which extended into the interior of the island; but that he would immediately endeavour to find his way round the head of it. On hearing this, I entreated him to desist from any such attempt till day-light should render it a secure and successful one. He at last consented, and I hastened to Mrs Monti, and communicated the joyful tidings of her husband's preservation, which affected her nearly as much as her previous belief in his death had done.

Long before dawn we had all assembled on the point of the rock already mentioned; and the first beams of morning shewed Mr Monti opposite to the place where we stood, and divided from us by what appeared to be an arm of the sea, about one hundred and fifty yards wide. After exchanging a few words with his wife, he set out to compass its head, and thus get round to us, while Samno went to meet him.

We waited their arrival impatiently for nearly half an hour, and then saw the negro coming towards us with looks of despair. "We are all deceived," cried he; "this is not an arm of the sea, but a channel between two distinct islands; we are on one, and Mr Monti is on the other; he cannot possibly reach us, unless he swims across, or is brought over in a boat. What is to be done?" This intelligence filled Mrs Monti and me with dismay, for both knew that the boat was totally unfit for service, and that her husband could not swim. Every one appeared in some measure to participate in our distress and disappointment, except Captain Burder, who, when asked if there were any means of rescuing Mr Monti, said, that it behoved him to get across the channel as he best could.

Mr Monti soon appeared on the opposite rock, and explained the hopelessness of his situation more fully than Samno had done. The channel had a rapid current; the set of which, we perceived, would vary with the ebb and flow of the tide; but it was so strong that even an expert swimmer could scarcely hope to baffle its force and reach the adverse shore. No effectual plan of relief suggested itself to any of our minds; but it was evidently necessary that something should speedily be done; for though we had picked up a considerable quantity of wrecked provisions, Mr Monti had none of any kind. We therefore saw at once that he must either risk his life upon the sea, or perish with hunger.

In the afternoon, under the influence of these convictions, he began to collect together all the pieces of plank he could find; and having torn up his shirt and handkerchief into stripes, he bound the timber together, so as to form a sort of raft. This he conveyed to the utter extremity of his own island, hoping that the sweep of the current might carry him, when em-

barked, to the lower end of the opposite shore. These preparations were viewed with torturing suspense and anxiety by Mrs Monti and me; and when her husband had placed himself upon the raft, she grew half frantic with alarm, and entreated him to desist. However, after a few moments of irresolution, he pushed off, and was whirled rapidly along by the stream.

None of us dared to speak, scarcely even to breathe, during this soul-absorbing crisis. Several of the crew stood upon the edge of the cliffs with ropes in their hands, waiting to afford the adventurous navigator assistance as he passed; and their hopes of being able to do so were strengthened, when they observed the influence which an eddy had in drawing the raft towards the shore. Mr Monti was soon within seven or eight yards of us. One of the seamen then seized the end of the rope, and made a strong effort to throw it towards the raft, but he lost his balance, and fell into the water, dragging the line along with him. The golden moment elapsed, and the object of our solicitude was quickly swept away far beyond our reach. His wife relapsed into insensibility, but not before she had seen the form of her husband receding from her eyes, and at the mercy of a boundless ocean.

The man who had the misfortune to cause this disastrous result, was allowed to clamber up the rocks quite disregarded—the attention of all being fixed upon Mr Monti, who floated so fast into the open sea, that we perceived we had no chance of beholding him much longer. He waved his hands to us several times, with an air of resignation, but we thought we once or twice observed him endeavouring to impel the raft towards our island, by using his arms as oars, and then suddenly desist, as if conscious of the hopelessness of the attempt. Fortunately, the weather had become very calm, and we knew that there was no chance of his sinking, while it continued so, and we were the planks that supported him kept together. We watched him till the crew dark, and then set about providing ourselves with a place of shelter for the night; during the whole of which, Mrs Monti, in her indescribable anguish, forgot all that had passed, and even where she was, and talked, laughed, and wept, alternately.

I spent the greater part of the night

in strolling along the shores of the island, which I could do with pleasure and safety, for the moon and stars successively yielded light enough to direct my steps. Neither did Captain Burder nor his crew seem inclined to take any repose. When I happened to pass the spot where they were, I always heard them disputing about the way in which they should manage to leave the rock; and it appeared from their conversation, that the wreck of the schooner had been much more complete and sudden than they had anticipated or intended. I also gathered from some accidental hints, that they did not regret that Mr Monti was now out of the way—his avowed knowledge of their plans having excited a good deal of alarm and anxiety among them.

At day-break no vestige of the raft or its unfortunate navigator was discoverable, and I forgot my own desolate prospects in thinking of the fate of Mr Monti, and trying to believe that he might still be in life, although conclusions to the contrary were forced upon my mind by a consideration of the dangers that surrounded him, and of the limited means he had of successfully contending against them. Immediately after sunrise, the crew hauled up the damaged boat, and began to repair her with some fragments of the schooner, which had that morning floated ashore. They soon rendered her in a manner sea-worthy, and I found that the mate and crew intended setting out in search of relief, while Captain Burder, and Mrs Monti, and her maid, and I, were to remain till they returned. Accordingly, in the afternoon they put off, taking Sammo with them, on the ground that they would require him to assist at the oars.

It appeared to me rather strange that Captain Burder should not accompany his crew, and direct the expedition, though he said he remained behind to shew the two females that neither he nor his men had any intention of abandoning them. I pretended to be satisfied with this explanation, but nevertheless determined to watch his motions. Mrs Monti and her maid had taken up their abode in a small rocky recess, which sheltered them in some measure from the weather, and I had conveyed thither the best provisions I could select

from the quantity washed ashore, but did not intrude myself upon them, for I perceived that my presence was painful to the former, by recalling the image of her husband.

Having chosen a place of repose in the vicinity of the recess, I retired to it soon after sunset, and endeavoured to sleep; but notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding night, I continued awake so long that I resolved to walk abroad and solicit the tranquillizing effects of the fresh air. As I emerged beyond the projecting rock behind which I had formed my couch, I saw Captain Burder stealing along on tiptoe. Fortunately he did not observe me, and I immediately shrunk back into the shade, that I might watch his steps unseen by him. He proceeded cautiously towards the recess, and having looked round a moment, entered it. I grew alarmed, and hastened to the spot, but remained outside, and listened attentively. I heard Mrs Monti suddenly utter an exclamation of surprise, and say, "Pray, sir, why do you intrude yourself here?"—"I come to inquire how you are," replied Captain Burder, "and to ask if I can be of any service to you."—"None, none," answered she; "this is an extraordinary time for such a visit. I beg you will leave me."—"Are you not afraid to remain here alone?" said Captain Burder.—"I have my attendant, sir," returned Mrs Monti, haughtily.—"No, no," cried the former, "you know well enough you have sent her across the island for water, and I have taken advantage of her absence to have a little conversation with you—You are a beautiful creature, and——" "Captain Burder," exclaimed she, in a tone of alarm, "do you really dare?—Be gone!—Touch me not!"—I heard a shriek, I rushed into the recess, and, seizing the insolent villain behind by the collar of his coat, dragged him backwards a considerable way, and then dashed him twice upon the rocks, with all the force I was master of. He could not rise, but lay groaning with pain, and vainly attempting to speak.

I now hastened to Mrs Monti, whose agitation I endeavoured to relieve and compose, by assurances of unremitting protection, and by the hope of our soon being able to leave the island. When her attendant returned I left them together, after pro-

viding to keep watch in front of the recess, and prevent the future intrusions of Captain Burder, who continued for some time on the spot where I had left him, and then got upon his feet, and retired out of sight.

I armed myself with a piece of a broken oar, which I found amongst the cliffs, and began to walk backwards and forwards in front of the recess. My situation was now such a perplexing one, that I felt more anxious and uneasy than ever. I feared lest Captain Burder should attack me unawares, or gain access to Mrs Monti if I relaxed my vigilance one moment; and sleep was therefore out of the question. I paced along the rocks like a sentinel, starting at every sound, and ardently wishing for dawn, although I knew that there was no chance of its bringing me any relief. I did not dare to sit down, lest I should slumber. I counted the waves as they burst along the shore, and watched the stars successively rising and setting on opposite sides of the horizon;—at one time fancying I saw my enemy lurking in some neighbouring cavity, and at another trying to discover the white sails of an approaching vessel. I observed Mrs Monti's servant occasionally appear at the entrance of their wild abode, and look around, as if to ascertain that I still kept watch, and then quietly return within.

Shortly after midnight, while taking my round along the cliffs, I met Captain Burder. We both started back, and surveyed each other for a little time without speaking. "Do not suppose," said he, at length, "that the attack you made upon me this evening shall remain unresented or unpunished. You have behaved most villainously—You took advantage of me, like an assassin, when I was off my guard."—"And shall not hesitate to do so again," returned I, "if I chance to find you insulting Mrs Monti."—"You talk boldly," cried he; "are you aware that you cannot leave this island unless I choose?"—"No, I am not."—"Then learn that it is so," exclaimed he, stamping his foot. "My crew have gone to secure a small vessel, and when they return, we shall depart in it, taking the females with us, and leaving you here. In the meantime, be thankful that your life has not been the forfeit of

this evening's temerity."—"Your crew," said I, "will not be so merciless as to abandon me, even although you order them to do so. I ask nothing from you—only keep at a distance from the recess.—I advise this for your own sake."—"This language won't last long," cried he, quivering with rage; "why don't I pitch you over the cliffs this moment?—But no, you shall die a slower death."—He now hurried furiously away, but once or twice stopped short, as if half determined to return and attack me. However, he restrained his passion, and soon disappeared among the rocks.

A miserable fate, which we had no visible means of avoiding, seemed now to impend over Mrs Monti and me. I leaned against a precipice near her place of refuge, and gave way to the most melancholy anticipations, which absorbed me so completely, that I did not discover that it was day, till the sun had got completely above the horizon. Then, on changing my position, and looking towards the sea, I observed a sloop at anchor, about half a mile from the shore, and a boat full of men approaching.

I did not for a moment doubt that they were Captain Burder's crew, and that the vessel belonged to them; and I hastened towards the landing-place, that I might solicit their interference in behalf of Mrs Monti and myself, before their commander could have an opportunity of steeling their hearts against us. The boat, which had now touched the shore, was concealed from my view by a projecting rock. A man who stood on the top of it called me by name. I looked up, and started back, and then rushed into his arms—it was Mr Monti himself. "My dear friend," cried I, "Heaven, I see, has afforded you that protection which I lately feared was on the point of being withdrawn from us. Eternally blessed be the hour of your return!"—"I have indeed had a wonderful preservation," returned he, "and you shall soon hear all—but how is my Harriet?"—"Safe and well, as yet," replied I; "you have just arrived in time."

As we hastened towards the recess, I related briefly all that had happened since the preceding morning, to which he listened with intense and shuddering anxiety, and seemed indescribably moved when I had finished

the recital. On reaching Mrs Monti's abode I retired, lest my presence should impose any restraint upon the feelings of the happy couple. In a little time my friend came forward, with his wife leaning on his arm. Their countenances were as radiant as the smooth expanse of ocean before us, which received the full influences of a dazzling sun upon its glassy bosom. "Yonder sloop," said the delighted husband, "that rides so beautifully at anchor, will convey us hence this evening. How graceful she looks! Her sails absolutely appear to be fringed with gold!"—"Yes," returned Mrs Monti, "I believe the enchanted galley which, as fairy legends tell us, conveyed Cherry and Fair Star from the Island of Cyprus, did not appear a more divine object to their eyes than this does to mine."—"But," said Mr Monti, "I must now give you the particulars of my preservation. I drifted about the ocean nearly three hours, and then came within sight of the sloop, which lay to whenever she observed me. The captain sent out his boat to pick me up. I immediately told my story, and entreated him to steer for this island, which he readily consented to do, for he is one of the Bahama wreckers, who make it their business to cruise about in search of distressed vessels. We would have arrived here much sooner, but the wind was a-head, and we lay at anchor all night, the intricacy of the navigation around this rendering it dangerous to continue sailing after sunset. My preserver shall not go unrewarded, and I shall be the more able to do him justice in this respect, as Harriet informs me that her maid, by your directions, secured most of our money and valuables about her person before she left the schooner."

Mr Monti had informed the master of the sloop, that he believed Captain Burder had cast away the schooner for her insurance, and the former proceeded to the place where she was wrecked, and succeeded in fishing up some bales and packages, which, on being opened, were found to contain nothing but sand and rubbish. This discovery afforded satisfactory proof of Captain Burder's guilt, but still we were at a loss how to act, knowing that we could not legally take him into custody. However, in the course of the day the whole crew returned in the boat, ha-

ving exhausted their stock of provisions, and failed to meet with any vessel, or reach an inhabited island. Manks, the master of the sloop, now proposed to take them on board his vessel, and carry them into port; and they all consented to accompany him, except Captain Burder and his mate, both of whom probably suspected that Mr Monti intended giving information against them. But seeing no other means of leaving the island, they at length accepted Manks's offer, and we all embarked on board the sloop about noon, and shortly set sail.

We arrived safely at Nassau, New

Providence, in a few days. Captain Burder and his mate were immediately apprehended on our evidence, and committed for trial. However, they both managed to escape from prison, and, having stolen a boat, put to sea; and it was supposed either reached the coast of Cuba, or were picked up by some Spanish pirate, as no one saw or heard any thing of them while we remained upon the island. All cause of detention being thus removed, Mr and Mrs Monti and I embarked for St Thomas, our place of destination, and reached it after a most agreeable and prosperous voyage.

MILMAN'S BELSHAZZAR.*

THE poem opens with the descent of the Destroying Angel. He declares his mission against Babylon; and takes his station on the wreck of that tower which the guilty forefathers of the devoted city had built in their attempt to scale the heavens. As he unfolds his wings to embrace and encompass his prey, for a moment they eclipse and darken the rising sun.

It is the day of the feast of Bel. The priests appear assembled before the Temple.

"KALASSAN—THE PRIESTS.

First Priest. Didst thou behold it?

Second Priest. What?

First Priest. 'Tis gone, 'tis past—

And yet but now 'twas there, a cloudy darkness,
That, swallowing up the rays of the orient Sun,

'Cast back a terrible night o'er all the City.

Third Priest. Who stands aghast at this triumphant hour?

I tell thee that our Dreamers have beholden

Majestic visions. The besieging Mede
Was cast, with all his chariots, steeds, and men,

Into Euphrates' bosom.

Kalassan. Do ye marvel

But now that it was dark? yon orient Sun,
The Lord of Light, withdrew his dawning beams,

Till he could see the glory of the world,
Belshazzar, in his gilded galley riding
Across Euphrates."

The pomp of supplication is now advancing on the Euphrates; and the brazen gates of the Temple along the

river side are thrown wide to receive the King, and his train, and his sumptuous oblation. An alternate hymn is chaunted by the Seventy Priests of the Temple, and by the suppliants in answer, the first celebrating the triumphs of Chaldaea's king, the others of her God.

Kalassan, the high-priest, desires to know the object of Belshazzar's visit to the Temple on their day of high solemnity, intimating that whatever he may demand of their God, with these splendid offerings, is not likely to be refused him. The King's supplication has reference to the war, with which the Persians, and their subject and confederate nations, beleaguer his walls. But what it is precisely that he desires of the God, whether interposition or simply information, he hardly seems himself, we think, distinctly to know. He professes to have an inquiry to make; but, when propounded, it appears to be more in the nature of a reproach, than of a useful interrogation. These are his words.

"*Belshazzar.* Declare ye to our Gods,
Thus saith Belshazzar: Wherefore am I call'd

The King of Babylon, the scepter'd heir
Of Nabonassar's sway, if still my sight
Must be infested by rebellious arms,
That hem my city round; and frantic cries
Of onset, and the braying din of battle
Disturb my sweet and wonted festal songs?"

The Queen-mother, Nitocris, supplies the response of the Gods, in a proud and taunting answer, upbraiding

* *Belshazzar*, a Dramatic Poem, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 8vo. London, Murray, 1822.

him for deserting the warlike functions of his regal place; though, either from *her* apprehending indistinctly what he had meant to ask, or from some infelicity of construction in her own answer, it would rather seem as if he had desired to know *when* he should reign?—Some conversation ensues, in which the King, who, as it may be supposed, is not a person to take being told the truth, very tenderly, nevertheless to the surprise of the court, bears his mother's bitter remonstrance with magnanimous and filial patience. He is even moved to conceive and declare an intention of withering the hosts of the besiegers by the terror of his appearance, for which purpose he will mount his car of battle, *and ride along the walls*. The queen is rather startled with the limit of his military purposes, but consoles herself with believing that the sight of the enemy will inflame his kingly heart to some more energetic and useful hostility, in which trust she denounces their destruction, while Kalassan, on his part, declares the probable favour of the Gods, whom they are about to propitiate that day with their richest rites, and by devoting a virgin,—that one,

“Whom to our wandering search he first presents,”—

to the nuptials of the guardian deity of Babylon.

If the Gods are to hold festival to-night, the King intreats them that his own palace shall not be without answerable rejoicing. As he speaks his eye falls on the sacred vessels of the Hebrews, and inquiring and understanding what they are, he commands them to be carried to the palace to minister in the imperial banquet. Though consecrated to Bel, Kalassan allows that they will be honoured by such a profanation; and orders a e given to execute the King's command. The slaves, who are loading themselves to bear them, are struck to the earth, and the ground rocks, with other omens; Belshazzar remaining undaunted in the general dismay, and undisturbed from his purpose. One chorus then pours forth a chaunt to the Euphrates, bidding him smooth his wave for the path of Belshazzar's galley, and another to the sun, invoking him to pause in mid-heaven, and shower down his fullest splen-

dours on the lofty nuptial-couch of Bel, that he may be willing to descend in his glory. And the first scene closes.

In the Quarter of the Jewish slaves, next appear Imlah, his wife Naomi, and their daughter Benina. The near coming on of the destruction of their oppressors, and of their own deliverance, begins to be understood. Imlah has been speaking of it, which leads the young maiden to dwell with much tenderness and beauty, and not without happy allusion, on the beloved land, of which the hope now dawns upon their exile.

“*Benina*. Father! dear Father! said'st thou that our feet
Shall tread the glittering paths of Zion's hill;
And that our lips shall breathe the fragrant airs
That blow from dewy Hermon, and the fount
Of Siloe flow in liquid music by us?”

Imlah asks her, what she, a daughter of captivity, can know of the city where their fathers had dwelt, ere they had yet provoked their God to forsake them.

Benina. My father!
Have I not seen my mother and thyself
Sit by the river side, and dwell for ever
On Salem's glories, and the Temple's
pride,
Till tears have choked your sad though
pleasant speech?
In the deep midnight, when our lords are
sleeping,
I've seen the Brethren from the willows take
Their wind-carried harps, their self-breath'd
sounds
Scarce louder than the rippling rivers dash
Around the matted sedge; and still they
pour'd
Their voices down the stream, as though they
wish'd
Their songs to pass away to other lands
Beyond the bounds of their captivity.
I've listen'd in an ecstasy of tears,
Till purer waters seem'd to wander near
me,
And sweeter flowers to bloom beneath my
feet,
And towers of fairer structure to arise
Under the moonlight; and I felt the joy
Of freedom in my light and sportive limbs.

Imlah now acquaints them in what manner the approach of their deliverance has become known to him, especially from the altered demeanour of the prophet Daniel. He was, till late-

ly, girt with sack-cloth, his cheek sunk with fasting, and ashes on his head. But he hath cast from him the attire of woe, and called for wine. And now he walks with stately gait through the city, his looks charged with a mournful scorn, passing on amid palaces and gardens, as though he trod on the ruins of an already desolate city, gazing at times on the clouds, as if he were considering the viewless forms of the destroyers; and it is even said, that at the dead of the night he hath poured forth, in his prophetic fury, the burden of Babylon.—They turn to speak of their own coming happiness, and of the bridal of Benina, which shall not be “With song suppress’d, and dim half-curtain’d lamp,” as the nuptials of the captives had been in the land of sorrow and fear. Her lover, Adonijah, enters. He describes, with youthful pride, the fierce magnificence of the Persian host, which he has been beholding from the battlements. Inlah plights their hands for nuptials to be solemnized in their own recovered country, and sings a hymn of triumph and joy.

The scene changes to the walls of Babylon.

“*BELSHAZZAR in his Chariot, NITOCRIS, ARIOCH, SABARIS, &c.*”

Belshazzar. For twice three hours our stately cars have roll’d
Along the broad highway that crowns the walls
Of mine imperial City, now complete
Our circuit by a long and ample space.
And still our eyes look down on gilded roofs,
And towers and temples, and the spreading tops
Of cedar groves, through which the fountains gleam;
And everywhere the countless multitudes,
Like summer insects in the noontide sun,
Come forth to bask in our irradiate presence.

Oh, thou vast Babylon! what mighty hand
Created thee, and spread thee o’er the plain
Capacious as a world; and girt thee round
With high-tower’d walls, and bound thy gates with brass;
And taught the indignant river to endure
Thy bridge of cedar and of palm, high hung
Upon its marble piers?—What voice proclaim’d.
Amid the silence of the sands, ‘Arise!
And be earth’s wonder?’ Was it not my fathers?

VOL. XII.

Yea, mine entombed ancestors awake,
Their heads uplift upon their marble pillars;

They claim the glory of thy birth. Thou hunter,
That didst disclaim the quarry of the field,
Choosing thee out a nobler game of man,
Nimrod! and thou that with unfeminine hand

Didst lash the coursers of thy battle-car
O’er prostrate thrones, and necks of captive kings,
Semiramis! and thou whose kingly breath
Was like the desert-wind, before its coming

The people of all earth fell down, and hid
Their humble faces in the dust! that madest

The pastime of a summer day t’ o’erthrow
A city, or cast down some ancient throne;
Whose voice each ocean shore obey’d, and all

From sable Ethiopia to the sands
Of the gold-flowing Indian streams;—oh! thou

Lord of the hundred thrones, high Nabonassar!

And thou my father, Merodach! ye crown’d

This City with her diadem of towers—
Wherefore?—but prescient of Belshazzar’s birth,

And conscious of your destin’d son, ye toil’d

To rear a meet abode. Oh, Babylon!
Thou hast him now, for whom through ages rose

Thy sky-exalted towers—for whom yon palace
Reard its bright domes, and groves of golden spires;

In whom, secure of immortality
Thou stand’st, and consecrate from time and ruin,
Because thou hast been the dwelling of
Belshazzar!”

The army of the Persians is seen below. The effect on the King’s mind is not what Nitocris had hoped for. Belshazzar is moved only with scorn of the undistinguished Cyrus riding but as the captain of his host. But Nitocris is struck with what she observes, and describes with spirit the kingliness of military command in the young conqueror.

“*Nitocris.* Look down! look down! where, proud of his light conquest,
The Persian rides—it is the youthful Cyrus;

How skilfully he winds through all the ranks

His steed, in graceful ease, as though he sate

Upon a firm-set throne, yet every motion
Obedient to his slack and gentle rein,

As though one will controll'd the steed and rider !

Now leaps he down, and holds a brief discourse

With yon helm'd captain ; like a stooping falcon,

Now vaults he to the patient courser's back.

Happy the mother of that noble youth !

Nitocris. Dost ask, my son, his marks of sovereignty ?

The armies that behold his sign, and trust Their fate upon the wisdom of his rule, Confident of accustom'd victory ;

The unconquerable valour, the proud love Of danger, and the scorn of silken ease ; The partnership in suffering and in want, Even with his meanest follower ; the disdain

Of wealth, that wins the spoil but to bestow it,

Content with the renown of conquering deeds.

The chief of the eunuchs, Sabaris, opposes to her, arguments and an eloquence more suited to the imperial ears, and maintains, much to his lord's satisfaction, an original difference in the allotments of sovereigns, some of whom are born to painful and toilsome, and some, the elected favourites of heaven, to untroubled and luxurious empire. The King entering warmly into the distinction, undertakes in his festival of that evening, which shall spread out within his courts an army of revellers, wide and numerous as that encamped on the sultry sands below, to compel Nitocris herself to acknowledge that the height of earthly glory is to be found embosomed in gorgeous and blissful power on the throne of Belshazzar.

At this moment, Benina appears imploring succour. She, as was to be apprehended, is the virgin who has first encountered the roving search of the priests, and is become the destined bride of the God. She flies shrieking, the priests encircling and singing round her. The King, to the supplication made to him to protect her, answers of course, declining to interfere in the claims of the Deity—Nitocris is equally unmoved. Benina restrains the passion of Adonijah, who, by exclamations of rage and defiance, is about to expose himself to fruitless danger. She then falls into either a swoon or a trance,—from which she rises up in majestic fearlessness, having, as should seem, in her moment-

tary suspension of sense, had communion with the prophet Daniel, and being lifted in the power of faith above all apprehension to herself. Belshazzar passes on, and she remains to utter a prophetic denunciation of the fall of the city, and its everlasting desolation—the priests offering not to put violence or constraint upon the bride of their divinity. She takes leave of her lover and her father, requiring of them their prayers.

These taking their way back to the home that is now become childless, re-appear as they have reached it. The mother coming out to them, learns her loss. Her grief, vehement and uncontrollable, breaks out into impatient and daring expostulations, which the others attempt to subdue by the harp, and by the holy song.

The scene that follows is not without an effect of an original and singular kind, the author availing himself of that peculiarity in the design of his drama, that it is *not to be represented*. It is a progressive, or moving scene. Benina and her attendant priests appear at the gate of the Temple, whence she is led up from hall to hall of the high-piled edifice, in one continued movement, may we call it, of the poem, the chorus of priests accompanying and describing her ascent by their successive songs. There is enough of imperial and of mystic grandeur in the appropriation of the seven successive halls of the Temple. The first is that of the Chaldean kings, the dead and the living, whose statues are ranged around the golden image of Nabonassar, which is here supposed to be his own. The next is the chamber of tribute, the treasury of Assyria heaped with the wealth of a world ; then the captive kings, in sculpture, though, not in person ; then the captive gods. They next reach the place of the dreamers, lying in their vision'd sleep, from which they awake to salute the spouse of Bel as she passes. In the sixth chamber the astrologers are watching. The seventh is the solitude of the high priest, Kulassan. High above all is the couch strewn on the open summit, beneath the sun and the glowing stars, for the accustomed repose of the descending tutelary power. The songs of the priests, the description of the successive halls, interrupted by the observations of scorn or sorrow provoked from Benina, give a suf-

ficiently poetical and solemn effect to this peculiar scene ; till the priests stop in awe, and the maiden mounts alone to the summit, unknowing, in the light of her innocence, what is meant by her mysterious and holy dedication. During their long and slow ascent, the daylight has decayed ; and she now looks down on the mighty City, from that vast and diminishing height, shewing dimly in the star light,

“ Like some wide plain, with rich pavilions set,
Mid the dark umbrage of a summer bow-
er.”

She looks for the lonely light of their small solitary cabin on the Euphrates’ side, speaks with tenderness, but it may be thought too great composure, of her love ; and is conscious of a growing calmness of spirit in her extraordinary situation, when the hurried step of Kalassan breaks the stillness, and invades the peace of her thoughts. A short impetuous dialogue serves to leave her no longer uncertain of the impious and hateful meaning of her destination ; and he leaves her. Still she is not appalled ; a courage of faith, which, if it be possible, as perhaps it is, must at least, one would think, be won from some struggles with hideous fear. At once the imperial City is lighted up to her eyes with the preparations of festivity.

“ But lo ! what blaze of light beneath me
spreads
O’er the wide city ! Like yon galaxy
Above mine head, each long and spacious
street
Becomes a line of silver light, the trees
In all their silent avenues break out
In flowers of fire. But chief around the
Palace

Whitens the glowing splendour ; every
court

That lay in misty dimness indistinct,
Is traced by pillars and high architraves
Of crystal lamps that tremble in the wind :
Each portal arch gleams like an earthly
rainbow,

And o’er the front spreads one entablature
Of living gems of every hue, so bright
That the pale Moon, in virgin modesty,
Retreating from the dazzling and the tu-
mult,

Afar upon the distant plain reposes
Her unambitious beams, or on the bosom
Of the blue river, ere it reach the walls.”

After a few words of pity for the hu-
man beings, the faint sound of whose
revelry reaches her, and of whose de-
struction dark bodings press upon her,

she lays herself down to rest ; and the
festal night is ushered in by a descrip-
tive

“ CHORUS OF BABYLONIANS BEFORE
THE PALACE.

Awake ! awake ! put on thy garb of pride,
Array thee like a sumptuous royal bride,
O festal Babylon !

Lady, whose ivory throne
Is by the side of many azure waters !
In floating dance, like birds upon the wing,
Send tinkling forth thy silver-sandal’d
daughters ;

Send in the solemn march,
Beneath each portal arch,
Thy rich-robed lords to crowd the banquet
of their King.

They come ! they come from both the il-
luminated shores ;

Down each long street the festive tumult
pours ;

Along the waters dark
Shoots many a gleaming bark,
Like stars along the midnight welking
flashing,

And galleys, with their masts enwreath’d
with light,

From their quick oars the kindling waters
“dashing ;

In one long moving line
Along the bridge they shine,
And with their glad disturbance wake the
peaceful night.

Hang forth, hang forth, in all your avenues,
The arching lamps of more than rainbow
hues,

Oh ! gardens of delight !
With the cool airs of night
Are lightly waved your silver-foliage trees,
The deep-embower’d yet glowing blaze
prolong

Height above height the lofty terraces ;
Seeing this new day-break,
The nestling birds awake,
The nightingale hath hush’d her sweet an-
timely song.

Lift up, lift up your golden-valved doors,
Spread to the glittering dance your marble
floors,

Palace ! whose spacious halls,
And far-receding walls,
Are hung with purple like the morning
skies ;

And all the living luxuries of sound
Pour from the long out-stretching gal-
leries ;

Down every colonnade
The sumptuous board is laid,
With golden cups and lamps and bossy
chargers crown’d.

They haste, they haste ! the high-crown’d
Rulers stand,

Each with his sceptre in his kingly hand ;
The bearded Elders sage,

Though pale with thought and age ;

Those through whose bounteous and un-
failing hands
The tributary streams of treasure flow
From the rich bounds of earth's remotest
lands ;

All but the pomp and pride
Of battle laid aside,

Chaldea's Captains stand in many a glit-
tering row.

They glide, they glide ! each, like an an-
telope,

Bounding in beauty on a sunny slope,
With full and speaking eyes,
And graceful necks that rise

O'er snowy bosoms in their emulous pride,
The chosen of earth's choicest loveliness ;
Some with the veil thrown timidly aside,
Some boastful and elate
In their majestic state,

Whose bridal bed Belshazzar's self hath
deign'd to bless.

Come forth ! come forth ! and crown the
peerless feast,

Thou whose high birthright was the efful-
gent east !

On th' ivory seat alone,
Monarch of Babylon !

Survey the interminable wilderness
Of splendour, stretching far beyond the
sight ;

Nought but thy presence wants there now
to bless :

The music waits for thee,
Its fount of harmony,

Transcending glory thou of this thrice glori-
ous night !

Behold ! behold ! each gem-crown'd fore-
head proud

And every plume and crested helm is
bow'd,

Each high-arch'd vault along
Breaks out the blaze of song,

Belshazzar comes ! nor Bel, when he re-
turns

From riding on his stormy thunder-cloud,
To where his bright celestial palace burns,

Alights with loftier tread,
More full of stately dread,

While under his fix'd feet the loaded skies
are bow'd."

The hall of banquet is then disco-
vered, and, after another chorus has
sung the praises of their sovereign,
Sabaris and Arioch, in language of
meet adulation, announce the happi-
ness which is about to fall on the great
assembly in hearing Belshazzar speak.
His speech follows. It is proud, and
glorying as the occasion requires, in a
strain, however, of much poetical elo-
quence ; so much, so as perhaps to im-
pair what should seem to be its proper
effect ; it ought more strongly to alarm
and revolt the mind of the reader. As

his speech at length rises to utter im-
piety, he is at once *stricken* with the
sight of the handwriting on the wall.
We cannot afford a quotation here ;
nor indeed is there much power shewn
where a truly great poet might have
produced prodigious effect.

Here the scene changes again to the
summit of the temple ; where Benina
is again visited by Kalassan, who comes
now, as the only God for whose nuptials
she had been led hither, to claim his
bride ; while bursting flames and imi-
tative thunders, and the clangour of
the dissonant and deafening music of
the Temple announce the hour of the
God's descent. The hope of deliverance
seems past, when Kalassan is suddenly
summoned away, with the dreamers
and astrologers, to the presence of the
King. To whom the scene returns.

" *The Hall of Banquet, with the Ivory Let-
ters on the Wall.*

Arioch. Hath the King spoken ?

Sabaris. Not a word : as now,

He hath sat, with eyes that strive to grow
familiar

With those red characters of fire ; but still
The agony of terror hath not pass'd

From his chill frame. But, if a word, a
step,

A motion, from those multitudes reclined
Down each long festal board ; the bursting

string
Of some shrill instrument ; or even the

wind,
Whispering amid the plumes and shaking

lamps,
Disturb him—by some mute, imperious

gesture,
Or by his brow's stern anger, he commands

All the vast Halls to silence."

Kalassan and the seers and sages en-
ter the hall ; but on being required by
the King to expound the mystery of
their blank and astonished silence, ac-
knowledging their inability, he com-
mands them to be driven forth with
shame. Belshazzar continues to speak :

" Despair ! Despair !

This is thy palace now ! No throne, no
couch

Becomes the King, whose doom is on his
walls

Emblaz'd—yet whose vast empire finds
not one

Whose faithful love can show its mystic
import !

Low on the dust, upon the pavement-stone,
Belshazzar takes his rest !—Ye hosts of

slaves,
Behold your King ! the Lord of Babylon !—

Speak not—for he that speaks, in other
words

But to expound those fiery characters,
Shall ne'er speak more!"

Nitocris now enters. On seeing and comprehending the state of her son, she endeavours, by affectionate self-crimination, to pour some solace on the anguish of his soul. He demands of her, as a gift more precious than the life she had given him, an interpreter of the signs of fate. She had seen, as she passed through the courts, the prophet, who, in former time, declared the visions of Nabonassar.

"*Belshazzar*. With the speed of lightning
call him him hither.

No more, my mother—till he come, no more.

Arioch. King of the world, he's here.

Belshazzar. Not yet! not yet!

Delay him! hold him back!—My soul's
not strung

To the dire knowledge.

Up the voiceless hall

He moves; nor doth the white and ashen
fear,

That paints all faces, change one line of
his.

Audacious slave! walks he erect and firm,
When kings are grovelling on the earth?—
Give place!

Why do ye crowd around him? Back! I
say.

Is your King heard—or hath he ceased to
rule?

Nitocris. Alas! my son, fear levels
kings and slaves."

The King demands of him the interpretation; and the prophet announces to him the fall of himself and his realm.

"*Arioch*. What vengeance will he
wreak? The pit of lions—

The stake—

Belshazzar. Go—lead the Hebrew forth,
array'd

In the proud robe—let all the city hail
The honour'd of Belshazzar. Oh! not
long

Will that imperial name command your
awe!

And, oh! ye bright and festal halls, whose
vaults

Were full of sweet sounds as the summer
groves,

Must ye be changed for chambers, where
no tone

Of music sounds, nor melody of harp,
Or lute, or woman's melting voice?—My
mother!

And how shall we two meet the coming
ruin?

In arms! thou say'st; but with what arms,
to front

The Invisible, that in the silent air
Wars on us?

Well, we'll go rest once more on kindly
couches,

My mother, and we'll wake and feel at
earth

Still trembles at our nod, and see the
slaves

Reading their fate in our imperial looks!
And then—and then—Ye Gods! that I

had still

Nought but my shuddering and distracting
fears;

That those dread letters might resume once
more

Their dark and unintelligible brightness;
Or that 'twere o'er, and I and Babylon

Were—what a few short days or hours will
make us!"

We have given this scene with some fullness, not only because it is, by its subject, of principal importance in the drama, but because it appears to us well carried on, and the passion in the King's mind at once of supernatural fear, and of insatiable desire to understand the annunciation of his fate, to be as well conceived, and as strongly painted, as any in the whole poem.

The interest of the drama, as far as depends on any thing like suspense of expectation, is now over. What remains is merely the execution of the sentence. The Destroying Angel appears above the city. He calls on Cyrus to come and perform his appointed work. He bids the Euphrates change its course, and leave its bed for the march of the commissioned host. He sees "the living deluge of armed men" overflowing on either shore, to begin with sword and fire their ministry of devastation; and pauses but a little to have beheld the ruin fulfilled, ere he takes his flight.

Adonijah and Imlah are seen in the streets. The young man has been motioned by the prophet Daniel, whom they met in his pomp, to pass on in a certain direction; which, although Imlah observes he must be mistaken, as that way leads only to the Euphrates, which will immediately bar his steps, he pursues. Imlah is left alone, and is speculating on his own misfortunes, when he is interrupted by the breaking out of the beginning destruction.

"Great King of vengeance,
God of my fathers! thou art here at length.
Behold! behold! from every street the
flames

Burst out, and armed men, proud conquer-
ing men,

Move in the blaze they've kindled to de-
stroy.

Are ye the avenging Spirits of the Lord,

Descended on the blast, and clouding o'er
The Heavens, as ye come down, with that
red cope

Deeper than lightning? No—it is the
Mede,

The ravaging, the slaughtering, merciless
Mede.

This way they fly, with shrieks, and clash-
ing arms,

And multitudes that choke th' impassable
streets,

Till the fierce conqueror hew his ruthless
way.

Shall not I fly? and wherefore? Oh!
waste on,

And burn, triumphant stranger! trample
down

Master and slave alike!—there is one
house

Thou canst not make more desolate: thou
canst not

Pour ills on any of these guilty roofs,
So hateful as have burst on mine.—Who
comes?"

—It is the Queen, Nitocris, who has
been breaking her way through slaugh-
ter, and the flames of the falling city,
seeking her son among the living and
the dead. She demands of Imlab, if
he has seen him. He replies, by re-
minding her how she had scorned his
parental affliction that morning, when
supplicating for protection for his child;
but, moved with the excess of her pas-
sion and her calamity, he invites her,
as to a place safe by its obscure misery,
to go in under his lowly roof, where a
mother as wretched as herself sleeps,
and she too may sleep. Nitocris re-
plies:—

"Nitocris. Sleep! sleep! with Baby-
lon

In flames around me—Nabonassar's realm,
The city of earth's sovereigns rushing
down,

The pride of countless ages, and the glory,
By generations of triumphant kings

Rear'd up—my sire's, my husband's, and
my son's,

And mine own stately birth-place perish-
ing—

The summer gardens of my joy cut down—
The ivory chambers of my luxury,

Where I was wed, and bore my beauteous
son,

How'd through by strangers? No—I'll
on, and find

Death or my son, or both! My glorious
city!

My old ancestral throne! thou'lt still af-
ford

A burial fire. I've lived a queen, the
daughter

Of kings, the wife, the mother—and will
die

Like, with Babylon for my funeral

Meanwhile Benina, in the utter de-
sertion of the Temple, has escap'd, and
appears before it. Kalassan returning,
meets her; and, almost immediately,
Adonijah, who, following the direction
of the prophet, had crossed the chan-
nel of the river, enters, armed with a
Persian scymitar. Kalassan flies. He
pursues him. She hears the clashing
of arms, and that one falls. Adonijah
returns, learns from her that she is de-
livered unstained from her fearful trial,
and leads her away.

"The Streets of Babylon in Flames.

Belshazzar. I cannot fight nor fly;
where'er I move,

On shadowy battlement, or cloud of smoke.
That dark unbodied hand waves to and fro.

And marshals me the way to death—to
death

That still eludes me. Every blazing wall
Breaks out in those red characters of fat;

And when I raised my sword to war, me-
thought

That dark-sto'd Prophet stood between.
and seem'd

Rebuking Heaven for its slow consumma-
tion

Of his dire words.

I am alone; my slaves

Fled at the first wild outcry; and my wo-
men

Closed all their doors against me—for they
knew me

Mark'd with the seal of destiny: no hand,
Though I have sued for water, holds a cup

To my parch'd lips; no voice, as I pass on,
Hath bless'd me; from the very festal gar-
ments,

That glitter'd in my halls, they shake the
dust:

Even the priests spurn'd me, as abhorr'd
of Heaven.

Oh! but the fiery Mede doth well avenge
me!

They're strew'd beneath my feet—though
not in worship!

Oh death! death! death! that art so swift
to seize

The conqueror on his triumph day, the
bride

Ere yet her wedding lamps have waned,
the king

While all mankind are kneeling at his
footstool—

Thou'rt only slow to him that knows him-
self

Thy fated prey, that seeks within the tomb
A dark retreat from wretchedness and
shame.

From shame!—the heir of Nabonassar's
glory!

From wretchedness!—the Lord of Baby-
lon—

Of golden and luxurious Babylon!

Alas! through burning Babylon!—the

The city of lamentation and of slaughter !
A fugitive and outcast, that can find,
Of all his realm, not even a grave !—so
base,

That even the conquering Mede disdains to
slay him !"

Imlah, Adonijah, Benina, Naomi,
then appear before the house of Im-
lah ; and the mother, with some dif-
ficulty and momentary disbelief, un-
derstands that her daughter is indeed
restored to her. To them Belshazzar
enters. We quote the concluding scene
nearly entire.

" *Before the House of Imlah.*

Belshazzar. 'Tis come at last ! the
barbed arrow drinks

My life-blood. Mid the base abode of
shaves

I seem to stand : not here—my fathers set
like suns in glory ! I'll not perish here,
And stifle like some vile, forgotten lamp !
Oh, dreadful God ! is't not enough—My
state

I equal'd with the Heavens—and wilt
thou trample me

Beneath these—What are ye that crowd
around me ?

I have a dim remembrance of your forms
And voices. Are ye not the slaves that
stood

This morn before me ? and—

Imlah. Thou spurn'dst us from thee.

Belshazzar. And ye'll revenge you on
the clay-cold corpse.

Imlah. Fear not : our God, and this
world's cruel usage,

Hath taught us early what kings learn too
late.

Belshazzar. Ye know me then—ye know
the King of Babylon—

The King of dust and ashes ? for what
else

Is now the beauteous city—earth's delight ?
And what the King himself but—dust and
ashes ?

Benina. He faints—support him, dear-
est Adonijah !

Belshazzar. Mine eyes are heavy, and a
swoon, a sleep

Swims o'er my head :—go, summon me
the lutes,

That used to sooth me to my balmiest
slumbers ;

And bid the snowy-handed maidens fan
The dull, hot air around me. 'Tis not
well—

This bed—'tis hard and damp. I gave
command

I would not lie but on the softest plumes
'That the birds bear. Slaves ! hear ye
not ?—'Tis cold—

'Tis piercing cold !

Benina. Alas ! he's little used

To feel the night winds on his naked brow :
He's breathing still—spread o'er him that
bright mantle ;

A strange, sad use for robes of sovereignty.

The above, NITOCRIS.

Nitocris. Why should I pass street af-
ter street, through flames

That make the haughty conqueror shrink ;
and stride

O'er heaps of dying, that look up and
wonder

To see a living and unwounded being ?

Oh ! mercifully cruel, they do slay

The child and mother with one blow ! the
bride

And bridegroom ! I alone am spared, to
die

Remote from all—from him with whom
I've cherish'd

A desperate hope to mingle my cold ashes !

'Tis all the daughter of great Nabonassar
Hath now to ask !—I'll sit me down and

listen,

And through that turbulent din of clatter-
ing steel,

And cries of murder'd men, and smoulder-
ing houses,

And th' answering trumpets of the Mede
and Persian,

Summoning their bands to some new work
of slaughter,

Anon one universal cry of triumph
Will burst ; and all the city, either host,

In mute and breathless admiration lie
To hear the o'erpowering clamour that an-
nounces

Belshazzar slain !—and then I'll rise and
rush

To that dread place—they'll let me weep
or die

Upon his corpse !—Old man, thou'st found
thy child.

Imlah. I have—I have—and thine. Oh !
rise not thus,

In thy majestic joy, as though to mount
Earth's throne again. Behold the King !

Nitocris. My son

On the cold earth—not there, but on my
bosom—

Alas ! that's colder still. My beauteous
boy,

Look up and see—

Belshazzar. I can see nought—all's
darkness !

Nitocris. Too true : he'll die, and will
not know me !—Son !

Thy mother speaks—thy only kindred
flesh,

That loved thee ere thou wert ; and, when
thou'rt gone,

Will love thee still the more !

Belshazzar. Have dying kings
Lovers or kindred ? Hence ! disturb me
not.

Nitocris. Shall I disturb thee, crouch-
ing by thy side

To die with thee ? Oh ! how he used to
turn

And nestle his young cheek in this full bo-
som,

That now he shrinks from ! No ! it is the
last

Convulsive shudder of cold death. My son,

Wait—wait, and I will die with thee—not yet—

Alas! yet this was what I pray'd for—this—

To kiss thy cold cheek, and inhale thy last—

Thy dying breath.

Imlah. Behold! behold, they rise; Feebly they stand, by their united strength Supported. Hath yon kindling of the darkness,

Yon blaze, that seems as if the earth and heaven

Were mingled in one ghastly funeral pile, Aroused them? Lo, the flames, like a gorged serpent,

That slept in glittering but scarce-moving folds,

Now, having sprung a nobler prey, break out

In tenfold rage.

Adonijah. How like a lioness, Robb'd of her kingly brood, she glares! She wipes

From her wan brow the grey discolour'd locks,

Where used to gleam Assyria's diadem; And now and then her tenderest glance rears

To him that closer to her bleeding heart She clasps, as if self-reproachful that aught earthly

Distracts her from her one maternal care.

Imlah. More pale, and more intent, he looks abroad

Into the ruin, as though he felt a pride Even in the splendour of the desolation!

Belshazzar. The hand—the unbodied hand—it moves—look there!

Look where it points!—my beautiful palace—

Nitocris. Look—The Temple of great Bel—

Belshazzar. Our halls of joy! *Nitocris.* Earth's pride and wonder!

Imlah. Ay, o'er both the fire Mounts like a conqueror: hero, o'er spacious courts,

And avenues of pillars, and long roofs, From which red streams of molten gold pour down,

It spreads, till all, like those vast fabrics, seem

Built of the rich clouds round the setting sun—

All the wide heavens, one bright and shadowy palace!

But, terrible here—th' Almighty's wrath—

Everywhere manifest!—There the Temple stands,

Tower above tower, one pyramid of flame; To which those kingly sepulchres by Nile Were but as hillocks to vast Caucasus!

Aloof, the wreck of Nimrod's impious tower

Alone is dark: and something like a cloud, But gloomier, hovers o'er it. All is mute: Man's cries, and clashing steel, and braying trumpet—

The only sound the rushing noise of fire! Now, hark! the universal crash—at once They fall—they sink—

Adonijah. And so do those that ruled them!

The Palace, and the Temple, and the race Of Nabonassar, are at once extinct!

Babylon and her kings are fall'n for ever!

Imlah. Without a cry, without a groan, behold them,

Th' Imperial mother and earth-ruling son Stretch'd out in death! Nor she without a gleam

Of joy expiring with her cheek on his:

Nor he unconscious that with him the pride And terror of the world is fall'n—th' abode

And throne of universal empire—now

A plain of ashes round the tombless dead!—

Oh, God of hosts! Almighty, Everlasting!

God of our Fathers, thou alone art great!"

The reader is now in sufficient possession of Mr Milman's poem, and cannot but have felt that it is a work of much splendour of poetical language, as well as of a high and bold character in the general course of its action, and of some lofty feeling and passion in the higher personages of the drama. His opinion of Mr Milman's abilities as a writer, will probably be raised by what he has read. He finds here, improved dramatic conception in that far greater simplicity of the conduct than is attempted in the Fall of Jerusalem; and a great interest flowing on in a uniform progress, which is an agreeable relief from the broken and interrupted emotion of the opposed, and rather perplexed than conflicting, affections in the Martyr of Antioch; while that peculiar character of this author's poetry, a sweeping, majestic, and dazzling strain of harmonious composition, is carried in this poem perhaps to a higher pitch than in either of those two other productions.

This simplicity in the conduct of the fable in which no pains are taken to contrive parts and agencies for the human actors of the great drama, but events of fearful interest and magnitude are suffered to advance and sweep along to their completion, by a power, as it might almost seem of their own, might appear to indicate a natural progress of mind in a writer, coming gradually more and more into consciousness of his own powers; learning to

rely more implicitly on the impulses his fancy must receive from the subject that possesses him; and, because he feels himself elated with its greatness, therefore rather unsolicitous and careless of any artful invention of the means by which he is to carry himself and the incidents, and persons of his action, along.

But perhaps this simpler plan of the story is connected with another peculiarity of this drama, which, as it involves a matter of more general criticism, we shall venture to consider somewhat at large. Mr Milman appears to us, in his present work, to have gone far in affixing a distinctive meaning to a *title* which has of late grown into favour with our poets, and to which he himself seems not a little inclined, that of a *DRAMATIC POEM*; which ought certainly to describe a distinct species of poetry, and which he has here, we think, separated by important and decisive characteristics, from proper tragedy. The ground of the distinction is to be sought simply in this, that the regular drama is designed for actual representation, the other not. This difference, which may possibly appear, at first sight, rather as something external and accidental, than as affecting the substance of the poetry, is in fact the presence or absence of the one essential characteristic condition which divides the *drama* from all other works of art, and which therefore must needs impose on it some of its primary laws. For by this intention of being presented in living reality, the drama is made subject, before all other requisitions of art, to the rights of that intense sympathy with which our minds are wrapped up in the *PROGRESS* of any determination of the fate of human beings, that passes before our eyes;—the management of the spectators' high-raised and suspended *EXPECTATION* becomes the first business of the dramatic art. In other words, the *ACTION*,—that is, the gradual development and necessitation of the final event, is rendered the first and paramount object of consideration; and hence the rigorous necessity of the rules which respect its conduct,—rules which the youthful lover of poetry is so ready to disdain, and on which the experienced critic so strenuously insists. Hence, for instance, from this passion of strong expectation which looks upon the stage, that great

law, that every scene shall visibly advance or impede the final result. Hence the law of the strict enchainment of the successive scenes. Hence, from the high importance given to the action, the admitted necessity, that all the principal personages shall appear as *agents*, in the proper sense of the word; not as mere exhibitions held up of emotion and suffering, as passive subjects of an exterior agency, but with active power, charged in some way or other to further or retard the coming on of that catastrophe in which the purpose of the whole piece is accomplished, and terminates. Hence, above all, the rule so much talked of, that the action shall have a beginning, a middle, and an end; that is, in real and intelligible meaning, that there shall be an opening up of expectation, a carrying of it on with heightenings and irritations of doubtful and anxious suspense, and its close, in final certainty. Now, in the unacted drama, that is, in poetry which merely *borrow*s the dramatic form, to speak more vividly to the imagination, this expectation of the event, though of course it does not cease, ceases from its pre-eminence among the many interests that are awake. Its overpowering intensity, by which it commanded the whole mind, is taken off. The living representation, the visible and realized unfolding of a portion of human life and destiny, no longer chains down the spirit through the eyes; and the mind released from the force of its great primal sympathy with the lot of human beings, when their powerful presence is thus taken away, is left free to its own movements, and to the ascendancy of those faculties, which, in its own retirement and solitude, have the stronger sway. Now, imagination, which before was held subject, rises into its original power; the higher capacities of thought take their dominion in the mind, which, if such is its disposition, feels itself once more at liberty to look upon all the revolutions of human affairs merely as a subject for its sublime speculation, as a spectacle of wonder and pleasure to its elated fancy. To such a temper of the spirit, which is indeed the high temper of poetry, the slow and gradual unrolling of the links of human fate must be matter of impatient disregard. If such events are then to be made the subject of poetry, it is on the great

results themselves, it is on the *absolute* emotions belonging to their contemplation, that the mind will chuse to dwell. But it has no expecting hope and fear to bestow on their progressive accomplishment, and dispenses the poet from the task of unveiling the mechanism by which the end is brought on. Here then is, between the acted and unacted drama, not an accidental; but an essential distinction; a distinction not of subordinate forms, but of principles. In the first a law of expectation, raised into unusual authority by the force of representation, predominates over those which the free mind would prescribe; while in the other, that peculiar and powerful constraint being removed, the mind reverts to its natural liberty, and takes its laws merely from the spontaneous workings and dictates of its own faculties and desires.

To speak with precision, it is the poet's mind which is thus left at liberty. In the ordinary drama, he is bound down from the free exercise of his genius, by the known determinate sympathies of his audience. In the other, he is a poet, who may rely on his own power of bearing the sympathy of his reader along with him, as long as he keeps within the capacities of human nature.

This freedom of genius, Mr Milman appears to us to have felt in choosing the manner in which he would treat the subject of *Belshazzar*. He seems to have seen in it, as an example of the stupendous destruction of glorious human might, under irresistible power,—an object of high imagination,—a theme-capable of the utmost exaltation and fervid enthusiasm of poetry; and in his whole composition, as in a vast picture, chiefly to have developed the parts of such a subject, heightening them severally by their own colours to their full effect; but using the form of the drama, merely as if it were a play acted on the stage of the imagination, to attain a greater vividness of ideal presentation, and to catch the more readily so much of sympathy with his situations, as might be serviceable, as a subordinate feeling, to heighten the poetical effect, not as paramount, and binding the poetry itself under restraint. To this purpose of attaining a poetical rather than a dramatic effect, we ascribe that freedom from

some of the stricter requisitions of art, which is observable in the conduct of this poem; and to this, perhaps, we should refer in some degree that simplicity of its conduct, which would be a merit, however, in any purpose of the drama.

That there is such a design as that of which we speak, of withdrawing himself from the laws of the exhibited drama, may be traced, in many subordinate ways, in the very artifice and structure of the poem. It appears in the substitution of other means of representation. For example, much of what is intended to be presented to the eye is made visible with a studied art of the poetry; sometimes in what is spoken by the proper persons of the drama, and sometimes by choruses, who abound in the piece, and are of a mixed character, in part seeming to perform the natural office of such choral bands as might in reasonable probability be found taking their human share in such an action, and in part discharging a function assigned to them solely for the behoof of the poet and his reader, representing in their song some part of the process of the action, which he has occasion to make appear: of which the chorus introducing the banquet, (which we have given,) appears to be an artful and happy specimen. Thus also scenes are ventured upon which would be impracticable in real exhibition; but which, in the ideal and unsubstantial representation here designed, have a graceful and striking effect, as that singular one of the gradual ascent of the Tower. By the same means a much wider and more magnificent scenery is gained to the poem than could otherwise be given, since all that lies under the eye of any of the speakers, with all the movement and action proceeding upon it, is thus brought within the scope of this ideal presentation,—a use of which this writer has freely, with manifest purpose, and with rich effect, availed himself. An illustration of the freedom afforded to the poet by the relaxation of the strictness of the more mechanical disposition of the drama, may be observed in that interruption of the banquet-scene, when it is broken off in the midst, and the reader is suddenly taken from it to be presented with the first deliverance of Benina, from which he returns to find the King stretched in the same unbroken astonishment in

which he had left him. A transition which, in this instance, is not only convenient, but gives room for even a heightened impression on the imagination, when, in returning to contemplate the deep consternation of Belshazzar, we perceive it to have continued with unabated intensity, when withdrawn for a while from our observation; but which, in real scenic representation, would be insupportable, chiefly because, from that intense sympathy with the spirit of progressive action in the piece, it becomes an absolute law of the ordinary drama, that the action of every scene shall be completed before it is removed from the eyes of the spectators.

The effect that is intended and attained, by thus withdrawing the drama from the bondage of reality, and throwing it wholly into the domain of imagination, will be found to extend vitally throughout, and to discover itself perhaps in unforeseen results; as, for example, in the character of the personages of the poem. We might here speak of the first extraordinary personage, the Destroying Angel, whose introduction, on every ground, is only possible, on the condition that the drama is to the imagination alone. But we wish rather to insist upon the different and more highly poetical character which is hence imparted to some of the human actors. Much of the high and beautiful poetical effect, which will undoubtedly be felt in reading this poem, arises, we believe, from taking the characters out of that strong reality which belongs to the exhibited drama, and shewing them more in the shadowy and ideal essence of poetical conceptions. Belshazzar himself is of this order. We believe, that if the reader, when he has closed the volume, will reflect upon the impression which was made upon his mind, while this kingly phantom was present to his conception, he must admit that the picture scarcely for a moment appeared to him to be even the imaginary presentment of an actual monarch that had lived; but much rather as invested with something of an allegorical greatness and splendour, as if his person were only the poetical embodying of idolized monarchical state and away. Only in this way can the character be considered as legitimately drawn. Regarded either as a delineation of a living human being, or as a tragic agent,

it would be eminently liable to censure. At the same time, this extreme removal of the person from reality, which in the true drama would be a fault of the worst kind, as it would be fatal to our interest, is not injurious, but favourable to the high poetical effect, which is here principally intended. As much may be said of the Queen, Nitocris. She cannot be thought to be even the ideal and exalted portraiture of any Assyrian queen-mother that ever existed. But she is the impersonation of a queen, in the pride and glory of her conceptions; and of a mother, in the fond inextinguishable love of her son. A little reflection will suffice to shew, that this difference, in the admitted, and even required method of delineation in the two kinds of poetry, arises from the difference on which we have so strongly insisted, on the presence or absence of that first, strong, simple, human sympathy, on which the acted drama founds itself. It is the throbbing heart that awakes the understanding to demand in those to whom its affections either of love or hate are claimed, those marked individualizing traits of character, which are the evidence that they bear our nature, and stamp them as living men. When the imagination is the chief power to be consulted, it is much more easily satisfied.

Without entering, for illustration of the same views—which we hope throw some light on an important point in the philosophy of the drama—into the details of the several parts of the action of this poem, we shall merely observe upon the last scene, in which the King and his mother are brought to meet and die together before the door of the hut of Imlah, that if this were meant to be represented as the real and historical termination of the existence of the King of Babylon and his mother in the storming of their city, it is an incident so improbable, that the romantic unlikelihood of the situation would at once disfigure the conduct of the piece, and effectually impair the tragic passion of the catastrophe. It could not be pardoned. But if it is intended to shew us, as in a vision of human destinies, the vicissitude of enormous and tyrannic power, in its fall, coming into presence and humbled equality with those whom it has trodden down, being beholden to them even for the common regards and fruitless charities

with which mankind wait upon their dying nature, so as to bring down the intolerable greatness to the level of humanity, before it sinks below that level into dust and into nothing,—if they are led to that home of dark and lowly poverty, merely that we may witness in the awful perishing of power a more utter annihilation,—if they are led from the storm of havoc into that remote and still retreat, merely that we may see, reflected as it were in the mirror of those two kingly spirits, the fall of their state and empire, together with which they become extinguished, then in this merely ideal and poetical conception, the poetry both acquires an interest from the human situation in which it is involved, and saves to our understanding the consideration of the improbability of the situation.

But there is still one other important result we must urge as connected with the essential difference of the two kinds of drama; that is, with respect to the language and the strain of the poetry. On the stage, poetry ceases to be what it is elsewhere, the mere voice of the poet's inspiration. It becomes there the discourse of earnest men, engaged in transacting their own momentous concerns, from whom the strains of high imagination, to which we are wont to listen with delight, would offend and revolt us. Hence the language of the drama approaches more nearly to the real speech of men, than in any other form of poetry. It must not indeed reach it; for, however nearly it may sometimes draw towards it, it must still remain poetry and art. It is never reality. But in the merely ideal drama, the boldest flights of poetry, and its loftiest language, are in their place.

We have said what we could to explain and justify the spirit of imagination in which the poem is written. We now turn to point out what strikes us as a material defect in the manner in which the subject is conceived. It appears to us, that the true spirit of the event which Mr Milman has had the courage to attempt in poetry, is not carried into his composition. That event is awful to our imagination as a divine chastisement of human wickedness: This is its first great character—the august and terrible assertion of that moral retribution, which we look for, indeed, in the ordinary course of

the human world, as a necessity laid in its constitution; but which, in this instance, breaks forth more signally and fearfully in miraculous interposition. If so, the whole structure and spirit of the poem ought to be fitted to express this character. The facts that should stand out from the narrative ought to be the crimes which provoke the judgment; and its prevalent tone should be in harmony with our contemplation of the more appalling acts of justice, dark, solemn, and severe. Now, this is by no means done; and the failure of the poet in this respect may be marked in many particulars.

It appears remarkably in the tone of the composition. The muse of Mr Milman is not austere and armed with terror, but prodigal of gorgeous beauty. The prevailing style of the imagery, to which the fancy of the reader is here fettered, is an oriental sumptuousness of earthly magnificence in the works of man, and in nature, an oriental splendour of the climates and kingdoms of the sun; and even in leaving the visible world, the spirit of fancy is the same.

This departure from the proper awe of the subject, amounts, in specific instances, to a great dramatic impropriety in the persons speaking. So it is in one Personage, which there was some danger in introducing at all, and which could only be justified, by the most awful and menacing solemnity investing all his words,—the missioned Angel of Destruction. It is a surprising departure from the propriety of character, and takes greatly from the proper grandeur of such a composition, when this Being, in whom nothing is expected but manifestations of inflamed wrath and power, is made to indulge in describing with lavish pomp the splendours of the human empire, a tone prevailing largely in his first, and to be found too in his second and only other appearance, though the description itself is very beautiful.

On like ground, exception must be taken to the poetical interest already adverted to, which is given to the character of Belshazzar and the Queen-Mother. The manner in which these are conceived and represented, also detracts from the innate moral terror of the subject. One point, indeed, in the King's character is drawn fitly to the purpose intended,—the revelling

sense of self-exaltation in his supremacy of terrestrial greatness, rising and hardening itself into impiety. But neither for himself, as the signalized object of the Supreme displeasure, nor as the only person in whom, as predominant to our conception, the general offences that are to be punished could appear as imaged, is he held up to our abhorrence. He is rather made gracious to our imagination, by the regal beauty of his person, by his mother's exceeding and unfailling love, and by a rich and tender luxury of fancy which breathes in his words, imparting to them often a sweet and seductive cloquence. He is courageous withal, and high-minded; and his unwillingness to engage personally in the war, is evidently a kingly dislike of its painful and unroyal labours, nothing of fear. Yet it was of the utmost importance to the whole effect of the poem, that our sympathy *should be with his destruction*. And the urgent importance of a stern solemnity in the tone will on this account appear the more, when it is remembered what force on the part of the poet, what a violence done to our own weak and betraying inclinations, is necessary to rend us from all the customary and oppressive infirmities of our nature, and to arouse and sustain in us the ardent hate of human guilt, and the indignant impatient desire that it may be vindictively swept from the earth.

So even the great city herself, drunk with blood and with wine—she who had filled to the brim the cup of her iniquities, foul and cruel, at once the pollution and the burthen of the earth, appears to us rather beautiful in her magnificence, the diadem'd queen of nations, than as that city of sin, over which wrath burns even long ere it descends to consume.

In all these instances of departure from the intrinsic severity of the subject, the occasion may seem to have been the same, too easy an acquiescence on the part of the author, in the natural flow of his own imagination, which perhaps might have made it as great an effort to him to deny himself the gratification of luxuriating in richness and beauty, as to have girded up his spirit to the stern and awful temper of the argument he had undertaken.

We have yet another point to speak of in the character of Mr Mil-

man's genius, which has shewn itself both in this and his other works. It has frequently appeared to us, that though human feelings are often very happily caught by him, and when they are so, are made very striking and impressive to his reader, by the beauty of poetry with which they are inwoven; yet that there does appear to be at times a great, and what might almost seem to be a deep essential want of sympathy, with simple and strong human passion. In the present poem, we cannot help singling out one important instance, and observing that, to our conception, neither in Benina herself, nor in her parents, *nor in her lover*, is there any expression or indication of the real feelings with which the horrible doom to which she is here devoted, would have been contemplated by them, either, in the first place, as hanging over her, or as afterwards, by the last of the three, believed to have been completed.

Independently of this, the renouncing the ordinary love interest of these parties,—by the father, at the outset, voluntarily plighting their future nuptials,—thus frankly reducing all anxiety and interest about their fate, to what is essentially involved in the great event of the poem,—is surely a piece of good conduct, which does credit to the poet's moderation and prudence.

The genius which appears most conspicuously in this poem, and perhaps in all the poetry Mr Milman has given to the world, is that of rich and powerful description. Here his good spirit never seems to desert him. To whatever sort of subject he turns, as long as he may riot in the world of sights and sounds, his imagination is exuberant and inexhaustible; and the glowing beauty of his language, as well as its skilful elegance, attest that here he enjoys the happiness of his powers. Perhaps it might be objected, that he delights too much, in exhibiting his art, in shewing with what success he can bend to poetry, subjects that seem the most to refuse it, dwelling as freely and fearlessly on the delineation of the works and products of human skill, as on those shews of her own beautiful and mystic world, over which nature herself has already breathed the power of poetry. Perhaps it may be said, that the delight of exercising his

talent leads him away too much at times from the deeper passions of poetry. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, that it is while he indulges his genius in this exertion of its power, that he makes us feel he is gifted as no ordinary poet, and constrains us to hope most highly of his vocation.

His *descriptive poetry* often seems to glow with a deeper spirit than belongs to the common reputation of that name; and it is then much more than in that language which he expressly allots to the utterance of feeling, that he has the art of communicating emotion to our spirits, thereby persuading us that some more impassioned powers brood in his own, than he has yet made fully apparent to us. We trust, that we yet know him but very imperfectly. The three poems, which he has lately given us under the name of the drama, are all of them, by their subjects, fitted to have been works of art of the highest order. Two of them, at least, by the powers

of poetry infused into them, are fitted to make a strong and durable impression of the writer's endowments. Yet not one of them, we may take the liberty to assert, is wrought to the height of its argument, or does not leave the reader, who is at all hardened in criticism, we had almost said, at all experienced in poetry, with the impression, that more might and ought to have been made of it. Flattering as the reception of these productions has been, and splendid as his rising and just reputation, grounded on them, must be confessed to be, we trust, that the author has felt, in respect to them, the same impression; and although in these poems he has attempted and dismissed from his hands, subjects, by their momentous nature, fitted rather to mature and consummate, than to growing power, we will dare to hope, that he himself regards them, and will hereafter justify us in having spoken of them, not as the triumphs, but as the exercises of his genius.

THOMSON *versus* BRANDE.*

"WILL your goodness," said Captain Clutterbuck, to the Eidolon, or Representative Vision of the Author of *Waverley*, "will your goodness permit me to mention an anecdote of my excellent grandmother?"

"I see little she can have to do with the subject, Captain Clutterbuck," said the Author.

"It may come into our dialogue on *Hayes's plan*," rejoined the Captain.—"The sagacious old lady—rest her soul—was a good friend to the church, and could never hear a minister maligned by evil tongues, without taking his part warmly. There was one fixed point, however, at which she always abandoned the cause of her reverend protégée—it was so soon as she learned he had preached a regular sermon against slandersers and backbiters."

"And what is that to the purpose?" said the author.

"Only," replied the Captain, "that I have heard engineers say, that one may betray the weak point to the enemy,

by too much ostentation of fortifying it."

Now, we by no means intend to insinuate, that every author who defends himself from attacks that have been made on his literary character, is therefore chargeable with the very imputations against which he puts himself in the attitude of defence. If an author is unfairly attacked—if his meaning is perverted—or a sense is attributed to him which he never meant to convey—or, still more, if he has reason to believe, that a conspiracy has been formed to cry him down, and to ruin his reputation with the public,—in that, and in some other cases, we see no reason why an author should be pronounced guilty, merely because he has produced a philippic against calumny and backbiting. But, on the other hand, if the public has already pronounced on the general merits of a writer—or if he is conscious that his work contains materials which entitle it to the approbation of the world, we believe him most politic, as

* Answer to the Review of the Sixth Edition of Dr. Thomson's System of Chemistry, in No. XXI. of the Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts, edited by Mr. Brande. By the Author of that System. 8vo. Baldwin and Co. London. 1822.

well as most dignified plan, is to pass over all attacks, without deigning to notice them; because the general impression of readers is, that when a man feels sore, he must have been attacked in some weak part; and, like Clutterbuck's grandmother, even those who would most stoutly have defended him, if he had preserved a dignified silence, give him up as guilty.

We don't mean to say, however, that we intend to go so far with the author whose pamphlet we are reviewing.—We think, indeed, that he would have done better, to have treated the malice of his antagonists with contempt; but we think, at the same time, that with respect to most of the subjects of dispute, he has come off victorious—and, at any rate, we agree with all scientific readers, that the pamphlet itself is a treat of its kind, and that, as a dry, unvarnished, deeply-cut, and perfect likeness of the author himself, it is perhaps without a rival.

The history of it is shortly this:—All scientific persons know, that two years ago Dr Thomson published a sixth edition of his *System of Chemistry*. The great advances that have been made in that science, and the high reputation of the author for his powers of philosophical narrative, awakened, we believe, a pretty general expectation that the new edition would be distinguished by a peculiar and very high kind of merit; and whether this expectation was well or ill founded, we believe also that some degree of disappointment was felt when the work did appear. The author's manner, too, or, in *his own* words, the pride he has always taken in the *honesty, sincerity, and independence* of his character, had, like all other great excellencies, raised him some rivals and detractors. In course of time, accordingly, a severe review of the work appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Institution*—the object of which, as the author himself says, was to deny him all credit whatever as an author, an experimenter, or a chemist. Whether Dr Thomson, with that dignified feeling which we have already said we think he ought always to have maintained, disregarded this critique at its first appearance,—or whether the pressure of other business prevented him from noticing it,—the fact is, that for nearly a twelve-month, he wrote nothing in answer to it. At last, however, he was persuaded

to turn his attention more carefully to it; and among the many curious confessions which his answer contains, there is none that has struck us more forcibly than the following, which concludes his pamphlet:—

"When," says he, "I perused Mr Brande's *Review of my System*, for the first time with attention, in the month of February last, the impression which it left upon my mind was, that many of the animadversions must be well-founded. They are made with an air of such confidence and plausibility, that they are well calculated to make an impression on the reader. After having thus investigated them one by one, I am amazed to find how very few of them have any justice in them, and feel fully confident that every reader will participate in my astonishment, and agree with me that a more uncandid review has scarcely ever appeared, and that it fixes an indelible stigma, both on the editor and the author."

Of the general complexion of Dr Thomson's philosophical character, there is, we apprehend, and can be, but one opinion. There is no reason for believing him to be a man of high original genius—his imagination has no power of forming new combinations, or of anticipating the probable results of yet untried experiments. He has never ventured to hoist his sail in quest of new worlds, or even, like our ancient adventurers, to amuse his own fancy and that of others with the image of Eldorado, and splendid lands of golden promise, into which they had not had the means of venturing; but, like the historians who have arranged the journals of these adventurers, he has, in an eminent degree, the power of combining, and disposing, and beautifying their disjointed contributions. He can work their materials into a magnificent whole, and can thus give a splendour and attraction to the entire history of discovery which it might not have possessed, if left only to the imperfect and rudely composed notices of those active and undaunted men, who girded themselves for the actual enterprise, and brought back, amidst much dust and sweat, their painfully earned, but glorious acquisitions.

These two kinds of philosophical talent are quite distinct from each other. But he who is possessed of either in a very high degree, deserves a place of pre-eminent honour among the most highly gifted of our species.

And if it is an animating sight to see a philosopher like Davy breaking down the former boundaries of human knowledge, and opening new tracks of speculation and of enterprise—there is also a calmer, but perhaps not less gratifying delight in beholding the majestic fabric of science rising fresh and beautiful from the hand of a master like Thomson, disposed in all its parts with exquisite symmetry, and decorated with such ornaments only as are chaste and appropriate.

It seems, however, that the reviewer of Dr Thomson's work found it expedient to exhibit it in a different light. "For," says the Doctor, "the review which I am going to examine is a most furious attack upon me from beginning to end, and denies me all credit whatever as an author, an experimenter, or a chemist. It is made up of different kinds of accusations, which are mixed together with some ingenuity and address; but which I still make bold, notwithstanding the many witty sneers against my fondness for scholastic divisions, to consider and refute under three separate heads: 1st, I am accused of being utterly incapable of writing English, and of being ignorant of the first principles of arrangement. 2d, I have made many false statements of facts, partly to injure the reputation of Sir H. Davy, and partly to promote my own absurd and erroneous chemical opinions. 3d, My book is stuffed with innumerable errors, into which I have fallen from being unacquainted with the elements of the science of chemistry.

"These are heavy charges indeed. But what opinion will my readers form of the candour and gentlemanly feelings of Mr Brande, if I shew that the reviewer, in order to give a colour to his accusations, has had recourse to direct falsehood, to pitiful prevarication, and to the stale trick of raising into proofs of ignorance what he must have been perfectly aware were errors of the press."

With respect to arrangement and style;—now, it seems to us quite evident that no chemical work whatever can, in the present state of that science, or for centuries to come, be distinguished by a perfect arrangement. Many of the substances of nature are yet but imperfectly known—doubt exists with respect to many of those which have been ana-

lyzed—the aspect of the science itself is changing almost every hour, and a single new discovery sometimes gives a new appearance to all the bodies which were before known. In such a state of things it is vain to look for a perfect and satisfactory arrangement in any work—some substances must appear to one writer better suited to be placed under one head, and to others under another; and all that can be said even of the most complete arrangement is, that it affords a more distinct view of the infinity of objects which the science embraces, or permits them to be classed so as to please more perfectly the eye of the observer.

We have no doubt that in some respects the strictures of the reviewer on Dr Thomson's arrangement are well founded—that is to say, we believe that the Doctor was not able, in the edition which is criticised, to do justice even to his own ideas of method, because his object was not to write an entirely new treatise, but to insert in the work which was already before the public, such discoveries as had lately been made. In such an attempt it was to be expected that many things would appear to be somewhat out of place—some subjects would be treated, where the author, if he had been forming his plan, would not have thought of placing them; and perhaps some things of minor importance might be omitted altogether from want of a convenient place in which to put them, or because, amidst the confusion of accommodating himself to an arrangement previously formed, the author had altogether overlooked their existence.

But while we make this concession we must also say, that when Dr Thomson is attacked on the ground of want of powers of arrangement, his adversary has most completely mistaken the weak side of his opponent. If there be any power which the Doctor possesses in an eminent degree, it is that of masterly and luminous disposition; and we believe we speak the sense of all the chemists of Europe when we say, that it is this excellence, more than any other, which has given to his work its very extensive popularity.

We are also of opinion that any severe censures of our author's style are at least equally unfounded. That he writes rapidly and with facility is evi-

dent, and we may well believe that rapidity and facility lead occasionally to their usual concomitants of incorrectness and carelessness. But these occasional faults are very different from the general character of an author's style, and we believe it is universally allowed that the style of Doctor Thomson, considered as appropriated to philosophical narration, has very high merit. It is chaste, powerful, and luminous. It is not an occasional brilliancy which lights up flashes of radiance—like the torch which dazzles the eye with the adamantine lustre of a sparry cave, to be afterwards bedimmed by clammy exhalations, or by clouds of smoke. It is a calm and steady light, which throws an equal lustre on every object on which it falls, and which enables the eye of the spectator to rest with a still and unbroken delight on the whole extent of the field of vision.

All this is true, but the delightful thing is to hear the Doctor himself say so.

"The want of discernment evinced in these attacks upon my style occasioned some surprise at first. I may be very often accused of great carelessness of style; but never, unless I deceive myself egregiously, either of want of energy or diffuseness. Indeed the characteristic properties of my style are just the opposite of diffuseness. I am remarkably concise, though, I hope, always clear, and generally energetic. Nothing indeed can constitute a greater contrast than my mode of writing and that of Mr Brande. If he be a good writer on scientific subjects, it follows as a necessary consequence that I am a bad one. I refer the reader to his *History of Chemistry* in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to his article *Chemistry* in the same book, and to some of his prefaces in the *Royal Institution Journal*. In point of diffuseness, want of energy, and bad taste, these dissertations constitute a perfect contrast to every thing which ever flowed from my pen. Indeed, were I disposed to criticise style, nothing would be easier than to retaliate upon Mr Brande."

2d. The second accusation brought against the Doctor by his reviewer is that of having misstated facts, in order to gratify certain malignant passions of his own, and to injure certain individuals of whose reputation he is meanly jealous.

In this accusation the reviewer has plainly an eye chiefly to Sir H. Davy, towards whom he supposes Dr Thomson to entertain some feelings of jea-

lousy and rivalry. Now, we cannot think so meanly of the Doctor. Doubtless there are monarchs who can bear no brother near the throne; and we have heard of a great philosopher, whom the Doctor also knows, who was remarkable all his days for disliking those who eclipsed him, and who was known to have confessed, that even when a boy, he never could endure the sight of any other boy, who had, upon any occasion, got the better of him at a game at hand-ball, or any other boyish pastime. We are confident Dr Thomson has no such feelings, for most assuredly they are neither manly nor beautiful, and when the person hated has fairly attained his distinction, all such feelings towards him are diabolical. But we cannot think that any chemist can feel towards Sir H. Davy anything but sentiments of admiration and respect; and we have a very handsome testimony in this very pamphlet of Dr Thomson, to the same purpose. "It is false," says he, "that I have ever made any attack either on the character or reputation of Sir H. Davy. On the contrary, I have always been in the habit of reckoning him among the number of my friends. I have always spoken of his talents and of his labours with that respect which I felt for them, and have always been proud to think that his discoveries have reflected a lustre upon the country in which they originated."

We must say also that, as the editor of a Magazine, Dr Thomson has always appeared to us to be remarkable for the impartiality and candour of his conduct. And we can bear our testimony to the accuracy of the following statement, which may serve also as a specimen of the manner in which the Doctor has refuted the different charges brought against him in the review which has called forth his pamphlet.

"2. But 'the full force of my hostility to Davy was exerted,' it seems, 'in depreciating the miners' safety lamp.'—(Review, p. 122.)

"Now I deny that I ever depreciated it. I did indeed, when I heard Davy's account of his first lamp read to the Royal Society, express my opinion in my Journal that it could not be used with safety. Whether this opinion was well or ill founded, I do not know. Perhaps it may have been ill founded. But as I honestly believed at the time that the lamp was hazardous, I think that I was bound to state my reasons for this opinion."

to the public. The lives of a great number of individuals were at stake. It was, therefore, important to point out every conceivable objection. It was Davy's business to examine these objections; to refute them if they were futile, and to benefit by them if well founded.

"So far from supposing that I was injuring Davy, or endeavouring to detract from his merits, I conceived that I was doing him a service; and most persons in his situation would have been of the same opinion. How far my objections were well founded, it is not for me to say; but almost immediately afterwards, Davy himself rejected his first lamp, and invented another, much superior to it in every respect.

"Against this new lamp, I never in the *Annals of Philosophy* stated a single objection of my own, nor, as far as I recollect, of any other person. It is true, indeed, that a furious controversy respecting the person who had the merit of first inventing the miner's safety lamp immediately arose, and various papers, written by the parties, were admitted into my journal. I acted with the utmost impartiality; as a proof of this, I may state, that I received abundance of anonymous letters accusing me of partiality to Davy, to Stevenson, and to Clanny. I saw very early that the whole had become a party question, and that motives quite different from a regard to truth animated the disputants. The papers were inserted without any comment on my part; and as soon as I saw that they contained nothing but mutual recriminations, I stopped them altogether. One of the last, if not the very last, was inserted by Mr Children. I happened to be in Cornwall when this paper was sent to my publisher. I had left materials for two successive numbers. The consequence was, that Mr Children's paper could not be inserted till after my return to London. When I reached home I found a letter from that gentleman complaining that his paper had been withheld from the public, and written in a style very different from what is usually to be found in a letter from one gentleman to another. (Of this letter I took no notice. It gave me information for the first time, that Davy and his friends thought that I was hostile to his lamp.)

"My conduct, then, with regard to this controversy, was fair and honourable. I was actuated by no hostility to Davy; but thought myself obliged to deal exactly the same justice to all claimants. That I discharged my duty as an editor with the most rigid impartiality, appears from this, that the controversialists accused me of partiality to their adversaries."

The last charge brought against the Doctor is that of errors from ignorance.

No man can suppose Dr Thomson to be unacquainted, as he himself terms it, with the very elements of chemical science. On the contrary, his knowledge is admitted to be not only very extensive, but of a very practical kind. At the same time, it is possible that slips may occur in the course of so very extensive a work as the Doctor's, which his sharp-sighted antagonist may display to the disadvantage of the author, and we have no doubt that in the rapidly improving state of chemistry, and of all the subjects connected with it, some such errors may be found in the edition of the work on which we are at present discoursing.

Indeed the Doctor has confessed some such errors with very little ceremony; for it is one of his characteristics, that he tells with equal plainness when he does not understand any subject, as when he does; and although he probably makes both confessions from the same motive, there is something unique and amusing in the specimen which on such occasions he gives of what he terms the *sincerity, honesty, and independence* of his character. For instance, he concludes his refutation of one of the charges brought against him respecting Sir H. Davy in these words: "When I stated that Davy's explanation of the atomic theory was not so perspicuous as that of Dalton, I meant merely that I did not understand it so well."

As an illustration of the same manner, we may take his answer to the following passage of the Review:

"Mineralogy, which now begins to assume the systematic aspect of the other parts of natural history, by the labours of Werner, Haüy, Mohs, and Jameson, is here exhibited in a truly chaotic state. He has no allusion whatever to the natural history method of Mohs, which promises to do for the study of minerals what the sexual system did for plants; enabling a person on taking up a specimen to refer it to its peculiar class, order, genus, and species, till he discovers its name and various relations. His first chapter, 'On the Description of Minerals,' is copied from Professor Jameson's Treatise on the External Characters. We find the same chapter, in the same words, in the former edition, but with a reference to Mr Jameson, which is now suppressed. The only observable alteration, indeed, in his present article on Mineralogy, is the erasure of Professor Jameson's name wherever it formerly occurred."

To which the Doctor replies.

"With respect to the system of Mohs, which has been adopted by Jameson in his last edition, I must confess myself an incompetent judge, because I do not understand it. I have perused Mohs' little treatise on the Characters of the Classes, Orders, Genera, and Species, a copy of which the author did me the honour to present me. I have likewise read the account of the method published in the Edinburgh Journal; but neither of these accounts puts it in my power to understand the nature of the arrangement. Mr Jameson's last edition is a cypher without a key. Under these circumstances, I thought myself obliged to omit my references to Jameson's System. I could not refer to the old edition after the author had published a new one; and I could not refer to the new edition, because I did not understand it. Thus circumstanced, I thought the best thing I could do was to refer to Hoffman's Mineralogy, instead of Jameson's. It contains the Wernerian descriptions in the very words of Werner; and is the original from which most of Jameson's descriptions are taken."

The Doctor was certainly most completely in the right in not attempting to explain what he did not understand. But we venture to question, whether the *festina lente* to which he himself appeals, might not have put him in possession of the knowledge which he very *sincerely, honestly, and independently* acknowledges that he wanted.

Indeed, we can assure the Doctor, that if he had taken due pains to understand the Natural History method of mineralogy, as it is given by Jameson in his last edition, he would have found that it is *not* a cypher without a key—that, on the contrary, the principles of classification are there unfolded, shortly indeed, but with sufficient clearness for all the purposes which the author had in view, and that the species, subspecies, and fluids, are arranged as in the former edition.

We are not sure, indeed, whether the two illustrious professors who are here said by the Doctor to have published books which cannot be understood, would thank us for vindicating them from such a charge. Their characters, both as honourable men and as successful teachers, are far too high to be affected by any such sneer; and we believe they are incapable of treating the imputation of Dr Thomson with any other feeling than that of dignified disregard.

As to the leaving out of Professor Jameson's name in the last edition of

the Doctor's Chemistry, it can be a matter of no moment to the Professor, considering the elevation on which he now stands, whether Dr Thomson chooses to put his name or that of Hoffman at the bottom of his page,—that it is doubtless a little curious that Dr Thomson should not only prefer a foreign author, whose work can be consulted by but a few readers in this country, to one at least equally entitled to credit, and who, by the Doctor's own confession, now stands at the head of the systematic writers on Mineralogy in Britain; but that, to use the words of the reviewer, while "his first chapter, On the Description of Minerals, is copied from Jameson's Treatise on the External Characters, he has thought fit to erase the Professor's name as the authority for the details of a chapter which is copied from him, and that the only observable alteration in his present article on mineralogy is the erasure of Professor Jameson's name wherever it formerly occurred."

All this has happened, no doubt, from the *honesty, sincerity, and independence* of Dr Thomson's character. We only mean to hint, that, in our opinion, it is a pity that, in the present instance, these excellent and most manly qualities had not found a better opportunity of displaying themselves.

We have thus passed rapidly over all the charges brought against the Doctor. But the great merit of the pamphlet is the strong, and, we believe, just light in which it places the perfect satisfaction with which the Doctor reposes on the pillow of his own merits, and the more than profound contempt with which he regards any one who differs from him. The whole work is sprinkled with instances of both qualities. We will select a few, expressive, in the first place, of the Doctor's opinion of himself.

"But when Mr Brande thinks proper to arraign my character as a man, and to accuse me of the basest and most profligate conduct, it is no longer in my power to remain silent. Silence, indeed, in such a case, could scarcely fail to be construed into an acknowledgment of guilt. But as my real conduct has been the very reverse of what Mr Brande has stated it to be; as I have uniformly prided myself in the honesty, sincerity, and independence of my character; as I have been at considerable pains to give credit to whom credit was due; as I have uniformly, both in my System, and in the *Annals of Philosophy*, while I con-

sinned its Editor, given the merit of every chemical fact to the original discoverer of it, as far as my knowledge of the subject enabled me to go; as I am not conscious of any wilful misrepresentation or twisting of facts to serve any particular purpose; I should consider myself as guilty of a kind of *felo de se*, if I were not to step forward in the present case in my own vindication. I owe it likewise to the University of Glasgow, to which I have the honour to belong, and to his Majesty, who bestowed on me the Professorship which I fill, without any solicitation on my part, to shew the world that neither my abilities, my knowledge, my industry, nor my character, render me unworthy of that situation, or of the kind and munificent manner in which it was bestowed on me."

We have already quoted what he says of his style. Respecting his accuracy as an experimenter, he thus speaks, page 9:

"All these experiments were made with a degree of care and attention, which I confidently affirm has never been surpassed."

And again, page 13:

"I am not willing to abandon the character for precision, which I have long enjoyed, though the Reviewer has thought proper to call it in question: on the contrary, I flatter myself that I possess it in no common degree."

Yet more in the same style at page 27:

"I do not see any reason why I should be ashamed of my experiments. Compared with the preceding statements of Lavoisier, Davy, and Rose, they are exceedingly accurate."

Still another sample, page 36:

"This observation from an individual, who, so far as is known to the public, never took the specific gravity of a gas in his life, and directed against me, who have determined the specific gravity of more than 20 gases, with a degree of care and accuracy seldom equalled, and never surpassed, had surely been better spared."

We give but one instance more, page 41:

"The Reviewer's remarks about the quantity of muriatic gas absorbed by water, are as usual very witty; but the wit does not affect me. I have given the result of my experiments. Let him repeat them, and show them to be inaccurate, and then sneer away and welcome. Till then, I shall only say that it is easier to sneer than to experiment."

His own fairness in controversy, he thus speaks, page 29:

"My conduct during the whole of this discussion has been, I think, just what it ought to have been."

These are specimens of the Doctor's opinion of himself; the following shew how he thinks and speaks of his opponents:

Page 21.—"What answer can be given to this *impudent* assertion?"

Page 25.—"But I must now draw the reader's attention to another particular, because it shews that this *malignant* writer was conscious of the inaccuracy and falsehood of his statements, and that he drew them up with no other view than to make out the appearance of a case, by jumbling together the most monstrous and inconsistent falsehoods."

Page 30.—"The most consummate petulance, accompanied as it always is with the most woful ignorance, characterizes every one of the reviewer's observations."

Page 31.—"The reviewer's observations respecting expansion, shew merely, that he has not considered the mechanism of expansion, and that ignorance of a subject does not deter him from writing on it."

Page 36.—"By this time, I dare say, the reviewer is ashamed of what he has written on this subject, and would willingly barter nine-tenths of his wit for one-tenth of my precision."

Page 36.—"The reviewer has misstated my reasoning in the Annals; but it is not worth while to put him right. If Mr Brande chooses to persist in his opinion, in the face of common sense, I have nothing to say to the contrary."

Page 39.—"The sneer against me for not adopting Mr Donovan's estimate of the composition of the mercurial oxides, is quite misplaced."

Page 39.—"The sneers at my account of ammonia could not have come from any writer of the smallest candour."

Page 39. "The sneer about lampic acid had better have been omitted."

Page 39. "I do not believe, that in the whole history of chemistry, any thing can be pointed out more uncandid or unjust, than the reviewer's remarks upon my paper on oxalic acid."

Page 40. "The reviewer's observations on my analysis of chloride of lime are so ridiculously absurd, that it would be waste of time to make a serious answer to them. I would advise him to try a few experiments. They would cure his petulance, and give him some information on a subject about which he obviously knows nothing."

Now, after so many irresistible proofs of the Doctor's perfect satisfaction with himself, and of his utter disregard of everybody else, we cannot well see what should have induced him to write his pamphlet at all. But he says, in a passage we have already quoted, that

it was to show the world that he did not mean to *put hands* to himself—to prove to the College of Glasgow, that he will bear no rebuke without retaliation—and, lastly, to convince the King that he is every way worthy of all the honours and emoluments he has received from his Majesty. But even these reasons seem to us insufficient: for, most assuredly, no man who is so perfectly at peace with himself, ever did, or ever will, become a *felo de se*.

The members of the University of Glasgow have all of them, we doubt not, long before now, become acquainted with the *sincerity, honesty, and independence* of Dr Thomson's character; and the King—God bless him—we verily believe, would not have bestowed *one thought the less* upon the Doctor, though no such appeal had been made to his respectful remembrance.

* * Since the above was written, we have seen Brande's Reply to Thomson's Answer. Journal of Science, No. xxvi. p. 333-353. It is, as usual with that critic, flippant, minute, and impertinent. Of its spirit we shall easily satisfy our readers, by giving its analysis from the Index, p. 454. "Thomson's (Dr) System of Chemistry, and his Reply to a review of it in this Journal—Specimens of the Doctor's inaccurate language—opinions of foreign chemists on his system—specimens of his book-making repetitions—of his inconsistencies—of his critical chicanery—exposure of his errors—his effrontery." Nothing can be more unphilosophical, we were going to say more ungentlemanlike, than criticism so conducted; but bad as it is, what will our readers think when we tell them that one of the "specimens of the Doctor's inaccurate language" brought forward, p. 336, is an apology which Thomson was obliged to dictate, to avoid an action in our Jury Court, at the suit of Allan the Banker? The contents of that apology do not, in any degree, bear on the merits of Mr Brande's critique on Dr Thomson's Chemistry,—it does not at all illustrate or advance any part of the argument, and is obviously inserted for the low purpose of irritating and annoying the Doctor by every weapon, fair or unfair, on which his antagonist can lay his hand. We do not, in the course of our critical reading, remember so degrading, or so disingenuous a piece of utter meanness.

Not being desirous of saturating our

readers with chemistry, we shall not make any addition to the remarks we have offered already, and therefore decline meddling any more with the controversy. But as Brande has thought fit to make one statement, which we happen to know to be decidedly false, we deem it only fair to relieve the Doctor from the imputation cast on him in it.

"We (*i.e.* Brande or Ure) had said in the Review, 'We are at a loss to learn why a new edition has come forth; it was not spontaneously called for, and nothing but a decidedly superior work should have been tendered to the public.' The Doctor makes answer: 'The new Edition, I presume, was printed because the old had been sold. I am not aware that booksellers proceed in any other way.'* Now, the public should be informed, that during the Session immediately preceding the appearance of his sixth edition, his fifth, of 1817, was currently rattled off at the Edinburgh book auctions."—P. 327.

Now the work was out of print for a year before the sixth edition (which was incessantly called for) was published; and we beg, moreover, to add, that the information with which Mr Brande thinks proper to oblige the public respecting the "rattling off," is altogether false. Not a single copy of Dr Thomson's book was disposed of by the hummer of the auctioneer. This we know, and we shall let our readers form their own opinion of Mr Brande's gentleman-like accuracy.

* An assertion, by the bye, which proves how little Thomson knows of that upright portion of mankind. But pocas palabras.—C. N.

LETTER FROM PHILOMAG.

ANSWER FROM C. NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR NORTH,

London, July 3, 1822.

I. THE most remarkable feature of your Magazine is, the honest and fearless spirit which hesitates not to admit criticism on *itself*, as free and as pungent as that with which its justice visits other literary offenders. This admirable candour emboldens me to offer you some observations on your last Number.

II. I must begin by complaining, that you seem to be fast *degenerating* into PUFFERY and HUMBUG. That you should praise *yourself*, is quite natural and just; but you seem inclined to laud, beyond all toleration, *every thing* which Mr BLACKWOOD publishes, and we begin now to *smoke* your London correspondents, by noticing the scribblers whose mediocrity you endeavour to bolster into *notoriety*—*same* is beyond your power or theirs.

III. I commence with your review of Pen Owen, of which, to those who have read it, I need say nothing, and those who have not read it, will probably not read my commentary. I therefore pass over details; to expose the false and mean insinuations by which, in the last sentences of his pleading, your reviewer *affects to doubt* who the author is, and pretends to suspect him to be a person “of great talents and great station.” Now, Mr North, you and every reader have seen, with half an eye; that the *writer* of this trash—he does not deserve the name, humble as it is, of *author*—is not a man of talents, and you (or, at least, Ebony must) know well, that he is *not* a person of any station. In short, the thing is both *dull* and *vulgar*, and all your puffing and praises will never persuade even a milliner’s apprentice to think otherwise of it; and you ought to have had too much re-

DEAR PHILOMAG,

Edinburgh, July 6, 1822.

I. I agree almost entirely with the opinion you express in your first paragraph. Instead of saying, “The honest and fearless spirit,” &c. is, “*the most remarkable feature* of your Magazine,” you ought to have said, “one of the most remarkable,” or, “not the least remarkable and praiseworthy,” or, “of the innumerable merits of your Magazine, one of the noblest,” &c.; with such slight correction, your opinion is mine.

II. You begin by complaining that we seem “to be fast *degenerating* into puffing and humbug.” This implies that there was a time when there was neither puffing nor humbug about us. Pray, when was that?—To praise ourselves, you say, is *natural* and *just*—granted. But we have a better reason for so doing—it is *most pleasant*; and also, it would be *bad manners* not to join the universal Pean in our praise.—If every thing that Mr Blackwood publishes is excellent, why not extol it to the skies? Here comes the rub; so, passing by your very original distinction between *notoriety* and *fame*, and your most powerful antithesis, “*yours*, or *theirs*,” let us come to short grips, and try a fall.

III. Our London correspondents are, you think, authors whom we pay by praising their had or indifferent works in Maga. And, first, the author of Pen Owen is one of them. To the best of our knowledge, (unless he be *Philomag* himself,) *he is not*. What Ebony may know on this subject lies hid in his mighty heart; nor has *Philomag* told us how *he* knows that *Ebony* must know that the author is not a man of great talents and great station. Our insinuation, therefore, may be silly and erroneous, but it is neither mean nor false; and if *Philomag* were not at so great a distance from us, (his letter has the London post-mark,) we should act in the usual inagnanimous manner, and *hurl back* (that, we think, is the ancient phrase) *the insinuation in his teeth!!!* which he seems fond of shewing. We have no wish to persuade any milliner’s apprentice to think Pen Owen otherwise than

gard to your own character, to have implicated it in so dirty a job.

IV. I do not object to your review of the "*Lights and Shadows*," because, although I cannot but fear, from the general tone of the Number, that its chief object is to sell Blackwood's publications, this work has great intrinsic merit, and is deserving of praise, though hardly of *all* the praise you lavish upon it.

V. But what I most of all object to, is your article headed "*Mathews, Dibdin, and Morgan*." The writer is a dull dog—depend upon it. He has never sat in the *Tent*—never pledged the standard-bearer—he is, I fear not, even at this distance, to pronounce, a new-comer—an interloper—a neophyte, who has forgotten, if he ever knew, the old style of critical humbug, and has not acquired the vivacity and gaiety of the school of Christopher North, who, like his great namesake, has discovered a *new world* of criticism, and astounds the men of the old hemisphere of letters, by the wonders and the riches of his discoveries. "*Mathews, Dibdin, and Lady Morgan!*" he might as well have said, with honest Lingo, "*Wut Tyler, Ifeliogabalus, and Jack the Painter*." Why should *Mother MORGAN*—*lucus à non lucendo*; no lady is publicly called *mother*, who really is one—why should *Mother MORGAN* be mentioned as a traveller? I admit she is as weak and feeble as the "*Invalid*," and as great a pedant and plagiarist as the "*Bibliomane*;" but she is no traveller at all—her book was *made* in Dublin, and smells of bogs, whisky, and sedition, like an Innishowen still. Yet your *hireling*—for none of the good old *Tent*—a pedant would have said *school*—can have done this wretched work—under a slight veil of dispraise, does still recommend to curiosity the

dull and vulgar. Some parts of it are dull, and we said so. Vulgarity, now and then, is amusing; and, although our experience of *persons of great station* is but limited, we cannot agree with Philomag in thinking the vulgarity (or indeed the dullness) of Pen Owen, even if ten times greater than they are, any proof whatever that the author is not Prime Minister.

IV. With respect to "*Lights and Shadows*," you stand in a predicament you are little aware of. For, although I like the volume, I cannot agree with all the praise you have lavished upon it—in thus excepting it from the sweeping condemnation you have passed on other excellent works. My chief object is to sell all the works you allude to, first, *because they are good*, and, secondly, *because they are Blackwood's*. Is not this a manly avowal of an honest purpose?

V. My dear Philomag, you are perfectly right "in fearing, not even at this distance, to pronounce a new-comer" the writer of the article headed, "*Mathews, Dibdin, and Morgan*." But you are perfectly wrong in saying, "he is a dull dog, depend upon it." We have no such dependence upon him. True, that the liveliest dog may be dull at a time; but, on the whole, the article is a good one. This paragraph of your epistle, however, is most excellent—so much so, that you must lay your account with the whole of it being attributed to ourselves,—just that we might shew off, as we are now doing, in making a clever reply to clever questioning. You resemble us only in being "a person of *great talents and great station*,"—surely you will not put up your back and bristles at that. Immediately on reading this part of your letter, dear, we wrote off to the author of the article, and he assures us, on his word of honour, (evidently much affected,) that he had no intention of insidious praise against either the purse, person, or prate, of Mrs Morgan,—but that he subscribes to every thing you so truly, and so like "a person of *great talents and great station*," say about the haggard demoniac and her toothless guns.

I hope you will now retract what you have so rashly said about his being a dull dog, as "*a mean and false insinuation*."—What the devil, dear, do

figure behind; but you and I know, dear North, that the figure behind, so far from deserving any notice whatever, is, in person, a spindle-shank'd old body, aping the airs of youth, and in mind, a haggard demoniac, who mistakes contortions for activity, rage for force, and the exhibition of the toothless gums, for the very act of biting.

But, moreover, it cannot escape any reader, nor yourself upon reconsideration, that most of the sentences of this unhappy article, which have any meaning at all, are contradicted, in spirit and in terms, in half a dozen other passages of this very Magazine. Turn out, dear North, this intruder, and print my letter as your apology.

VI. I next object to your outrageous eulogy on one Mr Galt—a small author, with a small talent in one small way, but out of that small line, the longest, lankest, blindest, dullest haberdasher of prose, which even our prosing day can produce—his *Annals*, the *Scottish* part of his *Legatees*, the first pages of *Sir Andrew*, and the *Protest*, are all tolerable, and all alike; borrowed of one another, and exhibiting some power of local delineation, and of provincial idiom. As to his *Earthquake*, his *Tragedies*, his *Lives* and his *Deaths*, they are below notice, except so far as they prove the combined pruriency and sterility of his genius. No mind in Great Britain throws up such frequent and such plentiful crops of thistle and chickweed. But why, Mr North, add to the side-wind falsehood of puffing, a downright lie? You say “the Quarterly Review *always attacks this gentleman*.” The Quarterly Review, as far as I have seen it, and recollect its articles, has examined but two works of this gentleman. The one his *Tragedies*, which it laughs at, and which you conveniently and untruly profess never to have read; and the *Annals*, which it praises even beyond your praise. So much for its direct notice of Mr Galt; in indirect notice, it has mentioned, as you do, the *Legatees* and the *Earthquake*—the former, again, it praises even beyond your own scale of eulogy, and the latter it does not condemn with as much emphasis as you employ. Now, Mr North, I summon you to answer how your desire of puffing off Galt, and selling Ebony's publications, could have induced you to assert so palpable an un-

I care whether the article that has excited your spleen be contradicted or not, in spirit and in terms, in half a dozen passages of this very magazine? I do not pretend to be a perfect Sir James M'Intosh, consistent at all times and seasons, and in all matters of subscription, letting not his right hand know the intention of his left. With your leave, therefore, my kind sir, we shall allow this dog to continue in the pack—for he is prime both in nose, tongue, and foot.

VI. Now, how to answer this infernal paragraph, confound me if I well know. Meanwhile, let us take another tumbler.—Oh, Ambrose! that was nectar indeed!—Now for it.—Mr Galt has written a great number of capital articles for *Maga*, and that is one plain, sound, substantial reason for what you call “our outrageous eulogy.” You admit also that the Quarterly Review has praised his *Annals* and *Legatees* even more highly than I have done. There I plant my foot—and you at least cannot well drive me from that position. If the Quarterly Review, for which Mr Galt does not write, praises works of his which Mr Murray did not publish, more highly than Ebony's *Maga*, for which he does write, praises works which the said Ebony doth publish—then, pray, what sort of a Fall all dall all, Fall all dall all, Fall all all all, Fall all dall liddy, are you, Mr Philomag, to wonder at the most outrageous eulogy which our pen can put to paper on Mr Galt? That is a blow on the jugular.—You next ask me, Christopher North, why I TELL A DOWNRIGHT LIE? Sir, I am not a clergyman, therefore, this language is out of character. I verily believe you are the first man that ever asked another why he told a downright lie. Many an honest man tells a downright lie, when it might puzzle him to give the reason for it. Besides, it is very simple in you to expect any gentleman of common capacity and ordinary endowments to give the true reason of his telling a lie. But, although we have, no doubt, told many lies in our days, (and whoever says he has not, convicts

truth as to that sweet innocent, the Quarterly Review? The plain fact is, that the Quarterly is under influence too; and though it *ought* to have attacked Mr Galt, it *did not* do its duty, but under this sinister influence, praised as *admirable* what honest criticism could at most have admitted to be tolerable.

himself of one thumper out of his own mouth,) this about the Quarterly Review, upon our honour, is not one of them. We have no distinct recollection of any thing we wrote last month, but we often have said "the Quarterly Review always attacks this gentleman." If this be a lie at all, it is not a downright, but a sidelong one. The Quarterly Review (*ni fallor*) did most falsely accuse Mr Galt of being a Jacobin, or something bad and mysterious of that sort. It was, we think, but we are never dogmatical, though always firm, in an article about Cardinal Wolseyley. Secondly, the Quarterly Review did, more than once, *i. e.* in more than one article and number, attack Mr Galt's Tragedies. That may have been all very right, we cannot tell; but it is not proof of a downright falsehood on a gentleman of our denied veracity. Thirdly, the Quarterly Review wrote a very poor—indeed, a most miserable article, about the Annals, which, in our opinion, it tried to damn with faint praise, just as Mr Philomag is now trying to do—but which, to borrow his own irresistible antithesis "is beyond your power or theirs." Fourthly, the Quarterly Review attacked, in our opinion, Mr Galt, (although insidiously,) in an article on *Memoirs of a Life spent in Pennsylvania*, edited by Mr Galt and published by Mr Blackwood;—Fifthly, it did the same to his *Travels*; and, sixthly, we undertake to shew other attacks besides these now alluded to upon Mr Galt in the Quarterly Review. The DOWNRIGHT LIE therefore is, in fact, an UPRIGHT TRUTH. But we are no enemies of the Quarterly Review, which we do from our souls admire in many things, just as we well know the editor of that excellent and fearless work does from his soul admire Maga. And, therefore, we cannot but give vent to our indignation, Mr Philomag, at your unhandsome insinuation against the integrity of the principles on which the Quarterly is conducted. You say the plain fact is, that "the Quarterly is under influence too." What influence? Whose? Speak out, man, as we have done; and let the public—the world—the universe, judge between Christopher North and the Greatest of his Contemporaries.

article on Croly and his Catiline—Catiline was a great man and a fine fellow in his day, but so is not Croly in ours. I admit, however, if the tragedy had been written 200 years ago, we should all have admired it; but I am sorry to say, that I see in your praise of this work, strong proof that Croly is one of your contributors; you gave him, I think, a long panegyric last month—However, forgive me if I am uncharitable, but I suspect that you scratch one another. I use a nasty phrase for a nasty practice.

VIII. Now, Christopher, shew that you are a man,—an honest one!—publish this letter,—answer it if you please and can; but publish it, to prove, at least, that though you may have a fellow-feeling for Ebony and his authors and devils, you have also honour and conscience enough to confess your frailty, and to supply that *grain of salt* with which the uninformed ought to season the viands which your Magazine spreads before them.—I am yours,

PHILOMAG.

I said so; I thought it in many respects a fine, bold, vigorous, and manly play. If by your sneer about "200 years ago," &c. you mean to say that the tragedy is on the model of our ancient drama, you expose your ignorance, for it is not. If Mr Croly is a correspondent of ours, we have every reason to be proud of each other. What the devil, are you not a correspondent of ours yourself, and an incessant reader, and a subscriber, we suppose, for at least a dozen copies for aunts and so forth in the country? And were you to publish a tragedy, or a farce, or any thing of a similar character, which was *bonâ fide*, and without any humbug, a good thing as things go, must we be mum because it was Philomag's? By no manner of means. We shall extol you—perhaps have done so before now—*ad sidera*. As to scratching one another, the charge is a grave one; but you will have the candour to blush for having most unadvisedly made it against the members of the Magazine, when I assure you such a practice, however nasty, is unnecessary, one and all of us having long been contented with scratching himself.

VIII. Now, Philomag. I have shewn myself to be a man—and I think an honest one;—although I hope that this is not the first sheet in which I have proved both my virility and my veracity. It pains me to think that you should say this proof of either was necessary. Our dear public has no fault to find—they are the daily and nightly consolation of us both. Fellow-feeling we indeed have, not only for Ebony and his authors and devils, but for every other truly great and good Bibliopole, his authors and devils also, if not likewise; we have honour and conscience enough to confess our frailties, which are weighty and manifold, though, were they ten times bigger and blacker than they are, would they not all be more than ten times redeemed by such a complication of moral and intellectual excellencies, as never, perhaps, before fell to the lot of any mortal editor?

Come give us a shake of your hand.

I am yours,

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Private.—If this meets the reception it ought, you shall hear from me again; if not, I must try my hand elsewhere.

Private.—I hope your letter has met with the reception it ought.—I shall be happy to hear from you again.—If not, do try your hand elsewhere.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE PUBLIC.

AFTER reading the above unappreciable epistle, which we found lying, one morning, like a lid upon our coffee-cup, (with the London post-mark distinct) we forthwith sweetened our fragrant lymph with two supernumerary lumps of purest white—cracked a couple of our four eggs—battered a round of the loaf, and began to cram and cogitate.—Here is a modest, well-informed correspondent, with a vengeance, thought we: “He beards the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall.” We did not think that there lived the man who dared thus address Christopher North. In came the Adjutant from an evening party, savage after soda. He had no sooner twisted the necks of half-a-dozen stone bottles of Jennings’s best, and wiped the tears from his sparkling cyne, than we handed over to him Philomag. The Ensign, it seems, had requested a young lady of his acquaintance, then residing in the Gorbals of Glasgow, to direct her letters to the care of Christopher North, Esq.; his own residence being, for certain good reasons, fluctuating; and never doubting for a moment, that this was an offer to capitulate—to surrender at discretion, he had the outside in, before we could put in any plea in arrest of judgment. Blinded by his passion, he never remarked that the seal had been broken, and whipped up the tail of the letter, just as the nymph, from whom he fondly dreamt it came, would whip up the tail of her petticoat, on crossing the Goose-Dubs on a plashy day. His greedy eye devoured the signature.—“PHILOMAG! PHILOMAG!” ejaculated the astonished Adjutant. “Is the girl mad? She might as well sign herself ‘PHILIBEG! PHILIBEG!’—Hollo! I have it—She reads Mr Cox Comb on Phrenology, and this is meant for an abbreviation of PHILOPROGENITIVENESS. Sweet creature! She delicately hints that she is fond of children. Her wishes shall be gratified, all in good time.” The Standard-bearer’s black dismay may, perhaps, be dimly imagined by the brightest fancy, on discovering, by slow and reluctant degrees, that Philomag was no philoprogenitive Filly in the West country—not the Fair Stranger in the Gorbals—the white-necked Swan of the Goose-Dubs—but, in all probability, some outrageous Irishman like himself, ready for a row, and no shilly-shallyer with his shillella. “Must I answer it?” quoth we, mildly. “Answer it, and be damned!” retorted Odoherty; and flinging it, either by accident or design, into the silver coffee-pot, whose mouth we had just opened, to take a peep into the contents, now low as the funds during the mutiny at the Nore, he stalked majestically across our study in three strides—was heard swinging down, like a tiger, the spiral stair-case, past five different landing-places and doors, each with its knocker and bell; and, on looking from the window of “our pensive citadel,” we saw him, with his hands behind his back, under the long flaps of his surtout, which were flying agitated in the strong east wind, streaming like meteors in the troubled air, boring his way down the intended site of the additional High School, right onwards to the *Peczi*, wherein he vanished.

We dined at Ambrose’s alone; and the hodge-podge, or hotch-potch, as Ebony calls it, being peculiarly invigorating, our spirits began to rise at every plateful. “You had better be persuaded, sir, to take a little of the mutton,” whispered Mr Ambrose, standing, in a friendly attitude, close on our right. “A little bit, Mr Ambrose;” and somewhere about a pound rising up from the Bog of Peas, plumped into our deep-bosomed china. “Who is this Philomag, think you, Ambrose, who writes in this cavalier style?” “I beg your pardon, sir, I am not acquainted with his writings; but you will give him a Rowland for his Oliver. Shall I bring your pen, sir?” Dinner and dessert were over and gone—one filbert survived. “I will crack thee, Philomag, just as I crack this nut;” and, stripping off the husk in which the rogue lay imbedded, with his long, taper, yellow, wasp-like bottom, I applied the torturing-irons to him, crushed every rib in his body, out with the kernel, salted, and incontinently bolted him, maggot and all. I then took my pen, and replied to Philomag, as above.

We have no wish to triumph over Philomag, who is evidently an extremely clever and cutting person. Our answer is, like his letter, direct and straight-

forward. It may not be satisfactory to all our readers; and some may think that we come off second best. We cannot always be in the right; although we hesitate not to say, with all possible humility, that we believe ourselves to be in the wrong as seldom as can be expected from the acknowledged infirmity of human nature. We have no ambition to be "a faultless monster which the world ne'er saw;" quite the contrary; we are, in good truth, a faulty monster, seen by the whole world, read by all who can read, and read to all whose education has been neglected.

But to the point. Our last number was a REVIEW, and, we say, an impartial one. We wished to shew the world a specimen of what a Review ought to be. Its three chief qualities being, in our opinion, spirit, variety, and justice. We took the latest lists of new publications, and selecting a number of books which we either knew to be good or bad, or whose titles seemed to be promising, we wrote to some of our prime contributors, scattered all over the country at this season, assigning to each man his work. Some of them took no notice of our letters—others returned flat denials—a few sent hasty and superficial articles, got up on the spur of the moment—and two or three staunch dogs transmitted critiques which did our editorial heart and eyes good to grasp them. We then threw off a few first-rate articles of our own—ruminated out a brace or two that were beginning to get rusty—and, as they all lay on the table before us, we ordered our housekeeper (be hushed, my dark spirit, for wisdom condemns, when the faint and the feeble deplore.—*Campbell*!) to bring to us "those papers yonder." We numbered them just as she placed them on our knee—tied them all up with a bit of sky-blue ribband, for the Devil, who made his appearance at his usual hour, and carried off the whole concern under his brimstone arm-pit, to his sovereign lord and master, that great Dictator of Devils—Mr James Ballantyne.

Now, was there ever greater impartiality than this? We selected from the lists a number of books published by all the best booksellers, and a few published by the very worst; and pray just look at the result as it stands in No. LXV. Will Philomag put his hand on his heart, and say that undue favour is shewn to any man, woman, or child, in that austere Minos-like and Rhadamanthian number? Two of Blackwood's books are reviewed—*Pen Owen*, and *Lights and Shadows*;—two of Hurst, Robinson, and Company's—*New Edition of Don Quixote*, and *Croly's Catalogue*;—three of Mr Murray's—*Bracebridge Hall*,—*Diary of an Invalid*—and *Lord Aberdeen on Grecian Architecture*;—one of Longman & Co's—the *Magic Lantern*;—one of Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy's—*Bloomfield's May-Day with the Muses*;—three of Colburn's—*Lady Morgan's Travels*, the *Mohawks*, and *Graham Hamilton*;—one of Constable's—*Fortunes of Nigel*, and so on. We challenge all the editors of Reviews, Magazines, Albums, and Councils of Ten in this world, to exhibit any such fair, fearless, do-right-and-shame-the-devil conduct as this, in their editorial capacities.

Because Mr Blackwood is becoming a great and good Publisher, are we not to review his books? a pretty joke truly. Does the Quarterly Review, never on any occasion whatever, take notice of a single work emanating from Albemarle Street? Does the Edinburgh Review blink every heavy volume from the Mount of Proclamation? Does the New Monthly keep all Mr Colburn's Cockneys strutting in the shade? And if Taylor and Hensley published books, would their editor make it a point of honour to conceal the fact? Humbug. Let any blockhead prevail upon Mr Blackwood to publish a book for him, and he will know what a flogging means. We advise him as friends, for, in a certain sense, we ought all to be friends, to provide a tin-plate for his posteriors.

But there is another view of the subject. It so happens, that nine-tenths of the men of talents in Britain are Contributors to our Magazine, and are we, on that account, never to praise any of their writings? It is very easy to Philomag or Misomag, to exclaim, "Oh! ho! he is a Contributor. See how they are scratching one another!" How can we help it? If every good author will become a Contributor, and often, whether we will or not, sometimes after the most urgent entreaties to desist, are none the less forth to be praised but blockheads? We have really, it must be confessed, if this mode of argument against us be legal, got into a pretty hobble. If we praise one of Black-

wood's books, it is because he publishes it. If we praise one of Murray's, it is because the author is one of our Contributors. If we praise one of Constable's, it is because we wrote it ourself. If we damn a dunce, or flea a fool, or *kin*e a knave, or pin a puppy, or kick a cur, or muzzel a Morgan, or root out a Radical, or whip a Whig, or crucify a Cockney,—the reason assigned is, we presume, "because he is not a Contributor."—Admitted.

The whole Periodical Press is bought and sold—except Blackwood's Magazine. The inoment one single dunce—even a dubious one, drivelling on debatable ground—is praised in this Work—"may skill part from our right hand." The inoment we are conscious of basely and abjectly denying his due to a man of genius, may our heart wither. We have our fits—our moods—our measures. Our spirits are very unequal. We look on this world with many thousand eyes. On Mouday, a man seems to us to shew some talent—on Tues-day, we find him feeble—and on Wednesday, weep to acknowledge him a Macvey. Thus are we sometimes led into inconsistencies. But all who have studied our character with a truly philosophic eye, know how to correct our reckoning. We do not deal out our stinted praise like alms, as if genius were mendicity,—we do not fear to let ourselves down by lifting up others to our own level; or if it so happen that they deserve it, to take our place at their feet. We know who are our equals, and seat them by our sides;—we know who are our superiors, and we ask to sit on their right hands;—we know who are immeasurably, eternally our inferiors, and we either shove them aside without cruelty; or if they turn against us with tooth or tail, we scorch, scotch, and scarify them, as meet is, and tread them into invisibility among the ashes of oblivion.

And now we are brought four-in-hand hang-up to the gate of Truth. THE MIGHTY ARMY OF THE BLOCKHEADS ARE SET IN ARRAY AGAINST US. THEIR WOODEN TUMPEITS CLATTER—AND THEIR TIMBER BAYONETS ARE FIXED TO THEIR PASTEBOARD BANNERHEADS. See how they wheel back in miserable prostration. What recrimination among their heels and their toes! What suicide is going on among that swinish multitude! We are not moving from our position. Yet they fancy we are pursuing them, and giving no quarter. They are crying out for mercy—and instinctively skulking to the rear, begin plundering the baggage, and abusing in drunken infatuation the clemency of their unconscious and unmindful conquerors.

This, gentle Reader, is a sight. But to be a little more intelligible;—the simple truth is, that a Periodical Work that shuts its gates against all blockheads, or now and then lets one in, and sends him out tanned and feathered, or like a rat with his mouth stitched together with strong pack-thread, to frighten his brotherhood of vermin, must be assailed every hour of the day with the mud-unstilled of malice. Blockheads too are breedy, and double themselves every ten years. Fat carries off thousands annually no doubt, but they marry truly, and often beget twins. Well do we know the round, fat, only procreative abusers of Blackwood. Nor are they all so. The small, spiteful, wizzened, spawnless, dry-haddock of a hater, may be seen scolding the salt rheums of his blind eyes against us—that stains our page a lemon juice does velvet in breeches. To the current stupidity, add the current malignity of the Times,—in other words, to the Fools join the Knaves; and not an enemy to our work will be omitted, or a friend taken in. *Cetera desunt.*

C. N.

LETTER FROM A "GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS," TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

MY DEAR N.—Will you permit me to expostulate a little with a correspondent of yours in your last,* who does not sign his name, and waxes marvellously wroth with some hard-hearted critic unknown, who has not meted unto Mr Halls due meed of praise for his picture? Before I begin, however, let me say that I know nothing of Mr Halls—never heard of his picture until I saw it noticed in your valuable and wide-spreading Miscellany, (which I perceive in the fashionable etiquette in addressing magazines,)—that I am no judge of painting, taste, gusto, virtue, and all that sort of thing,—that I am very willing to believe, as it has been praised by a contributor of yours, that the picture is quite excellent, and, moreover, perfectly ready to admit that the critic complained of may be a bad man and an ugly Christian. After all these admissions, I must still say, dear N., that your contributor is rather an absurd sort of person, at least in this particular matter.

A man paints a picture. Very well. People go to see it. Still better. But if the people who go there are not to express their opinions on it, I must withhold the assertion, that the whole transaction is the best of all possible things. My opponent, however, would remark, that he expects that nobody should criticise unless he possessed a perfect knowledge of the subject; and that he should get through his task with the most benignant suavity, scattering nothing but rose-water on the head of the happy artist. May I ask your correspondent in what part of the terraqueous globe he has lived since he cut his eye-teeth—since he became a carnivorous animal? Not in London or Edinburgh I swear, or he would not at this time of day go about with a lantern in his hand, looking for fault-finders which the world never saw. Here is a poor devil getting his three guineas a-week, and working like a cart-horse—obliged to attend boxing-matches, bull-baitings, methodist preachings, Whig meetings, Jacko Macracko, Alderman Waithman, and

all other sorts of curiosities,* eternally reporting,—reporting,—reporting,—scribble, scribble all day long,—up at night listening to Liston, or Maberly, or Grimaldi, or Lord Erskine, *et hoc genus omne*, still with the pen everlasting between the forefinger and thumb of his dexter paw, with an omnivorous, roaring, gaping newspaper behind him for ever bellowing to him for food—and this unfortunate *homo* is, forsooth, to be a walking encyclopædia, to write critically, scientifically, literally, philosophically, etceterally on all given subjects—to understand politics, pugilism, eloquence, music, painting, and poetry, and all other branches of art and nature—for three guineas a-week—for three pounds three shillings and no pence sterling money of our liege Lord and Sovereign King George the Fourth, whom God preserve. You, North, are undoubtedly a living pantology, as all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance must admit;—but have the goodness to recollect that you are in the receipt of some seven or eight thousand a-year for so being. A man may write *de omni scibili*, or rather *de omni scribili* at that rate, but to expect it for 136 guineas per annum, is quite absurd and unreasonable.

Well, well, it may be said, we do not expect perfect connoisseurship in the articles,—but fair play, my good sir, fair play—no ill nature—no abuse—no evil speaking, lying, and slandering. Here again I have your correspondent on the hip. What right has he or any man to cry out that calling a man a jackass is foul play? I am looking out of my window this moment, and I see two grand-looking fellows passing by in superfine black coats—breeches to match—and black silk stockings, each with a perpendicular cane firmly invested in his fist, and talking with the utmost gravity, composure, and conscious dignity to one another. I bet ten to four that they are both asses—six to one that one or the other is so. Will any body take me up in pounds, guineas, pistoles, doubloons, or jocs? If any body

* Mr T. alludes to the concluding article of our sixty-fourth Number, vol. XI, p. 1, on Mr Halls' picture. This letter was too late for our last.

docs, his cash is in jeopardy. I contemplate some of it transmuting into the most admirable blackstrap possible, and wambling down my throat with the most agreeable rapidity. In the same way Mr Hubbledeshuff, the reporter, or Mr Grub, the editor, goes into a picture gallery—He does not know a good picture from a bad one—warm colouring from cold—background from foreground—nor does he care a fig's end about it, but an article he *must* write. Mayhap too his head is addled by an extra half dozen tumblers of punch, or by a speech of Joe Hume's, or something else that is apt to stupefy a man; but addled or not addled, there stands the open-throated, wide-gutted newspaper clamouring for prog. So he goes about the room, putting down whatever strikes his fancy, right or wrong—larding thick with *chiaroscuro*—light and shade—breadth—colouring—expression—Raphael—Michael Angelo—and Jack the painter; or indeed if he have sense, he does not go there at all, but criticizes quietly over his cheese and porter in the cool of the evening, looking only at the catalogue. His own friends he puffs of course—for the rest, acting on the principle of the general jackassification of mankind, which I have already glanced at, he abuses them right and left, just as a drunken Irishman at a fair hits all about him, in the hope that he may chance to break the head of an opponent.

Now, Sir, I would wish to ask, is there any thing unchristian, impolite, indecorous, or asinine, in praising a man's friend? For the life of me, I cannot see that there is, *vid. Cic. de Amic.* Therefore, if praising a friend is right, *ex equali*, it follows, that abusing your enemy is just as praiseworthy. Had ~~man~~ an enemy, who painted a picture more Titianish than Titian, or more Rembrandtish than Rembrandt, or more Haydonish than Haydon, I think it would be a most unfair thing to ask me to puff it. You may talk to me of the days of chivalry, but they had no critics or connoisseurs in those days—and God be thanked they have gone to the dogs moreover. Nay more, it would, I think, be quite correct in me to tear it to pieces—into bits of canvas such square. Show me a law of nature to contradict me, to hinder me from doing so. There is none extant in all her statute book. But as the para-

graph writer is in general a poor though merry fellow, who has neither friend nor enemy among artists superior to sign-post daubers, these great and golden rules for reviews, *viz.* 1. Puff your friends; 2. Abuse your enemies, cannot have a very extensive influence. Of the majority he knows nothing whatever. Let him then go by chance,—abuse and praise on any principle, regular or irregular—and were I criticising, I should lay on abuse as thick as butter. Nor would there be a particle of malignity in my whole composition while doing so. I well know that the people in general, and the reading public in particular, feel a sort of repugnant horror against the sweetmeat confections of flattery, and like exceedingly to have their palates roused by the piquant sauce of the tomahawk. And do you think, my dear fellow, I am to send to my employer a milk-and-water affair, which would be voted a bore, and mayhap get me turned off as an ass? Gaummon me, if I should do any such thing. Besides, take it up in a patriotic point of view. Is the interest of the few to predominate over the interest of the many? Am I to respect the feelings of some half dozen artists (who, by the way, are quite impertinent in pretending to any,) and baulk the appetite of the half million who would be quite delighted at seeing these good people cut up, hacked, hashed, mangled, and embowelled? It is a selfish expectation on the part of the artists, and let us hear no more about it.

But your correspondent will here put in a word. "My good sir, you have all this time been fighting the wind. It was no bread-and-cheese, three-guineas-a-week reporter whom I charge—this columnous, this atrocious, this cold-hearted, this bloody ruffian of an article, of which I complain, was written by a brother artist, to depreciate Mr Hall's fame. How can you defend that?" To which I reply, I can defend it with all the ease and grace imaginable. Should not every man have—or whether he should or not—has not every man of genius, or who supposes he has a genius, an innate desire of seeing himself in print? Of observing how the letters traced in villainous manuscript by his own hand will look when disposed in orderly lines and well-crammed columns by the compositor? This being granted, I do

not see why a painter should, by handling the brush, lose all faculty and desire of handling the pen. You see Haglitt, what a fine writer he is—how universally admired—nearly as much respected as a scribe, as he was valued as a painter. Well, then, on what is the man to write? Obviously on his own profession; and in this he can only employ himself in dissertating either on dead or living painters. As for the dead painters, it is to one that he does not know any thing concerning them—though that, to be sure, is no reason why he should not write—but still more, they have been written on so often, that no man of originality would bother himself with them now-a-days. Then of living painters, he must either write of himself or his contemporaries. He puffs himself of course—but there is no reason why he should do so for another. Must he not occasionally cut up his brother-brushes? The resolution-signing painters of Edinburgh, who made all that riot about the Report of the Cognocenti, would say—No; but every body of sense would say—Ay, and the eyes have it. Indeed, in the present highly improved and flourishing state of British art, if he did not cut up three hundred and sixty-four out of 365 of the pictures which we see lauded to the stars in the Literary Gazette, and elsewhere, he must be as eyeless as old Polyphemus, after the unpleasant affair he had with the Ithacan. Now in this way an innocent, and perhaps truly benevolent, painter thought he could be smart on Mr Halls, and write a nice little article for some paper which he patronizes with his absurdity. I am not disparaging Mr Halls, nor panegyrizing his critic, who, if he be a writer of Cockayne, is probably a stupid animal, but merely starting a hypothesis which will solve the phenomena, without having recourse to all the vivid indignation of your correspondent against the pendribbled Cockney. Verily, it is a storm in a kennel.

Now I have overthrown your correspondent totally; and yet I see a sort of unsatisfied puzzle in his countenance. Damn it—he will say—is then a man to be blackguarded with total impunity by any fellow who takes pen in hand,—and afterwards to be told, by way of excuse, that his slanderer is a truly benevolent person, or

a booz-bibbing reporter, occupied in the innocent employment of feeding a voracious newspaper? As your correspondent (I wish I knew his name, for it is a bore to be using this cumbersome periphrasis every five lines) is obviously a clever, though in this respect, an unenlightened man,—and as he has told the story of the stupid abbot admirably well, I shall answer him with the most condescending benignity. All the abuse of all the scurrilous publications in the country—the old Edinburgh Review, the Scotsman, the Examiner, the Morning Chronicle, &c. &c.—never will do a man of genius—of real undoubted genius—one pinsworth of harm. Jeffrey, in one of his thousand-and-one slanderous articles, told Lord Byron that he ought to give up poetry—for that Nature never intended him to be a poet. Did any body believe the smallest of critics? Nobody with more brains than a titmouse. He began a critique on the Excursion, by the very elegant and beautiful phrase of "This will never do,"—and who cared a pinch of snuff about it. Hunt, in his Feast of the Poets, declared that Sir Walter Scott could not write a sentence of readable prose—whereat I burst into a loud guffaw. In his Examiner, he said that Mr (Hunt) had put down the Duke of Wellington! which only reminded me of a quaintly devised saying of my old and good friend Jack Curran, den. witty, jolly, eloquent Jack Curran, to our friend Charley. "What are you writing there, Charley, my boy?" says Jack. "A speech, sir," said the orator, "and I intend to give your friend Grat-tan a dressing in it." "Never mind it, Charley, my boy," replied Curran. "Never mind it—it is only a child trying to throw a pebble at the leg of a Colossus."—And do you think that Lord Byron, or Wordsworth, or Sir Walter, or the Duke, for it is not worth while to multiply examples, are a bit the worse for the drivellings of Jeffrey or Hunt? Not they, indeed,—no more than they would for the barkings of a couple of cross-grained cur dogs.

Nay, not to rely on the efforts of such impotent weaklings as the SMALL KNOWN, and the King of the Cockneys,—even men of real talent do not put down men of real talent. Did the whole congregation of wits, who drew their polished pens against Bentley in the Boyle controversy, lessen

the fame of that mighty scholar? Did Warburton prostrate Lowth, or Lowth Warburton? Neither—they both flourish, full of honour, after having abused one another most tremendously. Or to give an example more immediately in point. Has the powerful satire of powerful Churchill injured Hogarth in the eyes of posterity? No more than Hogarth's caricaturing him as a bear has made us blind to the merits of the satirist. To be sure, feebleness and effeminacy, and pretension, and gingerbread work, and namby pamby, go to the ground before a vigorous critic,—for the weak must bend to the strong. They who failed to make Bentley a butt, have damned to everlasting fame a cartload of Blackmores, Eusdens, Welsteads, Gildons, and other dunces—and why? Because they *were* dunces. Down tumbled the whole crockery of the Della Crusca before the mawling hand of Gifford, and they were cracked into fragments, never to be pieced again. Did Gifford, think you, or his journeyman in the Quarterly, whoever he was, smash in pieces so easily the author of *Waverley*, when he pronounced *Guy Mannering* a dull book? Not he, faith,—every one laughed out at the critic. Or, Mr North, will you let me tread on your own corns? You are flattered so outrageously—there is so unanimous an acclaim of praise in your favour—all ranks and classes of men, except Whigs and tailors (though on consideration, these are scarce to be reckoned among mankind—the former being asses—the latter fractions) unite so cordially in puffing you, that you are growing as vain as a peacock, and will, perhaps, not listen to me when I tell you, that you had some reprehensible articles in former times in your Magazine, cutting up those who deserved it not. For instance, you gave Coleridge a barbarous lot of abuse—yet the author of *Christabel* is unhurt by it,—swimming about quite peaceably among the swans of *Thames*.—Why? Because he is a man of real genius. But turn the tables. Signor Z, whoever he be, gibbeted everlastingly Hunt, Hazlitt, Keats, Webb, and all the Cockney school. Has any one dared to take them down from that bad eminence? Have they dared

to shew their faces in decent society, branded as they are on the countenance with that admirably adapted title? Have not their books been obliged to skulk from the tables of gentlemen, where they might formerly have been seen; into the fitting company of washerwomen, merchants' clerks, ladies of easy virtue, and mythological young gentlemen, who fill the agreeable office of ushers at boarding-schools? What is the reason that they sunk under it? Because they were, are, and ever will be, ignorant pretenders, without talent or information. It is in vain for Mr Hazlitt* to call Z "a mischievous crew of critics in Edinburgh," to abuse the public for minding him, and mourn over the title of Cockney. It will not do, my dear H, blame not Z, but Nature, who at thy birth gave thee the blessing she gave Og in Absalom and Achitophel—*BETTER DULL*. As I am not angry I shall not say any worse.

What I have said about abuse, I might say of Puff; viz. that you can no more puff up *permanently* what is bad, than you can cry down *permanently* what is good; but that would be wandering away too much, and besides, the art of puffing is too mighty an art to be discussed in this way as a side-dish. The total of what I have discoursed on is, That all the clamour about cruel criticism is absurd—it will do no harm to the mighty,—and as for the pignies, let them be crushed for daring to tread where none but the mighty should enter. Gods, men, or booksellers, tolerate not even mediocrity in literature or art—let it therefore be kicked out. If a critic mistake his man—why, all that is to be said about it is, that he will not be able to put his kicking propensities into execution, and perhaps get off with a broken head; unless the attacked party should look on him with the same sovereign contempt that a Newfoundland dog does on an impertinent turnspit, and treat him accordingly. Nor is there any cruelty in a critic thus attacking his legitimate game—no more than in a Bow-street officer unkennelling a swindler—only let both critic and officer take care they collar the right man, else they may get into a scrape. As for malignity, &c. it is almost all

cant. There are some attribulations, bitter poor devils to be sure, who are the essence of spite, but they are only to be despised, for their power is limited by that very circumstance. The majority who criticize, do so to raise the wind, not caring whether they are right or wrong,—or they are fellows of fun, who cut up an author with whom they would sit down five minutes after, over a bowl of punch—or men who cannot bear to see insufficiency swaggering away, and imposing on the weak-minded as a Great Grandee. As to people being killed by it, that is the greatest trash of all.—Southey began this nonsense in late years. Some stupid fellow, in the *Monthly Review*, who, pressed by hunger, had to fill in a little Balaam, in order to fill his belly with some cheap food, wrote half a page of trash, about moping Kirk White, who, had he lived, would have been an affected hum-drum body,—and this, quoth the Laureat, contributed to his death.—What a tender creature! And lately, Johnny Keats was cut up in the *Quarterly*, for writing about Endymion what no mortal could understand, and this says Mr Shelly doctored the apothecary. And we had then an immensity of fine things, said in Cockaigne, on "infant genius nipped in the bud," or "brutal criticism blighting the nurslings of Parnassus;" or "the chilling hand of ridicule freezing the fine flowers of poetry," and other fooleries too ridiculous to think of. Is there any man who believed such stuff? Keats, in publishing his nonsense, knew that he was voluntarily exposing himself to all sort and manner of humbugging; and when he died, if his body was opened, I venture to say that no part of his animal economy displayed any traces of the effects of criticism. God rest him, to speak with our brethren of the Church of Rome;—I am sorry he is dead, for he often made me laugh at his rubbish of verse, when he was alive.

In fine, if Mr Halls' picture is good, it will live in spite of all the abuse of all the abusers in the king's dominions.—If bad, not all the puffins from the days of *Æolus* to Tom Nib, will keep it alive. Pindar, we see, is in general looked on in schools, universities, and other such places, as very passable Greek—though that vast scholar, and mighty learned authority,

"*Classic Hallam*," declared in a most erudite critique, that his language was barbarous, having mistaken the Boeotian for R. P. Knight, Esq.—and the right merry and conceited *History*, written and composed by the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox, agent James the Second, has sunk calmly to the grave of all the Capulets, in spite of all the sonorous blasts of all the sonorous penny trumpets of all the sonorous Whig sages of the North in its favour. Let this comfort Mr H—, who, I confess, has only served me as a peg to hang a dissertation critical upon. Let him dispatch his claret, or his port, or his brandy and water, or whatever his drink may be, in quietness, despising critics.

Not that I am at all against *voies de fait*. I should have highly enjoyed the kicking down stairs of that puffy Abbot, who despised Michael Angelo, and I think Tasso a gentleman for doing it so handsomely; provided always that Michael Angelo was his friend, for otherwise it was rather taking a liberty.—I can tell you a case in point.—I remember I wrote a tragedy three years ago, which was a masterpiece in its way. It had a shipwreck in it, like *Bertram*—a lot of statues, like *Evadne*—children and mothers, like *Bellamira*—&c. &c. &c. In short, it was a fine affair. I put breaks in my speeches, for Keats to make faces through, and I gave him four fencing matches, and two leaps over battlements. What could a man do more? Every thing went on charmingly—rehearsals perfect—actors *au fait*—friends enraptured—until the night of acting. The first two acts went off pretty well. Some slight disapprobation was expressed at a hear eating an elderly gentleman in rather a summary way, while he was making a soliloquy on the slave-trade, over a glass of rum toddy, in his front parlour, but the audience finally swallowed it. The third act opened with a storm—I blew strong—thundering strong, and dashed about lightning, hail, and rain, with the utmost liberality. A young lady was standing on a battlement, looking over the boiling flood for her lover, just in the natural way of all play-heroines, quite unconcerned. At last an aged domestic appears, of whom she makes ardent inquiries, which he, taking his hat off in the middle of a snow-storm, answers—Gods! what an answer!—I

was two days composing it. It rose in awful grandeur, and splendid blank verse,—until he came to the following fine passage :

The multitudinous sea,
Rising in rampaging riot to the sky,
Swept all the stars away in one fell swoop,
And sunk them to the bottom, where they
now

Shine like dead eyes of god scattered about.
At which, would ye believe it? there
arose a universal hiss;—ay, I say a
hiss—as if every man in the pit was
transformed into a Lernean hydra,
hissing horribly. Who could stand
it? I could not.—So singling out one
vociferous viper, I tweaked him fiercely
and valiantly (Tasso's mode of criti-
que) by the nose. He at last shook
himself out of my grasp, and looking
savage, "Sir," says he, "do you mean
that as personal?"—"First, sir," said I,
"let me introduce myself to you as
the author of the piece, and then ask
you, if you mean your hissing my play
as personal?"—"Not I, upon ho-
nour," he replied.—"Nor then, sir,"
said I, "did I, on my honour, intend

any thing personal in pulling your
nose. So let's go sup together. We
got reconciled in a moment, like the
Dukes of Bedford and Buckingham,
stept into the next hotel, demolished
our supper, and a couple of bottles in
great comfort, as forgetful of my play,
as Mr Lambton of his motion; and
as his motion was damned while he
was regaling himself over good cheer,
so even, in the same way, was my tra-
gedy. Yet I value myself on my
finger-and-thumb critique. With re-
spect to newspaper criticism, I cannot
complain on that occasion: I had it all
my own way; for, to oblige a friend
who had promised to cut it up for the
Morning Chronicle, I gave it a woeful
and quite reprehensible dressing, in
that valuable print; and to oblige my-
self, I extolled it most magnanimously
in the Courier.

Shall I go on?

No—no—no, Mr Tickler—No.
You have been tedious enough in all
conscience already.—C. N.

DALE'S IRAD AND ADAM.*

THE name of Mr DALE is already
known to all our readers. Indeed he
enjoys, we are aware, great popularity
among one very extensive class of those
whose patronage is our pride;—we
mean the more strictly religious part
of the community. But though his
name is known far beyond that circle,
we believe his productions are not, out
of it, so much in vogue, but that we may
be doing some good by announcing,
very shortly it must be, the publica-
tion of a new volume of poems from
his pen. It is a volume more calcula-
ted, we apprehend, than any of its pre-
decessors, to be generally acceptable.
It is, no doubt, full of the feelings of
devotion; but it is also full of excel-
lent poetry, and superb versification.
A beautiful strain of human feeling
mingles throughout the whole web of
the composition; the subject is mag-
nificent; the descriptions are true to
nature and passion; the language is
always that of an accomplished scholar;
and we need scarcely add, that

those who purchase books for the be-
nefit of their families, cannot lay be-
fore young eyes a more pure and in-
structive page than that of Mr Dale.
It must be the fault of the person who
reads that page himself, if his heart be
not improved, and his taste gratified
at the same time.

We cannot afford room for an an-
alysis of the fable; nor is there any
reason why we should diminish, by
analysis, the after-delight of a regular
perusal. It is enough to say, that
Adah and Irad are a young pair of
lovers, who, having wantonly wavered
from the true faith, and resisted the
prophetic admonitions of the blessed
Noah, are involved, although repent-
ant, in the great calamity of the hu-
man race, and die together amidst the
rising waves of the irresistible Flood.

It is impossible to deny, that here
lie materials for noble poetry; and our
opinion is, very briefly but very de-
cidedly, that such poetry has been pro-
duced by Mr Dale. The poem is di-

* Irad and Adah, a Tale of the Flood. Poems. Specimens of a New Translation of the Psalms. By Thomas Dale, of Bene't College, Cambridge. London: J. M. Richardson. 1832.

vided into three parts—GUILT, PENE-
RENCY, and JUDGMENT. Our extracts
shall be from the last of these divi-
sions.

It opens with a long and very poet-
ical description of the gradually deep-

ening horrors of the encroaching sea,
and of the various shapes in which the
common passion of terror manifested
itself among those doomed to suffer.
The following are, we think, very
powerful stanzas:—

And some were there, in whom each tender tie
Of earthly love seem'd sever'd or forgot :
For many a father glared with vacant eye
On his own child, as One remember'd not ;
And many a Youth, from her whose smile could blot
Heaven's image from his heart, while Vengeance stay'd,
Abhorrent turns : Ah could he shun her lot !—
But no ! the hour is past—his choice was made ;
One doom awaits them all—betraying or betray'd.

It comes ! It comes ! The clouds concentrating swell,
And, like a rushing cataract, downward pour
Their mass of prison'd waters ; as it fell,
A whirlwind swept the sea, and shook the shore ;
While Ocean rose, and with reverbering roar
Dash'd its high billows o'er the rocky strand,
Responsive to the thunder-peal, that tore
The boundless firmament, while Death's dark band,
Storm, Fire, Wind, Hail, went forth to work their Lord's command.

O then what prayers and shrieks and blasphemies
Rung mid the din of waters ! while the glare
Of broad blue lightnings cleft the clouded skies,
And answering thunders seem'd to crush the prayer,
And bid the conscious criminal despair ;
Bow'd in the dust, they dared not gaze on high ;
They said, the angel of Destruction there
Urged his red car ; around his presence fly
The arrows of his wrath ; to mark him were to die.

In sooth, that lightning was no earthly flame,
No earthly peal those fearful thunders pour'd,
With dazzling blaze the dread effulgence came,
Bright as the sheeted fire by Israel's Lord
Hurl'd on the troop, who strove with spear and sword
To seize or slay his Prophet—and the swell
(If thunder echoed like that Angel-word,
Which shook Creation to the lowest hell,
When Thamud's rebel race heard—totter'd—and fell.

Midst the wild scene of darkness and dismay,
A moment seek we for that maiden fair,
Who left her God for love's delusive ray,
And found too late it led but to despair—
Where too is he, whose proffer'd heart to share
She madly gave her hope—her heaven—her all—
In yon proud fane, while myriads mingle there
Seeking brief refuge, do they vainly call
On its unheeding Lord to aid them ere they fall ?

High o'er the vale a rugged mountain rose,
Round whose huge breast impervious vapours threw
A mantle of dark clouds. Coeval snows
Created its brow. O'erhanging forests grew
On its green sides, and many a fountain blue,
Meandering, murmur'd through the deep-wave shade,
Where never sunbeam o'er the silvery dew
Shone tremulous, or tinged the clear cascade,
Or kiss'd the pure pale flowers that blossom'd in the glade.

Here, on the morn of that appalling day,
 Ere yet the torrent o'er the heaving shore
 Dash'd its o'erwhelming flood—far, far away
 His beautiful bride the faithful Irad bore :
 For often had he scaled the summit hoar,
 Wound the steep sides, and gain'd the snow-wreath'd brow ;
 And oh ! if Hope were quench'd, and Joy no more,
 A mightier impulse lived that could not bow
 To doubt or chill despair that urged him onward now.

Love was not changed to hatred, though in gloom
 Its fairy dreams had vanish'd, for he knew
 Himself the author of his hastening doom ;
 Not that unhappy Maid ! to him most true,
 Though to her God most faithless. And *she* too
 In that wild hour of anguish, deeply proved
 (On her *own* head the cup of wrath she drew ;
 Nor keen remorse her shuddering bosom moved
 Him to arraign, whom yet, if love remain'd, she loved.

Bearing his bride, he trod the upward path,
 Till o'er each limb resistless languor fell ;
 Then screen'd his Adah from the whirlwind's wrath
 Beneath a far-protruding pinnacle ;
 While ever and anon the startling swell
 Of piercing shrieks rose heavier on the blast—
 From *this* he could not screen her. Flames dispel
 The murky and misty gloom around them cast ;
 But oh ! what hideous scenes in swift succession pass !

Till Memory tottering scarce retain'd her throne,
 And Reason verged on Madness ; while the eye
 Instinctive closed, as if it sought to shun
 That spectacle of horror, and would fly
 From sight and sense to wild insanity
 Or night eternal—but it will not be—
 Though life is suffering, yet they dare not die,
 For death is not oblivion—earth—sky—sea
 Alike reveal the fate they fear—and cannot flee.

Look they to earth ? Though, like a lonely rock
 Rearing aloft its barrier stern and steep ;
 The Sun's proud temple still withstands the shock
 Of foaming breakers round its base that sweep ;
 Yet, far as eye can trace yon stormy deep,
 With ceaseless swell redoubling billows rise,
 As if th' indignant Ocean sought to heap
 Wave upon wave, to scale the lofty skies—
 While Heaven in thunders dread the raging flood descends

At length o'er all Night drew her shon vel
 Black as the curse of Egypt—while a cry
 Rose from the plains, wild as the funeral wail
 Of millions maddening in their agony,
 When each scared Mother watched her first-born die
 Throughout the guilty land. *All* perish here—
 The Parent with his offspring. None can fly
 Their doom—no Mother hallow with a tear
 Her first and fondest hope—the dutiful—the dear.

On the bare rock the lonely lovers lay—
 Oh what a couch for gentle Beauty's rest !
 If rest it be, when sense and soul give way,
 And close, by very weariness comprest,
 The heavy lids ; and o'er the powerless breast
 Cold stupor steals, which yet can darkly dream
 Of things by human lips untold, unguess'd
 By human heart ; and only wakes to deem
 Those visions of despair more hideous than they seem.

When the bold hunter from a pendant bough
Swings shuddering o'er the fathomless abyss,
When the lost Indian feels his frail canoe
Whirl'd by the tide to that dread precipice,
Where Niagara's downward waters hiss
With noise that drowns his death-scriek—their dark doom
Were rest—joy—rapture to a lot like this ;
They dread the eddying wave, the gulf's deep gloom ;
But these would part for Death were naught beyond the tomb.

Morn in its wonted round came lingering on,
Though morn from night the Sufferers scarce could tell ;
Save by a fitful glare, that dimly shone
Like the lone lamp that lights a dingy cell,
Or the dim ray that gleams perchance in hall
To mock the prison'd Spirit, and display
The gloom nor night nor mercy can dispel ;
Fit prelude to that night, whose silent sway
Nor dawn of hope shall cheer for ever : such was day.

Yet Irak rose, and roused his bride to fly ;
If flight were vain and hopeless, still he knew
'Twas a brief respite from eternity ;
He fear'd no human agonies, but who
Can wrestle with perdition ? And she too ;
' Is there no mercy for a sinner so fair ?'
Thus struggled hope with conscience as they flew,
' O may not deepest penitence and prayer
' Wing to th' Eternal's throne, and win him yet to spare ?'

No ! dream it not. In you polluted grove
Did ye not mingle in the rites profane ?
And when JEHOVAH warn'd, by earthly love
Your hearts were harden'd, and he warn'd in vain.
Ye spurn'd his pleading Prophet with disdain
Or reckless unconcern—and hope ye still
By prayers and tears that moment to regain ?
Such hope is now presumption. His high will
Is fix'd—and cannot change—He spoke, and shall fulfil.

After a time, the poet thus returns to Adah and Irak.—The rising of the sun upon their dark misery, is awfully given.

But upward sped the Lovers, upward still,
Though congregated clouds, from brow to base
In spiry volumes wrapp'd the towering hill—
Yet foot may tread where eye in vain would trace ;
And now they gain a loftier restingplace.
Ah what avails the pause that cannot save ?
'Tis but a breathing time in the onward race
Whose goal is death—a moment—ere the wave
Rears high its foamy crest to plunge them in the grave.

Away ! Away ! the fatal word is given !
Flames flash—rocks quiver—earth and skies are blent
In strange confusion. If you spacious Heaven
Were one vast thunder-cloud, it had not rent
With shock like this the boundless firmament ;
Yea, if the struggling mass of smouldering fire
From Nature's dawn in Sinai's caverns pent,
Had rent the rock to atoms in its ire,
It had not wrought a wreck so desperate and so dire.

With that stupendous crash his footstep reel'd,
And to a crag with maniac-gripe he clung
Like drowning seamen to their mast—congenial'd
The lifeblood in his heart—deep echoes rung
In his stunn'd ear, as if some Spirit sung

His dirge of death—then strangely stupified,
He sunk the shatter'd shivering rocks among,
Himself a thing as lifeless, and his bride
Torn from his straining arms, lay senseless by his side.

Long, long he slept, till, starting with a gasp
To consciousness of life and agony,
From that rude rock he scarce could loose his grasp
Bound as by grappling gyve—his vacant eye
Fell first on Adah, dull and dizzily
As on a form unknown—but Love's true ray,
Though dimm'd, was not extinct—it could not die
While the fond heart yet beat—clouds pass'd away—
He saw where pale and cold his best beloved lay;

And hung distracted o'er her, till her breast
Heaved with faint flutter, and her wan cheek glow'd
With passing hectic, while the hand he prest
Feebly return'd his pressure. Strange tears flow'd—
And Horror ceased an instant to forebode
Death's darker consummation, till the roar
Of waters smote his ear—he look'd abroad—
The City of the Plain was seen no more—
Beneath him roll'd alone a sea without a shore.

True were thy words, oh Prophet! Fierce and free
From chains that curb'd its struggling floods before
With all its waters rose the mighty Sea;
Earth's central waves disgorged their secret store
To swell the rushing torrent, till it tore
Huge forests from their place—and on its tide
The ponderous wreck of shatter'd cities bore
Frail as the floating sea-wood—'e'en the pride
Of that vast mount could scarce the shock of waters bide.

But lo! what sudden glare o'er Heaven is thrown?
What beams are breaking through encircling Night?
"O welcome! welcome! thou emerging Sun!
An Angel thou of merry to the sight,
And hope and life dawn with reviving light—
He comes! He comes! our God returns to save—"
Ah wherefore shrink they back in wild affright?
The circling gloom by Heaven's behest he cleave
To mock his shrieking dupes—and guide them to the grave.

Round him a dusky tabernacle hung
(Of ambient mists—in pyramid and spire
The broken clouds their folds fantastic flung,
And in the midst flash'd forth, with omen dire,
His huge and swollen orb—a sea of fire.
Is this their King, their God, their Saviour, Sun?
He comes the Herald of JEHOVAH'S ire;
And storm and tempest round his car are strewn,
Like armed bands of wrath around a Tyrant's throne.

We shall quote but one passage more; it occurs very near the conclusion of the poem.

Now it is done. The swelling floods may rise—
None live to perish in the gulf profound;
Devouring flames may dazzle o'er the skies—
None hear to startle at the thunder-sound—
These are but clouds above and waves around!
The universe is ocean. One wide sea
Appears, without a barrier or a bound,
As though it ever was, and aye shall be
Ascending upward, upward through infinity.

But with their life, proud Gaea's throne is laid
 Through the vast void for evermore;
 Shall not the Power, whose scepter withstood
 The seas through rolling ages, perish now?
 Hark! from his throne the Voice of dread command
 Goes forth—*and lo! the tempest!* His hand said,
 Whose word taught a sea, *"Angels, over thine hand!"*
 Instant the lightning heard—the winds obey'd;
 The conscious thunder, then—the Angel's hand is stay'd.

Once more again, after the boundless deep
 Utters its primal sighs; each rude wave
 Sinks like a wearied giant to its slumber.
 The surge hath ceased to stir, the blast to rave,
 Till o'er the surface of that pathless grave
 No sound is heard but hushed and hallow'd breathing;
 Where virgin, warrior, sovereign, priest, and slave,
 By myriads or by millions are partaking
 That dull and dreamless sleep which knows no earthly waking.

Oh! there was terror in the storm's deep gloom,
 And wrath and vengeance in the lightning-glare,
 And in the thunder-peal the voice of doom,
 And death in ocean, and o'er Earth despair!—
 These human eye and human heart might bear—
 But the cold silence of that dark day—
 Methinks the very Angels shudder there—
 And pause an instant mid their songs of bliss
 To weep—*if Sorghs can*—and mourn a scene like *this!*

Where is the world? Alas! there is no Earth—
 JEHOVAH cursed it, and it pass'd away;—
 Where is the Sun? The Power that gave it birth
 Hath quench'd in darkness its retiring ray—
 And bade it beam no more—perchance for aye—
 What reck's that Orb where closed is every eye?—
 And Earth and Sun were form'd but to decay—
 Yet is there *one* who shall not—cannot die;
 Oh where is Man, sole heir of immortality?

He lives—but would'st thou question whither now
 Are fled the guilty train, who madly spurn'd
 To Mercy's voice in Mercy's hour to bow?
 Know, none from those dark regions have return'd
 To tell their tale of horror—none discern'd
 The worm that dies not, and the insatiate fire
 That ever burns. This only have we learn'd—
 Forbear by guile to rouse Jehovah's ire,
 Nor dare provoke the frown which bade a world expire.

But Light not yet was quench'd, nor yet had Time
 Fulfill'd its fated round. The fortieth Sun
 Again through ether roll'd his car sublime—
 But who survived to hail his rising? None—
 Towers, Temples, Priests, Adorers, all are gone.
 As, are JEHOVAH summon'd Earth to be,
 Light, new-created, hung in Heaven above,
 No beams that Sun o'er one unboundless sea,
 For all be-ide have pass'd—Rocks! Mountains! where are ye?

These passages may suffice to give an adequate idea of Mr Dale's success in the management of the noblest style in our language—the Spenserian. Most of the poet who writes that stanza at present, give too much into imitation of the march which it assumes in Childe Harold—Lord Byron's favourite mixture of hurried apostrophe or interrogation—with lofty and long strains of declamation. Mr Gray in particular, in his *Angel of the World*, fell into this error; for such imitation is always an error, in a

way not quite worthy of his high genius. Mr Dale has adhered much more closely to the gentle flow of Spenser himself, and Thomson in the *Castle of Indolence*. The stanza so treated is surely not a whit less dignified. Indeed we are of opinion that the solemn sweep of Mr Dale's versification is much more in unison with the character of the terrible subject with which he has dealt, and the profound emotions which he has endeavoured, and we think successfully, to raise.

A number of very graceful minor pieces are annexed to the "*Tale of the Flood*," and some "*Specimens of a pro-*

posed New Translation of the Psalms." Of these last, we are sorry to say that we entirely disapprove. They have neither the simplicity nor the power which they ought to have. And in one word, we advise Mr Dale to think no more of an adventure, which, to say nothing of lesser names, Robert Burns and Milton himself tried before him—and tried, like him, in vain. The best metrical version of the Psalms extant, is the old German one. Perhaps by closely studying that model, something might be done; but even from that, our hopes are slender enough.

FIRST NOTES OF AN INCIPIENT BALLAD-MEYRE-MONGER.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

I am true to my new profession as a poet, but for the life of me I cannot find out what line I am most fitted for. At one time I think I have an epic genius, and am half tempted to take up the "*Ækemoniad*," which Jonathan Oldbuck recommended to Mr Lovel, and offered to decorate with notes—indeed, I have gone so far as to send a letter or two to that eminent antiquary, directed to Monkbarrow, *via* Fairport, but I know not how it is, he is slow in replying; can they have miscarried? perhaps he is not so much bent upon the work as he was formerly. In other moments I believe myself to be rather possessed of a talent for lyrics; and whether this shall be cultivated by the composition of gratis birth-day and new-year odes, since the Laureate cuts off the court with an exercise of hexameters, or whether I shall tune my throat to something bacchanalian, under the title of Devil's Punch-Bowl Melodies, is yet undetermined. For blank verse I find I have a decided partiality—and as our bards measure it out to us at present, (five feet more or less in a verse, and those not always free from symptoms of lameness) it is the very "*whiting made easy*" of all the poetic schools now going; but it by no means forms a "*reading made easy*" to the purchasers of their light labours. I call their labours light, because it is owing to the compositor in many instances that the poems assume the semblance of being verse at all. Let him, however, take care that the lines begin with capitals, and the world is good-natured enough to believe there

is rhythm in them, if it could be but discovered.

My present attempt, as a ballad-writer, arises from a disappointment I experienced from that arrant jilt-flirt Mags. Poor Juliet twitted Romeo with the adage, that "*at lovers' perjuries Jove laughs*;" and so, I suppose, perforce, must the Jove of the nether sky, the ruler of Æbony's Olympus, at the perjuries of contributors; for if he did not take this sub-cachinnating method of dissipating his spleen, his pizazz would become schirrous with fretting, his forehead would be intersected with more lines than all the new canals make, when scored in a new county map, and his brows would look like a finer forest than any there depicted. How many bantlings have been shewn forth in your pages, and have died off, poor things, without coming to full stature! How many series of "*Horn*" have been entered upon under your auspices, and how few of their authors have lived out their due number of *hours*! What promising introductory letters have escaped the doom of the Balsam-box, by their announcements of fine things to come in regular succession, but like the house in Gray's Long Story, we are balked by at length discovering that they contain "*long passages that lead to nothing!*" Numbers (I may well say so, but more of No. 1. than No. 2.) have there been of essays, sketches, cantos, melodies, surveys, remarks, critiques, analyses, &c. &c. professing to be the primary links in a chain of a length too extensive to have its measure made the subject of a rash guess;—but woe's me! this anticipa-

tory "stretch to the crack o' doom" has too often had a most lame and impotent conclusion; the stores of the too panguine authors have seemed to be all spent in at most *three* specimens, perhaps in *two*, or "by'r lady," the hopes of the family have been vain, and No. 1. hath died without a successor, or any heir to his name! Now, among others, you whetted our appetites with some exquisite translations of Spanish or Moorish ballads, and according to the tenor of either your declaration or your correspondent's, we were to have in due order, I know not what abundance of similar treats. But, lo! two Nos. of *Hore Hispanice* were the whole stock you dispensed to us, or rather, perhaps, the whole that was dispensed to you—and, excepting a slight pendant to them, by an Irish friend of yours, we have scraped no farther acquaintance with Castilians and Moriscos, despite your promised intervention as master of the ceremony.

I have no pretence to supply this Iberian hiatus in the pages of *Maga*; but thinking that we had as fit subjects for the ballad measure in our neighbourhood, as Xarifi's Cushion, or Zara's Ear-rings, I cast my eyes about to fix on one. I had a notion of immortalizing the Pillion on which a Miss Gertrude Jaundice is in the habit of taking the air, as a counterpart to the chattel of Xarifa aforesaid—and who knows, but that thereby I might have unseated Thomas, her groom, and like young Lochinvar have henceforth performed feats of horsemanship with a bride at my back? But the Guardian Genius of Miss Gertrude, and the Muse, who condescends to watch over me, could not make up the match, I conclude; for in vain did I gnaw the feather-end of my pen,—no inspiration took place, and the pillion is still an easy well-stuffed prosaic pillion, on which Miss Gertrude takes a quotidian promenade, and Thomas's waist is still girt with the strap by which his mistress steadies herself when Lochinvar goes over a rough road.

A lithographic print from a very clever sketch stopped the veering weathercock of my imagination, and you see it now points due north. The drawing I allude to is by a lady, who is more capable than I am of doing poetical justice by her pen to the handicrafts of her pencil. However, it has fallen to me to illustrate this amusing

production of hers, and I have not introduced a single extraneous character—all are to be seen in the graphic "Packing up;" and the only liberty I take with the puppets is, like Punch and Judy's master, to squeak for them, and make believe that the conversation is theirs. And have we not as good materials for ballad-making at balls in England, as at bull-fights in Spain? Did Seville or Grenada yield better exemplifications of the essential passions of humanity, than the winter assemblies of our cities and county towns now continue to do? Love and hatred, emulation and jealousy, pride and vanity, malice and envy, and divers other mental combustibilities, on which Mrs Joanna Baillie either bestowed a tragedy and eke a comedy, or purposed to do so, if Mr Jeffrey had not entered a caveat,—do not they find there as free scope as in more romantic times and places? In the Vanity Fair which the Morisco ballads celebrate, the gentleman-moor attached the lady's heart, by turning bull's flesh into beef, if he could, with the risk of being gored as dead as mutton himself, if he missed—but in our arena for suitors, the belle requires no such coarse encounters to be hazarded; it is sufficient that the innamorato whirl her about till she is giddy in a waltz, or shew off her paces or his own in a quadrille; and instead of killing the forest monarch Harpado, it is quite sufficient that between the dances, the noble science of quizzing should be so well practised by him for the gratification of her private ear that,

"At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supplies each pause of chat

With singing, laughing, ogling and all that."

Yet you will find that my ballad does not even aspire so high as this in description; it is but the vestibule of the ball-room which I have as yet painted. Perhaps success will induce me to attempt to pourtray the inner regions. But I shall wait and see how the public receives my first essay, and listen to hear a similar eulogy which Goldsmith gave Tickell, namely, that there was a vein of ballad-thinking throughout his works. Should I hear any such decision, I shall march forward with a bold step, and, perhaps, purchase a fiddle or a bagpipe, till when,—I am yours,

BLAISE FITZRAVESTY.

PACKING UP AFTER AN ENGLISH COUNTRY BALL.

The clock has struck the midnight hour, and the chandeliers burn low,
And the final couple are dancing down on somewhat wearied toe;
Each belle now takes her partner's arm, who squalls her to her seat,
And chaperoning matrons talk right solemnly of treat.

The gallery is clearing of the drowsy fiddlers' twain;
And he who blew the clarionet, with all his might and main,
And he who made the tambourine ring and vibrate with his thumb,
Have oped their eyes and stopp'd their yawns, for their release is come.

The Ball at the Red Lion is, at last, then at an end;
All agree it has been a pleasant night, as down the stairs they wend;
And we'll descend along with them to see the ladies muffle
Their finery in hoods and shawls, and in cloaks of serge and dufflo.

But oh! alas! and well-a-day! 'tis raining cats and dogs,
And men and maids have brought umbrellas, pattens, boots and clogs;
And lest white satin shoes be soil'd, they supply some pairs of stouter,
And lanterns, lest their mistresses should flounder in the gutter.

The ladies rather wish, 'tis true, that the gentlemen were gone,
And had left them to pack up their duds, at leisure and alone;
But Captain Cartridge has engaged, and so has Ensign Sabre;
To guard the three Miss Johnsons home, and their ancient maiden neighbour.

So they're lolling on the table, waiting the damsels' hest,—
Yet though these beaux so welcome are, it still must be confess'd,
That Miss Amelia would prefer, while tugging her boot lace,
That the Captain who's short-sighted, should not raise his quizzing glass.

Come, little merry Mrs Cushion is first and foremost ready,
And stands in act to issue forth on her clicking pattens steady,
With gown drawn through her pocket-holes, secure from dirt suburban,
And with a safe-guard handkerchief, enveloping her turban.

But see what's going on behind, where Kunma Parkes is dressing!
Sure young John Leigh's attentions are most marvellously pressing;
With what an air of tenderness, he cushaws each ivory shoulder—
An offer sure will come of this, ere he is twelvemonths older!

At least so think the tabbies—and I see, Miss Prudence Herring,
(Who, with sister Grace, is cloak'd to the chin, so at leisure to be peering,)
Has had enough side-glances at this love-scene to instruct her
How to frame on it by inference, a gossip's superstructure.

But their tall prim niece is packing too, Miss Patience Prettyjohn,
Denurely settling her calash those towering plumes upon:
(Calashes are good things enough, when the weather's wet and muggy,
But they make a woman's head look like the head of an old buggy.)

"Well, sister Grace," says Prue, "thank Heaven! our niece takes after us;
You never find the men round her, making that odious fuss,
Whispering such stuff! No, she can tie her cloak without assistance,
For I've always told her—Patience dear! keep fellows at a distance.

"Uphold your dignity, my love! The boldest men, you see,—
The most presuming,—never take such liberties with me;
Once when a suitor knelt to me, imagine, if you can,
The air with which I waved my hand, and said, Begone base Man!

"That was a moment—oh, my dear! I felt exalted so
In conscious virtue—Sister Grace! I've always preach'd, you know,
Thus to our niece, and she, good girl, is an attentive hearer;
Patience *does* keep the men in awe—observe, not one comes near her."

But hark! a strife—some silver pipes are pitch'd above the key,
Which maiden's meekness best befits, and lady's courtesy;
"Tis mine," resounds in tones so shrill, we cannot call them polish'd,
And a bonnet seems to run the risk of being there demolish'd.

For Julia Graves has seized it, and hers it is, she swears,
And Mary Russell, chiding her, protests that it is hers,
And o'er Miss Julia's shoulder she darts her hand to snatch it,
Who at arm's length holds the fragile prey, baffling her foe to catch it.

"Miss Russell, you have spoilt my sleeve, what can be your design?"
"I only mean to get, Miss Graves, what you have seiz'd of mine."
"Yours, Ma'am?"—"Yes, Ma'am,—this very day I pinn'd that ribbon on it—
A very likely thing indeed I should not know my bonnet!"

"Pray, Ma'am, don't push so." "Ma'am, you've pok'd your elbow in my eye."
"That's your fault, Ma'am—I shan't let go." "No, Ma'am, no more shall I—
One should be more particular what company one's in,
For really, some folks now-a-days think stealing not a sin;

Things have walk'd off in the strangest way from routs and balls of late—
"You'd best take care, Ma'am, what you say—My Pa's a magistrate."
"Well, Ma'am, and what's your Pa to me?"—Then comes a desperate tustle,
But the powers that guard meek innocence, keep watch for gentle Russell.

For up comes Betty Chambermaid—"Here, ladies! arn't this he?"
"What, that squabb'd thing? that's none of mine." "That don't belong to me?"
Cry both at once—but—lights are brought—a second glance upon it,
And poor Miss Julia's spirit falls—'tis sure enough *her* bonnet.

Miss Russell triumphs loudly, nor spares recrimination;
Her antagonist is cow'd beneath the deep humiliation,
And she whining says, "I'm sure I thought"—"Yes, Ma'am, I understand,
Having lost your own, you *thought* you'd take the best that came to hand."

Captain Cartridge has been enjoying this, and to the Ensign sware he,
That if it came to fisticuffs, he'd bet on tart Miss Mary;
What a wreck of flowers and gauze had been the fruits of such contention!
But the fates were kind and stopt the fray by Betty's intercession.

While all this hubbub fills the room, Mrs Moss heeds not the clash,
But shawl'd, fur-tippeted, and gloved, and with head in huge calash,
She wants but one protection more to save her silks and satins,
And her little footboy's on his knees to mount her on her pattens.

Mind, Tommy, mind, 'tis a tender job—press gently, 'twill not suit
To handle with a clumsy paw an ancient lady's foot.
Oh! the matron twists, for the awkward chit has hit upon a corn,
Which has laugh'd her nostrum, ivy leaves and vinegar, to scorn.

A start is made—umbrellas flap and rustle as they spread,
And, the threshold past, the pattering rain beats on them overhead;
The bespattered beaux have hard ado to wield these bucklers light,
For while they guard the ladies' left, the gusts assail their right.

The noise of pattens waxeth faint, as homeward-bound they travel,
Now clattering on the pavement-stones, now grinding in the gravel;
This dies—though ever and anon, the listening ear is roused,
By some front-door's slam betokening a party snugly housed.

The lanterns, which so brightly stream'd, have vanish'd one by one,
As a lanc was turn'd, or a rat-tut-tat announced the journey done ;
And a few were on a sudden quench'd by puffs of wind uproarious,
Envious of those "earth-treading stars" which made dark night so glorius.

But who encounter'd these mishaps—and who caught cold and fever—
And who drest well—and who drest badly spite of best endeavour—
And what new lights in love or hate, from the meeting we must borrow,
We shall learn at length when we call upon our partners fair to-morrow.

BOWLES'S GRAVE OF THE LAST SAXON.*

MR BOWLES is perhaps better known to the rising generation as a critic than a poet : But Sexagenarians like us, and many thousands not yet Sexagenarians, delight rather to think of him in the latter character. It is thirty long years and upwards since he formed the brightest star of a constellation of genius, that rose over Trinity College, Oxford, the beloved abode of honest and elegant-minded Tom Warton. Shades of Headley and Benwell !—but no more. Bowles has lived to fulfil the promise of his brightening dawn ; and the author of "Calpe Obscure," that beautiful Latin poem which we heard him recite, (*cheu fugaces, Posthume, labuntur anni!*) in the Theatre on Commemoration-day, five lustres ago, has within this fortnight sent us a presentation copy of his "Harold's Grave."

We say that Mr Bowles has lately distinguished himself as a critic. We allude to the Pope Controversy, in which we find engaged Mr Bowles, Lord Byron, Mr Thomas Campbell, Mr Southey, Mr Wordsworth, Mr Coleridge, Mr Lloyd, Mr D'Israeli, Mr Gilchrist, Mr M'Dermot, Mr Hazlitt, Mr Hunt, Mr Francis Jeffrey, and Mr Christopher North. We know that we took some small part in the contest, but have been racking our brain in vain, to recollect on which side we fought—or indeed, what was the precise bone of contention between the belligerent powers. Much was said, we remember, well and ill, about art and nature, manners and passions, fancy and imagination. These are all hard, mystical, and cabalistical words. And as for that other big word *POETRY*, on whose account, art, nature, manners, passions, fancy, and imagination

were so bothered and badgered, we offer a reward of five hundred pounds annuity for life, to any person who will send in to 17, Prince's Street, a good, sensible definition of it before Christmas. In this, we fear, somewhat irrational row, Mr Bowles appeared to us to manage his morleys with great strength and skill. He floored his man right and left, very much after the manner of our excellent and peaceable friend, the late Jem Belcher, when clearing a boothful of Johnny Raws. To see a gentleman in gown and cassock acting so strenuous a part, was not a little alarming ; and the Stamford grocer cried out, "Foul, foul." But the umpires decided that the grocer had fallen without a blow, and that, therefore, the rector might kick him a little when down, without infringing upon the immutable principles either of poetry or pugilism. Whether this decision was sound, or more agreeable to the laws of the imagination than the fancy, Mr Pierce Egan and Mr John Jackson must determine. Much was said on both sides—and it was even alleged that Mr Bowles, in the exultation of victory over the man of comfits, gave a facer to our good friend Mr D'Israeli, who stripped and turned to ; but the friends of both parties (among whom we were) interfered to prevent the contest ; and the Rector, we answer for him, manfully held out in friendship his bunch of Fives.

All the world knows our merit as peace-makers. We cannot bear to see men of sense and talents quarrelling with one another ; and we have staunchd many wounds, under which, but for our skill and humanity, the worthy patients would have bled to

* The Grave of the Last Saxon ; or, The Legend of the Curfew. A poem. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 8vo. Hurst, Robinson, and Co., London, 1822.

death. Why should there be a single drop of bad blood between such men as Bowles and D'Israeli? They both deserve well of the republic of letters; and we should be sorry to see any garbled account of their misunderstanding. We hope, therefore, that Mr D'Israeli will insert a statement in the next edition of his "Quarrels of Authors," and send the proof-sheets to Mr Bowles for correction and revision.

BUT NOW FOR THE GRAVE OF THE LAST SAXON, OR THE LEGEND OF THE CURFEW.

It is a poem in blank verse, and in four cantos, or rather five; for Mr Bowles is pleased (rather absurdly, we think) to call the first canto an "introductory" one, so it does not count as a canto at all, although, perhaps, the most beautiful. The following passage, which lets the reader know what he is to expect, is extremely fine.

"TIME HAS REFT THE SHRINE,
Where the LAST SAXON, canonized, lay,
And every trace has vanish'd, like the light
That from the high-arch'd eastern window
fell,

With broken sunshine, on his marble
tomb—

So have they pass'd; and silent are the
choirs

That to his spirit sung eternal rest;
And scatter'd are his bones who raised those
walls,

Where, from the field of blood slowly con-
vey'd,

His mangled corse, with torch and orison,
Before the altar, and in holy earth,
Was laid! Yet oft I muse upon the theme,
And now, whilst solemn the slow curfew
tolls,

Year and dim centuries seem to unfold
Their shroud, as at the summons; and I
think

How sad that sound on every English
haunt

Smote, when along those dark'ning vales,
where Lea,

Beneath the woods of Waltham winds, it
broke

First on the silence of the night, far heard
Through the deep forest! PHANTOMS OF
THE PAST,

Ye gather round me! VOICES OF THE
DEAD,

Ye come by fits! and now I hear, far off,
Faint ELEANORS swell, while to the fane
The long procession, and the pomp of
death,

And now one voice is heard
In a vast multitude, 'Harold, farewell!

Farewell, and rest in peace!' That sable
car
Bears the LAST SAXON to his grave, (the
last

From Hengist, of the long illustrious line
That sway'd the English sceptre!) Hark!
a cry!

'Tis from his mother, who, with frantic
mien,

Follows the bier! with manly look com-
posed,

Godwin, his eldest-born, and Adela,
Her head declined, her hand upon her brow
Beneath the veil, supported by his arm,
Sorrowing succeed: 'so! pensive Edmund
there,

Leads Welfa, the least and youngest, by
the hand!—

Brothers and sisters, silent and in tears,
Follow their father to the dust, beneath
Whose eye they grew—Last and alone,
behold

Marcus, subduing the deep sigh, with brow
Of sterner acquiescence—Slowly pace
The sad remains of England's chivalry,
The few whom Hastings' field of carnage
spared,

To follow their alain monarch's hearse this
night,

Whose corse is borne beneath th' escut-
cheon'd pall,

To rest in Waltham Abbey. So the train,
(Imagination thus embodying it)

Moves onward to the Abbey's western porch,
Whose windows and retiring aisles reflect
The long funeral lights. Twelve stoled
monks,

Each with a torch, and pacing two and two,
Along the pillar'd nave, with crucifix
Aloft, begin the suppliant chant,

Intoning, 'Miserere Domine.'

"Now, the stone-coffins in the earth are
laid

Of Harold, and of Eoefrine, and Githl,
Brave brethren, slain in one disastrous day.

And hark! again the monks and choristers
Sing, pacing round the grave-stone, 'RE-
QUIEM

ETERNAM DONA IBI.'—TO HIS GRAVE,
So was King Harold borne, within those
walls

His bounty raised; his children knelt and
wept,

Then slow departed, never in this world,
Perhaps, to meet again. But who is she,
Her dark hair streaming on her brow, her
eye

Wild, and her breast deep-heaving? She
behold

At distance the due rites, nor wept, nor
spoke,

And now is gone."

From that sad hour, all who had as-
sisted at these obsequies were by many
fates widely scattered; till after three
long years of expatriation, or hidden
obscurity in their native country, Ha-

rold's sons re-appear, with a large fleet from Denmark, and being joined by an immense confederate army, (a well-known historical fact,) hope to dethrone the Conqueror.

The canto, which Mr Bowles calls the first, opens with a midnight view of the battlements of Ravenspur Castle, on the Humber, where Adela, daughter of Harold, and Ailric, a monk, are waiting the arrival of tidings from the invading army, which that night hoped to hang the Saxon standard upon the walls of York. Adela seems to have past the three years, since her father's overthrow, in a religious house; and Edgar Atheling, brother to Malcolm, King of Scotland, who has joined the sons of Harold, brings the desired intelligence that York is taken. He then enters into a long detail (always poetical, but in some places rather heavy) of his fortunes, as connected with those of her own brethren, till he is luckily stopt short by the old Monk Ailric, who tells, how, after the fatal overthrow of Hastings, he and his brother Osgood humbly begged for the corpse of Harold from the victorious Norman on the field of battle. The following dream of "spectred memory," to use one of Mr Bowles's happy expressions, need not fear comparison with the best passages of any of his contemporaries.

"William was in his tent,
Spread on the battle-plain, on that same night
When seventy thousand dead lay at his feet—

They, who at sun-rise, with bent bows and spears,
Confronted and defied him, at his feet
Lay dead!—alone, he watches in his tent,
At midnight—midst a sight so terrible
We came—we stood before him, where he sat,
I and my brother Osgood. 'Who are ye?'

Stern he inquired; and Osgood thus replied:

'Conqueror, and Lord, and soon to be a King,

We, two poor monks of Waltham Abbey, kneel

Before thee, sorrowing! He who is slain
To us was bountiful. He raised those walls
Where we devote our life to pray'r and praise.

Oh! by the mercies which the God of all
Hath shewn to thee this day, grant our request;

To search for his dead body, through this field

Of terror, that his bones may rest with us.'

'Your king hath met the meed of broken faith,

William replied: 'But yet he shall not want

A sepulchre; and on this very spot,
My purpose stands, as I have vow'd to God,

To build an holy monastery: here,
A hundred monks shall pray for all who fell

In this dread strife; and your King Harold here

Shall have due honours, and a stately tomb.'

Still on our knees, we answer'd, 'Oh! not so,

Dread Sovereign!—hear us, of your clemency.

We beg his body; beg it for the sake
Of our successors; beg it for ourselves,

That we may bury it in the same spot
Himself ordain'd when living; where the

choirs
May sing for his repose, in distant years,

When we are dust and ashes.'

'Then go forth,
And search for him, at the first dawn of day.'

King William said. We cross'd our breasts,
and pass'd,

Slow-rising, from his presence. So we went,

In silence to the quarry of the dead.
The sun rose on that still and dismal host—

Toiling from corse to corse, we trod in blood—

From morn till noon toiling, and then I said,

'Seek Editha, her whom he loved.' She came;

And through the field of death she pass'd:
she look'd

On many a face, ghastly upturn'd; her hand

Unloos'd the helmet, smooth'd the clotted hair,

And many livid hand she took in hers;
Till stooping o'er a mangled corse, she

shriek'd,
Then into tears burst audibly, and turn'd

her face, and with a falt'ring voice pronounced,

'Oh! Harold!' We took up, and bore the corse

From that sad spot, and wash'd the ghastly wound

Deep in the forehead, where the broken barb

Was fix'd.

So wet'ring from the field, we bore
King Harold's corse. A hundred Norman knights

Met the sad train, with pikes that trail'd the ground.

Our old men pray'd, and spoke of evil days
To come; the women smote their breasts

and wept;
The little children knelt beside the way,

As on to Waltham the funeral car
Moved slow. Few and disconsolate the train
(Of English earls, for few, alas ! remain'd,
So many in the field of death lay cold.
The horses slowly paced, till Waltham
tow'ns

Before us rose. THERE, with long taper'd
blaze,

Our brethren met us, chanting two and two,
The 'Miserere' of the dead. And THERE—
But, my child Adela, you are in tears—

There at the foot of the HIGH ALTAR lies
THE LAST OF SAXON KINGS—Sad
Editha,

At distance, watch'd the rites, and from
that hour

We never saw her more."

Just as the monk is concluding his tale, Godwin, hot from the sack of York, arrives, and clasps his sister Adela to his mailed breast. The day has now risen, and the wearied warrior goes to rest. The autumnal day declines, and in the evening, which is here described in Mr Bowles's best manner, Edmund (the other victorious brother of Adela) comes to Ravenspur with a pretty boy, whose life he had saved in the citadel. Adela kisses the child's forehead and his eyes—the sun sets—and the canto closes.

We are now told, that, during the night on which York was taken by the Saxons and Danes, there had been fearful sounds in the wild wolds of Hokierness, and spells of death heard amidst the depth of Waltham Wood. It may have been so. But never were the wan and weird sisters more tame, dull, and flat than upon that occasion. The second canto opens with their singing, which ends, "ho ! ho ! ho !" and we venture to reply, "ha ! ha ! ha !" But this is not the only feeble absurdity in the poem. For while these most spiritless spirits were singing to keep themselves awake in Waltham Wood, William the Conqueror was holding court in the Tower of London, then rather damp, as the plaster had not had time to dry, and receiving the homage of his vassal Barons. While Odo is placing a laurelled diadem upon his brow, and a hundred harps resounding Roland's praise, and

"The Barons and the Prelates, and the Knights,

'Long live the conqueror,' cried 'a God on earth'"

just then the vaulted chamber shakes—the King is frighted out of his wits—breaks up the court—and, flying to a solitary cell, falls down before the

crucifix. The crucifix shakes, as he is imploring mercy on his sins—and a low moan, as of dying men, is heard at a distance. To our minds all this is farcical, and something worse than farcical. The witches waddling through Waltham Wood—and then William, crouching and quaking under a blast sent from God, and before the cross of the Son of God, which is profanely said to have shaken, form altogether a mixture of such repulsive images and sentiments, and the whole affair is so poorly and pompously got up, that we would rather than a long summer's evening stroll on the banks of the Tweed; at the romantic Trows, that Mr Bowles had not written the first three pages of this second canto. But it is written, printed, published, and damned.

The Conqueror then starts up and sees a vision of Harold, with the bloody arrow-wound in its unvisor'd forehead. This is better, and had it stood by itself, would have had a powerful effect; but occurring where it does, it passes away, without producing much, if any, emotion on the spectator, along with the other profane and sacred phantasmagoria. He now shrieks upon his Barons, and orders the harpers of Normandy to ring out their full chords to the song of England's conquest. Old Eustace obeys, and sings the song of the battle of Hastings, which is not without animation, although, in spite of the implied anachronism, we suspect the venerable bard to have been a reader of this magazine, for his ballad-metre puts us wondrously in mind of some of those fine translations from the Spanish, which at different times have enriched our Work.

The third Canto is full of fine things, and the principal incidents in it afford noble subjects to the painter. The Monks of Waltham Abbey are chaunting a requiem over King Harold's grave, when an armed Norman Knight, in coal-black armour, walks up the middle aisle, and, gazing in silence on the GRAVE OF THE LAST SAXON, kneels down, and mutters a brief prayer; then, heedless of all, paces back through the sounding aisle, and disappears. While the Monks renew their interrupted dirge, the Knight plunges into Waltham Wood, now swinging to the midnight tempest, and comes upon a wild, withered, female

figure, at the mouth of a cave. Their conversation is impressive, and well managed, being mutually ignorant of each other's estate. But the reader knows them to be the Conqueror, and Editha, the beloved of Harold.

"At once, horns, trumpets, and the shouts of men,

Were heard above the valley. At the sound,

The knight, upstarting from his dreamy trance,

High raised his visor, and his bugle rung, Answering. 'By God in heaven, THOU

ART THE KING!'

The woman said. Again the clashing rung—

Like lightning! Alain and Montgomerie Spurr'd through the wood, and led a har-

ness'd steed To the lone cabin's entrance, whilst the train

Sent up a deaf'ning shout, 'Long live the King!'

He, ere he vaulted to the saddle-bow, Turn'd with a look benevolent, and cried,

'Barons and lords, to this poor woman here

Haply I owe my life! Let **ME** NOT NEED!'

'Away!' she cried, 'KING OF THESE REALMS, away!

I ask not wealth nor pity—least from **THEE**,

Of all men.' As the day began to dawn, More fix'd and dreadful seem'd her sted-

fast look, The long black hair upon her labouring breast

Stream'd, whilst her neck, as in disdain, she rais'd

Swelling—her eyes a wild terrific light shot, and her voice, with intonation deep,

Utter'd a curse, that ev'n the bloodhound crouch'd

Beneath her feet, whilst with stern look she spoke:—

'Yes! I AM EDITHA! SHE whom he lov'd—

SHE, whom thy sword has left in solitude, How desolate! yes—I AM EDITHA!—

AND THOU HAST BEEN TO HAROLD'S GRAVE—oh! think,

KING, WHERE THY OWN WILL BE! HE rests in peace;

But ev'n a spot is to thy bones denied—I see thy carcass trodden under foot—

THY CHILDREN—HIS, with filial reverence,

Still think upon the spot where he is laid, Though distant and far-sever'd—But thy

son,*

Thy eldest born, ah! see, he lifts the sword

Against his father's breast!—Hark, hark! the chase

Is up! in that wild forest thou hast made!—The deer is flying—the loud horn re-

sounds—

Hurrah! the arrow that laid HAROLD low—It flies—it trembles in the RED KING'S

HEART!†

NORMAN, HEAV'N'S HAND IS ON THEE, and THE CURSE!

Of this devoted land! HENCE TO THY THRONE!—

The King a moment with compassion gaz'd,

And now the clarions, and the horns, and trumps

Rung louder; the bright banners in the winds

Waved beautiful; the neighing steeds aloft Mantled their manes, and up the valley

flew, And soon have left behind, the glen, the cave

Of solitary Editha, and sounds Of her last agony!

'Montgomerie,' King William, turning, cried, 'when this

whole land Is portion'd (for till then we may not hope

For lasting peace) FORGET NOT-EDITHA!‡

In the gray beam the spires of London shone,

And the proud banner on the bastion Of William's Tower was seen above the

Thames, As the gay train, slow winding through the woods,

Approach'd; when, lo! with spurs of blood, and voice

Falt'ring, upon a steed, whose lab'ring chest

Heav'd, and whose bit was wet with blood and froth,

A courier met them.

'YORK!—oh King!' he cried, 'YORK is in ashes!—all thy NORMANS

slain!'"

The Conqueror, inflamed by this woful intelligence, exclaims,

"Now, by the splendour of the throne of God!"

King William cried, 'see woman, man, nor child,

Shall live.'—Terrific flash'd his eye of fire, And darkness grew his frowns; then looking

up, He drew his sword, and with a vow to

Heav'n, Amid his barons, to the trumpet's clang

Rode onward (breathing vengeance) TO THE TOWER!"

And so ends Canto Third.

* Robert of Normandy.

† William Rufus, called the Red King.

‡ It is a singular fact, that the name of Editha Fuleherrima occurs in Domesday.—See Turner.

The fourth Canto opens with four Hags, to whom we beg leave to address the final line of their alternate song, "Hags of darkness, hence—*away!*" King, William, puts his threats into execution—York is retaken—and the game is up with the Saxon, Danish, and Scottish Princes. King, Malcolm, his brother the Atheling, Harold's two sons, (who really seem to have been but sorry sort of fellows) the grey-headed Monk, and Adela, are all "lingering on the shore," after the "clansmen have been embarked" for Scotland. Atheling whispers love into the ear of Adela, and woos her to go with him to Scotland in her brother's ship; but she will on no account do so, "till I have knelt upon MY FATHER'S GRAVE." Her brothers Edmund and Godwin refuse to go for the same reason; and all three, most absurdly, and fantastically, and unnaturally, allow good King Malcolm and the Atheling to set sail without them; for the canny Scotchmen cannot wait till the Saxons have done their pilgrimage to Waltham Abbey. This, we verily think, is about the most extravagant fancy we ever met with in the context of any good poem. Yet great as the absurdity is, we are almost glad that Mr Bowles committed it, since it gave him an opportunity of producing one of the sweetest and most pathetic passages in all his poetry, distinguished as it is for sweetness and pathos.

"Here, then, we part!" King Malcolm said; and every voice replied,
'God speed brave Malcolm to his father's land!'

Ailric, the brothers, and their sister, left
The boat—they stood upon the moonlight
beach,
Still list'ning to the sounds, as they grew
faint,
Of the receding oars, and watching still
If one white streak at distance, as they
dipp'd,
Were seen, till all was solitude around.
Pensive, they sought a refuge for that
night
In the bleak ocean-cave.—The morning
dawns,
The brothers have put off the plumes of
war,
Dropping one tear upon the sword! Dis-
guis'd
In garb to suit their fortunes, they appear

Like shipwreck'd seamen of Armórica,
By a Franciscan hermit through the land
Led to St Alban's shrine, to offer vows—
Vows to the God, who heard them in that
hour,
When all besides had perish'd in the
storm.

Wreck'd near his ocean-cave, an eremite
(So went the tale of their disastrous fate)
Sustain'd them, and now guides them
through a land
Of strangers—That fair boy was wont to
sing

Upon the mast, when the still ship went
slow

Along the seas, in sunshine—and that garb
Conceals the lovely, light-hair'd Adela.
The cuckoo's note in the deep woods was
heard

When forth they fared. At many a con-
vent gate

They stood and pray'd for shelter, and
their pace

Hasten'd, if high amid the clouds they
mark'd'

Some solitary castle lift its brow
(Gray in the distance—hasten'd, so to reach,
Ere it grew dark, its hospitable tow'rs—
There the lithe minstrel sung his rounde-
lay.

Listen, lords and ladies bright:

I can sing of many a knight
Who fought in Paynim lands afar—
Of Bevis, or of Iscarap.

I have tales of wand'ring maids,
And fairy elves in haunted glades,
Of phantom-troops that silent ride
By the moonlight forest's side.

I have songs (fair maidens, hear!)
To warm the love-lorn lady's ear—
The choice of all my treasures take,
And grant us food for pity's sake.

When tired, at noon, by the white water-
fall,

In some romantic and secluded glen,
They sat, and heard the blackbird over-
head

Singing, unseen, a song, such as they heard
In infancy.*—So every vernal morn

Brought with it smell of flowers, or song
of birds,

Mingled with many shapings of old things,
And days gone by!—Then up again, to
scale

The airy mountain, and behold the plain
Stretching below, and fading far away,
How beautiful! yet still to feel a tear
Starting (even when it shone most beauti-
ful.)

To think 'HERE, in the country of our
birth,

No rest is ours!'

* William took the field in spring.

'ON, TO OUR FATHER'S GRAVE!
So southward through the country they had
pass'd
Now many days, and casual shelter found,
In villager, or hermit's lonely cave,
Or castle, high embattled on the point
Of some steep mountain, or in convent
walls;
For most with pity heard his song, and
mark'd
The countenance of the way-faring boy;
Or when the pale monk, with his folded
hands
Upon his breast, pray'd, 'For the love of
God,
Pity the poor,' gave alms, and bade them
'Speed!
And now, in distant light, the pinnacles
Of a grey fane appear'd, whilst on the
woods
Still evening shed its parting light:—'Oh!
say—
Say, villager, what towers are those that
rise
Eastward beyond the alders?'
'Know ye not,'
He answer'd, 'Waltham Abbey? Harold
there
'Is buried—He, who in the fight was slain
At Hastings!'—To the cheek of Adela
A deadly paleness came. 'On, let us on,'
Faintly she cried, and held her brother's
arm,
And hid her face a moment with her hand!
And now the massy portal's sculptured arch
Before them rose.

'Say, porter,' Ailric cried,
'Poor mariners, wreck'd on the northern
shores,
Ask charity! Does aged Osgood live?
Tell him a poor Franciscan, wandering far,
And wearied, for the love of God would ask
His charity.'

Osgood came slowly forth;
The light that touch'd the western turret,
fell

(On his pale face. The pilgrim-father said,
'I am your brother Ailric, look on me!
And these are Harold's children!'

Whilst he spoke,
Godwin, advancing, with emotion cried,
'We are his children! I am Godwin, this
is Edmund, and lo! poor and in disguise,
Our sister! We would kneel upon his
grave—
Our father's!'

'Come yet nearer,' Osgood said,
'Yet nearer!' and that instant Adela
Look'd up, and wiping from the lids a tear,
'Have you forgotten Adela?'

'Oh God!'
The old man trembling cried, 'ye are
indeed
Our benefactor's children! Adela,
Edmund, brave Godwin! welcome to these
walls;

Welcome, my old companion!' and he fell
Upon the neck of Ailric, and both wept.
Then Osgood—'Children of that honour'd
lord

Who gave us all, go near and bless his
grave.'

One parting sunbeam yet upon the floor
Rested; it pass'd away, and darker gloom
Was gathering in the aisles. Each foot-
step's sound

Was more distinctly heard, for all beside
Was silent. Slow along the glimmering fane
They pass'd, like shadows risen from the
tombs.

The entrance-door was closed, lest aught
intrude

Upon the sanctity of this sad hour!
The inner choir they enter, part in shade
And part in light, for now the rising moon
Began to glance upon the shrines, and tombs,
And pillars; trembling through the windows
high,

One beam, a moment, on that cold grey stone
Is flung, the word 'Infelix,'* is scarce seen,
'Behold his grave-stone!'

We can afford no more quotations.
Suffice it to say, that just as Harold's
sons and daughter have finished their
prayers on his grave, they are joined
by a Monk and a tall female. The
Monk proves to be their brother Mar-
cus, whom his weeds had concealed
from the world ever since the battle
that gave England to the Norman.
And the female—who is she—who can
she be, but Editha? She utters a pro-
phetic speech, and falls down dead, or
insensible, on the Saxon's grave. Mar-
cus the monk abides in his cell, and
Godwin, Edmund, and Adela, in the
silent and beautiful moonlight,
"Through the lone forest hold their pen-
sive way."

And here the Poem, we humbly con-
ceive, ends. But as Mr Bowles favoured
us with "an introductory Canto," be-
fore the beginning—so he favours us
with a "Conclusion" after the end—
which, whether good, bad, or indiffer-
ent, is, we hold, at least unnecessary.

This Poem has many beauties and
many defects, but the perusal of it,
on the whole, afforded us very great
pleasure. The descriptions of external
nature, although sometimes too long,
and often not very pertinently or ju-
diciously introduced, are almost always
good, and occasionally most beautiful.
Perhaps Mr Bowles has written too
much on those principles which he has
so ably defended and enforced in the
famous Pope Controversy, and has de-
termined to shew the world that nature

* In some accounts it is said the only inscription on the tomb was "Infelix Harold."

is at all times poetical. In our opinion he is too descriptive; but being a great master of that art, he always affords pleasure of some kind, and we are willing to receive it, in lieu of what would, as we think, have been better and more appropriate.

Wherever he gives us pure feeling and strong passion, such as the occasion demands or requires, he writes like a true poet; but he is certainly more successful in describing the workings of the softer and gentler emotions of the human heart, than of those by which it is torn, darkened, or convulsed.

The situations of the different actors in the scene, and the incidents and events, are, for the most part, striking and impressive—some of them indeed eminently happy—and the story being in itself a very fine one, the Poem may be said to be the most likely of all Mr Bowles's works to attract and grati-

fy those readers, to whom the interest of a progressive series of events is the chief charm of a poetical composition.

The great defects of the Poem, besides the general diffuseness of the style, and too careful an accumulation of imagery, at which we have already glanced, are, first, the want of unity and coherence in the action, and, secondly, the want of a great catastrophe. The rebellion of the Saxon Princes is feeble and abortive—and they discover few traits of character entitling them to be called the sons of Harold. We could say more than we have now done, both for and against the Poem, and may probably recur to it in a series of Essays which we meditate on Modern Poetry. But, on the whole, the GRAVE OF THE LAST SAXON is a far better Poem than the MISSIONARY, and corroborates the title of Mr Bowles to occupy a high rank among the living Poets of a poetical age.

FAREWELL TO MY FRIENDS.

Oh! wear no mourning weeds for me, when I am laid i' the ground;
Oh! shed no tears for one whose sleep will then be sweet and sound.
Only, my friends! do this for me—pluck many a pale primrose:
And strew them on my shroud, before the coffin lid they close.

And lay the heartsease on my breast, meet emblem there 'twill be:
And place within my hand a branch of fragrant rosemary.
And by the buried bones of those, whom living, I loved best,
See me at last laid quietly, then leave me to my rest:

And when the church-bell tolls for me its last long heavy knell—
As the deep murmur dies away, bid me a kind farewell.
And stay—methinks there's something yet I'd fain request of ye—
Something I'd bid ye comfort, keep, or love, for love of me.

My nurse!—Oh she will only wait till I am fast asleep;
Then close beside me, stealthily to her own pillow creep.
My dog!—poor fellow!—let him not know hunger, hardship, wrong—
But he is old and feeble too, he will not miss me long.

My dwelling!—that will pass away to those, when I am gone,
Will raise the lovely edifice to its foundation stone.
My flowers!—that in deep loneliness have been as friends to me—
My garden—that, let run to waste, a common field will be.

My picture!—that's already yours, resemblance true, ye say;
Oh! true indeed—a thing of dust, that vanisheth away.
My harp!—but that's a fairy gift I can bequeath to none—
Uncarthy hands will take it back, when the last strain is done.

So then, I've nothing more to ask, and little left to give;
And yet I know in your kind hearts my memory will live.
And so farewell, my dear good friends! And farewell, world! to thee—
I part with some in love—with all in peace and charity.

(1) METRICUM SYMPOSIUM AMBROSIANUM, SEU PROPINATIO PORTICA NORTHI.

Come, Morgan, fill up, my boy, handle the ladle,
The brat in old Ireland is sent to the cradle—
Get out of those dumps, man, they hurt soul and body—
Put a *stick* in the bowl, my boy, push round the toddy.

That's right, my brave Ensign, what spirit now lightens
From out your two eyes—how your brow it up-brightens—
You now look yourself, man, and not a *la Werter*,
When you near blew your brains out for Mrs M^cWhirter.

And now since we're merry, come fill up the glasses—
We'll drink to our Poets, (we've toasted our lasses,)
To all the high bards of our beautiful Islands,
From famed Couneinara, all round to the Highlands.

A bumper, my boys! Here's the profligate Baron
Who his Pegasus broke to a Tragedy Garron, (2)
In carrying logs to the temple of Belus,
To burn that half man they call Sardanapalus.

His Lordship, who, in the dull play, the Foscari,
Wrote worse than e'er Cockneyland's regent, mild Barry,
And whose fame and whose genius came down to their Zero
In the robbcries and wretchedness of Faliero.

He with fully inflated, with vanity reeling,
And mocking at nature, at morals, and feeling,
At the pride of the brave, at the tears of the tender,
And who cares for them all and their ties not a *bender*. (3)

Who spouts out more venom than an Amphisboena
On the land of his birth; and, like laughing Hyena,
Mocks at the brave country, he scarce should dare dream on—
At whose blood and whose glory he sneer'd like a demon.

Who in Italy lives, and who babbles of slavery,
And who lately displayed his high mettle and bravery
In hotly pursuing an old drunken sergeant—
On his arms he should quarter a halbert in argent.

But, his health!—like ourselves, he is fond of a frolic,
May he ne'er die in child-bed, or faint with the cholic!
May he die an old man, good, religious, and hoary,
And win and wear long the *true* wreath of his glory!

But would he were here—He could have wine and laughter,
And when wakened to-morrow—maybe the day after—
With head like sick lily—a lily of Hermon's,
We'd give him some soda, and Maturin's sermons.

Here, fill up for Sir Walter!—but stop, he's no poet,
When the Cockneys think meet, they will easily shew it.
Sir Walter a poet! Faith, that's a misnomer,
But still, here's success to our Northern Homer.

Come, fill high for Tom Moore! would this bumper could gain us
A truce with the sweet *little* Pander of Venus! (4)
'Tis diamond cut diamond when he and we quarrel,
But we value his wrath as the dregs of that barrel.

(1.) This was intended for the last Number, before the Adjutant went on his Italian tour. Business of a diplomatic nature, which we dare not divulge, has taken him off.

(2.) A Poney—Hibern.

(3.) Alias, a tester—alias a sixpence.

(4.) To be pronounced Hibernically, Va-nus, *rhythmè gratia*.

Then Tommy, (5) agra! if you fall out with Blackwood,
For dying luxuriously, purchase a Packwood—
Frank Jeffrey, and all that, was nothing, for certain,
To us; but that's all in my eye, Betty Martin.

Then, here's to poor Tom, and his verses so sunny,
That made all our maids and young widows so funny;
Which sent half the *spalpeens* of Munster dragooning,
And sent all the punks in the kingdom salooning.

Now, the Minstrel of Gertrude—Compiler of Colburn—
Once the bard of high Scotland—now that of High Holborn;
Whose jinglings the Cockney-lumps lead like a ram-bell,
And, after the toast, strike up, "Ranting Tom Campbell."

Now, here's to Will Wordsworth, so wise and so wordy,
And the sweet simple hymns of his own hurdy-gurdy—
Who in vain blows the bellows of Milton's old organ,
While he thinks he could lull all the snakes on the Gorgon.

Now drain for mad Coleridge—the mystical Lacon,
Who *out-cantis* Wild Kant, and out-Bacons old Bacon—
The vain, self-tormenting, and eloquent railer,
Who out of his tropes *jerries* Jeremy Taylor.

Success to the Bard of the Bay!—may he wear it
Till we see from his temples one worthy to tear it—
And, though his hexameters are somewhat mouthy,
This glass will make greener the laurel of Southey.

And, after the Minstrel of Roderic and Madoc,
We'll be pardon'd to give our poetical Sadoc,
Mad Shelly, the wild atheist Coryphæus,
Whose Poems and Thoughts are "a Curse and a Chaos."

Now, here's Billy Bowles, both for epic and sonnet,
Who Lord Byron has bother'd, I lay my life on it—
And here's our best wish to the long-sodden'd flummery,
So thick and so slab, of mild Jemmy Montgomery.

And here's the Poetical Bank of Sam Rogers—
Firm still by the aid of old England's old Codgers,
Whose notes are as good as those given by Lord Fanny, (6)
Or Lord Byron, who puffs them—a critical zany.

Here's Milman, the Idol of Square-caps at Oxford,
Though his verses will scarce ever travel to Foxford; (7)
His Pegasus broken, no longer is skittish,
Though he's puff'd in the Quarterly—puff'd in the British.

Though his verse stately be as the dance call'd the Pyrrhic,
And his high harp be tuned to the epic and lyric,
Yet we fear that his glory but stubble is built on,
And his hymns we scarce fancy quite equal to Milton.

For of late we remember of nothing grown tamer,
Than the steed that bore "Faxio," and paced under "Samor;"
And the "Martyr," "Belshazzar," and "Fall of Jerusalem,"
We think will scarce live to the age of Methusalem.

Here's to splendid John Wilson, and John Wilson Croker,
Whose satire's as dreadful as Jarvie's red poker,
Who cut up poor Joe, and that booby—the other—(8)
And for economy cut up his brother.

(5.) *Anglice*, my darling.

(6.) This can surely require no explanation.

(7.) West of Ireland, *ni fallor*, or elsewhere, *inter barbaros*.

(8.) *See* (16).

Now fill up a bumper for Catiline Croky,
The compeer of Massinger, Fletcher, and Rowley,
And confusion to Elliston, Kemble, and Harris,
Who were blind to the beams of the author of "Faria."

Now, the bards of the drama—from Ireland—all tragic—
Here's first Nosy Maturin, the mild and the magic,
Who into a ball-room as gracefully twitches,
As Bertram—fourth act—enters buttoning his breeches.

May his stays never crack while quadrilling (9) or preaching;
May his wig ne'er grow grey, nor his cravat want bleaching;
May his muse of her quinsy be cured by a gargle;
May he faint at Miss Wilson, and dream in the Gargle. (10)

May he send out a dozen more heroes from Trinity,
And for that be made provost, its prop of divinity—
We wish Melmoth well, for he is a true Tory,
Whate'er Coleridge may say, and let that be his glory.

Here's to poor Skinny Shiel, whose entire occupation
Is gone, since O'Neil ceased delighting the nation;
Whose head's much more empty than Maturin's wig, sirs,
But, nevertheless, we'll give *Sheelahnagig*, (11) sirs.

And, now, Mr Knowles—who his feelings once vented,
While our living bards *he so well* represented; (12)
And with him we'll couple a man they call Banim,
'Though a bard we scarce think him—a bard we scarce feign him. (13)

Here's Haymes' "Bridal Night"—in five acts—'tis no wonder
He kill'd the poor maiden—yet, faith, 'twas a blunder
To christen that "conscience"—'twas very ironical;
But he floats down to fame through the sink of the "Chronicle."

And here's the last bard of the buskin, poor Bertridg,
Whom Miss Wilson was near blowing up like a cartridge—
Simple Clarke! in the tragic you're yet but a tyro,
'Though, faith, there was something not bad in "Ramiro." (14)

Here's Charley from Sligo, whose finical verses,
Each bog-trotter on black Benbulbin rehearses,
As flinzy and sloppish as waiting-maid's washes,
Or a speech of his own, or Sir James M'Intosh's. (15)

(9.) The reverend Mr Maturin is one of the first quadrillers now extant. He also is a great grinder—and a true Tory.

(10.) A beautiful pass in the Co. Wicklow. You ought to go and see it. *Ans.* We are too old to go touring. C. N.

(11.) A nickname bestowed on Shiel, by the late Right Honourable John Philipot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, much to the satisfaction of the poet. *Sheelahnagig* is the name of a popular tune in the Sister Island, but, we are sorry to say, to words of rather an immoral tendency.

(12.) A Poet mentioned by Cornelius Webb, under the title of "Green Knowles." Rather personal this of Corney. At a public dinner of the Literary Fund, Mr Knowles, we read in the papers, on the health of the Poets of England being proposed, returned thanks! Air, "How prettily we apples swim." On the same occasion an Alderman, (we never mention names,) Captain of Trainbands, returned thanks on the health of the Duke of Wellington and the British army being given. We have an obscure remembrance of Sir Ronald Ferguson doing the same thing here on a similar occasion. Air, "See the conquering hero."

(13.) Banim? Quære. Is it possible there is such a name?

(14.) J. Bertridg Clerk, Esq. Sch. T. C. D. wrote a play called *Ramiro*—a perfect tragedy, all being killed in it except the servants, who were judiciously employed to carry off the dead. Harris, the manager of the Dublin theatre, and he had some rumpus about it;—so had Miss Wilson—the Miss Stephens of Dublin, a very pretty woman, and a very pretty actress. The house was nearly demolished by his brother students—a peaceful body of ingenuous youth.

(15.) Late recorder of Bombay—and father of the pretty bantling of which Mrs. Divan is not yet delivered.

And while we pass over the Cockneyiah dastards,
We must drink to the poet of beggary and bastards;
For there's something so strong in his old-fashion'd gab, sirs,
We'll empty a glass to the Veteran Crabbe, (16) sirs.

Here's to Mitchell, restorer of dear Aristophanes,
Who has made all his fun, and his fire, and his scoffing his.
Here's to Frere, who sometime since wrote Dan Whistlecraft,
And to Rose, who is busy with Roland the Daft.

And here's to the lady-like, lisping, sweet fellow
Who thinks he can write in the vein of Othello,
Without plot or passion—Alas! Peter Proctor—
But it scandals the muse, that makes him need a Doctor. (17)

But still he has written some stanzas of merit,
And caught a fine spark of the delicate spirit
Of the rich Bards of old—and might be an apology
For a Minstrel—wer't not for Cockaigne and Mythology.

And now to the dames of the sky-colour'd stocking,
Who side-saddle Pegasus, his long switch-tail docking,
Who tatter fine cambrics in rhythmical labors,
And dream to the lullings of hautboys and tabors.

Here's first Mother Morgan, akin to morality,
As near as she is to a woman of quality—
And the sweet sapphic verses of Maidenly Sidney,
That so tickle the fancy and touch up the kidney.

Those verses so mawkish, so fat, and so gawdy,
A girlish first fire of the bold and the ———
Which give a fair promise all wisely and wittily
Of the Jacobin cant of her "France" and her "Italy."

But in spite of Canidia and her doughty cavalier,
At her follies full often we purpose to have a lecr—
Unless to Algiers she fly off, as we task her,
Or become the she-Solon (18) of mad Madagascar.

Here's Lucy, in whom wit and wisdom are blended,
By whom everything's seen, felt, and comprehended—
And here's to the genius of Helen Maria,
Of all that is frothy the *Entelechein*.

Here's to Opie the sweet—Here's to high-minded Hannah—
Here's to Shakespeare in Petticoats, noble Joanna—
Here's to all from soft Hemans as rich as a ruby,
To the brogue and the blarney of pretty Miss Lube. (19)

(16.) Crabbe—Mr North, why do I not ever see an article in your Magazine doing justice to the powerful talents of this powerful poet? *Ans.* There's a brow time coming. C. N.

(17.) Alias Barnum Cornwall. A young gentleman most unjustifiably treated in Blackwood. What a shame it is, that a rising young man cannot be allowed to kill his people in fine tragedies, without the sneer of envy, and the murmuring of malice! Take that, Christopher! see how differently he is appreciated in London—where he, author of *Mirandola*, is made one of a committee to erect a monument to his congenial spirit, William Shakespeare, author of *Hamlet*, and other agreeable dramas. *Ans.* We defy any eye to point out a passage in which we have not extolled Mr Cornwall. In fact, he is one of our own pets; and if we do sometimes give him a little gentle and benevolent correction, it is only because we remember the precept of Solomon, "He that spareth the rod, spoileth the child."—C. N.

(18.) Observe, not a *Solan* goose.

(19.) Pretty, indeed, and very pretty—but no brogue, or no blarney, Mr Paddy. C. N.

Now here are four bards, to whom genius is pater,
Who never suck'd poetry from *Alma Mater*—
Who just knew so much of the great Aristotle,
As they got from the fields, from their feelings, and bottle.

Fill first for the Chaldee—the shepherd of Ettrick,
Who stole from the Hills' hums his musical rhet'rick—
For Hogg's rhyme is no grunting—and here's a libation
To Bloomfield, the simplest sweet Bard of the nation.

Here's to Clare and his verses, so simple and pleasant,
The *London's one Bard*—the Northamptonshire peasant ;
And here's to the Galloway boy and his lyrics,
That have put all the Bards of Cockaigne in hysterics.

Here's to Luttrell and Dale, and the Dante of Carey ;
Here's to Lloyd, the preserver of great Alfieri ;
And this bumper to Lamb we send gratefully greeting,
For we love his deep baaing and beautiful bleating.

Here's Thurlow half-witted, and Spencer half-attic,
Yet not lame in the light and the epigrammatic ;
Herbert, tasteless and black, as a glass of bad negus ; (20)
And Strangford, who gather'd some gold from the Tagus.

And now to the bards of the famed silent sister ; (21)
We own, for some seasons or so, we have miss'd her.
And the prize-winning poets of Isis and Cam,
Very fine—very learned—and scarce worth a d—

And now into dozens the poets we'll trundle ;
We must drink to them now at least twelve in the bundle.
Here's Williams and Darley, Barton and Fitzgerald,
Who might shine in a page of the "Times" or the "Herald."

Here's to all the rest, both esquired and anonymous,
May they all in their times find their own Hicronymus ;
Though their verses may live until Saturday se'nnight,
Or as long as the speeches of Brougham or of Bennet.

We can give no more names—faith, we ne'er could be able ,
If we did, we would soon be laid under the table.
Then one glass to them all, male and female together,
Who recite in the dog-days, in spite of the weather.

This last three times three, boys.—Hip, hip, hip, hurra !
The Poets of England—By jingo ! 'tis day.
Can Alarie (22) save them ?—No ; our *personality*
And Maga alone can give them immortality.

PADDY?

(20.) Hibernice Nagus. See note 4.

(21.) By "Silent Sister," is meant Trinity College, Dublin—A most unfounded and ridiculous calumny, as we shall have the pleasure of proving ere long. C. N.

(22.) Alarie A. Watts, Esq. who is employed about what we doubt not will be a most interesting work, *Specimens of the British Poets*. Of course, he must exhibit us in full fig. C. N.

GREEN'S GUIDE TO THE LAKES OF ENGLAND.*

We believe we can safely say, that we never recommended a bad book to our readers since the commencement of our critical career. We now most strenuously recommend to them two volumes, which, owing to the mode of their publication, run great risk of being entirely overlooked or forgotten. We have in our possession every book, large and little, good, bad, and indifferent, that has been written on the North of England; and we now declare, that the "Tourist's New Guide to the Lakes," by William Green, contains more correct, minute, and interesting information concerning every thing worth seeing in that most delightful of all parts of this earth, than all the rest put together. Two volumes of about 500 pages each, are crammed full of facts; we have not detected one mistake, or error, or oversight of any importance, in all this mass; and the tourist who has with him this safe and trusty guide, may dismiss all others, from Gray and Gilpin, down to Budworth and Houseman.

Mr Green was well known, by all his friends, (among whom we are glad to reckon ourselves,) to possess a greater number of qualifications for the work he has now executed, than any other individual. He has lived twenty years at Keswick and Ambleside, in the midst of beauty; it has been the business of his life to study nature; and to that business he brought great talents, intense perseverance, and passionate enthusiasm. The stock-dove does not know the recesses of the groves and woods better than he, nor the raven the cliffs and crags of the fells. Like his friend, Mr Wordsworth's "Old Michael," he has been alone upon the mountains, "in the heart of many thousand mists," and no accident of weather is unknown to him, between calm and hurricane. Accordingly, his work is authentic—

every statement in it can be depended upon—and it is a record of multifarious and delightful experiences. We verily believe there is not a stream, however small, that exists in dry weather, of which some notice is not taken in these volumes; not a tiny waterfall escapes; every bridge, though it be but a fallen tree, is named and localized; many a fairy nook, and green oasis is revealed; and, in short, the great outline of the land of lakes and mountains is filled up with a precision, a fulness, and an accuracy, no less wonderful than delightful.

Now, a book of this kind must be invaluable to those who wish really to travel the country it describes. Almost all the other "Guides to the Lakes," &c. are vague, indefinite, and inaccurate; for they have been all written by men imperfectly acquainted with that scenery. They either give first impressions as they were received during a hurried progress through the country, in which case they rarely fail of being false; or they are laboriously, tastelessly, or coldly compiled in journeys undertaken for the express purpose of description. Some of Gray's sketches are admirable, for he was a man of a million; and West, though a weak man and ignorant, had really his heart in his work. But all the rest are sad—sad, or so—so. The tourist who trusts to them is often led "floundering on and far astray." Molehills are made mountains—a rivulet cannot hop down from a sheep-pasture, but it is charged with being a thundering cataract; land that is well known to let for twenty shillings an acre, and which is found by the shepherds and shepherdesses to be quite soft, comfortable and fertile, is described by these wall-eyed wonderers as frowning in all the sterility of desolation;—a crevice in the face of a rock, into which a fox squeezes himself with some dif-

* *The Tourist's New Guide; containing a Description of the Lakes, Mountains, and Scenery in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire; with some Account of the Bordering Towns and Villages.* By William Green. 2 vols. 8vo. Kendal, printed and published by R. Lough and Co.; sold by J. Richardson, 91, Royal Exchange, London; Constable, Edinburgh; Smith, Liverpool, &c. &c.; and by the author, at Ambleside.

Besides these names, a vast crowd of others are mentioned as sellers of Mr Green's Work. But we fear they are out of copies, for the most part; since we know that applications have in vain been made, at different times, by different friends of our own.

ficulty, is said to be a yawning cavern, or like the entrance into the infernal regions, Virgil being lugged in to justify the libel; and a soft, serene, mild, and dewy mist, which in Scotland would pass for a bit of sunshine, is a black and gloomy veil imperfectly hiding the horror of the scene. This drivelling spirit of exaggeration pervades all the valleys, without one single exception. Poor Gray was afraid to proceed up Borrowdale, lest the hills should fall and cover him. Gilpin was eternally agape at cataracts and thunder; and many others have shivered and shuddered on the banks of raging torrents, through which the writer of this article has waded without wetting his jacket, (once, we believe, with Mr Green upon his back,) or over which he has leapt with as much ease as he would write a better Essay than Macvey's on Lord Bacon.

From all this folly Mr Green is free. He gives the mountains, rocks, cataracts, and woods, their due. But he knows that they are all quite harmless, if you will only treat them civilly; in traversing a long vale, with superincumbent cliffs, he wisely thinks less of death than dinner; and in place of alarming himself with an ideal picture of shepherds digging him and his portfolio out of the ruins, he is frequently looking about for a snug shop under a precipice, beneath whose steadfast shelter from sun or rain, he may lug out his bread and cheese, and his pocket-pistol, pouring forth a libation down his throat to Bacchus, Apollo, Cupid, Vulcan, and Neptune, the Gods, we believe, of Drinking, the Fine Arts, Love, and Geology.

A few words as to the style of these volumes. Mr Green speaks of his powers of literary composition with much modesty—the pencil, and not the pen, being his usual weapon. But we have uniformly remarked, that he writes best who has most to say; and, accordingly, Mr Green, having a great deal to say, says it extremely well indeed. Not unfrequently he waxes witty and pleasant, just like ourselves; and there is a simplicity, a *naïveté*, and *bonhomie*, about the man himself, which any one who peruses him in his work must like. For our own parts, we have often put the book down, and shook our honest sides with laughter at his ultra-human simplicity.

It is our serious intention to pitch our Tent next summer, somewhere or other among these said Lakes. Each of our principal contributors will have a Lake assigned him, and the lesser ones a Tarn. Wastle shall have Windermere—Odoherly, Ullswater—Ourselves, Keswick—and Kempherhausen is perfectly welcome to Coniston. By a judicious distribution of our forces, (all meeting together twice a-week in the Sultan's tent,) the Lakes will find themselves looked at and described in a way they never experienced before:—But now for our good friend, Green.

Mr Green supposes the tourist to approach the region of the Lakes, either from Ulverston or from Kendal. Accordingly, the first 132 pages of his first volume are occupied by descriptions of every thing worth seeing from Lancaster, across the Sands, about Furness Abbey, Ulverston, Coniston Lake, and all the scenery about and around it. Coniston Lake never was a favourite of ours; but there are many delightful things about the head of it—Tilberthwaite, Yewdale, &c. &c. all of which Mr Green describes well and accurately, without parade or exaggeration.

Our worthy and intelligent author then supposes himself and his readers to be at Kendal, and conducts them by Staveley and Orresthead to Windermere. Upwards of a hundred pages are bestowed on this the Queen of the English Lakes, and all her splendid, and beautiful, and gorgeous possessions of bays, streams, islands, groves, hills, cottages, villas, and villages. We flatter ourselves that we know Windermere as well as the room in which we now sit. We know its shores, we know its surface; and, what is more than what most people can say, we are not altogether unacquainted with its bottom, having frequently dived down among its naiads, with a grace and agility which Lord Byron, in spite of all his swaggering about swimming, might in vain attempt to imitate. We can, therefore, laud Mr Green for his admirable report on this subject. He does not, indeed, go to the bottom of it, as we have done; but nothing visible has escaped him; and he has perambulated and circumnavigated shore and sea with such a prying spirit, as not to have left a creek or a cranny undiscovered.

Supposing Ambleside to be the headquarters of the tourist, Mr Green then takes some excursions with him up Great and Little Langdale, &c. &c. and all the majestic scenery of the adjacent district. And, then, in like manner, carries him over Kirkstone, and shews him all the wonders of Ullswater. Haweswater, a Lake not much known to tourists, but extremely beautiful, and forming, it may be almost said, part of the princely demesnes of Lowther, then falls under Mr Green's pencil and pen, both of which do it justice; and then, after touching at Brampton, Shap, &c. he wheels about, and returns to Ambleside. A great deal of curious and novel matter is to be met with in this part of Vol. I. The volume concludes with an ample and minute description of Rydal, Grassmere, and Wythburn Lakes, and of all the scenery, indeed, between Ambleside and Keswick.

During the chief part of the first volume Mr Green has supposed his headquarters to be at Ambleside. He now establishes himself at Keswick, and thence makes excursions in every direction, over new ground. Derwentwater itself undergoes as thorough an examination as any lady ever underwent from a custom-house officer on her arrival from France per packet. Borrowdale, Newlands, Buttermere, Crummock-water, Wastwater, Ennerdale Lake, and a thousand other scenes of whose existence the ordinary tourist has no conception, come up phantasmagorically or panorama-wise before us; and, before we get to bed at Penrith, we have described, circle after circle, and square after square, and triangle after triangle, till our head is in a most delightful state of confusion; and we feel that to see the Country of the Lakes as it ought to be seen—twenty years (which is about the time Mr Green has taken,) is not a whit too long for a man of moderate powers of locomotion.

We have said that Mr Green has given us about 1000 pages of letter-press. These volumes are also enriched with a great number of engravings and etchings, which give a much better and truer picture of the various scenery of the north of England, than all the works of all the other artists of Great Britain. Mr Green is a man, let no doubt, and has some rather offensive peculiarities, as an artist.

But all his faults are as nothing when put into the scales with his great and manifold merits. His distances and his mists are quite admirable; and the very worst of his views of lake or mountain, brings living nature herself before our imagination. His foregrounds are often heavy and bad, and grievously monotonous. A huge block of black-brown stone, that seems as if it had been hewed by some drunken Druid, generally occupies one corner, and he is partial to a tree, which occasionally resembles a birch, but which more frequently looks like a vast number of Indian warriors' heads, turned with their faces from the spectators, with long coarse hair depending, and all stuck upon a bundle of poles of different lengths. Parts too of almost all his foregrounds are meant, we presume, for the smooth verdant lawn close nibbled by sheep, or browsed by cattle; but they resemble nothing so much as the backs of shaven porcupines, whose prickles are beginning to sprout. Strange animals too are seen in these foregrounds, some seemingly human. A gentleman is walking arm in arm with a lady, among the ruins of Furness Abbey, certainly without his coat, and we fear without his breeches; and on the border of an English lake, we could not but start in some alarm to behold a rhinoceros whispering something into the ear of a white bear. These latter animals, we suspect, from the context, to be meant for cattle—but we refer to Messrs Curwen and Polito, if they be not much more outlandish and formidable creatures.

To each volume is appended a list of excursions—each list containing upwards of eighty. The distance from place to place is marked with unfailing accuracy—and the lines which these excursions describe intersect the whole country in every imaginable direction. Each excursion is marked with the page of the volume where the scenery through which it leads is particularly described, and these two lists are worth all the living lubberly guides that ever existed. Poor Bobby Partridge excepted—peace to his shade!

These volumes, large paper, cost two guineas—small paper, one guinea. The large paper copies have a third more engravings. But both are cheap. The tourist will save many pounds sterling by purchasing Mr Green's Guide:

and he will save much valuable time, otherwise lost, from want of good information, or from bad. Mr Green printed the work, we believe, at his own expence; and sincerely do we hope that, in a few summers, he will have disposed of the whole edition.

Tourists who visit the Lakes without it, should call on Mr Green, and get a copy from his own hands. And if they do not find it the most useful guide through a country that they ever possessed, we are willing to pay for it.

And this leads us to mention that this excellent artist and worthy man has an exhibition of paintings, engravings, etchings, drawings, &c. &c. in his house, Ambleside, (one, too, at Keswick,) which every tourist ought to visit. If before he commence his rambles, he will see there, as in a succession of visions, the beauty and the magnificence of the living nature which he is about to explore; if after, he may there renew his impressions, and take a farewell glimpse of the streams, vales, mountains, lakes,

groves, and clouds, which have yielded him such delight. And if he purchase a few of Mr Green's works, (he has them of all prices, from a crown to ten guineas; for that, we believe, is about his highest rate for what is well worth twenty,) he will carry with him fair and faithful representations of places where he has been cheerful or happy, and that will bear looking at, and dreaming upon, in the busy haunts of men, and in the noise of the great city.

Finally.—Mr Wordsworth has just published in a neat little five shilling duodecimo, (Longman,) an *Essay on the Scenery of the North of England*. It is, as might have been anticipated, full of fine feeling and fine philosophy. He analyzes the country, and shews all the sources of the pleasure which it is peculiarly fitted to yield the enlightened and thoughtful mind. But after all, the best book to read (we are not now speaking of Guides,) before, during, and after a Tour of the Lakes, is *THE LYRICAL BALLADS*.

I. If we were about to pay a visit to the Lakes, how should we travel? Why, in a gig, or a chaise, to be sure. A pedestrian is a great ass. Fect, it is to be hoped, were given to the human race for some better purpose than walking upon; and that exercise approximates a Christian sadly to a cur. It is all right and fitting that a quadruped, or polyped, like Jock-with-the-many-legs, should go on foot; but a man, being a mere biped, should know better than to walk, except on short journeys across the room, &c. when walking has always appeared to us, except in cases of extreme corpulency, at once one of the elegancies and necessities of life. But a pedestrian pursuing the picturesque up hill and down dale, ill protected by clouds of dust from a burning sun, with a mouth and throat parched and baked with thirst, brows pouring with sweat, cheeks flaming like a north-west moon, breeches chafing far worse than the sea, and shoes peeling heel and pinching toe, till a walk is of a composite order including drawl, drag, shuffle, sneak, lumber, and limp—we venture humbly to suggest, that a gentleman so circumstanced must be a prejudiced spectator of the beauties of nature. When the unhappy monster has toiled his way into an inn, what, pray, does he expect? not surely to be treated like a Protestant, or even a Catholic. Can he have the conscience to expect that he shall be suffered to deposit, with impunity, the extremities of his sweaty and dusty body upon a parlour-chair, or absolutely to fling down his loathsome length among the shepherdesses impressed on the pastoral print of a sofa in the North of England? Forbid it, waiter! and shew the pedestrian into the barn. The truth must be told. Pedestrians, male and female, young and old, Dissenters or of the Established Church, have all a smell, to which the smell of goats is as the smell of civets. How can it be otherwise? But, without entering into the rationale of the matter, we just take the fact as we find it; and we declare solemnly, as if these were the last words we were ever to write in this Magazine, that, in the most remote room of the largest inn, we can, nay, must, nose the arrival of a pedestrian, the moment his fetid foot pollutes the clear cool slate-stone of the threshold. This is the truth—not the whole truth; but nothing but the truth. Now, is this fair? Must I—We we mean—sicken over our dinner, because a prig will waddle in worsted stockings, or socks, as they are with genuine beastliness called? Shall the brock be allowed to badger us, the Editor of this Magazine? But this is not all: He is also a foul feeder. Ale and oil

to him are opening paradise—Corned beef and greasy greens are crowded down, full measure, and running over, as our dearly beloved friend Charles Lamb says of the wits of great Eliza's golden days, into the foul recesses of a congenial stomach. Then the Sinner smokes; and, after his dense dinner, comes staggering into the lobby, literally talking tobacco—which is not cigar, but shag. Shall he snore in sheets, and blubber in blankets? Yes—and who knows but into his very lair shall next night be laid some sweet spinster of seventeen, half-conscious, by an indescribable instinct, that there is something or another odious in her situation? Or perhaps a couple, ere yet the honey-moon has filled her horns? Why, the very knowledge that such a thing is possible, is enough to change a bridal-bed into a pig-stye, in the enamoured imagination of all delicate people. Rats are bad enough, especially when they die behind the wainscot; but what are six dozen of dead rats to one living pedestrian? A fourmart is a sweetmart to him—in short, he is as odious as he is unhappy; and the only consolation left to a true Christian, is, that he is as unhappy as he is odious.

II. A man on horseback is bad enough, but nothing to the polecat now considered. It is probable he is a Bagman—it is possible he is the Bagman. Whichever he be, it is both a moral and physical impossibility that he can be sweet. For, look at him as you behold him on the road. He generally despises gloves, or wears them in his pocket. One hand, therefore, grasps the greasy reins, and the other a greasier whip. Look at his nails, and you will swear he has been digging pig-nuts. The palm is cracked horn, and the back is one hairy blister. Up and down he goes on his saddle—not without reason; for he is saddle-sick. Those boots never saw Turner's blacking—they are dim, and redolent of soot and suet. Corduroy breeches are good for hiding the dirt; and divine service has been frequently performed in kirk and cathedral since brush or broomstick disturbed the pepper and salt of that jemmy jockey-frock. This is your Bagman, travelling among the Lakes for orders. But, for the love of God! go to the fourth inn of the village, if you have one grain of mercy in your whole composition. Over the way yonder, the "Cat and Fiddle" is making a sign for you to enter in—"The Dog" is wagging his tail, and the "Mag-Pie" chattering to her beloved Bagman. There you will find a salve for every sore—there your corduroys will be washed for two-pence-halfpenny—there a fresh layer of manure will enrich the soil of your boots—and some beautiful brown soap add paleness and perfume to your mauleys. Why, if you are not a Day and Martin behind the fair, you may make your fortune by marrying the landlord's daughter.

III. So much for Pedestrians and Bagmen. Which is the most loathsome disgusting? We cannot tell. Often, often, when sickening under the one, have we sighed for the other—and, *vice versa*. However, to be candid and impartial, as we always are, except in politics, we certainly do know one pedestrian, who, on the whole, is worse than any bagman we have yet experienced. He is a clergyman, and wears spectacles. We wish to mention his name, but that would be personal. Let us therefore describe him as well as we can anonymously. His cheeks are bluff, puffed up, and red as cherries. His mouth is small, of course, but large enough to shew that his teeth are rotten. The puppy wears sailor's clothes, and a black silk handkerchief. That it may be seen he is a gentleman, he sports fine linen, and a frill. The wretch seldom shaves. He has a burr in his throat, which sounds like a watchman's rattle made of wet Indian-rubber, if the benevolent reader can imagine such a thing. He talks, with that instrument of speech and torture, of poetry, and painting, and music—and, to crown all, he is a whig. We know of no Bagman half so bad as this—and as he used to infest the Lakes, we wish to put our readers on their guard against this walking nuisance, who, with those traits peculiar to himself, combines all the odious characteristics of the ordinary pedestrian.

IV. Yet, we believe, that we are mistaken in alluding to this person, as the most odious of all pedestrians. There is an absolute class of them, one and all as odious as he—and they are as follows:—Creatures of literary, metaphysical, and poetical habits, who write, we shall suppose, for the London Magazines. They must all see the Lakes, farsooth, and visit Mr Wordsworth. It is their opinion, we presume, that the language of the peasantry of the

North of England is the language of poetry, and they give reasons for the faith that is in them, purloined and parboiled from the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads. The bold, true perceptions of a great original genius, become pure idiocy in their adoption by Cockneys; and surely it will be allowed to be most universally disgusting to hear empty-pated praters from Lunnon expounding the principles of one of the profoundest thinkers of the age. These metropolitan ninnies have the unendurable impertinence to take lodgings at Ambleside and Keswick.—Now, though a cat may look at a king, a Cockney ought not to be suffered to look at a mountain. But these wretches are wicked enough to wonder, and audacious enough to admire. They commit to the prison of their memory, where a few dwindled ideas, put into confinement, lie in a state of loathsome idleness, scraps of Mr Wordsworth's poems. We would give them up Alice Fell and her duffle cloak, on condition of their stopping with her at Durham; but who, with a heart or a soul, can bear to see them offering indecencies to poor Ruth, "setting her little water-mills by spouts and fountains wild?" Who does not shudder to think that they may have given ostentatious alms to the "Old Cumberland Beggar," as the Kendal Coach was passing by with twenty outsiders? These are the reptiles, that, if not trod upon, will occasion a fall in the price of land in the northern counties.

V. What, it may be asked, is the best time of the year for visiting the Lakes?—Our answer is, any time between the 1st day of January and the last day of December. There is much mouthing, mumping, inoping, melancholy, mournful and miserable mumminery, in the talk about Autumn. Autumnal tints are all very well in their way, except upon the neck of an aunt or artichoke, where they are not so sweet as seasonable. But to ninety-nine people out of a hundred it is of no earthly consequence, whether tints on trees, and mountains, and so forth, are vernal, (what the deuce is the proper summer adjective?) autumnal, or brumal. The colour of the country is good enough at all times, except, perhaps, when the snow happens to be six feet deep, when, loath though we be to dissent from Mr Coleridge, we think white is too much of the prevailing tone, and neither orange nor purple. The chief objection to travelling in a mountainous country in winter, at least after, or during, a heavy fall of snow, seems to be that it is impossible. But, no doubt, a man looking out of his parlour window, with a good rousing fire at his back, and a pretty girl (his wife) in or out of the room,—up stairs whipping the children,—or down stairs scolding the servants, may pass a few minutes in very agreeable contemplation of nature, even in winter, and on the morning after half-dozen shepherds, and twenty score of sheep, have been lost in the snow. Let, therefore, any man that chuses visit the Lakes in Winter if he can, and we shall not think him mad, only a little crazy. We should suppose that Spring was a season by no means amiss for Lakeing. But the difficulty here, is to know when it is Spring. Many and oft is the time when it has slipped through our fingers without our having felt it; and then, it is to be remembered, that in our Island it comes round only once in seven years. When a tourist is lucky enough to find himself among the Lakes in a *bona fide* spring season, he will enjoy himself intensely; for the autumnal tints may all go to the devil and shake themselves in comparison with the beautiful glories of mother Earth, and of Father Jove, between the middle of April and the middle of June. Midsummer is often so horridly hot that there is no living comfortably anywhere but in the cellar, except for a few hours in the early morning and the late evening. *¶* Then all is voluptuous languor—or bright awakening from a dream—or the divine hush of happy nature sinking again into dewy repose. With plenty of ginger-beer, spruce, cyder, soda, and imperial pop, even the dog-days may be made passable; and by kicking off sheets and blankets, and opening the windows of our room, a bed may be prevented from being a stew-pan, or an oven warmed by steam.

VI. So much for the best season of Lakeing. Now for the inns. Are the inns good? For the most part excellent. All the head inns are so; and in many places so are the second and third, and even the tail inns. Take, for example, Windermere. Can there be a better inn ever imagined than the White-Lion at Bowness? Impossible. From small beginning, it has risen, like Rome,

year after year, into splendour. Oh! that dear delicious parlour up stairs, on the left hand as you go into the bowling-green! What charming char—what princely pike—what elegant cols—what matchless mutton—what handsome ham—and what royal rounds of beef have we not devoured within these four walls! Then 'what beds! The worst of them is, that to leave them is almost impossible. You sink down into a soft vale of lilies, and your dreams are forthwith of all you desire. Seldom rose we up from our delightful dormitory till, about twelve o'clock, we heard the south breeze come pushing up from the sea. Then Billy used to tap at our door with his tarry paw, and whisper, "Master, Peggs is ready. I have brailed up the foresail; her jigger sits as straight as the Knave of Clubs; and we have ballasted with sand-bags. We've beat the Liverpoolian to-day, master." Then I rose; but as to beating the Liverpoolian, that triumph yet rests in the bosom of futurity.—But we are forgetting the White-Lion. We at last succeeded in establishing Scotch breakfasts there, against the united resistance of both Mr and Mrs Ullock. On our first establishment at these head-quarters, the worthy pair used to send up for our breakfast a solitary egg, two or three wafers of dry toast, and a bit of butter like a button. We swallowed them all up at one gulp, and then asked the waiter, "Pray, where is breakfast?" The poor girl was dumb-founded, and took us for Squire Ingleby, King of the Conjurors, Boaz, or black Mr Devaynes from Liverpool; for our hair is black, and our complexion sallow. Ere long the whole system was changed. Four eggs, the loaf, honey, jelly and jam, tea and coffee, and a bowl of cream, cold beef, ham, potted char, a fowl, or any other trifle of that kind, were substituted for the button, and the wafer, and the bantam's product; and such is the power of good example, that, a few days after the adoption of the new system, we happened to go into the bar, and there we found ruiue host and ruiue hostess, and their amiable family, imitating us to the utmost of their abilities, in demolishing a breakfast, whose general features remain impressed upon our memory even unto this day. But, fair or ugly, gentle or gruff, reader, go to the White Lion, Bowness, and judge for thyself, of bed and board, and boat. You will lose your stomach there—perhaps your heart. But your life is pretty safe; for we believe, that such is the excellence of the flotilla belonging to Admiral Ullock, that fewer pleasure-parties have been drowned from the White Lion, than from any respectable inn among all the Lakes. About the inns at Lowood, Ambleside, the Ferry, and Newby Bridge, we could delight to prose like Coleridge, or poetize like Wordsworth; but suffice it for the present to say, that Lowood is a delightful inn; and we have been told by the very highest authority (Sir William Curtis,) that there good eating, drinking, and sleeping, are to be found under the auspices of Mr Chapman;—that the inn at Ambleside, (in former days a paradise under the care of our respected friend Mr Wilcock, now land-steward at Calgarth,) still flourishes in unabated splendour, and plentiful accomodation, beneath the banner of Mr Ladyman;—and that Newby-Bridge inn maintains its ancient reputation for civility and good fare, under the masterly and mistressly management of the Bells.

VII. So much for a mere specimen of an Essay on Inns—a subject which we have not at present leisure to pursue. Finally, and to conclude, (as our friend, the Reverend Terence Magrath, is wont to say, after preaching for a couple of hours,) what, it may be asked, are, and ought to be, the principal objects of the Lake tourist? We answer, eating and drinking. Scenery, we hold, is a subordinate consideration. Such is the wise conformation of our animal economy, that few persons of taste can feel happy without four or five meals a-day. Poets and philosophers generally require six. It is all very well to admire the Langdale pikes (peaks of a mountain,) but Windermere bass (perch) are much more admirable, especially when looked at towards the evening, when the shadows are long. Let prigs and pedants prate about the picturesque. But, liberal and enlightened reader of Blackwood, look thou at flood and fell at thy leisure, take solitary meditations among the mountains in due moderation, and, as you value our good opinion, make no odious and invidious comparisons between the woods, and the waters, and the rocks, which nature made for thy wonder and admiration. Look and listen—eat, drink, and be merry; and God bless you.

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

LORD LIVERPOOL'S illness has excited a degree of anxiety, in which politics, and their humiliating personal feelings, have had but little share. The dissolution of the Ministry may not have depended upon his life, but it was obvious, that the loss of a man who had secured so large an interest in the national respect, must be a serious blow to any administration. We have great faith in the stability of the present government, because we have great reliance on the good sense of the British people. The heart of England is still uncorrupted; Revolution is looked on with disgust and contempt by the manly understanding of the nation; the good, and intelligent form a mighty majority, not the less decisive or just, that their judgment is given without parade or clamour, in quiet, unostentatious dignity. The absence of national complaint is the true panegyric of an administration. Faction takes its natural refuge in the *tricks of popularity*, and under the roof of clubs and common-halls, magnifies its own querulous and vulgar murmurs into the voice of the nation. This is the progress of vanity. But the course of true patriotism is above all this miserable artifice and empty illusion. "*Largior ipse campos*." It moves through a region too lofty for an echo; amenable for its good or evil only to the Power which has given it the talent and the occasions of public service, it stoops to popular panegyric neither for its excitement, nor its reward. It will not sully its lip by drinking from the muddy streams of street popularity; its march is neither preceded nor followed by the roar of the populace. We might as well expect to see, like the Gothic fable, the spreading of light and heat through nature, announced by the rattling of the Sun's chariot wheels.

The true evidence of popularity is in the quiet confidence of the people. Whatever may be the source of ministerial strength in other countries, in England it is altogether the reliance of the people on the manliness, and the wisdom of Administration. A Ministry without the respect of the nation would be a tree without its roots; the spirit of plunder and the spirit of scorn would blow against it, and the first gust would fling it, with

all the honours of its branches, on the earth. But a Government that can struggle with public difficulties, and yet keep itself erect, must have a deep grasp in the hidden, vital feelings of the nation.

Bring Administration on its trial, and let us hear its answer,—“We have been opposed to great emergencies; we have been compelled to use strong measures against a factious portion of the people, yet here we stand; we have been enabled to extinguish successively those fevers of discontent which, running at times through the circulation of all states, run most through the free; we have succeeded in upholding the vigour of the laws, through periods when the avowed object of faction was the contempt of the laws; we have stood forward and secured the Ancient Church, when the tide set against its walls; and as the result of all these struggles and successes, we now present to Europe the spectacle of an empire unshaken in the midst of her convulsions—a great fabric of power, with its wealth, its strength, and its sacredness undiminished—not a stone of its grandeur overturned, in a time of earthquake that seemed commissioned against all human stability.”

It is not left to the slow reverence of posterity to pronounce that those things have been done. They are before our eyes—the food and substance of our political being. We lay ourselves down upon our beds, without the clang of the revolutionary axe in our ears, and rise in the morning, without the whips and goads of foreign slavery, or domestic treason, in the strength of these services. The fact of this security is enough. Common sense asks no more unanswerable proof of national confidence; and we will add, no more honourable title to national homage.

Lord Liverpool came into public life in the beginning of the French Revolution. The biography of a statesman is in the great events of his public career. The rank and public reputation of his father naturally placed him prominently before the general eye. But it is his personal praise, that he sustained the impression of his first advance to the state; that, during a life which tried the practical

ples and talents of all public men, he has stood in the foreground of honour and ability, and that his final elevation to the highest trust that can be committed to a subject, was less like a capricious bounty of the Crown, than the natural conquest of a vigorous mind, long tried, and found un-failing in talent and integrity. For the last century, no Minister has been placed at the head of affairs with less of national repugnance or remark than Lord Liverpool.

He took power by none of those sudden surprises that are so often the work of charlatanism—he was lifted up on the shoulders of no giddy popularity—he was forced upon the Sovereign by no clamour of party. He ascended his height step by step—he was open to the full investigation of the national eye during the whole of his ascent; and when at last he touched the summit, he planted his foot upon it without an effort, and was acknowledged without an exclamation.

During the war of the Revolution, Lord Liverpool held some of the most important offices of government; and was successively Secretary for the Home Department and for Foreign Affairs. His connection with the immortal Pitt was of the most confidential and permanent kind. He was not without powerful competitors in that confidence, nor without resolute and able opposition in the House of Commons. Lord Grey has degraded himself by his connections with the rabble of Whiggism; but there was a time when he stood in the foremost ranks of the aristocracy—the bold and eloquent champion of a specious cause. His most decided and peculiar antagonist was Lord Liverpool. This honourable rivalry continued until the Foxites were broken down, and Lord Grey was crushed under the ruins of his cause; but the Parliamentary records of the day will long deserve to be consulted by those who take delight in the noble competition of cultivated minds, in the acuteness and intrepidity by which a falling party may defend itself to the last; and in the manliness and dignity, the clear intelligence, and eloquent truth, by which the right may be made the triumphant.

It was in this camp that Lord Liverpool was formed. The nobler struggles of public life have now passed away. Parliamentary diligence is now busied about ledgers and returns, calculations of money, and the humble contro-

versies of clerks and printers. These are all good in their time, and far be it from us to doubt their utility. But the age of splendid struggle is gone. With what an eye must the man look round the walls of Parliament, who remembers the mighty displays of the last thirty years. The great leaders, the lofty and pre-eminent race that moved under their banners—the battle for nothing less than the salvation or ruin of universal society—Fox, “glittering with permissive glory,” “like Satan armed”—Pitt on the opposite front, an intellectual giant, in his panoply of truth and light, smiting him down with the “sword so tempered from the armoury of Heaven,” that “neither keen nor solid might resist its edge,”—the long and dubious conflict,—the magnificent hazard,—the final and sweeping overthrow.

Still the Government of England is a matter to occupy all the resources of an experienced and statesmanlike mind. Parliamentary contests were gentle and generous exercises, compared with the rude, sullen, barbarian fierceness of democratic assault. The objects of contest have been changed. Place is not the prize, nor Parliament the field. But the Country is the field, and the prize is the Constitution. If war with France had its evils, it had almost a compensating good in its supplying a vent for the wild and explosive discontents of our daring minds. Now the eruption is at an end; there is a cessation of those fearful and magnificent bursts of power which shot from the bosom of our free and fiery soil, and raised and enlightened the eye of Europe. We are not inclined to think of the later disturbances of England as the results of incurable malignity. They take, to our conception, the aspect of the great, partially perverted force of Freedom; the natural materials of that vegetative vigour, which, directed to human good, covers the land with a noble produce, but which, checked in its wholesome circulation, infects the moral atmosphere, until, through many a fearful shock and mutation, through the voice of thunders and the convulsion of the elements, the balance is restored, and the air of the Constitution purified for a time.

But we are not rash enough to doubt that danger is abroad. We will not trust to any mere instinctive physical preservative of the State. The hour is not come when honour, and ability,

and patriotism, may sleep on their towers. No man can disbelieve the existence of a deliberate determination to shake the State. The means are indifferent—open insurrection or covert treachery—the torch or the dagger. The hand of Rebellion is not scrupulous—the Revolutionary Devil is not yet chained. There is, at this hour, stalking through the populace of England, a spirit of hatred against Heaven and Earth, that ought to fill our languid pulpits with exhortation, and our lips with deprecatory outcry, to the great Preserver of Kingdoms. We have a palpable and avowed Atheism insulting our common sense and the laws, and rising with additional and insolent strength from every renewed fall. We have Jacobinism openly professed and propagated. A perverted press, turning the mental food of the people into poison. A daring faction, bound together by a band of subversion, and waiting only for some heavy visitation of the seasons, or some of those unhappy national contingencies which vex a people into murmuring, to raise their rebellious standard in the bosom of the land. The strength of the Continental Governments is still dislocated, and bleeding from the Revolutionary shock. Insurrection in England would gather the rejected disturbers of Europe from every spot where they now hide, or prepare their strength, like vultures round a corpse. They feel that the fall of Religion and Law in England would decide the ruin of both throughout society; as they feel that the security of both is linked with the safety of England. The battle is to be fought within our borders; and if we are to be masters of the field, it will be through the wisdom of our governors, seconded by the confidence of our people.

Comparisons between the members of an Administration, employed in

services of this rank, are unnecessary. Whatever may be their individual merits, the Leader must have, by the common rule of distribution, the highest measure of praise. Lord Liverpool, in whatever office, must have signalized himself, so long as a vigorous understanding, a persevering, solid research, and a most manly, well-informed, and forcible eloquence, made the materials of public distinction. No man in Parliament speaks with a deeper effect on the conviction of the House, because no man more palpably speaks from his own conviction. There is an impressive sincerity about his public speaking that forces its way direct to the heart. No man less affects oratory—no man possesses more of its finest influence, that of extinguishing all irritated and malignant feelings in the breast of his opponents. He addresses himself to the question, not as the advocate of a side, but as a powerful, yet amicable inquirer into the truth. His speeches have successively debated all the great questions which have agitated the public mind for many years. They will be found to contain the clearest statements, and the most sufficient decisions among the entire records of our later eloquence. The stamp of an intelligent, and high-principled mind is upon them. They have contributed in an *unrivalled* degree to establish the public opinion upon their several subjects. They have built for their speaker an estimation, which will not perish until men cease to honour talent and patriotism. We are of the people, and we solemnly believe that we speak with the popular voice, when we say of the minister as the Greek said of Fabricius:—"It would be easier to turn the sun from his course, than this man from the paths of integrity." We know nothing nobler in human praise.

ANOTHER OXFORD CONTROVERSY!

MR EDITOR,

In your last Magazine, you have given your readers some account of the squibs and crackers which have been lately flying about our University, respecting close Colleges and Public Examinations, &c.; but you are probably unacquainted with *another* controversy which has lately been making some stir amongst us. This also relates to Dr Coplestone, and has arisen

Oxford, July 3, 1822.

from his *Inquiry into Predestination*; yet it has little or nothing to do with either Calvinists or Arminians. It is so far interesting, that it is, in some measure, *new ground*, and this is saying a great deal in its favour. So far as I understand the points in dispute, they may be considered, *first*, as Philosophical, and, *secondly*, as Theological. The philosophical part re-

lates to the nature of *anology*, which Dr Coplestone asserts to consist exclusively in the *likeness of relations*; whilst his opponent, Mr Grinfield, affirms that it must ultimately depend on a *likeness of the subject-matter of such relations*. This, you will say, is a very dry and uninteresting subject; and yet, you cannot think with how much warmth it has been debated between the parties concerned. But, like our navigators when they get into the arctic regions, I suppose it is necessary for these metaphysical disputants to keep themselves and their readers warm by every kind of artificial heat.

As to the *Theological* part, it is more generally interesting, because it comes home to all our hearts and bosoms. It is this—whether the moral qualities of man, such as mercy, justice, &c. be the same in kind, as the divine attributes to which we give the same names. This, Dr Coplestone says, cannot be proved; and he grounds his

assertion on the authority of Archbishop King. Mr Grinfield, on the contrary, proceeds on the beaten track, that all such moral qualities are derived from the Divine Being, and that human virtue and goodness consist in this resemblance to the Divine Nature. I need not say, that all the merit of originality is on Dr Coplestone's side of the question; and that if he can establish his argument, he will henceforward be regarded, not only as a very elegant scholar, but as an original and inventive reasoner. I should like to hear what your metaphysical heads at Edinburgh would say on the subject.

These disputes are new amongst us, and we hope they will shew you, that we are beginning to *think* for ourselves, and that we do not spend all our time in weighing longes and shorts, in disputes about the *dugnuma*, and such like classical recreations.

I am yours, &c.

OXONIAE,
e Colleg. Omnium Annuarum.

* * We gladly insert the above letter, because every thing connected with the great University from which it comes, is an object of almost national importance. If our Oxford correspondent will take the trouble of turning over some of our late volumes, he will find some acute observations on Doctor Coplestone's theory, written by a much valued contributor. Whether wandering into the misty regions of metaphysical controversy is better than classical researches, is a question into which we do not wish to enter; but surely such disputes cannot be new in Oxford—they were not new there some hundred years ago at least. We, here in the north, are stunned with them, and, for our parts, we had almost as lief dine with a young Whig lawyer, as with a metaphysician. The latter is always talking about ideas—the former without them.

By the way, J. C. B's article in our last, appears to have knocked up the contending powers—Close College, and the Great Professor of the great City in the West. They seem quite dumbfounded. Their conduct appears to have been not a little absurd, both in the attack and defence. Who was it who said of the conduct of a certain pair of disputants in old times;—"One of these fellows is milking a ram, and the other is holding a sieve to catch the milk." We forget—perhaps Democritus, in Lucian—but it was a good saying at all events. Let Close College and him of St Mungo make the application.

C. N.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. LIII.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR C.—I have just read over the Quarterly Review you sent me, and I am happy to see that that Journal holds its own ground. It is still full of good feeling, and good principle, and the usual empty of warm feeling, and really deep criticism. Of its first article, which is a critique on *Camdens*, written by Southey, it is quite unnecessary to say anything. We all know that he brings great knowledge, and excellent ideas to the

discussion of such a subject; but he is evidently a critic some fifty years behind the intelligence of the age. It looks odd, to say no more of it, to see the leading article of the most popular Review of our day in England, occupied in discussing the merits of *Camdens*, a poet who has already taken his place among the highest classics of Europe. If not intended as a puff preliminary to some forth-coming translation, I know not what to make

of this opening article. If merely meant for a literary affair, I suppose the next Review will commence with a critique on the *Iliad*, showing its prime points, and cutting up Zoilus as a most wicked Reviewer, just as good, stupid, Jose Augustino is handled in this Number. I hope, however, in the attack on Zoilus, he will beware of personality, and take care not to say anything to offend the feeling of that very respectable old gentleman. With one sentence in this review I was quite delighted, and I hope that you, Mr North, will not speedily forget it. Southey, talking of some most witless satires ascribed, truly or falsely, (no matter which—but it is obvious quite truly) to Camoens, torments himself concerning the opinions of such good-for-nothing critics as Maria de Souza, Adamson, and Faria o Sousa. The satires are very foolish affairs, without point or pungency. *Souza* (he with the z in his name) is angry with *Nousa*, (the man with the s,) for publishing the libels, on which Southey makes this most asinine remark, "To suppress the piece would have been an irreparable injury to the man he (*i. e.* the man with the s) was desirous of honouring. If he had done this, the punishment would not have been the only measure of the offence. Camoens would have been believed a libeller, that is to say, a pest to society, a man who perverts literature to the annoyance and injury of mankind; whereas the composition is a mere squib, without a particle of malevolence, caricaturing one person who was a gourmand, and one or two others for intemperance in wine." I call your attention, Mr Christopher, to this sentence. Silly persons, most silly indeed, have accused you of personality. For my part, I deny the fact.* But supposing it were the case, did you ever go so far as the limits assigned by the Laureate? Did you ever call any man a drunkard? Jeffrey, it is true, in his own polite and elegant way, gave that appellation to poor Dermody—but even the combined influence of the practice of the great writer for the *Edinburgh*, joined to the precept of the great writer for the *Quarterly*, will not make me think that *squibbing* (to use the Doctor's phrase) a man for drunkenness, is quite fair criticism. In a word, would Dr Southey like to hear

a poet, no matter of what calibre, chaunting, as a certain poet of rank has done,

Drunken Dr Southey,
 Drunken Dr Southey,
 You stak to punch, morn, night, and
 lunch,
 Until you get quite mouthy.

I venture to say, he would think it a most impudent and insulting thing. I know I should. It would be a good subject for you, North, to write on—this whole business of satire, defining its bounds and limits, and pointing out occasions in which they are transgressed. Nobody could do it better than you, who are, as you truly assert, the legitimate heir of the Old Athenian Comedy. It is obvious, that the Laureate should vail bonnet to you, if you took it in hand.

There is a good deal of learning and ingenuity in Ugo Foscolo's paper on the digamma, which succeeds Southey's Camoens, but I shall not trouble you with observations on that *verata questio*; nor detain you long with the review of works on America. It is cleverly, bitterly, and shrewdly, but not very fairly, written. Of Birkbeck, Flower, and Co. I hold the same opinion as the *Quarterly*, and esteem the travellers reviewed at as cheap a price as their reviewer does: but really, if we are to make sweeping charges against nations, from specimens of individual absurdity or brutality, there does not exist a country in the world which we might not depict as the abode of barbarism. That much may be said against American manners, is quite true; their laws are too lax, their institutions too raw, their ideas of liberty too turbulent and unruly, not to leave room for many such charges; but if an American reviewer were to take the trouble of getting up an article in a spirit similar to this which I am discussing, he need only collect specimens of our morality from the Old Bailey, or the saloon of Drury lane; of our civility, from the boors of Yorkshire; of our cleanliness, from the High street of Edinburgh; of our progress in civilization, from the freeholders of Connamara, and of our literature, from the poetry of Hunt, or the prose of Hazlitt. A man of the name of Walsh, has, I am told, done something of the kind, and yet nothing can be more

* So do we.—C. N. On second thoughts, we think "denying facts" dangerous. But we deny, that it *is* a fact.—C. N.

unfair. I dislike lumping praise or lumping abuse of any country. That those unhappy travellers, who detest their own land, and emigrate from it through hatred of its institutions, who are, generally speaking, wicked in heart as weak in intellect, should be cut up, is altogether correct, but their sins ought not to be visited on the country which has the misfortune of their patronage. Nor do I think Fanny Wright, (the Englishwoman, whom the reviewer pretends to believe a fictitious character, knowing the contrary,) worth notice. Silly young ladies, who go, without education, talents or experience, on a wild-goose chase across the Atlantic, without a male friend to guide or protect them, are very apt to say and write, after they have been taught how to combine letters, very foolish things indeed. Miss W.'s book is only a repetition of the conversations with which she was crammed (the West Country Jokers will understand me) by the bad company she kept in America, tagged with excerpts of democratic newspapers, written by stupid and virulent editors, who have generally had good reasons to disapprove of the mode of administering justice in this or the sister island. Surely this stuff is below attention. I would as soon sit down to write a critique on the heads of the Chronicle. Most particularly, after the young woman had dedicated a book, as she has done, to that very old woman, Jerry Bentham, whom she calls a patriot, or a sage, or some other silly nickname, I should have given up all thoughts of saying a serious word about her. She might, perhaps, do for a butt, but she is too dull, and, mark it, good Quarterly, she is a female.

The paper on Van Diemen's Land—we fear it is too late to change the name, as the reviewer suggests—is gratifying, and well executed. It gives that kind of information for which the Quarterly has so long been conspicuous, and which is one of its greatest attractions. The Review of Reid on Hypochondriasis is amusing. At the end of this article, the reviewer has thought proper to puff an inflated composition about Opium-eating, written by poor ****, which appeared some time since in the New Monthly. I cannot conceive any principle on which the Quarterly can panegyricize it, except charity; and as we know that virtue covers a multitude of sins, I am happy to perceive that so

pleasant a writer as the author of the Review possesses it, even though he may exercise it occasionally at the expense of his justice.

We have now arrived at one of the strangest articles which ever made its appearance in a Review, professedly and strenuously devoted to the existing institutions of the country; and which has so ably and eloquently on many occasions earned the thanks of those who love that country, by brilliant exhortations against the designs of innovators. Could it be believed that the Journal which contained the articles against Sir James M^cIntosh or Sir Samuel Romilly's projected alterations of the existing laws, which fought so eagerly, and, in my mind, so satisfactorily, for retaining laws which the *Liberals* had voted a disgrace to the Statute-book—would contain an assertion, that "THE COMMON LAW OF ENGLAND IS THE BARBAROUS INVENTION OF A BARBAROUS PEOPLE!!" That, in the insane pages of Jeremy Bentham, the old and constant antagonist of common—or, as he calls it, judge-made law, such a sentence might be expected, would be natural enough; though it would be hard, I think, to select a paragraph so commodiously decisive from any part of his works—but that the Quarterly should contain it, is, I think, wholly astonishing. I shall not waste my time in defending the common law of England from the scurrility of this reviewer: it stands upon too high ground to need my assistance; but I shall endeavour, as briefly as I can, to inquire into the motives of this most unexpected tirade.

The press of England, at all times polluted to be a vehicle of corruption, has, we have reason to lament, not declined from that bad distinction in our own days. Insults to decency, religion, and loyalty, have been liberally poured forth from all quarters. The cupidity of needy or profligate authors, and avaricious booksellers, has been inflamed by the success which, such is the lot of human nature, always attends whatever panders to the base, and grovelling, and sensual. At first, only the meanest were employed in the foul work; no author of eminence was found degraded enough to publish a work so licentious, that he was ashamed to put his name on the title-page—no bookseller of respectability so forgetful of what he owed to his own character and the public, as to diffuse from his shop a volume, of

which he still had decency enough left to refuse acknowledging openly that he was the publisher. We have seen *that* reserved for our own time, and reserved to be done by the most noble and perhaps most popular poet, and the most distinguished bookseller, of the kingdom!

Would it not be supposed by a person ignorant of the interior machinery of our critical world, one who only saw the surface, who heard only the loud outcry in favour of religion, morality, and so forth, raised by the established organs of the two great parties among us, that this circumstance would have been denounced with a full current of indignant rhetoric? That the Edinburgh Review, which declared Moore's poetry fit only for a brothel, and moralized in good set terms against the warm colouring of Lord Strangford's translations, would have been ready to fall on an author of fifty times the mischievous talent of Moore, and fifty times the warmth of Strangford? And that the Quarterly, the self-constituted guardian of the morals of the country—the Quarterly, that tears to pieces, for trivial indelicacies, such poor things as Lady Morgan, and other small deer—should have suffered this “stag of ten,” to run riot unreprieved, might seem equally astonishing—but the enigma would be at once solved by announcing the fact, that Jeffrey was afraid to attack Lord Byron—and the editor of the Quarterly *dared* not censure a book which came from the shop of John Murray. In both journals the work was incidentally noticed, and in both, in a manner quite characteristic. Jeffrey snivelled out a whining lamentation about its *personality*—not that he, the editor of one of the most personally abusive works that ever issued from the press, had any abstract horror against personal satire—but he had felt the practical effects of being a butt to Lord Byron, and could not help shewing that he still smarted under the lash. Besides, it happened to chime in with a servile cry which the very dirty party to which he is attached, had, for purposes quite needless to indicate, been anxious to raise. The Quarterly remained silent, until that upright judge, and most clear-headed man, the Lord Chancellor, had declared that he would not suffer Mr Murray to *make money* by the publication of books teeming with blasphemy and obscenity. Then

arose the champion of law and morals, and roared aloud that the law of England was the BARBAROUS INVENTION OF A BARBAROUS AGE, because it did not allow a wealthy bookseller to swell his purse still wider by the profits of Cain and Don Juan. Admirable Critic!

The brazen forehead with which this is done is truly amazing. The Reviewer, fighting for his employer, takes no humble ground. He does not appear in court to plead in *forma pauperis*. No, no,—this advocate of the publisher of Don Juan comes forward as the defender of the faith,—as the guardian of public morality. His alarm is not for the purse of Murray, but the interest of piety! He is terrified at the harm these books will do among the lower orders, and his indignation is directed not against him who first published them, but against the minor tribes for daring to imitate his example. He calls—not for a rigorous application of the law against the publisher, but for an alteration of the existing laws, to enable that gentleman and others, equally anxious about public morals, to fill their pockets by continuations of Don Juan, and new mysteries mocking the Scriptures. Here is a valuable and a disinterested Justinian! But three or four sentences of truth and honesty will suffice to blow away this froth, and to exhibit the despicable cant under it, in its pure and unsophisticated hypocrisy.

The whole argument on which the Reviewer rests his defence, is this:—By the refusal of the Court of Chancery to interfere, the works are left defenceless, and liable to be pirated by any man knavish enough to do so.—Knives have been found to commit the piracy, and to disseminate in sixpenny numbers among the lower classes, works intended only for the corruption of the rich. Now, says the moralist, is not this very wrong—very reprehensible—very abominable? Certainly it is; and on the head of him who gave rise to the wrong, let the punishment rest. Let Mr Murray be punished—and as he is punished in the most sensible way possible, in his profits,—some inadequate compensation to society, for the outrage against it, has been made. With respect to the morals of the people, the Reviewer may make his mind perfectly easy on that score. So far from Don Juan, and Cain, and Laurence, and Wat Tyler, doing harm among the lower

orders, while they would have been innocent among the upper, it is as demonstrable as any proposition in Euclid, that the very reverse is the fact. Don Juan in the hands of young gentlemen of birth and fortune, capable of "remembering its poetry and wit," is a pernicious book. The hero is to them a model of action—the poet is valued by them according to his powers, which they can appreciate—and they, from that very knowledge of his value, swallow his dicta on morals, &c. as oracles. Put him into the hands of a clown or a city 'prentice, and what a comparatively trifling effect it has. The Knight of the reaping-hook or ell-wand, never can expect to be put into situations at all analogous to those of the Don; and he has as little thought of setting his imagination on fire by gloating on them, as he has of falling in love with the pretty daughter of the Lord of the Manor, or a coroneted beauty beaming from the side-boxes. It is altogether above his sphere. He might as well think of loving a bright particular star. Toin, Jerry, and Logic, are the heroes whom the dashing or liberal-minded young citizen imitates—their exploits, their spree, their "seeing life," are just the thing—just what he himself can do. He can "floor a Charley," but Don Juan's vices, his seductions, his adulteries, are quite out of his reach. An intrigue is habitually in his mind connected with actions of damages by parish officers, fines, fees, bond, bail, securities, or three months' beating of hemp in the House of Correction,—not at all with the fine vagaries of the *ottava rima*. If he wish for stimulants, he turns not to Don Juan, but to other works, with the names of which I shall not stain your page. His coarser stomach requires stronger food than the kick-shaws intended to whet the appetite of the gentry.

Nor will the blasphemy of Cain, or Lawrence, do much harm among those concerning whom the reviewer is so anxious. Indeed I do not know of what complexion of mind that man, woman, or child, of any rank or condition, could be, who would be perverted by the rugged blank verse and the dreamy mysticism of Cain—or the wordy, prating, prim impertinence of the Bedlam lecturer. Metaphysical young gentlemen of poetic souls might think it very fine to discourse in the vein of I. trifer; and half educated medical students might imagine it very

philosophical to deal out second hand physiology in opposition to Christian views; but depend on it, the mob will not be hurt either by the peer or the surgeon. While those so inclined can get Tom Paine's Age of Reason, they will not recur to either for blasphemy. Who is so absurd as to imagine that Hume's Essays could corrupt the vulgar? or that they would be preached into Atheism by the *Système de Nature*? I am sure the reviewer does not believe any such thing, though he is now endeavouring to support an absurdity just as great.

With respect to Mr Southey's Wat Tyler, I know enough of the history of its publication, to assert that he was most infamously and ungratefully treated in the business. He ought not to have taken any notice of the book at all. It was a silly juvenile performance, written while under the influence of delusive speculations on liberty. No man of candour can allow himself to look on it as a serious blemish on the Laureate; and W. Smith of Norwich did not raise himself above the low estimation in which he is universally held, by noticing it in the way he did in the House of Commons. It was published, as it was reviewed (by Brougham it is said) in the Edinburgh, from a malevolent desire to annoy Southey, and both publication and review were very dishonourable to all concerned. But as to its politics polluting the plebeians—that is a mere absurdity, and the reviewer *knows* it is so. It would not influence the politics of a man half a step above an idiot. He must be a blockhead sixty degrees over proof, who would be made a radical or Spensean, by the ravings of the old priest in that drama. While Hunt, and Hone, and Wooler, and other such worthies survive, nobody need attribute the instigation of sedition to Wat Tyler. If the good old cause of loyalty be murdered, its ghost will not shake its gory locks at Southey, and say he did it.

These are the cases relied on by the reviewer—and can any thing be more futile? I hope there will not be any alteration in the law, for its operation is most just. It is in vain to prate about the liberty of the press, (of which, by the way, we never heard a word in the Quarterly before) for the liberty of the press has nothing to do with the protection of such books. It is ridiculous to talk of the chance of the law being made use of to aid the diffusion of injurious works; for when

it is worth while to exert the power, the Common Law, barbarous as it is in the eyes of the Quarterly, possesses sufficient to prevent their noxious influence. As the law acts now, it makes booksellers very cautious as to risking their property in letting books loose, to run a muck against order and decency. The reviewer has the face to say, that the publishers cannot tell beforehand, whether a book be noxious or not—an assertion little creditable to the sagacity of that set of men, who happen, however, to be among the shrewdest fellows in the world. It is, beside, actually refuted by the very case here brought forward. Mr Murray must have known that the first cantos of Don Juan were immoral, or he would not have suppressed his name. Mr Murray must have known that the third and fourth cantos of that poem were unfit for publication, for it is admitted in terms characteristically irreverent, that it was harder to pass them into families, than a camel through the eye of a needle. Yet, did he hesitate to publish? Not he—but still more to conform to the tactics of the enemy, (as the Quarterly says) he did that very thing which the reviewer is deprecating—he lowered the price, quite careless of the morals of the lower orders. When he published Cain, was he ignorant of the nature of the book? By no means. Mr Gifford remonstrated—Mr Hobhouse remonstrated—nay, even he himself remonstrated—but the Lord was firm, and out came the *Mystery*. As it is admitted on all hands that the poem is wicked, (the reviewer allows that it “*appears* to inculcate *unhappy* opinions,” p. 128.) it was right that some one should be punished, and punishment has fallen on Mr Murray, as it ought. His profits are destroyed—his outlay of capital wasted. But with these facts, his knowledge of the immorality of the *Don*—his persisting in publishing it at a lower price—his giving Cain to the public after remonstrating against its impiety—with these facts, I say, staring us in the face, is there not something very intrepid (I shall not say, very impudent) in applying to a Chancellor to assist him in making

money by such writings, and something very queer in a high church-and-state Review coming forward to abuse the law, and accuse lawyers of want of liberal minds, for resisting the project of his employer?

I do not defend Benbow,—of his conduct there can be but one opinion; but I rejoice that one evil corrects another. The law has done its office. The *Argumentum ad Crumenam* has prevailed. We shall have no more Don Juans, or no more Cains, published by people who can liberally pay men of talent for prostituting their powers. That work will be again consigned to weak and obscure underlings, who, therefore, will receive due and high-toned castigation from our moral guardians. Such books will not be thrust on the trade by the overpowering influence of a great and rich publisher,—they must sneak in through some beggarly scoundrel, who will be mark for the cantious courage of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. I do not think the trade acted well in diffusing the *Don*,—they should have had more respect for themselves than to sell a book without a publisher's name to it. Blackwood refused to do so; and though he has been abundantly laughed at for his squeamishness,—nay, Christopher, sneered at even in your own Magazine, of which he is proprietor,—yet I shall ever assert, that in this refusal he acted as became a fair trader, and the father of a rising family.

My letter has grown so immensely long, that I have time only to say, that the notice of Nazarov's expedition (spite of the pedantry of prefixing a Russian title in Russian characters) is well written, and contains much amusing and original information—that the article on Montlosier's *France* is admirable—and that the three remaining articles are marked with the usual talent and information of the Review. In a word, the number is right good—with the exception of the miserable, canting, interested, bookselling affair in the middle.

Mrs Tickler is as well as can be expected.—I am, dear C.

Yours faithfully

Southside, 15th July. T. TICKLER.

* * We could not refuse a place to this very excellent article of old Timothy's; but much may be said for Murray—our columns, as usual, are open. The letter from a “Gentleman of the Press,” p. 56, is erroneously attributed to Tim. We were in a state of civility when we wrote the note.—My dear Public, yours ever,

C. N.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. IV.

SCENE.—*Transferred (by poetic licence) to Pisa.*ODOHERTY, (*Solus.*)

Jupiter strike me! but that cabbage soup and roasted raisins is an infernal mixture—Blow all Italian cookery, say I. Everything is over-done here—how inferior to the Carlingford! The dishes done to rags.

Enter WAITER.

Milordo, here is questo grand Lord is come, for to have the onore of kissing the manos for sua eccellenza.

ODOHERTY.

Kissing my what? Shew in the shaver—hand him in upon a clean plate.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Enter LORD BYRON.

Mr Doherty,—I trust I—

ODOHERTY.

Odoherty, if you please, sir.

BYRON.

Mr Odoherty, I have to beg pardon for this intrusion—but really, hearing you were to remain but this evening in Pisa, I could not deny myself the pleasure of at least seeing a gentleman, of whom I have heard and read so much—I need scarcely add, that I believe myself to be in the presence of ~~the~~ Odoherty.

ODOHERTY.

You may say that; but, may I take the liberty of asking, who you are yourself?

BYRON.

My name's Byron.

ODOHERTY.

Byron! Lord Byron! God bless you, my dear fellow. Sure I was a block-head not to know you at first-sight.—Waiter! waiter! I say—~~Waiter!~~ don't understand even plain English in this house!

Enter WAITER.

Milordo!

ODOHERTY.

Instantaneously a clean glass—if you have any thing clean in this filthy country—And, my Lord, what will you drink? I drink every thing but no water.

BYRON.

Why, Mr Odoherty, to be plain with you—you will find but poor accommodation in those Italian inns—and I should, therefore, recommend you to come with me to my villa. You will meet fellows there—asses of the first water—native, and stranger, whom you can cut-up, quiz, and humbug without end.

ODOHERTY.

With deference, my Lord, I shall stay where I am—I never knew any place where a man was so much at home as in a tavern, no matter how shy. Ho! waiter.

WAITER.

Milorde!

ODOHERTY.

"What-a haw-a you-a to drink-a, in this damned house-a of yours?—[*Aside.*] I suppose to make the fellow understand, I must speak broken English.

[*Lord Byron whispers waiter, who exit; and after a moment returns with two flasks of Montifuscone.*]

BYRON.

Fill, Mr Odoherty. Your health, sir; and welcome to Italy.

ODOHERTY.

Your health, my lord ; and I wish we both were out of it. But this stuff is by no means so bad as I expected. What do you call it ?

BYRON.

Lacryma Christi.

ODOHERTY.

Lacryma Christi ! A pretty name to go to church with ! Very passable stingo—though Inishowen is, after all, rather stiffer drinking.

BYRON.

Inishowen ! What's that ?

ODOHERTY.

Whisky, made in the hills about Inishowen, in the north. General Hart patronizes it much. Indeed the Lord Chancellor, old Manners, is a great hand at it.

BYRON.

I cannot exactly say I recognize whom you speak of ; nor did I ever hear of the liquor.

ODOHERTY.

Why, then, I wrote rather a neat song about it once on a time, which I shall just twist off for the edification of your Lordship.

ODOHERTY *sings*.

1.

I care not a fig for a flagon of flip,
 Or a whistling can of rumbo ;
 But my tongue through whisky punch will slip
 As nimble as Hurlothrumbo.
 So put the spirits on the board,
 And give the lemons a squeezer,
 And we'll mix a jorum, by the Lord !
 That will make your worship squeeze, sir.

2.

The French, no doubt, are famous souls,
 I love them for their brandy ;
 In rum and sweet tobacco rolls,
 Jamaica men are handy.
 The big-breech'd Dutch in juniper gin,
 I own, are very knowing ;
 But are rum, gin, brandy, worth a pin,
 Compared with Inishowen ?

Extempore verse additional.

Though here with a Lord, 'tis jolly and fine,
 To tumble down Lacryma Christi,
 And over a skin of Italy's wine
 To get a little misty ;
 Yet not the blood of the Bourdeaux grape,
 The finest grape-juice going,
 Nor clammy Constantia, the pride of the Cape,
 Prefer I to Inishowen.

BYRON.

Thank ye, Mr Odoherthy. Oh ! by Jupiter, you have not been flattered ; you are a prince of good-fellows ; ay, and of good-looking fellows.

ODOHERTY.

The same compliment I may pay you, my Lord. I never saw you before. By the bye, you look much older than the print which Murray gave me when I was up at the Coronation.

BYRON.

Ah ! then you know Murray ? Murray is an excellent fellow. Not such a bookseller between the Appenine and the Grampian.

ODOHERTY.

Always excepting Ebony, thy Lord?

BYRON.

How is Ebony? I'm told he's been getting fat since I saw him.

ODOHERTY.

A porpoise. No wonder, my lord; let them fatten who win. As for laughing, that you know, we may all screw a mouth to.

BYRON.

On the same principle, my old friend Jeffrey must be thinning apace.

ODOHERTY.

A perfect whipping-post. But I have not seen the little man this some time. I don't think he goes much into public—his book I know does not.

BYRON.

Have you been in London lately, Mr Odohertry?

ODOHERTY.

O yes, past through about a fortnight ago. But let me request your Lordship to sink the *mister* entirely, and call me by my name quite plain—Odohertry, as it is.

BYRON.

Certainly, Odohertry, as you wish it—but you in return must sink the Lord, and let me be plain Byron.

ODOHERTY.

To be sure, Byron. Hunt you know called you "Dear Byron" some years ago in a dedication; and if you would allow the familiarity of a poor devil of a Cockney editor of a sneaking Sunday paper, you would be squeamish indeed if you wanted to be Lorded by me. And yet, after all, Le Hunt is a cleverer fellow than most of the Cockneys.

BYRON.

He's worth fifty Hogs. These *plebs* occasionally write good verses.

ODOHERTY.

I sha'n't give up Hogg. Have you seen his last work?

BYRON.

His *last* work! I am glad to hear it has come at length.

ODOHERTY.

It is quite a Chaldee.

BYRON.

Oh! that's his *first* work. Seriously, however, I have heard nothing of him since your good-humoured notice of his *Life* in Blackwood.

ODOHERTY.

Thank you, Baron! I take you. By the bye, what a right good poem that was of yours, on old Bam Rogers. You and I may leave off quizzing one another. We at least are too much up to trap. But the old Banker was as mad as blazes about it.

BYRON.

Non mi ricordo.—I was in a state of civilation when I wrote it—if indeed I did ever write such a thing.

ODOHERTY.

'Twas Wordsworth told me of it, and I doubt he's given to humbugging much.

BYRON.

Oh! the old Ponder! The great god Pan! is he extant still.

ODOHERTY.

Alive and sulky. He has been delivered of two octavos this spring.

BYRON.

So have I for that matter. Are his as heavy as mine?

ODOHERTY.

The Giants' Causeway to a two-year old paving-stone—thundering fellows, that Roman Catholic Emancipation; which he has dished into little sonnets. Yours, however, were lumpish enough, in the name of Nicholas.

BYRON.

The sale, at least, was heavy.

ODOHERTY.

Your tributary, his Majesty the Emperor of the West, grumbled like a pig in the fits, I suppose.

BYRON.

Come, come, no personalities on this side of the Alps.

ODOHERTY.

Satan reproving sin. That's pretty from you—the bottle's out—after what Jeffrey has said of you—call for another—in the last number of the Edinburgh—fill your glass—of the Edinburgh Review. No bad bottle this.

BYRON.

Why, Odoherly, you and I may joke, but such fellows as these to be preaching about Cain, and canting about Don Juan, is too bad. I once thought Jeffrey had a little brains, but now I see he is quite an old woman.

ODOHERTY.

Nay, by the eternal frost, and that's as great an oath as if I swore by the holy bottle, I agree with Jeff. on this point. I don't care a cracked Jew-harp about him in general; but here, faith, I must say I think him quite right. Consider, my Lord—consider, I say, what a very immoral work Don Juan is—how you therein sport with the holiest ties—the most sacred feelings—the purest sentiments. In a word, with every thing—the bottle is with you—with every thing which raises man above a mere sensual being. I say, consider this, and you will not wonder so much that all England is in an outcry against it, as that Murray, surrounded with the rums and buzzes of parsons as he is, should have the audacity to publish it—or Sir Mungo Malagrowther—

BYRON.

Who?

ODOHERTY.

His Editor—Now-a-days commonly called Sir Mungo Malagrowther. I say it is really astonishing that Murray should print, or Sir Mungo have the face not to cut up, a book so destructive of every feeling which we have been taught to cherish.

BYRON.

Are you serious, Ensign?

ODOHERTY.

Serious as the rock of Cashel.

BYRON.

I did not expect it. I thought this silly out-cry about Don Juan and Cain was confined to the underlings of literature; so much so, that I was astonished to find even Jeffrey joining in it—but that you, one of the first and most enlightened men of the age, should adopt it—that Ensign and Adjutant Morgan Odoherly should be found swelling the war-hoop of my antagonist Dr Southey, is indeed more than I expected.

ODOHERTY.

I am not an old quiz, like Malagrowther and the Laureate: Yet, my Lord Byron, I am a man and an Englishman, (I mean an Irishman,) and disapprove of Don Juan.

BYRON.

The devil ye do! Why, most illustrious rival of Dr Magnus Oglethorpe, why?

ODOHERTY.

I have already sufficiently explained myself.

BYRON.

You have uttered nothing, sir, pardon me, but the common old humbug. In Don Juan I meant to give a flowing free satire on things as they are. I meant to call people's attention to the realities of things. I could make nothing of England or France. There every thing is convention—surface—cant. I had recourse to the regions where Nature acts more vividly, more in the open light of day. I meant no harm, upon my honour. I meant but to do what any other man might have done with a more serious face, and had all the Hannah Morcs in Europe to answer his Plaudite.

ODOHERTY.

I don't follow your Lordship.

BYRON.

Not follow me, sir? Why, what can be more plain than my intention? I drew a lively lad, neglected in his education, strong in his passions, active in his body, and lively in his brains; would you have had me make him look as wise as a Quarterly Reviewer? Every boy must sow his wild oats; wait till Don Juan be turned of fifty, and if I don't represent him as one of the gravest and most devout Tories in the world, may I be hanged. As yet he has only been what Dr Southey once was, "a clever boy, thinking upon politics (and other subjects) as those who are boys in mind, whatever their age may be, do think." Have patience. The Don may be Lord Chancellor ere he dies.

ODOHERTY.

The serious charge is your want of colouring.

BYRON.

Look at Homer, remember the cloud-scene. Look at Virgil, remember the cave-scene. Look at Milton, remember the bower-scene, the scene of "nothing loth." Why, sir, poets are like their heroes, and poets represent such matters (which all poets do and must represent) more or less warily, just as they are more or less men.

ODOHERTY.

Well, but what do you say for Cain? 'Tis blasphemous.

BYRON.

Not intentionally, at least—but I cannot see that it is so at all. You know—for I suppose you know theology as well as you know every thing else.

ODOHERTY.

Like Doctor Magee—an old friend of mine, who has lately been made an Archbishop.

BYRON.

You know then that there is no question so puzzling in all divinity—no matter under what light you view it—as the origin of evil. There is no theory whatever—I say not one—and you may talk your countrymen, Archbishop King's, among them, which is not liable to great objection, if the objectors be determined to cavil. Now I assert, and that fearlessly, that it is quite possible to reconcile my scheme, bating a few poetical flights of no moment, with views and feelings perfectly religious. I engage to write a commentary on Cain, proving it beyond question a religious poem.

ODOHERTY.

Warburton did the same for the *Essay on Man*—but convinced nobody.

BYRON.

And yet Warburton was a bishop—yea, more than a bishop—one of your brightest, deepest, profoundest, most brilliant theologians. I only ask you to extend to me the same indulgence you extend to Milton—ay, even to Cumberland—if his Calvary be still extant.

ODOHERTY.

Nay, my Lord, there is this difference. The *intention* of Milton and Cumberland makes a vast distinction. They wrote poems to promote religion—your Lordship wrote—

BYRON.

Mr Odoherly, I presume—Nay, I know—I am talking to a gentleman. I have disclaimed irreligious intention, and I demand, as a gentleman, to be believed. Cain is like all poems in which spiritual matters are introduced. The antagonist of Heaven—of whom the Prometheus of Æschylus is the prototype—cannot be made to speak in such terms, as may not be perverted by those who wish to pervert. I defy any man—I repeat it—I defy any man to shew me a speech—a line in Cain, which is not defensible on the same principle as the haughty speech of Satan, in the fifth book of Milton—or the proud defiance of Moloch in the second. In both poems I beg pardon—in the poet, and in Cain, speeches torn from the context, and misinterpreted by the malevolent or the weak-minded, may be made to prove what was directly contrary to the intention of the writer.

ODOHERTY.

"To be sure, as Chief Baron O'Grady says, in his Letter to Mr Gregory, remove the words "the fool has said in his heart;" and you can prove by Scripture that "there is no God."

BYRON.

I know nothing of your Chief Baron, but what he says is true—and it is so, that I have been criticized. I don't complain of Lord Eldon. Perhaps it became his high station to deliver the judgment he did—perhaps it was right he should bend to public opinion—which opinion, however, I shall for ever assert, was stimulated by a party of more noise than number. But I do confess—for I was born an aristocrat—that I was a good deal pained when I saw my books, in consequence of his decree, degraded to be published in sixpenny numbers by Benbow, with Lawrence's Lectures—Southey's Wat Tyler—Paine's Age of Reason—and the Chevalier de Faublas.

ODOHERTY.

I am sorry I introduced the subject. If I thought I should have in the slightest degree annoyed your lordship—

BYRON.

I am not annoyed, bless your soul; there is nothing I like better than free discussion. *That*, you know, can never be, except between men of sense. As for all your humbug of Reviews, Magazines, &c. why, you are, at least, as much as any man alive, up to their nothingness.

ODOHERTY.

'Tis the proudest of my reflections, that I have somewhat contributed to make people see what complete stuff all that affair is.

BYRON.

I admire your genius, Mr Odoherly: but why do you claim this particular merit?

ODOHERTY.

Merely as a great contributor to Blackwood. That work has done the business.

BYRON.

As how, friend Morgan?

ODOHERTY.

Call another flask, and I'll tell you—Ay, now fill a bumper to old Christopher.

BYRON.

With three times three, with all my heart. The immortal Kit North!!! !!! !!!
[*Bibant ambo.*]

ODOHERTY.

Why, you see, what with utterly squabashing Jeffrey, and what with giving Malugrowther an odd squeeze or so,—but most of all, by doing all that ever these folks could do in one Number, and then undoing it in the next,—puffing, deriding, sneering, jeering, prosing, piping, and so forth, he has really taken the thing into his own hands, and convinced the Brutum Pecus that 'tis all quackery and humbug.

BYRON.

Himself included?

ODOHERTY.

No—not quite that neither. As to two or three principles—I mean religion, loyalty, and the like, he is always stiff as a poker; and although he now and then puts in puffs of mediocre fellows, every body sees they're put in merely to fill the pages; and the moment he or any of his true men set pen to paper, the effect is instantaneous. His book is just like the best book in the world—it contains a certain portion of Balaam.

BYRON.

And this sort of course, you think, has enlightened the public?

ODOHERTY.

Certain and sure it has. People have learnt the great lesson, that Reviews, and indeed all periodicals, merely *quid* such, are nothing. They take in his book not as a Review, to pick up opinions of new books from it, nor as a periodical, to read themselves asleep upon, but as a classical work, which happens to be

continued from month to month;—a real Magazine of mirth, misanthropy, wit, wisdom, folly, fiction, *fun*, festivity, theology, bruising, and thingumbob. He unites all the best materials of the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, and the Sporting Magazine—the literature and good writing of the first—the information and orthodoxy of the second, and the flash and trap of the third.

BYRON.

You speak *con amore*, sir: Why the devil am I cut up and parodied in Ebony?

ODOHERTY.

Come, come, pop such questions to the marines! Have you ever been half so much cut up there as I have been? Fill your glass! Here's to *Humbug*. Three times three, my lord! No two men alive should fill higher to that toast than we that are here present, thank God; and I'm very glad to be here, with my legs under the same board with the author of Cain and Don Juan.

BYRON.

What, after abusing them both so savagely just this moment.

ODOHERTY.

So I do still;—but I had rather have written a page of Juan than a ton of Childe Harold—that was too great a bore entirely.

BYRON.

Well,—waive my works in toto. How is Sir Walter Scott?

ODOHERTY.

I have not seen him for nearly six months; but he is quite well, and writing *Peveril of the Peak*; that is, if he be the Author of *Waverley*.

BYRON.

Which he is.

ODOHERTY.

I won't swear to that, knowing what I do about Anastasius. Did you see how Hope bristled up in the back in *Blackwood*, when somebody, I forget who, perhaps myself, said that you were guilty of that most admirable book?

BYRON.

Yes,—but no matter.—Could you give me any more information *de re periodicali*, as the Baron of Bradwardine would have said?

ODOHERTY.

I shall sing a stave touchant that point—

1.

O! gone are the days, when the censure or praise
Of the Monthly was heard with devotion;
When the sight of the blue of old Griffith's Review,
Set each heart in a pit-a-pat motion;
We care not a curse, now, for better or worse,
For the prate of the maundering old numper;
And, since it is dead,—why, no more can be said,—
Than “Destruction to Cant” in a bumper.

2.

When the sense of the town had the Monthly put down,
Mr Jeffrey a new caper started;
Every fourth of a year he swore to appear,
To terrify all the faint-hearted.
Then with vigour and pith, Brougham, Jeffrey, and Smith,
Began to belabour the natives;
Who, bother'd at first by their bravo and hurst,
Sunk under the scribblers like catiffs.

3.

Quite vex'd at their blows, Johnny Murray arose,
Assisted by mild Billy Gifford—
The Edinburgh work he squabash'd like a Turk,
So that folks do not now care a whiff for't.

But soon such a gang, there grew up slap-bang,
Of scribblers and nibblers reviewing,
That people got sick of the horrible trick,
And it almost had set them a-sp—g.

4.
But a figure of light soon burst on their sight,
In Bill Ebony's beautiful pages—
The immortal Kit North in his glory came forth,
With his cycle of satellite sages.
He can cant, it is true—he can sport a review,
Now and then, when it suits his devices ;
But who trusts to his prog is a bothersome dog,
If he says he is stingy of spices.

BYRON.

Not a bad song ! Cazzo. I have quite lost the knack of song-writing. Tom Moore is the best at it now alive.

ODOHERTY.

The present company excepted, you mean ; but truly, my Lord, I don't care a tinker for that piperly poet of green Erin. I don't think he ever wrote one real good song in his days. He wants pith, by Jericho ! and simplicity, and straight-forward meaning. He's always twining and whining. Give me your old stave.

BYRON.

You prefer Burns, perhaps, now you've been so long a Scotchman, and heard all their eternal puffing of one another.

ODOHERTY.

Poh ! Poh ! I was too old a cat for that straw. Burns wrote five or six good things,—*Tam o' Shanter*, *M'Pherson's Lament*, *Farewell thou fair Earth*, *Mary's Dream*, the *Holy Fair*, the *Stanzas to a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet*, and perhaps a few more ; but the most of his verses are mere manufacture—the most perfect common-place about love and bowers, and poverty, and so forth. And as for his prose, why, *Gad-a-mercy ! 'tis execrable*. 'Tis worse than Hogg's worst, or Allan Cunningham's best. His letters are enough to make a dog sick.

BYRON.

Come, you are too severe ; Burns was a noble fellow, although Jeffery abused him : But indeed that was nothing. After praising the Cockneys, who cares what he reviles ?

ODOHERTY.

Not I.

BYRON.

No, no ; I don't suspect you of any such folly. Pray, have you seen any of our Italian Improvisatores as yet ? What do you think of their art ?

ODOHERTY.

That I can beat it.

BYRON.

In English or Irish ?

ODOHERTY.

In any language I know—Latin or Greek, if you like them.

BYRON.

Try Latin then.

ODOHERTY.

Here's Ritson. Turn him over ; I'll translate any song you like off-hand.

BYRON.

Here, take this one—"Back and side go barc." 'Tis not the worse for having a bishop for its father.

ODOHERTY.

Old Still must have been a hearty cock,—here goes. Read you the English, and I'll chaunt it in Latin.

VOL. XII.

O

BYRON READS.

1.

Backe and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hande go colde :
 But bellye, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,
 Whether it be newe or olde.
 I cannot eat but lytle meate,
 My stomacke is not good ;
 But sure I thinke that I can drynke
 With him that weares a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing a colde ;
 I stuff my skyn so full within,
 Of joly good ale and olde.
 Backe and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foote and hande go colde :
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be newe or olde.

2.

I love no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
 And a crab laid in the fyre ;
 A little breade shall do me stead,
 Much breade I not desyre.
 No frost nor snow, nor winde, I trowe,
 Can hurt me if I wolde :
 I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
 Of jolly good ale and olde.
 Backe and side go bare, &c.

3.

And Tyb, my wyfe, that, as her lyfe,
 Loveth well good ale to seeke ;
 Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
 The teares run down her cheeke :
 Then doth shee trowle to mee the boule,
 Even as a mauld-worme shuld ;
 And sayth, " Sweete hart, I took my parte
 Of this jolly good ale and olde."
 Back and side go bare, &c.

4.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and
 winke,
 Even as good felowes should doe :
 They shall not mysse to have the blyesse
 Good ale doth bringe men to.
 And all ~~these~~ soules that have scowrd
 boules,
 Or have them lustely trolde,
 God save the lyves of them and their
 wyves,
 Whether they be yonge or old.
 Back and syde go bare, &c.

CANTAT DOHERTTIADES.

1.

Sint nuda dorsum, latera—
 Pes, manus, algens sit ;
 Dum Ventri veteris copia
 Zythi novive fit.
 Non possum multum edere,
 Quia stothachus est nullus ;
 Sed volo vel monacho bibere
 Quanquam sit huic cucullus.
 Et quamvis nudus ambulo,
 De frigore non est metus ;
 Quia semper Zytho vetulo
 Ventriculus est impletus.
 Sint nuda dorsum, latera—
 Pes, manus, algens sit ;
 Dum Ventri veteris copia
 Zythi novive fit.

2.

Assatum nolo—tostum volo—
 Vel pomum igni situm ;
 Nil pane careo—parvum habeo
 Pro pane appetitum.
 Me gelu, nix, vel ventus vix
 Afficerent injuria ;
 Hæc sperno, ni adesset mi
 Zythi veteris penuria.
 Sint nuda, &c.

3.

Et uxor Tybie, qui semper sibi
 Vult querere Zythum bene,
 Ebibit hæc persæpe, nec
 Sistet, dum mædant gena.
 Et mihi tum dat cantharum..
 Sic mores sunt biboi ;
 Et dicit " Cor, en ! impleor
 Zythi dulcis et annosi."
 Sint nuda, &c.

4.

Nunc ebibant, donec nictant
 Ut decet virum bonum ;
 Felicitatis habebunt satis,
 Nam Zythi hoc est donum
 Et omnes hi, qui canthari
 Sunt haustibus lætati,
 Atque uxores vel juniores
 Vel senes, Diis sint grati.
 Sint nuda, &c.

BYRON.

Bravo—bravissimo !—why, you would beat old Camillo Querno if you would only learn Italian.

ODOHERTY.

I intend to learn it between this and the end of the week. There is no language on the face of the earth I could not learn in three days,—except Sanscrit, which took me a week. It took Marsham of Serampore seven years. Would your lordship wish to hear a Sanscrit ode I wrote to A. W. Schlegel ?

BYRON.

No, thank you, not just now. You are not doing the Lacryma justice.

ODOHERTY.

Curse it,—it is getting cold on my stomach. Is there no more stout potation in the house.

BYRON.

Brandy, I presume,—but the sugar is execrable.

ODOHERTY.

No matter, it makes superb grog,—almost as good as rum—far better than whisky. Have you any objection, Byron?

BYRON.

Not the least ; whatever is agreeable to you. Hols !—

[Enter waiter—exits—and returns with a skin of brandy.]

ODOHERTY.

Ay, this skin is a pretty thing. It puts a man instinctively in mind of a skinful. Gargle it most delicately. Flow thou regal amber stream. Talk of the Falls of the Rhone in comparison with such a cascade as this ! Here—water—aqua pura. Ay, that will do.—You are, putting too much water, my Lord—it will rise on your stomach, as old Doctor Rumsnout often told me.

BYRON.

Nay, mix as you please, and let me settle my own tipples.

ODOHERTY.

Oh ! of course, freedom of will. But this is far superior to the rascally quaff we have been drinking. By all accounts your lordship leads a gay life here.

BYRON.

Not more gay than you have led elsewhere. But if you allude to what you see in the papers, and the travels of impertinent and underbred tourists ;—underbred they must be, else they would not publish anecdotes of the private life of any gentleman, to satisfy the multitude, even if they were true—nothing can be more false or ridiculous. I sedulously cut the English here, on purpose to avoid being made food for journals, and Balsam to swell the pages of gabbling tourists. Indeed, I have not been in general treated well by these people. Then there are my Memoirs, published by Colburn—

ODOHERTY.

A most audacious imposture ! He had heard the report of your having given your Life to Moore, and, accordingly, thinking he might make a good thing of it, he hires at once Dictionary Watkins, to set about Memoirs, which, to give old Gropius credit for industry, he touched up in a fortnight ; and advertised it was, as *the Memoirs of Lord B.*, particularly in the country papers.

BYRON.

Industry ! it was only the industry of the scissars, for half the book is merely cut out of the Peerage, giving an account of my old grim ancestors—and newspapers, magazines, and other authentic vehicles of intelligence supply the rest.

ODOHERTY.

I can assure you, my Lord, it imposed on many simple, chuckleheaded, open-mouthed people, as your autobiography.

BYRON.

Impossible. An idiot must have known that I had not any thing to do with it, even from its style.

ODOHERTY.

Style—as to style, that is all fudge. I myself have written in all kind of styles, from Burke to Jeremy Bentham. But I assure your Lordship the mob charge you with these Memoirs.

BYRON.

Why, really some people believe me capable of any kind of stuff. You remember I was accused of writing puffs for Day and Martin.

ODOHERTY.

A calumny, I know, my dear Byron, for I am myself author of them. By the way, have you heard the epigram on your disclaimer ?

BYRON.

No—tell it me—I hope it is good.

ODOHERTY.

You shall judge.

• ON READING THE APPENDIX TO LORD BYRON'S TRAGEDY OF THE TWO FOSCARL.

Is Byron surprised that his enemies say
He makes puffing verses for Martin and Day?
Why, what other task could his Lordship take part in
More fit than the service of Day, and of Martin?
So shining, so dark—all his writing displays
A type of this liquid of Martin and Day's—
Gouvernantes—Kings—laurel-crown'd Poets attacking—
Oh! he's master complete of the science of Blacking!

BYRON.

No great affair. But there are "many more too long" to trouble you with, which the public give me credit for.

ODOHERTY.

As, for instance, the attack on Ebony. Give me a specimen of that—or give me the thing itself, and I shall make him print it.

BYRON.

It is too stale now; besides, I have quite forgotten it. Murray has the only copy I know of—and I shall write to him to give it you on your return.

ODOHERTY.

Thank you—and a copy of the Irish Advent too?

BYRON.

Hush! Hush!

ODOHERTY.

You need not be afraid of me, my Lord, I have seen it; there are a dozen copies in existence.

BYRON.

Let's change the subject. Giving my Memoirs was not the first trick Colburn served me. You remember the Vampire affair.

ODOHERTY.

Ah! poor Jack Polidori! Lord rest him. Polidori was bribed on the occasion.

BYRON.

I am sorry for it. I once thought him a fair fellow. But you see in this catchpenny Life how Colburn's hack pretends to censure the forgery, though his employer was the sole planner and manager of the affair—and it was he who got some people in the Row to father the published pamphlet—the separate one, you know.

ODOHERTY.

Ay—and I heard, on authority which I believe, that Colburn cancelled a disavowal of your being the author, which some person had written and prefixed to the notice of the Vampire in the New Monthly.

BYRON.

Hand me the brandy, that I may wash my mouth after mentioning such things. How is the New Monthly?

ODOHERTY.

Dying hard. Nobody of talent about it except Campbell himself, who is too lazy. As for * * * * * and other mere asses—

BYRON.

I have never heard of the worthies you mention.

ODOHERTY.

Jingo, I am sure of that. * * * * * is a great officer. He sits in the theatre taking notes, as magisterially as a judge does on a trial, and with as much dignity.

BYRON.

Transat. Murray sends me shoals of periodicals. There appears to be a want of them lately, and I find I am a popular subject for all. Not a fellow with a pen in hand without criticizing me.

ODOHERTY.

Oxonienſis gave you, or rather Murray, a good ribroaſting. I trouble you for the bottle.

BYRON.

I think too harſhly—but the Oxonians are great big-wigs.

ODOHERTY.

Oh! thundering tearers, in their own opinion. I remember ****, who, n'importe—going into Covent-Garden a few years ago, ſimultaneouſly with the Prince Regent. The audience, of courſe, roſe out of reſpect to his Royal Highneſs, and remained for ſome time ſtanding; on which the delighted Tyro—hot from Rhedycina, exclaimed—God bleſs my ſoul—theſe good people, who mean well I dare ſay, have been informed that I am in the firſt claſs, and about to ſtand for Oriel.

BYRON.

Ha! ha! ha! I ſhall, however, look back always with pleaſure to the days, When ſmitten firſt with ſacred love of ſong,
I roamed old Oxford's hoary piles among;
and forgive Oxonienſis, whom I know. But let us return. I do not want information about the great magnates of your Engliſh literature—or thoſe reputed ſuch—but I ſhould wiſh to hear ſomething of the minors—the inſect tribes. Who are your magazine, &c. ſcribblers?

ODOHERTY.

Innumerable as the ſnipes in the bog of Allen. There is Clare poetizing for the London.

BYRON.

An over-puffed youth that ploughboy appears to be.

ODOHERTY.

He may have written ſome pretty things, but he is taken now to ſlum, ſciſſoring, namby pamby, and is quite ſpoiled. But it is a good thing to have a good conceit of one's ſelf, and that's the boy who has it. He has pitted himſelf againſt Hogg, whom he conſiders as his inferior.

BYRON.

Quelle gloire! they ſhould have an amabeau contention, like the clowns in Virgil. Suggest this to North, with my compliments.

ODOHERTY.

Surely—it is a good hint. But Clare never will write any thing like the “Dedication to Mr Grieve,” or “The ſying tailor of Ettrick,” until he is boiled again.

BYRON.

I am told he is a delicate retiring young man. And that's more than can be ſaid of you, Enſign and Adjutant. You have been always too much a lady's man.

ODOHERTY.

Ay,—and ſo has ſomebody elſe who ſhall be nameleſs. I have had, I take it, ſomewhere about 144 pretty little bantlings—God bleſs them—of all colours, in various quarters of the globe.

BYRON.

You would be a uſeful man in a new colony. Why don't you take the Quarterly hint, and ſettle in Shoulder of Mutton Bay, Van Diemen's Land?

ODOHERTY.

Thank you for the hint—as much as to ſay, I ought to be ſent acroſs the water to Botany. But to the inſects. Taylor, alſo, its publisher, is a writer for the London. He continues Johnson's Lives of the Poets!

BYRON.

Surely you joke. It is as good a jeſt as if Hazlitt were to take it into his head to continue Cheſterfield.

ODOHERTY.

Yet ſuch is the fact. But don't mention it; for Taylor, who really is a decent fellow, wiſhes it to be kept ſecret, being heartily ſick of the concern. There are fifty other “Gentlemen of the Preſs,” but really they are too obſcure to bother your Lordſhip with. Some new periodical—name unknown—is ſupported by Proctor, the great tragedian.

BYRON.

Nay, I am jealous of Cornwall, as of a superior poet. His *Mirandola* floated proudly through the theatre. My *Faliero* was damned.

ODOHERTY.

I know it was d——d ungentle in Elliston to put it in the way of being so. But there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

BYRON.

How is my old friend, "My Grandmamma's Review, the British?"

ODOHERTY.

Just as merry and jocular as ever—but the British Critic is dying. Rivington has started the *Monthly Literary Censor*, it is said, to supersede it.

BYRON.

And my old foe, the *Literary Gazette*?

ODOHERTY.

Doing well. But what need you be so thin-skinned as to mind such little flea-bites?

BYRON.

Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe. Faith, I don't like to be pestered with impunity. Has it any rivals?

ODOHERTY.

Lots. *Valpy* set up the *Museum*, a weekly paper, the other day, against it. When I tell you that black-letter *Tom Fagrum Dibdin* is the chief hand, I need not add that it is dull and harmless.

BYRON.

No—that's pretty evident. But truce with periodical chit-chat.

ODOHERTY.

Shall I give you news from *Parnassus*?

BYRON.

No—no—no—I am sick of that. Did you see my *Werner* and my *New Mystery*?

ODOHERTY.

Yes—*Murray* shewed them to me in sheets.

BYRON.

Well, what did you think of them?

ODOHERTY.

Like every thing that comes from your lordship's pen, they are tinged with the ethereal hues of genius,—and perfumed with fragrance of the flowers that grow upon the brink of *Helicon*.

BYRON.

Ho! I see, my friend, you have joined the Irish school of oratory. But as that goes for nothing, what do you, without trope or figure, think of them?

ODOHERTY.

Seriously, my Lord, I admire them when they are good, and dislike them when they are bad.—[*Aside*] That is, I like five pages, and dislike fifty.—[*To Lord B.*] But, my Lord, why do you not try your hand at your own old style—the tale—the occasional poetry;—you know what I mean?

BYRON.

Because I am sick of being irritated. I revolt at the idea of the lower orders making desperate attempts to climb the arduous mount. I have been publicly accused of seducing, by my example, youths

Doom'd their father's hopes to cross,

To pen a stanza when they should engross.

And I shall not,—at least just now I think I shall not—lead the way for sentimental and poetical hard-handed and hard-headed good people to follow. There is no danger of their following me into the lofty region of tragedy.

ODOHERTY.

Whew! Why, you are playing the aristocrat with a vengeance. There is, however, one lowly poet whom I would recommend to your attention.

BYRON.

Whom?

ODOHERTY.

He is so modest, that he does not wish his name to be mentioned, and writes his "lays" under the title of *Ismail Fitz-Adam*.

BYRON.

I never heard of him.

ODOHERTY.

I did not imagine you did ; and yet he has written some things which would not have disgraced the pen of a Byron. I could not say more of any man. [*Lord B. bows and smiles.*] Nay, my Lord, I am quite in earnest ; and though very poor, and only a common sailor, he has that spirit of independence which I hope will always animate our navy, and refuses all direct pecuniary assistance.

BYRON.

What, in heroics again ! But he is quite right. Do his books sell ?

ODOHERTY.

Not as they ought—Very slowly.

BYRON.

I am sorry for it. On your return, bid Murray put my name down for fifty copies.

ODOHERTY.

You were always a gentleman, my Lord : But the bottle is out, and I am some hundred yards distant from civilization yet.

BYRON.

Pardon me—do as you like ; but I shall not drink any more.

ODOHERTY.

Not till the next time, you mean. Could I get a song out of your lordship ?

BYRON.

On what subject ?

ODOHERTY.

On any. Parody one of your own serious humbugs.—Suppose—"There's not a joy that life can give."—

BYRON.

Very well—here goes—accompany me on the pipes, which I see you have brought with you to alarm the Italians.

SONG.

THERE'S NOT A JOY THAT LIFE CAN GIVE, &c.

Tune.—GRAND MARCH in Scipio.

1.

*There's not a joy that WINE can give like that it takes away,
When slight intoxication yields to drunkenness the sway,
'Tis not that youth's smooth cheek its blush surrenders to the nose ;
But the stomach turns, the forehead burns, and all our pleasure goes.*

2.

*Then the few, who still can keep their chairs amid the smash'd decanters,
Who wanton still in witless jokes, and laugh at pointless banter—
The magnet of their course is gone—for, let them try to walk,
Their legs, they speedily will find as jointless as their talk.*

4.

*Then the mortal hotness of the brain, like hell itself, is burning,
It cannot feel, nor dream, nor think—'tis whizzing, blazing, turning—
The heavy wet, or port, or rum, has mingled with our tears,
And if by chance we're weeping drunk, each drop our cheek-bone sears.*

4.

*Though fun still flow from fluent lips, and jokes confuse our noddles
Through midnight hours, while punch our powers insidiously enfuddles,
'Tis but as ivy leaves were worn by Bacchanals of yore,
To make them still look fresh and gay while rolling on the floor.*

5.

*Oh ! could I walk as I have walk'd, or see as I have seen ;
Or even roll as I have done on many a carpet green—
As port at Highland inn seems sound, all corkish though it be,
So would I the Borachio kiss, and get blind drunk with thee.*

ODOHERTY.

Excellent—most excellent!

BYRON.

May, I don't shine in parody—Apropos, de bottes—Do you know anything of Bowles?

ODOHERTY.

Your antagonist?

BYRON.

Yes.

ODOHERTY.

I know he's a most excellent and elegant gentleman, who gave your Lordship some rubbers.

BYRON.

I flatter myself he had not the game altogether in his own hands. He, indeed, is a gentleman-like man, and so was Ali Pacha—but a heretic with respect to Pope. By the bye, is not Murray going to give a new edition of the great Ethic, the Bard of Twickenham?

ODOHERTY.

No, not now. He was, but in the mean time Roscoe, the gillyflower of Liverpool, announced his intention of coming forth—and Murray's editor declined. His Western Majesty, however, took the merit of declining it himself, and made a great matter of his condescension to Roscoe, who swallowed it. In the meantime, one of Murray's huff-caps cut Roscoe to pieces, in the review of Washington Irving's Sketch-Book, in the Quarterly.

BYRON.

Ha! ha! Well done, Joannes de Moravia. But is Bowles as thin-skinned as ever with respect to criticism?

ODOHERTY.

No—I should think not. Tickler, at Ambrose's, drew rather a droll description of him the other night, painting him in a shovel-hat, &c., which some how or other got into print, and Bowles was quite tickled by it.

BYRON.

The devil he was!

ODOHERTY.

Ay, and accepted the office of bottle-holder to North, in the expected turn-up between Christopher and Tom Moore, in the most handsome manner possible, chaunting, *à la Pistol*,

'Thou hast produced me in a gown and band,

And shovel, oh! sublimest Christopher!

And I shall now thy bottle-holder be,

Betting my shovel to a 'prentice cap,

That neither Tom nor Byron [*meaning you, my Lord.*] will stand up

A single moment 'gainst your powerful facers,

When you set to in fistic combat fairly.

But now that I have told you so much about British literature, give me something of the literature of this, I am sorry to say it, your adopted country.

BYRON.

I might perhaps shock your political principles.

ODOHERTY.

I have not any. So push on.

BYRON.

This poor country is so misgoverned——

ODOHERTY.

Ay, so your man Hobhouse says——

BYRON.

What Hobbio—mobbio—Paha! But really the Austrian domination is so abor——

[Left speaking.]

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Gideon Mantell, F.L.S. Member of the Geological Society, and author of the "Fossils of the South Downs," is preparing for publication a Description of the Strata and Organic Remains of Tilgate Forest; with Observations on the Beds of Limestone and Clay which alternate in the Ironsand of Sussex. This Work will be embellished with numerous Engravings of the extraordinary fossils discovered by the author in those remarkable strata; and will contain an Account of the Geological Relations of the Limestone of Winchelsea, Hastings, Battle, Horsham, &c. It is intended as an Appendix to the "Illustrations of the Geology of Sussex."

A Prospectus of a Work upon Ancient Armour has been put forth by Dr Meyrick.

Mr P. W. Watson, of Hull, has been engaged, in the vicinity of London, since the Spring of 1820, in collecting materials for a "Dendrologia Britannica," (Trees and Shrubs that will live in the open air of Britain during the whole year.) To be illustrated by original descriptions, and coloured plates from living plants.

Prælectiones Academicæ, or Academic Lectures, are preparing for the press, on subjects connected with the History of Modern Europe: viz. Christianity, Mahomedanism, the Crusades, Literature and the Arts, Navigation, the Jesuits, the Reformation, Civil Wars in England, Slave Trade, Commerce, French Revolution, Civil Liberty, and Religious Toleration. By the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M. This Work will be published in four quarterly parts; making, when completed, one handsome volume octavo, of 600 pages.

Public Men of our own Times is the title of a Work which will appear in July, in 3 vols., of the size of Debrett's Peerage. It will include nearly three thousand biographies of living characters in all civilized nations, and in all walks of public life; and be ornamented with 150 copperplate portraits.

The History and Antiquities of Lewes are announced for publication, in one volume quarto, with numerous Lithographic Plates. By the Rev. T. Horsfield and J. W. Woolgar, M.A.S. The Natural History of the District by G. Mantell, F.L.S. and G.S. Member of the College of Surgeons, &c.

Captain Manby, author of the Means of Saving Persons from Shipwreck, has nearly ready for the press a Journal of a Voyage to Greenland in the Year 1821. With Graphic Illustrations. 1 vol. 4to.

Vol. XII.

Sixteen Practical Sermons will shortly be published, on the most important subjects of religion, delivered on various occasions, by the late Rev. Richard Postlethwaite, Rector of Roche, Cornwall.

Mr Pontey's Practical Treatise on Rural Ornament, which deduces the science from well-known fixed principles, will appear in the course of the present month.

Shortly will be published, with numerous plates, a Tour through Sweden, Norway, and the Coast of Norwegian Lapland to the Northern Cape, in the Year 1820. By A. De Capell Brooke.

At the same time will appear, in imperial quarto, the Costumes of the Different Provinces in Sweden, coloured.

Mr Nelson is preparing an octavo edition of his History of Islington, which will contain much additional letter-press, and twenty Engravings and Lithographic Prints.

The Hundred of Merc. By Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart.; being the First Portion of a History of Modern Wills.

The First Part of Mr Baxter's History and Antiquities of the County of Northampton, containing the Hundreds of Spelthorpe, Newbottle Grove, and part of Fawsley.

Travels into the Arkansas Territory in America, with Occasional Observations on the Manners of the Aborigines. Illustrated by a map and other engravings. By Thomas Nuttall, F.L.S.

An Analytical Investigation of the Scriptural Claims of the Devil, and a similar Inquiry into the meaning of the terms Sheol, Hades, and Gehenna, as used by the Scripture Writers. By the Rev. Russell Scott, of Portsmouth.

Mr Wordsdale, sen. of Lincoln, has ready for the press, a Work, entitled, Celestial Philosophy, or Genethliacal Astronomy. This manuscript is entirely original, and contains, we are informed, the whole art of calculating nativities, with a great number of genitures. The examples are given in figures, which may be proved by the use of the celestial globe, or spherical trigonometry. It is intended to publish it in twenty-five numbers, making 600 pages, 8vo.

A Chart of the Rise and Progress of Christianity, exhibiting at one view the number of Christians, viz. Greeks, Roman Catholics, and Protestants, at any particular period, from the commencement of Christianity to the present time; with a map of the world, shewing the parts inhabited by Christians, Mahomedans, and Pagans. Containing also a Succinct Account of the Doctrines and Tenets of the various

Christian Sects; including the Greeks, Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, Church of England, Church of Scotland, Socinians, Arminians, Baptists, Independents, Unitarians, Moravians, Quakers, Methodists, &c. &c.; with the number of each sect in Great Britain, and the population of each country in Europe, divided into Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants; forming a concise yet complete View of Christianity. *

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A Treatise on the Use of Moxa, as a Therapeutical Agent. By Baron Larrey. Translated from the French; with Notes and an Introduction, containing a History of the Substance, by Robley Dunglison, will appear in the course of the present month.

Mr Hopkins, of Manchester, has in the press a Work on Principles of Political Economy which regulate Wages, Profits, Rent, and the Value of Money.

The Rev. Dr Rudge has in the press, in two octavo volumes, Sermons on the Leading Characters and most Important Events recorded in the Book of Genesis.

A Second Edition of Mr Hamper's Tract on Hoar-Stories.

Memoirs of the Queens of England, with a Sketch of the Kings. By Catherine Hutcheon, author of the Tour of Africa. &c.

The Rev. George Holden is printing, in an octavo volume, an Attempt to Illustrate the Book of Ecclesiastes.

Mr Townsend is preparing for publication the New Testament, in Chronological and Historical Order, on a plan similar to his Arrangement of the Old Testament, lately published.

Shortly will appear, the Claims of Sir Philip Francis Refuted.

A Second Edition of Sir Astley Cooper's Work on Hernia. By C. Aston Key. With Additions by the Author, and Notes by the Editor, on the Works of Scarpa, and others who have written since the publication of the former edition.

The Rev. William Jay has in the press a new edition of his Short Discourses for Families.

Essays on Subjects of Inquiry in Metaphysics, Morals, and Religion. By the late Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq. 8vo.

The Princess (Olive of Cumberland) announces her intention of publishing by subscription her Poems, in 2 vols.

Mr William Cooke has in the press an Abridgment, with Copious Notes, of Professor Morgagni's Work on Diseases.

A new edition is preparing of Blair's Grammar of Natural Philosophy.

Miss Mary Ann Hedge is about to publish a Novel, called "Man," or Anecdotes National and Individual.

A new edition of the Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Musle-Hudden Shaik Cady, of Sheraz. Translated from the original Persian, by Francis Gladwin, Esq. is stated to be in the press.

A Complete Translation into French of Dr Johnson's Lives of the Poets, is now, for the first time, printing in Paris.

An edition is also announced of Dramatic Pieces which have been prohibited by the Censors.

Tales of a Tourist, containing the Outlaw, and Fashionable Connexions. By Miss Lefanu, author of Strathallan, &c. 4 vols.

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EDINBURGH.

Barvil of the Peak. By the Author of Barley, &c. is in the Press.

The Author of Annals of the Parish, &c. is preparing for publication, The Entail, or, the Lairds of Grippy.

The Press, and speedily will be pub-

lished by subscription, in 1 vol: 12mo. price 6s. Leuran Castle; or, the Wild Boar of Curridon, with other Tales, illustrative of the Superstitions, the Manners, and the Customs of Galloway. By Robert Trotter, Student of Medicine.

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London, Corn Exchange, July 8.

Liverpool, July 9.

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Wheat, red, new	White ditto	Eng. Old	Amer. p. 196 lb.	0 to —
Fine ditto	Ditto, bolers	Eng. Old	Swat. U.S. —	0 to —
Superfine ditto	Small beams, new	New	Do. in bond	30 0 to 32 0
Ditto, old	Ditto, old	Foreign	Sour do.	34 0 to 35 0
White, new	Tick ditto, new	Waterford	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	0 to —
Fine ditto	Ditto, old	Limerick	English	24 0 to 27 0
Superfine ditto	Feed oats	Drogheda	Scotch	24 0 to 26 0
Ditto, old	Fine ditto	Dublin	Irish	24 0 to 26 0
Rye	Poland ditto	Scotch	Brans, p. 24 lb.	1 0 to 1 1
Barley	Fine ditto	Irish Old	Butter, Brf, &c.	
Fine ditto	Potato ditto	Barley, per 60 lbs.	Butter, p.cwt.	s. d. s. d.
Superfine ditto	Fine ditto	Eng. ...	Belfast, new	76 0 to 77 0
Malt	Scotch	Scotch	Newry	75 0 to 76 0
Fine	Flour, per sack	Irish	Waterford	75 0 to 76 0
Hot Pease	Ditto, seconds	Oats, per 45 lb.	Cork, p.cwt.	76 0 to 78 0
Maple	North country	Eng. pots.	3d dry	— 0 to — 0

Seeds, &c.

Must. White.	s. d.	Hempseed	s. d.	Beans, per q.	s. d.
Brown, new	8 to 10	Linseed, crush.	— to —	English	28 0 to 34 0
Tares, per bush	2s to 3s 0	Flax	— to —	Irish	28 0 to 30 0
Turnips, bush	6 to 7	Rye Grass	14 to 30	Rapeseed, p. l.	20 to 22
Red & green	— to —	Clover, red cwt.	20 to 51	Pease, grey	25 0 to 26 7
Yellow	— to —	White	20 to 60	White	30 0 to 40 0
Caraway, cwt.	54 to 62	Coriander	9 to 14	Flour, English	34 0 to 38 0
Canary, per qr.	30 to 34	Trefoil	8 to 20	Irish	28 0 to 37 0
rape seed, per last	£21 to £22				

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	2d.	9th.	15th.	23d.
Bank stock,	239½	—	240	—
3 per cent. reduced,	78½	78½ 9½	79½ 9	80½ 3
3 per cent. consols,	79	—	—	—
3½ per cent. consols,	80½	90½	90½	91½
4 per cent. consols,	84½	95½	96½	97½
New 4 per cent. consols,	95½	96	96½	97½
India stock,	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	43 pr.	48 pr.	48 pr.	—
Exchequer bills, 2d.	1 4	1 2	1 5	par. 6
Consols for acc.	80½	80½	80½	81½
Long Annuities	19 15-16	20 1-16	20 1-16	20 7-16
French 5 per cents.	—	90f. 90 c.	91fr. 70c.	—
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Course of Exchange, July 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 9. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 6. Rotterdam, 12 : 10. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburg, 33 : 1. Altona, 38 : 2. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Ditto 26 : —. Bourdeaux, 26 : —. Frankfort on the Maine, 157½. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3. *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 21 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 21 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 38. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 35½. Barcelona, 38½. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 117. Lisbon, 61½. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9½ per cents. Cork, 9½ per cent.

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SUGAR, Musc.	52	to 60	52	55	49	55	53	57
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	70	82	56	70	56	71	59	67
Mid. good, and fine mid.	80	82	—	—	72	77	69	73
Fine and very fine, . . .	120	130	—	—	—	—	—	—
Refined Doub. Leaves, . .	96	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . . .	88	96	98	110	—	—	—	—
Single ditto, . . .	83	88	88	92	—	—	—	—
Small Lump, . . .	80	85	80	85	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, . . .	35	32	80	86	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump, . . .	—	50	97	27 6	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	100	103	96	105	96	100	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.	105	120	107	122	112	123	96	101
Ord. good, and fine ord.	106	120	—	—	125	132	116	126
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	78	96	89	110
Dutch Triage and very ord.	120	125	104	113	96	112	110	115
Ord. good, and fine ord.	123	140	115	122	114	125	124	131
Mid. good, and fine mid.	122	126	—	—	96	100	—	—
St Domingo, . . .	8½	9	—	—	8	8½	—	—
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Brandy, . . .	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	1 1	1 6
Geneva, . . .	6 2	6 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grain Whisky, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,	43	55	—	—	—	—	£20	£30
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Teneriffe, pipe.	45	65	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, . . .	47	7 7	—	—	8 5	0 9	£0 9	—
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Honduras, . . .	8	—	—	—	10 9	10 10	11 0	12 0
Campeachy, . . .	7	8	—	—	9 0	9 10	6 0	8 15
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	9	11	—	—	10 0	11 0	10 0	12 0
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CUT, Broad Georg.	—	—	—	—	1 0	1 2	—	—
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Good, . . .	—	—	—	—	0 9	0 10½	0 9½	1 0½
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Manilla, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

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 Beaumont, T. S. and J. Leicester, baker.
 Bethell, T. Poole, painter.
 Bell, J. Suffolk-lane, wine-merchant.
 Bishop, R. Aston-road, Birmingham, brass-founder.
 Billington, J. Manchester, shopkeeper.
 Blyth, J. Wellington, Shropshire, draper.
 Bolton, W. Banbury, and T. Bolton, Grimsbury, Northamptonshire, coal-merchants.
 Boyd, S. C. Oxford, wine-merchant.
 Bradbury, B. Stone, dealer.
 Bradshaw, J. Evesham, Staffordshire, butcher.
 Brammall, G. Sheffield, merchant.
 Bruston, W. and H. Ruddington, Nottinghamshire, dealers in cattle.
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 Cebon, W. Plymouth, grocer.
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 Coburn, T. Witney, woolstapler.
 Collins, J. and R. Copoll, Northampton, carriers.
 Collins, J. Vincent place, City-road, broker.
 Coppard, J. gen. Mitcham, drug-grinder.
 Courthope, F. W. Langbourn Chambers, timber-merchant.
 Cox, J. Pensford, Somersetshire, mealman.
 Croxson, W. H. Burton, Latimer, Northamptonshire, miller.
 Dodd, J. and W. Kirkoswald, Cumberland, grocers.
 Ellis, T. Crooked-lane, dry-salter.
 Fothergill, W. Cannon-street road, ship-owner.
 Fowler, J. S. and A. E. Liverpool, merchants.
 Fulton, E. Earl-street, Blackfriars, coal-merchant.
 Furlong, W. and J. Bristol, hosiery-dealers.
 Gibson, W. and E. Town, Trinity-square, corn-factors.
 Gooden, W. D. Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, brewer.
 Gould, W. and F. Gressley, Maiden-lane, Wood-street, hosiery.
 Goulden, J. Goulden-place, Hackney-road, carpenter.
 Graham, J. Lapworth, Warwickshire, tanner.
 Haines, J. Lubenham, Leicestershire, baker.
 Hales, W. N. Bristol, Staffordshire, brewer.
 Harroan, J. Lower Thames-street, merchant.
 Harris, N. Southampton, coach-maker.
 Henderson, R. Louthian Gill, Cumberland, corn-dealer.
 Heyes, J. Stockport, draper.
 Hirst, J. Aldonbury, Yorkshire, merchant.
 Holden, J. Manchester, calico-dealer.
 Holden, G. Clitheroe, calico-manufacturer.
 Hoardman, R. Liverpool, merchant.
 Humphreys, W. Billesdon, Leicestershire, draper.
 Huntington, J. Snow-hill, jeweller.
 Hughes, T. Grosvenor-row, Chelsea, linen-draper.
 Husband, R. Plymouth, merchant.
 Illingworth, H. A. Power, merchant.
 Jackson, S. G. F. South Lynn, jobber.
 Jarmyn, J. Yarmouth, merchant.
 Jenkins, T. Llanwethin, Glamorganshire.
 Johnson, W. Gainsburgh, maltster.
 Johnson, S. Skinner-street, Bishopgate-street, cabinet-maker.
 Joplin, J. Sunderland, linen-draper.
 Jones, J. Coreley, Shropshire, lime-burner.
 Kelton, T. Comb Down, Somersetshire, farmer.
 Kent, T. Kiston Holme, Lincolnshire, butcher.
 Large, J. Wootton Bassett, Wilts, banker.
 Lester, J. Windsor, glazier.
 Leigh, G. Wincham, Cheshire, dealer in coals.
 Lewis, R. King-street, Soho, chair-maker.
 Long, D. Andover, gun-maker.
 Lowry, J. Bunker's-hill, Cumberland, lead-ore miner.
 Lyall, G. North Shields, merchant.
 Maddock, C. F. Plymouth, linen-draper.
 Mathews, E. College-hill, Upper Thames-street, merchant.
 Merryweather, S. Longham, Hants, maltster.
 Murrow, T. Liverpool, money- scrivener.
 Nisish, F. Tiverton, Somersetshire, clothier.
 Newton, T. Holtbach, Lincolnshire, and W. Newton, Norfolk, jobbers and wool-buyers.
 Olley, T. Clare, Suffolk, maltster.
 Paradise, J. Newcastle-street, Strand, jeweller.
 Pelerin, H. F. Loyd's Coffee-house, Insurance-broker.
 Picell, W. Bromyard, Herefordshire, builder.
 Penfold, W. Clutton, Somersetshire, builder.
 Pickman, W. East Lacey, Berks, grocer.
 Port, F. J. Rugely, Staffordshire, druggist.
 Potts, W. Sheerness, linen-draper.
 Probyn, J. M. Long-lane, Bermondsey, surgeon.
 Quilter, H. Leicester, victualler.
 Raine, J. Great Corn-street, merchant.
 Raife, J. P. Freshwater, Isle of Wight, corn-dealer.
 Rashbrook, W. Lavenham, Suffolk, farmer.
 Ridley, T., J. Brown, and W. Sawport, South Blyth, Northumberland, brewers.
 Robertson, J. Old Broad-street, merchant.
 Saunders, J. Holland-street, Bankside, factor.
 Shipway, T. Tidworth, Warco Farm, Hampshire, sheep-dealer.
 Sporr, M. North Shields, upholsterer.
 Slaham, J. Collyhurst, Lancashire, dyer.
 Stonall, G. Box, Wiltshire, tailor.
 Tragg, H. and J. Ratcliffe, Hertford, timber-merchants.
 Twycross, J. Westhoun, Sussex, fell-monger.
 Tyler, W. Kimbolton, Huntingdonshire, carrier.
 Watson, W. Chelsea, brewer.
 Willing, S. Plymouth, corn-merchant.
 Wilson, T. S. Methley, Yorkshire, maltster.
 Wood, W. Brumby, Lincolnshire, jobber.
 Worthington, E. Slaggate-street, Lambeth, brewer.
 Young, W. North Bank, near Regent's Park, and J. Green, Cambleton Town, excavators.
 Young, D. Leeds, merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th June, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Anderson, Alexander, merchant and dealer in Edinburgh.
 Auchtermuchty, the Burgh of, in the county of Fife.
 Gammel, Robert, wright in Cambuslang.
 Inches, James, junior, wood-merchant, residing at Stenton.
 M'Dowall and M'Clavery, merchants and ship-owners in Drumore.
 M'Neil, Ronald, merchant in Glasgow.
 Maxwell, David, junior, merchant, Dundee.
 Rae, Samuel, baker and tea and spirit-dealer in Kirkcudbright.
 Wilson, James, grain-merchant, residing in Renfrew.

DIVIDENDS.

 Brodie, John, the late, ship-owner in Drysat: an equalizing dividend of 2s. per pound on 2d July.
 The Company carrying on business in Glasgow as manufacturers, under the firm of Alexander Hutchinson; a final dividend after 3th July.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

- 2 Life G. Lt. Marien, to be Capt. by purch. vice Milligan, ret. May 1, 1822
- Cornet and Sub-Lt. Bulkley, Lt. by purch. vice Nicholson, ret. 19 April.
- Hori, do. vice Matten 4 May.
- J. P. Macquay, Cornet and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Bulkley 19 April.
- Ers. Smith, from h. p. G. F. Cornet & Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Hori 4 May
- R. H. Oda. Cornet G. S. Hill, Lt. by purch. vice Arnold, ret. 6 June
- L. Kenyon, Cornet by purch. do.
- 3 Dr. G. Lt. Hadden, Captain by purch. vice Tiede, ret. 23 May
- Cornet Wiley, Lt. by purch. do.
- R. W. Pierce, Cornet by purch. do.
- 4 Lt. Decker, Capt. by purch. vice Sub-thrope, ret. 30 do.
- Cornet Stainer, Lt. by purch. do.
- H. Fane, Cornet by purch. do.
- 3 Dr. Cornet Slade, Lt. by purch. vice Mason, 80 F. 23 do.
- A. Trevelyan, Cornet by purch. do.
- H. J. Murchison, Cornet by purch. vice Thornhill, ret. do.
- 7 Lt. Phillips, Cornet by purch. vice Lord Beauchamp, prom. 30 do.
- 11 Cornet Hon. H. D. Shore, Lt. by purch. vice Wall, 81 F. 23 do.
- E. Astley, Cornet by purch. do.
- 13 Assist. Surg. Backhouse, from h. p. 1 Dr. Assist. Surg. vice Jeyes, prom. do.
- Quincey, from h. p. 18 Dr. by purch. vice Backhouse cano. 6 June
- 16 Dr. Lt. Hilton, Adj. vice Curzon, res. Adj. 6 June
- 17 Gent. Cadet L. Sheedden, from R. Mil Coll. Cornet by purch. vice Fancourt 19 F. 27 May
- 19 Gblt. Cadet O. Phillips, from R. Mil Coll. Cornet by purch. vice Hervey, 12 Dr. 30 do.
- 7 F. Ens. Lord W. Paulet, from 53 F. Lt. by purch. vice Stewart, 37 F. 26 do.
- Lord W. Thynne, from 78 F. Lt. by purch. vice Stewart, 72 F. 6 June
- 1 — Maxwell, Lt. by purch. vice Lord Bingham, 71 F. 13 do.
- Hon. H. Harre, 69 F. Ens. do.
- 10 Lt. Hon. H. R. Molyneux, from 6 F. Lt. vice Waddle, h. p. 23 F. rec. diff. 16 May
- 20 Ens. Broates, from 73 F. Ens. vice Minton, 6 F. 23 do.
- 22 Assist. Surg. Ingleham, from h. p. 8 F. Assist. Surg. vice Browne, 5 D. G. 15 June
- 23 1st Lt. Fielding, Capt. by purch. vice W. no. ret. 6 do.
- 2d Lt. Gourlay, 1st Lt. by purch. do.
- D. C. C. Elwes, 2d Lt. by purch. do.
- 29 Lt. Weir, from h. p. 69 F. Lt. and Adj. vice Gillert dead 16 May
- Serj. Maj. Mitchell, 1st of Reg. Qua-Mast. vice Gillert, ret. full-pay 23 do.
- 37 Lt. Stuart, 7 F. Capt. by purch. vice Felt, 58 F. 16 do.
- 50 Ens. Briggs, from 61 F. Lt. vice Bate-mann dead 13 June
- 51 Lt. Hon. Sir T. Hildop, Bt. G.C.B. from 10 F. Col. vice Gen. Mordaunt, dead 4 do.
- 54 Gent. Cadet H. W. Harris, from R. Mil Coll. Cornet by purch. vice Townsend, 23 May
- 56 — East, from 37 F. Capt. vice Bt. Major Baldwin, ret. 16 do.
- 60 Gent. Cadet H. W. Blackford, from R. Mil Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Hare, 8 F. 13 June
11. Hanman, Capt. vice W. A. Grant, dead 16 May
- Fus. Follitt, Lt. do.
- 1st. Strangways, from h. p. Ens. do.
- 72 Lt. Gilbert, from 7 F. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Jackson, ret. 6 June
- 73 Lt. G. Lord Bingham, from 6 F. Capt. by purch. vice Stewart, prom. 16 May
- 78 R. J. P. Vassal, Ens. by purch. vice Lord Thynne, 7 F. 6 June
- 79 Ens. Townsend, from 54 F. Fus. vice Bostad, 20 F. 23 May
- 80 Lt. Mason, from 3 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Harpur, prom. 16 do.
- 81 Capt. Taylor, Major by purch. vice Sutherland, 2 W.L.R. do.
- Lt. Wall, from 11 Dr. Capt. by purch. do.
- 83 — Phillips, Capt. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Geddes, dead 15 June
- 85 Ens. Martin, from the 20 F. Ens. vice Lord Paulet, 7 F. 23 May
- 92 Lt. Rowley, from 7 F. Capt. by purch. vice Logan, ret. 13 June
- 93 Maj. Gen. Sir H. Lowe, K.C.B. Col. vice Sir T. Hildop, 93 F. 1 do.
- Rifle Brig. W. S. R. Norcott, 2d Lt. vice Probert, dead 1 do.
- 2 W.L.R. Maj. Sutherland, from 81 F. Lt. Col. by purch. vice O'Hara, ret. 16 May
- Id. Adams, from h. p. African Corp. Id. vice Rowe, cancelled 30 do.
- 1 Cylt. R. 2d Lt. Murray, 1st Lt. vice Poynton, dead 1 Oct. 1811
- R. Myles, 2d Lt. 16 May 1811
- 2d Lt. Hay, from 2 Cylton R. 3d Lt. vice Newbolt, h. p. 2 Cylton Lt. 30 do.
- 1 Lt. M'Leod, from 14 V. Lt. 1st Lt. 2 do.
- Ens. Macphail, from late 10 V. Lt. Bn. 2 do.
- Vcl. Comp. Lt. Terry, from late 6 V. Lt. Bn. 1st Lt. 30 do.
- Royal Artillery.*
- 2d Capt. Fraser, from h. p. 2d Capt. 1 June, 1812
- 1st Lt. Edwards, 2d Capt. vice Giddon, dead do.
- Johnson, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
- 2d Lt. Sehaw, 1st Lt. do.
- Gent. Cadet W. Smith, 2d Lt. do.
- Bt. Maj. and Capt. Kettlewell, from h. p. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Sandham, h. p. 7 do.
- Medical Department.*
- Physician J. Forbes, Dep. In p. of Ho-pital, vice Menzies, dead, 23 May 1812
- Asst. Surg. Young, from h. p. 2 Dr. Gds. Assist. Surg. to the Forces do.
- Munro, from h. p. 23 F. Assist. Surg. to the Forces do.
- Exchanges.*
- Bt. Major Gurwood, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. between the full pay troop and company, with Capt. Drummond, h. p. 1 W.L.R.
- Capt. Uppohn, from 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Chichester, h. p. 2 W.L.R.
- Weynell, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Dunnett, h. p. 79 F.
- Grimes, from 16 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay troop and company, with Capt. Jiles, h. p. 16 F.
- Frankland, from 2 F. with Capt. Power, 20 F.
- Harrison, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Lord S. Kerr, h. p. 5 F.
- Young, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hewett, h. p. 38 F.
- Kirkby, from 1 F. with Capt. Butler, h. p. 80 F.
- Jones, from 89 F. with Capt. Nichol, h. p. 2 Dr.
- Leut. West, from 1 Dr. G. with Lt. M'Mahon, h. p. 24 Dr.
- M'Mahon, from 1 Dr. G. with Lt. Smith, 16 Dr.
- Addison, from 3 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lt. Peel, h. p. 2 Dr. G.
- Loftus, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay Cms. and Inf. with Lt. Fancourt, h. p. 91 F.
- M'Nash, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. M'Queen, h. p. 3 Dr.

Lieut. Markham, from 12 F. with Lt. Glover, 72 F.

— Clayhills, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sloane, h. p. 67 F.

— Greig, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Deake, h. p. 81 F.

— Webber, from 36 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Home, h. p. Rifle Brig.

— Manning, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ganning, h. p. 21 Dr.

— Gilbert, from 65 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Havelock, h. p. 21 F.

Ens. and Lt. Talbot, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Percival, h. p. 2 Dr. G. Cor. and Sub-Lt. Phillips, from 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Lt. Hamilton, 51 F.

— Walrond, from 1 Life G. rec. diff. with Cornet Chetwynd, h. p. 15 Dr. Ensign Northwick, from 28 F. with Lt. Ens. Barron, h. p. 3 F.

— Watkins, from 80th F. rec. diff. with Ens. Thomas, h. p. 22 F.

Paym. Brennan, from 44 F. with Paymaster Allsopp, h. p. 97 F.

Staff Surg. Baillie, from Rec. Dist. with Surg. Brady, h. p. Rec. Dist.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Col. O'Hara, 2 W.L.R.

Major Bakewell, 58 F.

— Jackson, 72 F.

Capt. Milligan, 2 Life Gds.

— Tiede, 3 Dr. G.

— Stithorp, 4 Dr. G.

— Wynne, 23 F.

— Tugan, 54 F.

Lieut. Nicholson, 4 Life Gds.

— Arnold, R. Horse Gds.

Cornet Thornhill, 7 Dr.

Quar.-Mastr. Nonne, Wilts Mil.

— Hamilton, Lanark Mil.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Major-Gen. Elliott, from late 5 Vet. Bn.

as Col. of 5 Vet. Bn. Ross, 2 W.L.R.

Assist. Surg. Backhouse, 15 Dr.

Deaths.

General Mordaunt, 51 F.

Lieut.-Gen. Fuller, late of 59 F. Paris.

Colonel H. E. of Oxford, W. Norfolk M. June, 22

— Evans, h. p. African Cp. 15 June, 1822

Lieut. Col. Geddes, 85 F. Ceylon 5 Oct. 21

— Schlatton, h. p. 5 Line Ger. Leg. Strasb. 25 May, 1822

— Hamover 10 March, 1822

Major Loftus, 9 F. Antigua 21 Oct. 21

— O'Shaughnessy, 45 F. Calcutta 21 Oct. 21

Captain W. A. Grant, 71 F.

— Oldham, R. Art. Dover 30 May, 1822

— Sutherland, ret. full pay, London, 1 June

— Flack, late 1 Vet. Bn.

— Jones, h. p. 79 F. Tanaseh, near Wark 25 April, 1822

Lieut. Gilbert, Adjutant, 29 F. Dublin, 25 Apr. 22

— Hay, 34 F. Madras 26 Sept. 1821

— Bateman, 50 F.

— Hollowell, 2 Ceylon Regt. Badulla, Ceylon 1 Nov. 1821

— Hepburn, Invalids, Portsea 21 May, 1822

— Lewis, late 6 Vet. Bn. Brussels 10 Feb.

— Mitchell, late 8 Vet. Bn. Perth 21 May

2d Lieut. Robert, Rifle Brig. 1 Dec. 1821

Ensign Cooper, 14 F. Calcutta 1 Dec. 1821

— Frederick Smith, 16 F. at Kandy, Ceylon 7 Dec. 1821

— Foster, h. p. 5 F. 27 March, 1822

— Douglas, h. p. 73 F. Edinburgh 10 May

— Lutyens, 63 F. Jamaica 25 April

Physician Dr. R. Gordon, Drevet Deputy Insp. h. p. 27 May, 1822

Surgeon Mackay, 65 F. Bombay 11 Nov. 1821

— J. A. Campbell, Drevet Deputy Insp. h. p. 22

Assist. Surg. O'Donel, 91 F. Jamaica 20 Mar. 22

— Pearson, ret. full pay Colchester 27 May

Sunderland

— Williams, h. p. Greek Lt. Inf. Florence 6 April

Veterinary Surg. Burroughs, h. p. 4 Dr. Brighton 3 June, 1822

II.

Naval Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
<i>Captains.</i>	Christopher Knight	Wm. Clewes Saunders
Thomas Ladd Peake	John Edward Griffith Colpoys	Thomas Ricketon
Andrew Mitchell		George Henslow
Norwich Duff	<i>Lieutenants.</i>	John Townshend
Charles Christopher Parker	Barthol. Prust	Henry Richard Drummond
John Edward Walcott	John Garrett	Alex. Bridport Beecher
	William Barwell	Thomas Richard Frampton
<i>Commanders.</i>	John Thomas Paulson	Thos. Madge Hyne
George Fred. Hotham	Francis Harding	Chas. Wyndham Rawdon
John James Onslow	Samuel John Hunt	Chas. Elliot
Charles Hulse Fremantle,	Hon. Wm. Anson	Henry Griffith Colpoys,
Charles Crole	George Fuller Stow,	Geo. Lewis Augustus Macmundo
Charles Philip Yorke	Charles Cotton	

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Captains.</i>		Wm. Russel	Aradine
Sir W. Hoste, K.C.B.	Albion	Thos. R. Frampton	Beaver
Thos. Alexander, C.B.	Alligator	Adair Miller	Brisk
C. R. Moorsom	Ariadne	Rt. Sealton	Bulwark
Thomas Dundas	Bulwark	Chas. Crowley	ditto
James Wigton	Bustard	Richard I. Nash	ditto
Thomas Herbert	Carvation	Thos. Gregg	ditto
Robert Hay	Delight	Thomas Richmond	Bustard
Henry T.B. Collicie	Esquiegle	Henry Ogle (act.)	Chanticleer
Sir Murray Maxwell, C.B.	Gloucester	Henry Layton	Conway
John Weeks	Harlequin	Chas. W. Rawdon	Creole
Charles Crole	Icarus	Jas. Knight	Delight
George A. Westphal	Jupiter	Jas. Anderson (c)	ditto
Christopher Knight	Morgiana	C. A. Baskow (act.)	Dispatch
Frederick Hume	Pandora	Arch. Grant	Esquiegle
John Edward Walcott	Tyne	Henry Dundas	Euryalus
		John Garrett	ditto
<i>Lieutenants.</i>		And. Forbes	Falmouth
Alex. B. Beecher	Alacrity	Wm. Jones (c)	Gloucester
James Anderson (b)	Albion	Geo. Pierce	ditto
John S. Murray	ditto	Wm. Morris (b)	ditto
W. Dunnet	ditto	John H. Bond	ditto
Geo. Fre. Hyves	Alligator	C. Hollowell, Flag Lieut.	ditto
Wm. Smith (c)	ditto	Thos. M. Hyne	Philogenia
Edward Blaucliev	ditto	Alex. Elliot	Jupiter

mary-General, of a daughter, who died the following morning.

19. At 114, George Street, the Lady of Captain Menzies, of a daughter.

22. At 36, Albany Street, the Right Hon. Lady Robert Ker, of a daughter.

23. At Brighton, the Lady of Dr Blair, of a son.

— At East Powderhall, Mrs John Orr, of a son.

21. At Grangehill, Mrs Reid, wife of Captain Reid, R. N. of a son.

— At Meadow Place, Mrs Irving of a son.

25. At his house, in Rotterdam, the Lady of James Henry Turing, Esq. of a daughter.

— At 10-cent, Perth, Mrs Seton, of a son.

28. The Lady of Wm. R. Robinson, Esq. Advocate, of a son.

29. Mrs William Young, 55, Great King Street, of a son.

— At Erory, Mrs Fraser, of Beluain, of a son.
Lately. At Beaumont Cottage, Chertsey, the Lady of J. H. Colt, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

November, 1821. At Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, Lieutenant Thomson, belonging to the staff of his Excellency the Governor-in-Chief, Sir Thomas Brisbane, to Eliza, second daughter of the late Thomas Reiry, Esq. merchant, Sydney, New South Wales.

May 9, 1822. At Florence, William Burn, Esq. of Coldoch, Perthshire, to Juliette, fourth daughter of Wm. James Hall, Esq. of Marpool-Hall, in the county of Devon.

June 1. In Park Place, Edinburgh, William Grant, Esq. of Congington, to Susan Campbell, eldest daughter of the Hon. Lord Succoth.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Charles, eldest son of Sir William Wake, Bart. of fourteen-Hall, in the county of Northampton, to Charlotte, second daughter of Craufurd Tait, Esq. of Harvistown.

— At Princes Street, Captain William Stirling, youngest son of the late William Stirling, Esq. of Kerr, to Ann Charlotte, second daughter of Sir Alexander Charles Marland Gibson of Cliftonhall, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Matthew Buchan, merchant, to Christina, daughter of the late William Renton, Esq. Nicolson Square.

2. At Chilton, John Blackett, Esq. of Lyham West Field, to Miss Blackett, daughter of the late Mr Richard Blackett, of Nether.

— At Liverpool, Mr James Thomson, of that place, son of the late Thomas Thomson, town-clerk of Musselburgh, to Margery, youngest daughter of the late Hugh Rathune, Esq. of Queenslie, near Glasgow.

— At Montrose, David Eaton Keith, Esq. to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Chaplain, Knott.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Adams, writer, to Miss Janet Brown, Crichon Street.

4. At Smith's Place, Leith Walk, Mr Andrew Taylor, of Seaton Westmales, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Banks, Haddington.

— Mr Henry Condell, Edinburgh, to Marion, only daughter of Mr Vallance, Trarant.

— At Hospitalfield, in the county of Forfar, the Hon. William Maule, of Panmure, to Miss Barton, grand daughter of the late David Hunter, Esq. of Blackness.

— At St Mary's, Lambeth, George Sligo, Esq. of Auldham, to Anna Seton Outram, eldest daughter of the late Benjamin Outram, Esq. of Butterly-Hall, Derbyshire.

5. F. Gordon, Esq. of Braeo Park, Aberdeenshire, to Helen, daughter of J. Young, Esq. of Percy Street, London.

6. At Millbrook, near Southampton, the Hon. Richard Westcote, to Miss Scott, only daughter of the late Henry Owen Scott, Esq. of the county of Monaghan.

— At St Mary-le-Bonne New Church, London, George Banks, Esq. M. P. of Kingston Hall, Dorset, to Georgina Charlotte, only child of Admiral Nugent.

10. At Seaton, Michael Bruce, Esq. eldest son of Sir William Bruce, of Stanhouse, Bart. to

Miss Moir, only daughter of Alexander Moir, Esq. of Seotland, and Sheriff of Aberdeenshire.

10. At Barrisa Place, Perth, James White, Esq. to Mary Gavin, eldest daughter of the late Mr Marquis Kenmore.

— Mr James Irvine, merchant, Edinburgh, to Miss Margaret Kirkham, daughter of Mr John Kirkham, builder.

11. At Westbarns, Mr John Yule, W. S. to Morrison, fifth daughter of the late Robert Brown, Esq. Westbarns.

— At Portland Place, Leith, Mr William Hearn, of the Naval Yard, Leith, to Margaret, second daughter of Robert Douglas, Esq.

— At Linxmant, Peter Campbell, Esq. Great King Street, Edinburgh, to Katherine, daughter of Thomas Williamson, Esq. of Maxton.

12. At Edinburgh, the Reverend Mr James MacEwan, Strathaven, to Helen, daughter of Mr James Smart, West Nicolson Street.

14. At Belmont Place, Kelso, Mr John Ramsay, merchant, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Broomfield, Esq. of Belmont Place.

— At Bathgate, Mr William Henderson, merchant, Edinburgh, to Miss Eliza Gardner, second daughter of Mr James Gardner, merchant.

17. At Leamoth Palace, the Hon. Robert Smith, M. P. and son of Lord Carrington, to the Hon. Miss Katherine Forester, second daughter of Lord Forester.

— At Cutstraw, James Wilson, of Spott, Esq. to Isabella, second daughter of John King, Esq. of Cutstraw.

— At Edinburgh, Captain Francis E. Lock, R. N. to Jessie, eldest daughter of the late Major David Robertson, Assistant Barrackmaster-General, North Britain.

18. At George's Church, Hanover Square, Lord F. Gower, second son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, to Miss Grosvenor, daughter of Lady Charlotte Grosvenor.

21. At the house of Mr George Carsstairs, Wellington Place, Leith, Mr James Allan, merchant there, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr David Thoms, merchant, St Andrews.

25. At Allanfield, Mr Robert Scott, merchant, Leith, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Thomas Allan, Esq. of Allanfield.

DEATHS.

August 26, 1821. At Dhawes, Thomas Marshall, Esq. a surgeon on the Bombay establishment, and Statistical Reporter.

Oct. 29. At Lucknow, Captain Lewis Grant, of the 7th Bengal infantry.

Mar. 3, 1822. At London, Thomas Ballingall, Esq. writer in Glasgow.

14. On board His Majesty's ship *Savannah*, at sea, Captain Clibworthy Cotton, of the Royal Navy, and late Resident Commissioner at Ton country.

April 21. At Holiday Hall Estate, Jamaica, Lewis Grant, Esq. son of the late Rev. Patrick Grant, minister of Nair.

22. Lost off the coast of Ireland, on board the Confidence, on his way to join the Brazen, Mr William Majoribanks, merchant, aged 22, third son of Alexander Majoribanks, Esq. of Majoribanks.

22. At Marselles, Mr George Shanks Melroon, youngest son of the late James Melroon, Esq. of Ditchburgh, Fifehire.

27. At Ham, Surrey, Margaret, wife of General Gordon Forbes, aged 74.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Stewart, relict of the deceased John Monro, Esq. of Sauchieywood.

June 1. At Sandriggs, William Couper, farmer there.

— At Edinburgh, Isabella Law, wife of Mr John MacDiarmid, writer.

— At Edinburgh, Isabella, fifth daughter of Mr George Steadman, solicitor before the Supreme Court.

7. At No. 2, Sage Coburn's Place, Agnes, second daughter of Captain R. H. Barclay, R. N.

5. Suddenly, at his seat Englefield Green, Berkshire, the Right Hon. Viscount Bulkeley.

— At Banff, James Mackenzie, Esq. of Pitlochry.

3. *At Greenock*, Mrs Grace Ferrie, wife of Mr J. Kemp, teacher there.

4. *At Chelsea*, in the 76th year of his age, and 58th of his service, Captain Alexander Sutherland, of the late 1st staff garrison company.

— *At Dunbar*, Mr John Kirkwood, cabinet-maker.

— *Died*, at Westquarter-house, Julia, third daughter of Colonel Burnett of Galdirth, Ayrshire.

6. *At Paris*, Mrs Mary Paterson, wife of Mr John Paterson, architect, Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh.

— *At Symington*, John Thomas, infant son of Lieutenant-Colonel Pringle of Symington.

— *At Tartan Cottage*, Argylshire, Captain Anderson, late of the 19th lancers.

— *At Dunbar*, Mr Andrew Watson.

— *At Leith*, Mr William Skirving, late of Midlaw Bank.

— *At the Grove*, near Durham, in the 64th year of his age, after a short illness, Stephen George Kemble, Esq. the celebrated comedian, and formerly manager of the Theatres Royal, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

7. *At his house* in Pathhead, Fife, Mr Robert Mitchell, eminently distinguished as a land-surveyor and measurer.

— *At his house*, 15, New Street, Edinburgh, the Reverend William Dun, minister of the Canonical Chapel.

8. *At Warriston Crescent*, Charlotte Leopold, youngest daughter of Mr Adams, wine merchant.

— *At Dunbar*, Mr David White, teacher of the Grammar School there.

11. *At Lochgelly*, Mrs Greig.

— *At Soruberg*, Anne Campbell, youngest daughter of Hugh Wilson, Esq.

15. *At the Bridge of Earn*, Mrs Ann Stewart, widow of the late Mr James Dewar.

— *At Giggnoch*, Archibald Macgoun, Esq.

— *Suddenly*, at Balamuir, Perthshire, at the advanced age of 91, Mr James Butler, upwards of 60 years farmer of the place.

14. *At Smith Place*, Mr Robert Marr, merchant, Leith.

— *At his father's house*, after a long protracted illness, Mr James Robertson, eldest son of Mr Thomas Robertson, tenant in Woolnot.

15. The Right Hon. Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford, Baron Walpole, aged 70. He is succeeded by his son, Horatio Lord Walpole, now Earl of Orford.

— *At Colzium*, Captain Robert Davidson, of the late 53d regiment.

17. *At London*, the Marquis of Hertford, K.G. late Lord High Chamberlain of the King's Household, and Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Warwickshire and Antrim. He was born in 1713, and is succeeded by his only son, the Earl of Yarmouth. He was advanced to the Marquessate in 1793, and was 79 years of age.

— *At Edinburgh*, Alexander Shaw, youngest son of David Ramsay, Esq. W.S.

— *At Lugton*, near Dalkeith, Major George Lewis Macmurdo.

— *At Lasswade*, Jessie Anne, infant daughter of Thomas Wilkinson, Esq. Duke Street.

— *At Guran*, Mr Alexander Davidson, one of the Magistrates of that burgh.

— *At Leith*, Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr Huxell.

— *At Parkhead*, near Linlithgow, Harriett Mitchellson Watson, second daughter of Captain Thomas Watson.

— *At Kirkcaldy*, Mr James Gordon, Supervisor of Excise.

18. *At Balgreen*, Jane Macdonald, eldest daughter of James Bridges, Esq. W.S.

— *At Dumfries*, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late William Aikman Carruthers, Esq. of Dornmont.

19. *In North Castle Street*, Mrs Passmore, relict of Abraham Passmore, Esq. jun. London.

— *At Eastertye*, Major Alexander Macglaban of Eastertye, late of the East India Company's Service.

— *At St Leonard's Hill*, Mr Alexander Brown, of the Secretary's Office, Excise, Edinburgh.

21. *At his house*, Castlehill, Mr James Campbell, late merchant, Edinburgh.

22. *At Cringlottie*, Major Murray.

— *At George's Place*, Leith Walk, James, son of Mr D. K. Whytt, bookseller.

23. *At 117, George Street*, Mrs Ballantine, widow of the late Patrick Ballantine, Esq. of Orchard.

— *William Elliot*, teacher of English, Dalkeith.

21. *At St Andrews*, William Macdonald, youngest son of Captain Playfair, of the Bengal army.

— *At his house* in Devonshire Place, London, James Hunter Blair, Esq. M. P. for Wigtonshire, in Galloway.

— *Mr Hunter Blair* was second son of the late Sir James Hunter, Bart. whose patriotic exertions for the advantage and ornament of this city are still fresh in the remembrance of its inhabitants. His mother was Jane Blair, heiress of the family and estate of Dunskey, Wigtonshire.

Sir James's title and fortune descending to his eldest son, now Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart. Mr James Hunter Blair succeeded to his mother's estate in Wigtonshire.

Mr Hunter Blair first offered himself as a candidate to represent his native county, at the general election in the year 1812, in opposition to the Hon. General Sir William Stewart, brother of the Earl of Galloway, and only lost his election by a small majority. On Sir William's resignation, in 1816, he again offered himself to the county, and was elected unanimously. The same honour was conferred on him at the general elections in 1818 and 1820.

The duties of a Representative in Parliament, thus honourably acquired, Mr Hunter Blair discharged with an independence, judgment, and attention, which justified the confidence reposed in him by his constituents. Though he did not aim at public speaking, his sound understanding, his unobtrusive honour, his knowledge of business, the dignity and elegance of his manners, procured him the respect and attachment of his brother Members on both sides of the House; and we believe few persons who had sat in Parliament for so short a period ever attained a higher place in the general esteem.

To these estimable qualities, Mr Hunter Blair united the attainments of an accomplished gentleman. He had a just taste in the fine arts, possessed a literary painting, which he cultivated with much success, for his private amusement.—Besides the usual requirements of a classical education, he was familiarly acquainted with the language and literature of several modern nations. Indeed, on all subjects, he was well informed, and his information was perfectly without pretence or assumption. By such qualities was Mr Hunter Blair known to society; but it was only in the domestic circle of his relations and intimate friends that the full excellence of his character was unfolded. The sweetness of his temper, and the kindness and generosity of his heart, so endeared him to those with whom he was most nearly connected, that his sudden and unexpected loss has to them been a calamity altogether irreparable. Indeed, the loss of such a person, cut off in the prime of life, and in the maturity of his talents and usefulness, may, without undue exaggeration, be considered as a public misfortune.

25. *At Kirkcaldy*, Mary Emilia, third daughter of Samuel Madden, Esq.; and on the 24th ult. Samuel Madden, Esq.

— *At the Manse of Keith*, John, eldest son of the Rev. James M'Lean, minister of that parish.

26. *At Salisbury Place*, Newington, Mrs Isabella Low, widow of Mr James Mason, late merchant, Edinburgh.

— *At his house*, 66, Grassmarket, William Thomson, corn-merchant.

— *At Leith*, Mr John Main, merchant.

— *At Brechin*, Alexander, only son of Dr Guthrie.

— *At Dunkeld*, Dr James Fisher, aged 66.

27. *At her house*, Rankiehour Street, Mrs Blackwood, sen.

— *At Delfield*, at an advanced age, Mr Sander-son.

— *At Hatton Lodge*, near Malton, Yorkshire, Mrs General Macleod.

— *George*, third son of George M'Innes, Esq. of Old Aberdeen, in the 16th year of his age. This fine young man was drowned while bathing in the river Don.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXVII.

AUGUST, 1822.

Vol. XII.

Contents.

Calcutta.		The Rising in the North.	212
Chap. VII. The Indian Press.	133	Idem Latine Redditum.	ib.
Childhood	139	Letter from Paris.	215
Peter Leidyard,—a Lyrical Ballad.	145	Letter from Aberdeen.	217
Douglas on Missions.	147	In Cassium Severum.	ib.
The Quarterly Review. No. LIII.	153	Against Christopher North.	ib.
Lord Blessington on the State of Ire-		Horn Germanicæ.	
land.	ib.	No. XIV. Müllner's Albanescrin.	218
Hazlitt's Table-Talk.	157	Sixty-five Sonnets, with Prefatory	
Letter from M. Mullion.	167	Remarks, &c.	226
The Negro's Lament for Mungo		The Enchanter Faustus and Queen	
Park.	ib.	Elizabeth,—Anecdote extracted	
The Contributor's Lament for Yel-		from the Doctor's unpublished	
low and Blue.	ib.	Memoirs.	230
Sea-side Sketches.		Sketch of the Process of Fresco Paint-	
No. II. Going to the Needles.	169	ing.	234
Wordsworth's Sonnets and Memorials	175		
Lettre a M. Charles Nodier, Auteur		WORKS PREPARING for PUBLICA-	
de la Promenade aux Montagnes		TION.	236
de l'Ecosse.	191		
Stances composées le 9 Août 1822,		MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLI-	
et adressées à Sir W. Scott.	193	CATIONS.	238
Letters from the Dead to the Living.			
No. II. Cattiana.	194	MONTHLY REGISTER.	
The Pleasures of Sickness.	199		
The Death of Isaiah,—a Fragment, by		Appointments, Promotions, &c.	247
David Lyndsay.	205	Births, Marriages, and Deaths.	248

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON;

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

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CALCUTTA.

CHAP. VII.—THE INDIAN PRESS.

So far, gentle reader, I flatter myself we have got on smoothly enough together; and I am quite determined that it shall not be my fault should we quarrel at this stage of our journey. I therefore give you fair warning, that I sit down with the determination of penning a very sage, grave, wise, stupid chapter on a very barren subject—the Press of India. So if you are neither a *gully** nor a politician, if you'll take a friend's advice, just turn over half-a-dozen pages, and I'll be bound you'll come to something good. For though at this present writing I have not the most distant idea what contribution will be placed next to mine in the pages of the Magazine, yet I am well aware that Christopher will not admit two prosing articles into one Number; and let it be your consolation, that a bit of Balaam in Ebony is only "a poor halfpennyworth of bread to a monstrous quantity of sack."

Now I think I hear some of the "untravell'd low" exclaim,—“The Indian Press! Is there such a thing in existence? Or is this only one of Ebony's quizzes, reviewing what is not *in rerum natura*?” Be it known, therefore, to all whom it may and may not concern, that there is a Press in India: that, since I knew it, there has emanated from it a round dozen of newspapers, and half that number of periodicals—now no more heard

of, I am sorry to say, than Hunt's Examiner: that they publish annually a Post-Office Directory and Army-List: that while I was there, there was published in a neat pamphlet, a sweet little translation of the first canto of Voltaire's *Henriade*, in a measure something between the Heroic and irregular Pindaric, but chiefly celebrated as being the subject of a pleasant critique, written out of pure friendship to the author, by some of his well-wishers, who, to add to the merit of the thing, unostentatiously gave the credit of their joint performance to one who did little more than string together the materials that were so liberally handed to him from all quarters. If the poem has been treated in the same manner by its author, as another book we wot of, there is nothing to hinder it being at present in its sixth edition. Besides all these past and present, we have every reason to hope that the reading public will be gratified with a most astonishing work, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdem aliis*, from the pen of a most indefatigable and learned gentleman, who has been busy collecting materials for it, for the last ten or twelve years, and now only waits to determine what topic he is to begin with; but whatever matter he may handle first, there can be no doubt that it will be a book as thick as a cheese, and consequently one of no small

* Inhabitant of Bengal.

importance.—But to the matter in hand.

It is a fact too notorious to require proof, that the concerns of our eastern empire are treated in this country with the most perfect indifference. A momentary interest is indeed excited when a question of politics which may be useful for a party purpose, can be judiciously selected, to divide the ministerial interest in the House of Commons, or when a series of brilliant campaigns gives us occasion to congratulate ourselves on our valour and military skill; or where, through a cloud of mystification and misrepresentation, our commercial interest finds a vista, by which they can see in the distance a bright prospect of profit and emolument; but that interest dies away with the cause that excited it, and leaves us just where we were, as to the well-being of seventy millions of human beings, whom it has pleased Providence to place under our protection. None of these causes exist at the present moment, to recal our attention to this most interesting portion of our empire. Warren Hastings sleeps with his fathers, most honoured by those who best know his actions; and all that the friends of his enemies now seek to achieve is, to prevent the monument of his fame expressing in words the disgrace which they feel must now attach to their virtuous persecution.* Hyder and Tipu are now forgotten, except when their fate is brought forward "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." Appa Sahib, Scindia, and Holkar, were some years ago the resource of unfortunate quidnuncs, when the papers were barren of parliamentary debates, but have since fallen from that enviable elevation; and we have eleven years to consider as to the propriety of again totally or partially renewing the Company's charter; so that, except as to a few bilious old gentlemen, who grumble in the vicinity of Bath and Cheltenham, and talk in raptures of the climate in which they have spent the greater part of their lives, only the hopes of being enabled to quit it, India

affords as little interest to the majority of His Majesty's subjects, as the interior of Africa.

For some time past, a kind of something like a feeling has appeared, as to the Indian Press. Some of the more obscure opposition journals have made it a peg on which to hang abuse of his majesty's ministers, and the British character in general. People have talked about it when there was nothing particular in the weather to attract their attention; and in a pause in conversation, after dinner, a question is sometimes put to an Indian present, to know what all this means. But we hope that the time is coming, when the Indian Press, in common with the other interests of that enormous mass of the human race inhabiting our Asiatic dominions, will excite some part of the interest of the government of this country, that is now absorbed in hunting after paltry savings, and retarding the business of every public department, by employing its officers in making out returns, the value of which is not equivalent to that of the paper on which they are written. In this chapter I shall endeavour to give a fair and impartial account of the history of the Indian Press, as far as my information on the subject goes; and though I am aware that what I state must be in some degree, in spite of myself, tinged with my own political opinions, I pledge myself to tell, as far as I know it, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and if, from any want of information, I should fail in my object, I shall be most happy to remedy any misconception I may have been the means of conveying to the public, or at a future period to submit any additional information I may receive.

Prior to the government of the Marquis of Wellesley, the Indian Press was unfettered indeed, but conducted in the most slovenly manner possible. The printer of a journal generally acted also in the character of editor, and filled his pages with a few ill-written paragraphs of domestic in-

* At a meeting of the inhabitants of Calcutta, soon after the news of the death of Warren Hastings arrived in the settlement, it was unanimously resolved to erect a statue to his memory; but on the request of Colonel James Young, I think, a resolution of unqualified censure on the conduct of the party who prosecuted him on his trial, was withdrawn.

telligence, some extracts from the English prints, chosen according as their quantity of letter-press might fit his sheet, and occasionally, by way of a *bon bouche*, some wretched stanzas of rhyme, or a trite string of mawkish, stupid truisms, under the imposing title of An Essay, by some would-be Spectator or Rambler.

In the state to which India has of late been reduced, all this could have done no great harm, as the whole continent is now either avowedly or virtually under our control; but at the time to which I allude, the Governor-general had a very difficult part to act, and one that required the greatest delicacy and discernment to go through, without giving offence. The British dominions in India, were threatened by a powerful native confederacy; the resources of the mother country were all required to aid in the desperate struggle for our liberties, against the revolutionizing spirit of Europe; and the only assistance we could hope for on the spot, was from an ill-connected native body, half allies, half mercenaries, whom it was of vital importance to keep attached to our cause, not so much from any positive good they might do it, as from the preponderating power they might give to the enemy, were they to throw their whole weight into the opposite scale. These powers, already jealous of British influence, and totally ignorant of British customs, were extremely apt to take alarm and offence at any thing in the Calcutta papers that appeared to them suspicious or improper; and it was quite impossible to convince them, that facts often grossly misrepresented, and opinions militating against their actions or principles, permitted to be published by a government which had avowedly the power of preventing the publication, had not the sanction as well as sufferance of that government, as they looked on newspapers in the same light as their own *ukhars*, or gazettes, which are published by, or under the surveillance of the vizier, and only tell what he deems it fit the people should know. To prevent the disastrous effects to which such publications might give rise, a bridle was put on the press, in the shape of a censorship; but during the governorship of the Marquis of Wellesley, the reins were never drawn tighter by the promoters of the measure

than the objects in view could strictly justify.

In the course of time, the increase of European inhabitants in Bengal, created a demand for editors of a higher order than those who had formerly exercised that function—men of education and talent were soon found to undertake the duty. These, from their rank in life, had better means of procuring information through the servants of government, and the mercantile people of Calcutta, than their predecessors, and had influence sufficient with other men of talent to obtain occasional assistance from them, so that about that time papers from the pen of such men as Sir John Malcolm, or John Leyden, were not unfrequent in the Calcutta prints. The two gentlemen who were principally instrumental in effecting this revolution, were Mr Fullarton and Mr Bruce, who for a series of years strove for the superiority in the eyes of the Indian public, as editors of the Bengal Harkaru and Asiatic Mirror, and through their exertions the Calcutta papers were first made objects of interest to the inhabitants of Bengal themselves.

As in this narrative we shall have occasion to speak of the Marquis of Hastings, and his conduct in regard to the press in his public capacity, it is but fair to state in the outset, that if we err from partiality, it must be in his favour. To that nobleman the praise or censure even of Ebony can be but of little moment, returning as he is about to do to his native country, with the blessings of the millions who have had the good fortune to be placed under this government, with the approbation of his Sovereign, and of those whose interests he has watched over; but in candidly reviewing a part of his conduct which many may be inclined to censure, we think it better at once to declare our veneration for his exalted worth, and our utter scorn and abhorrence of the few (for the credit of our species very few) low, venomous, malicious reptiles, who have dared, under the shadow of their own insignificance, to traduce, whether from motives of private pique, or party animosity, the character of a man, whose conduct, public and private, in the execution of the most important and difficult duty to which a British subject can be called, has uniformly done cre-

dit to his own heart and to human nature.

Impressed as I am with these feelings, though widely differing from his Lordship on political points, there is but little risk that I should wish to derogate any thing from his well-earned fame; at the same time, despising the flattery that would ascribe to him merit which he does not possess, justice compels me to declare that the liberty, such as it was which his Lordship bestowed on the Indian press, was an act of necessity, not of choice. Had it been otherwise, it must be evident that he would not have waited till the 8th year of his government to have done the very little that he did. No man of the Marquis of Hastings' political principles ever gave up power voluntarily; on the contrary, a Whig has ever a tendency to acquire as much more as he can, and to use to the uttermost that which he possesses. This to some, who have not considered the matter, may seem prejudice; but let them ask any man in the army or navy what kind of officers such men make; and in the latter service more especially, let them sum up the whole of the whole of the Whigs of their acquaintance, who are not tyrants, and from experience I will venture to say, that the grand total will not be great. His Lordship is certainly, in this respect, the very best of his party, which must be chiefly attributed to his own native goodness of heart; but must in some degree also be accounted for, by his long separation from the "villainous company" of his party in this country, and the genial influence of the good dinners he ate along with the True Tories here in the North.

During the first years of the Marquis's government, the press was ruled with a rod of iron. The gentleman who then temporarily, and since permanently, exercised the functions of principal Secretary to Government, in whose office the censorship of the press was vested, though in every other respect a most worthy and unexceptionable character, exercised his delegated authority with the most capricious rigour, and unhesitatingly drew his pen through many articles, original and copied, which had no possible connexion with political questions on either side of the Cape; and this to an extent that totally dumfounded those who had known the

press in the comparatively mild days of the Wellesley administration. But in all oppression there is one principle implanted in the human heart, which must always bring with it the greatest consolation to the *real* friends of political liberty—tyranny has ever the effect of producing a reaction on its authors, and setting those who are exposed to it, by force or fraud, to overcome or evade it. In the present instance, a remedy was found for this intolerable grievance where it was least expected.

The only threat which government had in their power to hold out in *terrorem*, to such as might violate the rules of the press, was to send the offenders out of the country—but this punishment presupposed the offender to be a European—the native and half-cast part of the population were under the protection of the supreme court, and consequently could not be banished their native country without the sentence of that court. Little danger was to be apprehended from the literary powers of the native, but, in taking their measures, government had entirely overlooked the mixed race or half-casts, who sometimes possess all the talent and education of Europeans, and cannot be deprived of their congenial privileges as natives.—these were the first to set the rules of Government at defiance. Under the superintendence of some of this body, a monthly work, called the *Gazetteer*, was established, which, though conducted with no ability, was the receptacle of all complaints, (true or false, it seldom had the means of ascertaining, or took the trouble to inquire) to which the daily, or rather weekly prints did not dare even to attempt giving a place, and though often scurrilous and never accurate, from being the only print not under the control of Government, it was universally read.

Things might have gone on in this way for a long time, as the bitterness of the *Gazetteer* was in a great degree neutralised by its stupidity, and the subjects on which it animadverted had often lost their interest in the eyes of the public before they were prepared to take notice of them; but their conduct gave the hint to an editor of a weekly paper, of freeing himself from the shackles imposed on the press by the same means which they had adopt-

ed. The narrative of this may be considered tedious, but as it is necessary for understanding the subject, I shall relate it as concisely as possible.

After the Marquis of Hastings' return from the Marattah campaign, which he brought to so successful a conclusion in the year 1818, the inhabitants of Calcutta determined on an address to him, and several leading people in the settlement requested different gentlemen to make drafts for that purpose. Among others, a reverend gentleman, the editor of a weekly paper, was asked by a large party of gentlemen to send in one, with an assurance, expressed or understood, of their carrying it through at that meeting. The address was prepared, but, on being brought to them, it appeared so very poor a production, that they declared to the gentleman to whom it was intrusted, that they could not give it their sanction. Whether this friend told him this or not, must for ever remain a matter of uncertainty, as we have only their mutual assertions in direct contradiction to each other, and had they even agreed in their story, there are still men so sceptical as to have doubted them both.—Nettled at this insult offered to his talents, the clergyman struck round him in the dark; and instead of confining his wrath to those who had deserted him in his utmost need, he wreaked his vengeance chiefly on the successful candidate, whom he accused, without the slightest shadow of reason, of having used undue means to have his address carried by the meeting.—This was met on the other side by a full and flat denial, and a furious paper-war commenced, carried on by the Man of God, on the one hand, and the editor above alluded to, with the friends of the gentleman whom he had insulted and slandered on the other; of these hostilities it is quite enough to say, that they displayed any thing on earth but the spirit of Christian charity.

As there was no attack on government in this abuse, the Secretary let them go on unmolested for some time, till at last the worthy minister put forth a paper, which was thought too shameful even for such a dispute. It was cut out by the Secretary. Of this he complained, and accused the Secretary of being a party in the controversy; and he, to shew his impar-

tiality, cut out the whole of his opponent's papers next day. This was just what that opponent had long desired, as he wished to free himself; but wished also for some act of indisputably arbitrary power to justify him in so doing; for though his press was the sole property of a native-born, and consequently not under the immediate control of the officers of government, he was unwilling to come to an open rupture without being forced into the measure. As he had submitted the proofs to the Secretary, he found he could not well insert the offensive papers in his journal, but printed them in a different sheet, under the title of "rejected paragraphs," and distributed them gratuitously to his subscribers.

This first act of open rebellion caused some confusion in the secretary's office, but it was thought that a little intimidation might check it in the bud. Accordingly, a government peon (messenger) was sent to the printing office to purchase a copy of the "rejected paragraphs," with which he was not only accommodated, but also with a receipt for the amount. It was now quite apparent that there was one press in Calcutta set free, on grounds which there was no possibility of disputing, and whether from this cause, or an anxious wish on the part of government to unfetter the press, a circular was issued two days after, from the secretary's office, removing the censorship, but forbidding (on what pains and penalties it was not specified) all editors from publishing any thing, original or copied, that might hurt the feelings of his Majesty or his ministers for the time being, the Governor-general, members of council, judges of the supreme court, Bishop of Calcutta, and the governors of Madras or Bombay. Thus was the rod of power wrrenched by force from the unwilling hands of government, which, had they possessed the good sense to lay down twelve months sooner, of their own accord, even coupled with the numerous restrictions and modifications, which, as we have noticed above, they have attempted to attach to the boon, it would have secured to them the gratitude of the public at large, and saved them the mortification of being forced into a measure, which the struggle they made, and are still making, shews to have been totally against their inclinations.

Soon after this modified liberty had been granted, Mr J. Buckingham purchased the property of the Union Press, which had so largely contributed to the emancipation of the whole, and made use of his newly-acquired power to set the press of Madras on an equal footing with that of Bengal. In this, however, he did not go very wisely to work, (prudence not being his forte) for he inserted a letter from Madras, announcing that Mr Elliot was to be continued in the government for three years longer, and that there it was looked upon as a public calamity. The government-house of Calcutta was again in an uproar, and a friend of Mr B.'s was sent to him on a demi-official mission, to rebuke him for his offence, and warn him against such proceedings in future. To this, after acknowledging his error, he replied, that no copy of the circular had been sent to him, which was literally true; but it had been sent to the Press, which he had purchased, and if he had not seen it there, he might have seen it at full length in *The Gazetteer*, where it was published the next number after it was issued. This, however, he soon forgot, and again exposed himself to the wrath of the Government-house. Had Buckingham been a man of moderate temper, with the strong natural abilities he possesses, he might have done much good in settling the liberty of the press on a permanent basis, but I fear, from what I have since learned, that his violence will do irreparable mischief to the cause he has espoused, by giving those who oppose it a practical example of the worst uses that such licence may be turned to; for though the Governor and most of his advisers are Whigs, when opposed to those in power in this country, it has long been known that place and no place makes all the difference imaginable in the tactics of practical politicians.

By the last accounts we have learned, that he has mortally offended the government, who have given him warning to be ready to quit the country at a moment's notice; and we have been given to understand, that he has conditionally sold his Press, and is quite prepared for a removal: but let him not flatter himself with the prospect of such good fortune. They will hardly now venture on such a step, and if they should, it will be the luckiest accident

that ever befel him; for he must certainly have in his eye the elevation into consequence of one political adventurer, who left India in no very high estimation among those who knew him best, but who has obtained great consideration among some part of the kingdom, by possessing Buckingham's impudence alone, without the slightest pretensions to one-tenth of Buckingham's talents.

There is only one question with regard to a free press in India, which I shall not take upon myself to decide, but shall leave open to abler politicians to settle. We shall state it in the form of the following question:—Whether a government, absolute in itself, can derive any good from the animadversions of a body of men, who have neither power nor influence in any one way to alter or modify its measures, and whom the officers of that government have it not in their power to answer upon fair terms? But whatever may be said upon this, or any other question of expediency, one thing is certain, that India may have a free press the moment she chooses to employ native-born editors and proprietors, and people will take these duties upon themselves there at a very cheap rate. Therefore the Jeremiahs poured forth so liberally of late, are totally thrown away; and the good people, who have been venting their groans on that subject, "as thick as mill-wheels strike," may dry their eyes, and console themselves with the assurance that their fellow-countrymen in India have as good a right to write nonsense as any of us here.

EXPERTO CREDE ROBERTO.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have learned that the plan of bundling Mr Buckingham out of the country had been totally abandoned, and that the good people about Government-House had determined to try their luck with a jury. Accordingly, after much preliminary discussion, an *ex officio* information was filed against him by the Advocate-General, and an indictment of no less than ten Counts was fulminated at the head of the unhappy editor, upon all of which the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

I think all honest men, who truly love and venerate the liberties of their country, must rejoice in this verdict; and the whole proceedings, harsh and overbearing as they were, must open

the eyes of the people of Great Britain, to what they are to expect from Whig liberality and love of liberty. Here we have a Whig Governor-General, a Whig Council, Whig Secretaries, and a bitter Whig Advocate-General, laying their heads together to crush and beat down a free press, which, in this country, they set up as the Dagon of their idolatry—at least so long as it abuses their king, and others against whom they entertain an enmity. But bad as they undoubtedly are, I should not wish to represent them as worse than they are in reality. We have

heard it rumoured, that several gentlemen have been deprived of lucrative official situations, in consequence of their being suspected of favouring the Calcutta Journal. This is a most serious charge against any government; but we have the best proof of its falsehood, in the high character, as a gentleman and a man of honour, possessed by the nobleman at the head of our Indian government.

COLIN BANNATYNE, P.R.N.

Bute, 4th August.

CHILDHOOD.

ALMOST the happiest visitings of which my mind is at any time sensible, are those reminiscences of childhood, streaming in such vivid beauty across the shadowy pathway of mature life, that frequently the past, the very past, seems recalled into actual existence, and I feel and think, and weep and smile again with the heart of a child; ay—and I would not exchange my sensations at such moments for half the pleasures, (so called) that, as we advance in life, froth and sparkle in the mingled cup of our existence. I am sure the frequent recurrence of such feelings is beneficial to the human heart, that it helps to purify, to refine, and spiritualize its worldly and corrupt affections, restoring a sort of youthful elasticity to its nobler powers, and at the same time a meek and child-like sense of entire dependence, no longer indeed on the tender earthly guardians of our helpless infancy, but on our Father which is in Heaven, their Father and ours, in whose sight we are all alike helpless, alike children. Our reminiscences of youth are not half so delightful.—In the first place, they are more associated with *people and things*, than with God and Nature, and with our earliest, even our *best* friends—and who has stepped on a few, a very few years beyond those of childhood, without having been made sensible, ay, by painful experience, that *this* is not a world of unmixed happiness? Disappointments arise like little clouds at first, too soon perhaps uniting into one heavy mass.

The things so delightful in prospect, prove, on attainment, unsatisfactory, or worse than unsatisfactory,—

yea, gall and wormwood to us—or leading us on like *ignes fatui*, through mire and marsh, over rough ways and even, they treacherously vanish from our sight, leaving us spent and heart-sick in the vain pursuit. Or say we are every way successful—that Providence rewards our honourable exertions with the attainment of their object, and that the object, when attained, gratifies our most sanguine expectations, still, is the fruition perfect? Are there no specks upon the ripened fruit, no tainting mildew spots? Are none missing from among the dear ones who should smile on our success? Are no eyes closed in the sleep of death, that would have sparkled with the reflected light of our happiness? Is no tongue silenced in the grave that would have blessed God for blessing us? Are they *all* there? Oh Heaven! how little to be hoped—and if but *one* is missing, what shall replace the void? who shall say the fruition *is* perfect?—But suppose we are so peculiarly favoured—*favoured* shall I call it? it is an awful exemption—as to escape common cares and crosses, and even to arrive at full maturity, still fenced about and sheltered by the guardian trees that overhung our infant growth—suppose all this to be, yet much will have occurred in the natural course of things, to temper the exuberance of youthful happiness—for by the time we are men and women, what alterations must have taken place in the persons, and things and scenes, all woven together in our hearts, by the powerful charm of early association!—By the time we are men and women, how

many are gone down into the dust, of those humble faithful friends, whose kind familiar faces beamed ever with indulgent fondness on our happy childhood! Old servants who waited perhaps on our parents' parents; whose zealous attachment to them, having passed on as an inheritance, (and there are few more valuable) to their immediate descendants, had become towards their offspring, towards ourselves, an almost idolatrous affection. Grey-headed labourers, whose good-natured indulgence had so patiently suffered us to derange their operations in the garden or in the hayfield, or to assist them with grave mimicry.—Some grateful pensioner of our family, some neat old widow, who was wont to welcome us to her little cottage, with a hoarded offering of fruit or flowers, or may be a little rabbit, white as the driven snow, or a young squirrel or a dormouse,—poor captives of the woods! devoted victims of our tormenting fondness!—Or the permitted intruder, privileged as it were by long sufferance, to claim the comforts of a draught of warm beer, and a meal of broken victuals by the kitchen-fire, half mendicant, half pedlar, his back bowed down by the heavy pack, from which it was almost as inseparable, as is that of a camel from its natural protuberance—a few white hairs thinly sprinkled over a deeply-furrowed brow, and straggling across a cheek, whose spots of still bright carnation told of free and constant communion with the winds of Heaven, as they blow in their healthful freshness over moor and mountain, headland and sea-coast—and the eye deeply set under that shaggy ridge of eyebrow! the eye with all its fire and keen meanings, its quick perception, its habitual watchfulness, its dark sparkling lustre, almost undimmed as yet by sixty years of travel, over the roughest ways of this world's rough thoroughfare! Ah! from attempting a slight fancy sketch, a mere outline of generalities, I have strayed to thee! I am delineating thy portrait, old Isaac! well, be it so,—it were worth tracing by the pencil of an abler artist—I see thee now, even such as I have described thee, luxuriously seated in a warm corner of the chimney nook, thy huge, dusty, knotted staff on the floor beside thee, the rough bandy-legged cur, faithful companion of thy wanderings, posted between thy

knees, eyeing alternately thy face and that attractive platter, on which the kitchen damsel is heaping up a meal of savoury scraps, whereof he hopes incontinently to partake with thee. Ah, cunning Isaac! well choicest thou the time to display thy store of rare merchandise—a glance at that remnant of edging, (just enough for a cap,) and the hope of wheedling it from thee a bargain, will be worth to thee a mess like Benjamin's,—and that other maiden, how courteously she gives into thine old bony, vein-embossed hand, that comforting cup of warm, white frothing ale! her eyes wandering the while towards that beautiful gold brooch,—“*real gold, set with real rubies,*” made on purpose to hold her sweetheart's hair, the honest price whereof *should* be ten shillings, but which for *her* sake, and for the sake of her pretty face, God bless her! thou wilt let her have for half a crown.

Happy girl!—but there stands one, a human relic of old-fashioned times, who frowns reproval of such vain waste of money—when *she* began the world, “a young servant girl thought of putting out her little savings to interest, or getting together a few creditable things, a good bed at least, and a chest of drawers, against she came to settle and have a family, but now, a silly wench, without a good smock to her back, will spend a month's wages in a pack of trumpery fit for nothing but to figure out a puppet-show madam.” Ah Gooly! those were good old times, but we live in wicked new ones, and Isaac's lures triumph over thy rhetoric. A little ungrateful of thee, by the bye, to employ it to his detriment—when did he ever forget—at which of his annual visitations, to replenish thy null gratis with a portion of his best rappee?—that which thou lovest, uncontaminated with aught of modern outlandish intermixture? and even now—placable Isaac! see, he tenderly the accustomed tribute; and more, he has not forgotten thy child,—the child of thy master's child—thy darling, the spoiled darling of thine age—she whom thou religiously believest has not her equal among all the children of these degenerate days, a scion of the true old stock! She has stolen behind thee into the forbidden precincts—she has spied out her old friends, Isaac and his dog. In a moment she stands beside

the old man's knee, and her tiny hands are patting Tinker's head, and her merry tongue is bidding both welcome, both in a breath, Isaac and Tinker, and her young eyes are roving curiously towards the well-known pack, from which many a little watch, many a pretty box and pin-cushion, is sure to be purchased annually; in compliance with the baby longing, seldom disciplined by denial. And great joy and profound admiration doth old Isaac manifest at the sight of "little Missy," profound admiration at her wonderful growth, albeit she might at ten years old pair for stature with Titania, and sit with the Fairy Queen under the broad shadow of a fern-leaf. And Isaac has not forgotten "little Missy"—and lo! from an inner recess of that mysterious cabinet, forth draws he sundry coloured cards, covered with cotton, and curiously inlaid with rows of shining—lances are they?—spears to transfix larks, or spits to roast them?—neither in truth, but harmless needles (such seemingly as were used in Brobdiagnag)—valuable implements of housewifery, fraught with peculiar virtues, and not elsewhere to be obtained for love or money.—So affirmeth Isaac, on presenting one (slowly extracted from the precious file,) his annual offering to "little Missy." And "little Missy" graciously accepts the same, graciously and gratefully—she means to be *very* grateful, implicitly believing in the intrinsic value of that costly gift, however puzzled in her own mind as to what purpose she shall apply it.—"But Isaac brought her once a prettier plaything, not, she dares say, more valuable, because Isaac says the needles are worth so much, but she does not *much* love needles—she always loses them, or pricks her fingers with them, and she *hates* sewing—and that other gift was a beautiful little sham rose-tree growing in a flower pot just like life, with moss, *real* moss about the roots, and a full blown rose, with *ever* so many buds, all growing upon one stem, with their green leaves about them.—Oh! it was a beautiful rose—and dear old Isaac was *so good* to bring it for her—and she will love Isaac and Tinker as long as she lives."—And Nurse will love them too—ay, Isaac and Tinker, because the darling patronises both, and because Isaac has the sense to see all the darling's per-

fections—and, after all, he is an honest old soul, and, to be sure, that edging is cheap, she must own *that*, and if the brooch is gold, and she herself does not care if she buys a trifle for old acquaintance sake"—Ah cunning Isaac! most persuasive of pedlars! what female heart can withstand the complicated temptations of thy pack, and of thy honied tongue?—

Said I not, that every now and then, reminiscences of past times, and bygone things, stream in such vivid beauty across the shadowy *now* of my existence, that I am a child again—a very child in sooth—"pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw"? Such a gleam it was that even now beguiled me from my present self, and from my immediate subject, to my former self, and to old Isaac, yet the episode, (however unpremeditatedly introduced) may not be altogether irrelevant, and at all events, my thoughts, forbidden to ramble, are as it were arrested in their course, and the shallow current shrinks back to its scanty source.—After many annual visits paid and welcomed, a year came and passed away, a whole year, and old Isaac came not.—About January had been the usual time of his periodical apparition, about the middle, or toward the latter end of January,—generally it chanced that there was snow upon the ground, and so when snow began to fall about that season, it was looked on as a herald of the old man's approach, and hitherto he had not failed to present himself at the doors, within a few days of the usual period, swinging off the feathery snow-flakes from his old hat, and slipping aside his cumbrous pack, in full assurance of the admission never yet denied to him at "*****" It was pleasant to see that humble confidence of courteous welcome. It is pleasant to mark the least link of that great chain which draws, or *should draw* together all christian hearts. But in the year I spoke of, January came, and the snow fell, and almost the whole stock of tapes and bobbins and needles was expended in the house, and from day to day its renewal was deferred; for such small wares had from "auld lang syne" been yearly purchased of Isaac, and "one would not but wait a little while for the poor old man." But he was waited for more than "a little while,"—and very hard weather set in; the small birds came famishing to

the window sills, the running brooks became steel, and the soft earth iron, and the snow, the hard frozen snow, lay deep all over the country, in many places along the high roads, over the tops of the highest hedges, and in less frequented ways, over commons, and wastes, and through coppice dingles, and in the sinuous clefts of the hills, not an indication of track, or pathway, not a human footmark, nor a single hoof-print, was discernible—and by those intricate roads it was old Isaac's wont to travel, and now he came not. And "poor Isaac! poor old soul!" was often sorrowfully uttered in the family; "what can have become of him? the old man grows feeble too, and the days are so short!"—And pitying eyes were strained early and late in quest of his solitary figure, towards the quarter where it might be expected to appear, breaking the dreary horizontal line, where, reversing the general effect of nature, the black sky was seen descending like a leaden vault to the verge of the white desert beneath. Early and late anxious looks were sent in quest of him, into the dark cheerless morning, and more earnestly still into the lowering twilight; and if the dogs barked after nightfall, and an approaching step was heard, willing feet hastened to the door, and ready hands undrew the bolts, and glad tongues were beginning to exclaim, "Come in, come in, good Isaac!" But January past, the snow melted away—the unfrozen brooks ran rapidly again, the little birds sang merrily, for sweet Spring was come, but the old man came not—he never came again. And he was long remembered, long missed by every individual of the family; but I missed him most, and remembered him longest. Peculiarly, even at that early age a creature of habit—inanimate things were play-fellows to me, a solitary child—clinging fondly to all I knew and loved, and to all early associations, it pained me to miss the most insignificant object I had been long accustomed to behold, and scarcely a leaf or flower dropt from its stalk but I did miss it, and mourn that I should see it no more. And poor old Isaac! poor Tinker!—Many Januarys past, and for many seasons the snow fell upon the earth and melted from it, before I ceased, at sight of the first flakes, to exclaim thus in mournful recollection—And this

was sorrow,—real sorrow—the beginning of sorrows, and therefore, trivial as some may deem it, a touching and an awful thing to contemplate. Who would gaze without a thrill of intense feeling, on the few first drops that ooze slowly through the straining timbers of some mighty dike, previous to the bursting up of its imprisoned waters? And who can look but with deep and tender emotion on the first prelusive tears that escape through the unclosing flood-gates of human sorrow?—Yes, by the time we start forward on the career of youth, if even our nearest and dearest friends still encircle us, how many of those persons to whom habit or affection linked us, though in far less powerful hands, must have finished their allotted race! Even irrational creatures—the very animals that were wont to range about the house and fields—many of them, perhaps, our familiar friends and playmates. Not one of these has dropt into the dust unmissed; and in the world we are entering, how many of the objects we shall eagerly pursue, may fail to afford us half the gratification we have known in those childish, innocent attachments! Our very pleasures—our most perfect enjoyments in mature life, bring with them a certain portion of disquietude—a craving after new, or higher enjoyments—an anxious calculation on the probable stability of those already ours—a restless anticipation of the future. And *there*—in that very point—consists the great barrier separating youth from childhood. The child enjoys every thing—that is, abstractedly from all reference to the past—all inquiry into the future. He feels that he *is* happy, and, satisfied with that blest perception, searches not into the nature of, or probable duration of, his bliss. There may be—there *are*, in after life, intervals of far sublimer happiness; for if thought—if knowledge, bringeth a curse with it, casting, as it were, the shadow of death over all that in this world seemed fair, and good, and perfect, reason, enlightened by revelation, and supported by faith, hath power to lift that gloomy veil, and to see beyond it "the glory that shall be revealed hereafter." But with the exception of such moments, when the heart communes with Heaven—when our thoughts are, in a manner, like

the angels, ascending and descending thereon, what feelings of the human mind can be thought so nearly to resemble those of the yet guiltless inhabitants of Eden, as the sensations of a young and happy child? It is true he has been told, and taught to read, the story of man's first disobedience, and his fall. He has been told that there is such a thing as death. It has even been explained to him, with the simple illustrations best calculated to impress the awful subject on his young mind, and his earnest eyes have filled with tears, at hearing that such or such a dear friend, on whose knee he has been wont to sit—whose neck he has often embraced so lovingly, is taken away out of the world, and buried under the earth in the churchyard. His eyes will fill with tears—his little bosom will heave with sobs, at this dismal hearing; but then he is told that the dear friend is gone to God—that his spirit is gone to God, to live for ever, and be happy in heaven, and that if he is a good child, he will go to heaven too, and live always with him there. He listens to this with much the same joyful eagerness as if he were promised to go the next day, in a fine coach, to spend the whole day with the friend whose *absence*, more than whose *death*, his little heart deplores so bitterly. He cannot conceive death—He cannot yet be made sensible that it hath entered into the world with sin, and is mixed up with all things and substances therein. He sports among the sweet flowers of the field, without observing that they fade and perish in the evening, and that the place thereof knoweth them no more. He revels in the bright summer evening—in the warm autumn sun, without anticipating the approach of winter. He leaps up joyously into the arms of venerable old age, without a glance towards the almost certainty that that grey head must be laid in the dust, ere his own bright ringlets cluster with darker shade over a manly forehead. There is in childhood a holy ignorance—a beautiful credulity—a sort of sanctity that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feeling with which one should approach beings of celestial nature. The impression of the Divine nature is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit—fresh and unsullied by contact with this wither-

ing world. One trembles, lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood—of studying the characters of little children, feel and repeat to their own hearts, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"—Ay, which of us—of the wisest amongst us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child? Which of us, by comparison with its sublime simplicity, has not reason to blush for the littleness—the insincerity—the worldliness—the degeneracy, of his own? How often has the innocent remark—the artless question—the natural acuteness of a child, called up into older cheeks a blush of accusing consciousness! How often might the prompt, candid, honourable decision of an infant, in some question of right and wrong, shame the hesitating, calculating evasiveness of mature reason!—"Why do you say so, if it is not true?"—"You must not keep *that*, for it is not yours;"—"If I do this or that, it will make God angry." are remarks I have heard from the lips of "babes and sucklings,"—the first, in particular, to the no small embarrassment of some who *should* have been *their* teachers. When sick, and wearied in heart and spirit of this world's pomps and vanities—its fatiguing glare—its feverish excitement—its treacherous hollowness—its vapid pleasures, and artificial tastes, how refreshing it is to flee back, in thought and spirit, to that time when, with the most exquisite capability of enjoyment, we were satisfied with the most simple objects of interest! It is wonderful to me how any after scenes can ever efface the impression of those early pleasures. For my own part, I am not ashamed to repeat, that some of the happiest moments of my present existence, are those when some trifling incident calls up former thoughts and feelings, renewing, as it were, within me, the heart of a child. Surely, many there are must feel with me—must enjoy, at times, this renovation of the spirit! *They*—to them alone I address myself—will comprehend the thrilling recollections with which, in my saunter round the garden, I stop to contemplate the little patch of ground, once my exclusive property, where flowers and weeds,

vegetables and young forest-trees, were crammed in together, with covetous industry, and zeal all improvident of the future. *They* will understand why the fairest flowers of the garden are often discarded from my hand or from my bosom, to make way for a wild rose, a hare-bell, or a field urtica—treasures accessible to me, of which I might at pleasure rifle the meadows and hedges, when the cultured darlings of Flora were forbidden sweets, or sparingly yielded, and carefully picked *for me*—a restriction fatally diminishing, in my eyes, the value of their coveted beauties. *They* will understand (how pleasant it is to feel one's self understood!) why, to this day, my eye watches with tender interest—my ear drinks in with pleased attention, the familiar approach—the abrupt song of the domestic robin, not only because he is the acknowledged friend of man, and a sweet warbler, when the general voice of song has ceased among our groves, but because the time has been, when I looked upon the eloquent-eyed bird with a tender veneration, almost awful, believing, as I believed in my own existence, every syllable of that pathetic story, “The Babes in the Wood;”—how the unnatural Uncle—the false guardian, having decoyed those pretty innocent creatures into the depths of the dark forest, left them without food to perish there, and how they wandered about for many, many days, living on hips, and haws, and wild bramble-berries, (delicious food, *I* thought, if one could have had enough) till at last, growing weak and weary—their feet pricked and bleeding with thorns, and their tender limbs bruised and torn among the bushes, they laid themselves down in each other's arms, at the foot of an old mossy tree,—their little arms about each other's neck—their soft cheeks pressed close together, and so fell asleep, and never awoke again, but lay there, day after day, stiff and cold, two little pale corpses; and how Robin Redbreast, pious Robin Redbreast, hopped about them, and watched them sorrowfully, with his large dark eyes of “human meaning;” and how at last he brought dead leaves in his bill, one by one, and strewed them so thickly as to cover up from sight the faces and forms of the dead children. There *must* be, who have believed as

I believed—who have wept as I wept, at the relation of that mournful history. They will, perhaps, also remember, as I do, to have held in their hands the pretty speckled insect, the Lady Bird, and to have addressed to it the half sportive, half serious intimation, “Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home; your house is on fire, your children will burn.” But possibly, even *they* will laugh at me for confessing, that I had a sort of mysterious, undefined belief, that there was some real meaning in my metrical warning; and they will laugh yet more incredulously, when I avow that I have often shuddered with superstitious horror, when the nurse-maid, on seeing me pull the small heart-shaped pods of the white chick-weed, has startled me with the vulgar saying,—“Ah! naughty girl, you've plucked your mother's heart out!” Be it as it may, I still, even to this hour, connect with those trivial things—those nursery tales—those senseless sayings, the memory of mental impressions so vivid—so delicious—occasionally so painful, yet secretly and intently dwelt on with a strange kind of infatuation,—especially those feelings of enthusiastic affection for particular individuals, I was too shy to express in all their glowing warmth; and those vague, dreamy, superstitious reveries, and awfully delightful terrors, that always made me court solitude and darkness, though the sound of a falling leaf would, at such times, set my heart beating audibly; and in the absence of light, my very breathing would seem impeded; and I have closed my eye-lids, and kept them fast shut for hours, fearing to encounter the sight of some grisly phantom; then opened them, in sudden desperation, and, in the expectation of seeing—I know not what. I still, even to this hour, at sight of many insignificant objects, recal to mind so vividly, what were formerly my feelings, associated with such, that the intermediate space between past and present, seems, in a manner, annihilated, and I forget my present self, in the little happy being whose heart and fancy luxuriated in a world of beauty and happiness, such as the most inspired dream of poet or philosopher has never yet portrayed. The ideal world of a child's imagination is the creation of a far holier spell than hath

been ever wrought by the pride of learning, or the inspiration of poetic fancy. Innocence, that thinketh no evil—ignorance, that apprehendeth none—love, that suspecteth no guile—hope, that hath experienced no blight—these are its ministering angels! these wield a wand of power, making this earth a Paradise! Time, hard, rigid teacher!—Reality, rough, stern reality!—World, cold, heartless world!—that ever your sad experience—your sombre truths—your killing powers—your withering sneers—should scare those gentle spirits from their pure abiding place! And where-with do ye replace them? With caution, that repulseth confidence—with

doubt, that repelleth love—with fear, that poisoneth enjoyment—in a word, with knowledge, that fatal fruit, the tasting whereof hath already cost ~~us~~ Paradise—And the tree of knowledge, transplanted to this barren soil, together with its scanty blossoms, doth it not bring forth thorns abundantly? and of the fruits that ripen, (have any yet ripened to perfection?) what hand hath ever plucked unscathed? Blessed be He who hath placed within our reach that other Tree, once guarded by the flaming cherubim, of the fruit whereof, (now no longer forbidden,) whoever hungereth may taste and live.

C.

PETER LEDYARD,—A LYRICAL BALLAD.

UPON a bleak and barren moor,
There stands a mouldering wooden
cross;
With lichens it is overspread,
And here and there upon its head
Are tufts of rusty moss.

Beneath that cross there lies a stone,
On which the passer by may rest;
It is a dismal place, and lone,
When daylight leaves his crimson
throne,
And night usurps the west.

For nought of life, or living sound,
Is heard that scene to wander
through,
Except a gently tinkling rill;
Or, during twilight, wildly shrill,
The cry of lone curlew.

And nought around but dismal furze
Is seen; the boughs of stunted sloe,
With juniper all darkly green,
And prickly bramble boughs, between
Weeds that profusely grow.

For many a mile to right—to left—
For many a mile behind—before—
'Tis a wild region, desolate!
No tree exalts its head elate,
On that sepulchral moor.

Scene of a melancholy tale
Was that lone spot; and here was
placed
The cross, that rude memorial frail,
Shaken and beat by every gale
That howls along the waste.

Near twice ten years have circled o'er,
Since it was planted; 'tis a spot
Where a poor peasant, led astray
By drifted snow—heaps, lost his way,
And perish'd: hapless lot!

Poor Peter Ledyard! yet thy name
Is known around the country side,
To children oft thy mournful tale
Is told, when sweeps the wintry gale,
By sires, at eventide.

Poor Peter was a widower,
Within a cottage lone he dwelt;
'Twas a frail homestead, lone and drear,
Yet was he cheerful; none did hear
Of ills that Peter felt.

In solitude he dwelt alone,
Nor wife, nor relative had he,
Except an only son, who would
No longer share his cabin rude,
And went away to sea.

Years had elapsed; no tidings came
Of him, this rash, ungrateful son;
But the poor father loved him yet
With natural love, and could forget
The ills that he had done.

Upon his playful infancy,
His childish artlessness he thought;
How he had held him on his knee,
And fondled him—oh! how could he,
Though erring, be forgot?

'Twas winter; and the storms came on;
The labourer left his work in field;
The influence of the starry sky,
And frosty pure moon riding high,
The running brook congeal'd.

The sheltering ash-tree its long boughs,
All leafless, wanton'd to and fro,
In the tremendous roaring blast,
That all night long swept far and fast,
Along the deep, deep snow.

Peter arose at morn, and look'd
Out on the landscape all forlorn ;
Large snow-flakes, dancing giddily,
Fell downward from the fleecy sky,
On the cold ice-wind borne.

The old man shiver'd ; and he turn'd
To bask him at his crackling hearth,
When lo ! he heard a neighbour's
voice—

" News, news ! to make your heart
rejoice,
And turn this day to mirth !

" For whò hath to the harbour come
But he, your long, long absent boy !
Come hath he safe in lith and limb,
And brought enough of wealth with
him

To crown your age with joy ! "

Old Peter's heart leapt up ; he felt
Unwonted strength of frame return ;
A moment's space he could not rest,
For hopes long quench'd, within his
breast,

Renew'd in force did burn !

" And shall I clasp my boy again ? "
The old man said, " Oh thought of
bliss !

I little hoped the ills of age
Kind Providence would e'er assuage
With joy so deep as this ! "

He cast his tatter'd doublet off,
And straightway donn'd his Sabbath
coat ;

The piercing wind and drifted snow
Were both, in the unwonted glow
Of his old heart, forgot.

The pilgrim took his staff in hand,
Proceeding reckless of delay
Down to the distant shore ; he nought
Of old age and its faulty thought,
Nor of his locks of grey.

'Twas three o'clock ; declining day
Within the west approach'd its close ;
The frosty sky without a stain
Of cloud was pure ; o'er earth and main
The noon in silence rose.

Peter his solitary way
Amid the drifted heaps pursued ;
The tall trees, sighing in the wind,
And cottage roofs he left behind
As nimbly as he could.

Onward, and onward still he kept,
Till, distant from his cottage home
Some five miles space, by piercing frost
Benumb'd, his path the old man lost,
And wist not where to roam.

He wander'd heedless to and fro ;
He shiver'd in the moaning breeze ;
Before his eyes all things to swim
Began, and strength forsook each limb ;
He shiver'd, chin, and knees.

At length a heavy drowsiness,
A dull and heavy sense of sleep,
Stole o'er each feeling, and he tried
In vain to cast the load aside,
That on him weigh'd so deep.

At every step the old man took
He sank, amid the powdery snow,
Knee-deep ; it was a savage scene !
The wind above the waste blew keen ;
His path he did not know.

At length from off a large round stone
He brush'd the snow, and seated
him ;

The moon shone out in silence deep ;
And rapidly the sense of sleep
Pervaded every limb.

Oh ! who may guess, what various
thought

Pass'd through his mind, as ~~these~~
he sat ?

No doubt his son was uppermost,
The son he long had reckon'd lost,
By some untimely fate.

No doubt in dreams his spirit saw
The youth upon the vessel's side ;
Shielded him in a fond embrace,
And felt, adown his furrow'd face,
A tear unwonted glide.

But sense and feeling died away,
And the fond visions of the mind
Sunk faint, and fainter ; with his
strength ;

Till fancy grew a blank at length,
And memory's gaze was blind.

The cold moon shone above the waste,
The twinkling stars were bright and
clear ;

The cold wind o'er the cold snow blew
With chilling fierceness ; deeply blue
Was the lone hemisphere.

The cold moon shone in silence bright
On tree, and stream, and meads, and
cliff ;

There, on that stone, the old man leant,
Upon his smooth staff forward bent,
Frozen to death, and stiff ! !

Still as a statue, all the night,
And half the next succeeding day,
Amid the tempest-shrouded wild,
The corpse remain'd, and then his child
Found where the old man lay.

Oh, mournful meeting! doleful scene
Was that! the sailor youth had led
Long years of peril, toil, and pain,
That his sire's age might softly wane,
And lo! he finds him dead.

Home he was carried through the
storm;

And, 'mid the dreary snow, his grave
Was in the church-yard dug, beside
An old ash tree, whose branches wide
Might o'er his coffin wave.

Straightway the youth return'd to sea;
Forsorrow's gloom oppress'd his heart
With a thick darkness; home was not
For him; and, from each well-known
spot,

He hasten'd to depart.

The cottage where the old man dwelt
Is now unroof'd by wind and rain;
The walls are shelterless and bare,
And, but to owl or timid hare,
A refuge sad remain!

And on this moor, beside that stone,
Where sate the old man down to die,
Was planted that now mouldering
cross,
That, with its crown of rusty moss,
Arrests the passer by!



DOUGLAS ON MISSIONS.*

It happens more frequently that we have reason to wonder at the astonishing effects of a religious zeal, than to lament or to rejoice that it has been productive of very little effect, either good or bad. It is a matter of regret, and perhaps of surprise, that the efforts which have been made by this and other countries, to propagate true religion, have been comparatively so very unsuccessful. Our large and numerous Missionary Societies have not found the reward of their beneficence, in the results that have been effected abroad. They have been too often thrown back, by disappointment, to reflect on the disinterestedness of their exertions, and to found new energy on the assurance that a relaxing purpose is in every instance unbecoming; and that perseverance in a good cause, is itself honourable even when it is fruitless.

It must be evident, however, that every energy which is employed without an adequate effect, points to some error in the mode of operation. The Missionaries have the unquestionable merit of enthusiasm in their pious undertakings: But enthusiasm, considered as a virtue, has ever been liable to some exception;—it is accused of too generous an engrossment in the object, and too blind a neglect of the means;

it is found to be too expeditious in purpose, and too blundering in practice. Nor do the Missionaries seem to have governed their praiseworthy passion with any peculiar prudence—Their mistakes have been not inobvious, and are thus remarked by the writer of these Hints:—

“The failure of all Missionary exertions, which exhibits so melancholy a picture of feebleness and misfortune, is to be attributed not only to their want of proper successors, not alone to the impatience of disappointment, and diminished interest at home, which expects the harvest immediately after the seed-time, and is ignorant of that great law, true in all generous, large, and lasting attempts, that one generation sows and another reaps; but especially to none of these Missions having taken root in the soil, and deriving the only sure strength from the place where alone it would vigorously grow and inhibe nourishment. None of them looked forward to the native converts as the future chief supports of the Mission, or formed them with previous discipline to undergo a labour, and a burthen which they alone could effectually sustain; they were always dependant for precarious supplies on a distant country, whence the assistants they obtained came unqualified, and required long to be learners before they could act as teachers.

“Those who know how much religion addresses the affections, and how little power

* Hints on Missions. By James Douglas, Esq. 12mo. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell, 1822.

over the affections is obtained by addresses or writings in a dead language, will easily conceive how far the most learned and able foreigner will fall short of those tones of tenderness, which belong to the recollections of infancy, and are implied in the very term mother tongue."—P. 18.

The Missionary enterprise is by no means complete, when a general spirit and a liberal provision have been brought to its support at home, and a few able and devoted agents are operating abroad. There is still need of much prudent counsel and policy to meet the natural difficulties of the undertaking.—There may be need, too, of experience in the characters and prejudices of different people, that a specific plan of operation may be accommodated to each. In Persia, they care little about any religion; while the Hindoo suspected of infidelity loses his cast. In China, it is dangerous to teach a European their language; while the poor African deifies a European blacksmith. It is evident, that one mode of introducing the new religion cannot be equally adapted to all these; but that our measures must be varied with a certain flexibility, which, in this as in most other matters, is a necessary mean of efficiency.

A considerable part of this little volume is occupied with a detail of the obstacles which a scheme of conversion must encounter in different divisions of the Heathen world, and with hints of the expedients to be addressed to each. It is not our purpose to advert to the particular views of the writer on these matters, farther than to observe, that they are, in general, judiciously, and sometimes even finely, conceived; and that from their novelty and their importance, they have an especial claim to the attention of the Missionary Societies.

But there are certain general views in regard to Missions which have reference not to the characters which distinguish, but to those which assimilate different people in one common nature. These are exhibited by Mr Douglas in a manner which evinces at once his philanthropy and his philosophy. Every page, indeed, of his volume bears evidence of an understanding, original in speculation, and soundly as well as keenly directed to matters of practice; of a zeal which is remote from bigotry; and of sanguine

anticipations which never become visionary. He is acquainted with nations, not less than with human nature; and his suggestions do not overstep his information. He is, moreover, entitled to be heard with some deference, as he has evidently meditated with the utmost disinterestedness.

The two great means of conversion recommended by Mr Douglas are, colonizing and education, with the Missionary object of preparing the ignorant and untoward to a reception of the Gospel.

The influence of a colony situated in the midst of a foreign people, with a destination merely political, has many well-known examples in history. The same policy has, more recently, been employed in the interests of the church, and is now promoting the religion, in some parts, at a rate which is doubled every succeeding generation. It might be employed, indeed, with as much effect in promoting any other pretension of the inferior people.

"But there is a method of colonizing," says Mr Douglas, "peculiarly applicable to America, Siberia, Southern Africa, and Polynesia, and consists in forming the rudiments of future cities and future civilization, by small bodies of artisans and teachers, established at favourable points for intercourse with the surrounding country. In short, it is merely to follow the method by which civilization has begun and proceeded in all countries and times; villages rising into towns, and towns into cities, having been the origin and medium of all improvements."

In many parts of the world, no doubt, this scheme might be impracticable. But there is one country to which, we agree with Mr Douglas, that it is peculiarly adapted.

"Russian Asia affords the best illustration of what might be done to christianize an immense region, since the plan would be carried into effect with the resources of the state, as well as the efforts of private benevolence, and where all obstacles would immediately be removed by an Emperor who is at once a politician and a Christian."

"The first step is to have Siberia surveyed by geographical engineers, and the sites determined which are most promising for the erecting of villages, which in time may become the capitals of as many provinces; and then, that a certain number of religious mechanics be annually located, till all the destined settlements are filled. Germany and the Moravians will afford the

best settlers, the most pious, happy, and industrious, and least likely to interfere with the established Greek church. There would be no unusual expense to the state in this measure, since the wisest rulers of Russia have already been in the use of establishing German colonies; the only difference would be, that the religious would be chosen instead of the needy; and instead of cultivating a patch of ground in the steppes, the moral culture of a vast empire would be the sure and ultimate object."—P. 96.

It will be observed, however, that every mode of colonizing is a systematic, and therefore a gradual process. It promises not the rapidity nor the violence of a revolution; but a transformation which is at once more gentle and more complete. It is an experiment not so flattering to power, as it is agreeable to the sober legislature by which it is superintended; it operates slowly, but according to anticipation; and it may present, at no very distant period, the gratifying spectacle of an innovation accomplished, to which the subject people is no sooner subdued than it is naturalized. It was evidently no fortuitous miscarriage that has attended the more direct experiments of the Missionaries; but a miscarriage that had its origin in the inadequacy of the means that were employed.

When you propose to the Heathen a religion different from his own, it is not with him a mere question betwixt two religions. Supposing him to be without any prepossession, he is perhaps incapable of comprehending the superiority of the doctrines offered to him, though these were as superior as those of Christ to those of Buddha. But the uncultivated Heathen cannot understand the religion submitted to him, separately from his impressions of those by whom it is professed. He is not fond of strangers, who, in all their ways, and in their very countenances, shew themselves so different from himself. But when they attempt, by importunity, to subdue him to their peculiarities, he is apt to conceive at once an aversion to their persons, and a prejudice against all their pretensions. He regards their most pious efforts to convert him as encroachments upon his natural liberties; and a feeling which must be respected, even when it unconsciously repels a proffered good, arises to resist the re-

ligion which is intruded upon him, and to maintain his own. It is not a question of opinions, but one which addresses his affections; and proposes—Will he unite himself to those with whom he bears so little in common, or continue amongst the people, to whom he is attached by the memory of his forefathers, and the love of his kinsmen?—His best natural feelings decide for him; and he is as reluctant to abandon the faith in which he has been nursed, as he would be to leave the land which has been the scene of his youth and his manhood, and the friends who have been his companions at every period of his life.

No doubt there are many people existing, in whom these feelings are but feebly felt. But they constitute, it is conceived, that species of opposition which the direct attempts of the Missionaries must experience in every part of the world.

Nor is this all. When the Heathen has declared himself a convert, we must suppose him to have been actuated by a regard to the intrinsic merits of the new religion; he feels a conviction of its truths, or an affection to its sentiments; either of which dispositions it may be extremely difficult to beget in him, as both the sympathy and the intelligence may be wanting. But his impressions in favour of the new religion must be ardent and energetic, ere they prevail with him to cast away the idols of his own superstition, and to embrace the only true faith. It is not the easy and unimpassioned belief of the native Christian which possesses him, but something of that enthusiasm which appeared in the early converts to Christianity; and the presence of those by whom his former error is still maintained, serves only to inflame the tone of his new professions. But all this must give rise to a degree of passion which happens rarely in the course of his existence, and which it will be found that the human breast is generally averse to, when the object is to shake off the rooted habits of years. The prospect of this unavoidable agitation is disagreeable to a certain natural indolence; and it may effectually hinder him from avowing himself a proselyte, long after the assent of his reason and his affections.

It is true, that in some parts of the

world, the greater number of converts have been drawn over tamely, directed neither by their reason nor their affections, and shewing no enthusiasm in the religion they embraced. But these were followers of the body of their countrymen, who had been converted by some of the gradual means contended for by enlightened Missionaries. They required not the same inducements to believe, and they found not the same incentives to enthusiasm, as those who had been the first in making their apostasy. They followed their own people, with all the prejudices which we have described. But the people had been gained by one means, and the individuals by another.

"Christianity," says Madame de Staël, "is slow and gradual in its progress, like the great operations of nature." The same wisdom which so long delayed its revelation, has meant that it should be delayed still longer, to certain parts of the earth. There is a season at which it may be engrafted on every uninformed people; and there may be a flagrant prematurity in every attempt to engraft it sooner. But there are means of hastening the propitious moment: and one of these is colonizing.

A colony, in the midst of a barbarous people, does not unlearn the civilization which it brought from home. This is kept up amongst its own members, ever and anon refreshed by communications from the mother country; and it is not incuriously observed by the simple natives of the spot. An intercourse begins in necessity and convenience, and is soon continued from sympathy. In acquiring the arts and manners, they cannot but have caught the sentiments of the superior people. Then is the time to press their acknowledgment of the religion. The loss of their own self-conceit has unsettled their prejudices; they admire the familiar science of the strangers, and they cannot but respect their *Science of Theology*; the intercourse which is now betwixt them, and which they feel the need, will become more intimate by a common religion; and the spirit of that religion, already reflected upon their minds, has disposed them to receive its doctrines.

In this quiet and effectual manner is the religion extended, by the inter-

communion of the enlightened with the ignorant people. It is not, however, in every situation; where even a very small colony can conveniently be established. It is a means of conversion which must be employed with some political prudence. The more general, and perhaps the more easy method of spreading the religion, is a preparatory system of education.

The effects of a system of education have been exemplified in various parts of the world. The Jesuits owed their eminent success in Japan to the convents which they erected in that country. The Moravians, no less successful in Greenland, began by teaching the familiar arts. Their example, perhaps, has suggested some of the later improvements. In India, no less than three colleges have been erected, in the view of introducing an elementary education among the Hindoos, who have been found to be neither unwilling nor inert to receive instruction, when it makes no interference with their religion. Mr Douglas, however, points out considerable defects in each of these colleges, and observes, that it would require the union of all three, to form a complete institution.

It is not to be anticipated, however, that the best mode of spreading the religion, shall act with the celerity and power of miracles. Perhaps an idea of the divinity of the religion, has, by an illusion, given encouragement to the very inadequate means of extending it; as if there were some supernatural virtue in the cause, which would second the feeblest efforts of its supporters. But it is signified by Mr Douglas, that the religion is now fairly committed to itself, and must be advanced by the natural instruments and opportunities which it finds in its way. A system of education seems to approach the nearest to miracles. It is more immediate in its effect than colonizing, and more effectual than the spreading of translations,—which, for obvious reasons, ought always to have a subordinate part in the Missionary scheme.

Education, like colonizing, has a gradual operation. The Heathen soon discovers betwixt his religion and the science he has acquired, an inconsistency which must be fatal to either: most probably it becomes fatal to that which is false.

Every missionary station, continues

Mr Douglas, should have a model school attached to it. A single establishment of this sort in the midst of a population of two millions, might seem incapable of making any considerable impression. But it is quite another thing, when the few natives that issue from it become the teachers of their own countrymen, and translators into their own language. It is added, that five hundred of these model schools might supply the whole Heathen world with teachers.

Besides the colleges in India, Mr Douglas recommends the erection of three other colleges in different parts—one in the United States, for Central Africa—another at Cape Town, for the Caffrè—and a third in New South Wales, for the islands of the Southern Ocean,—situations very suitable to that particular division of the Heathen world, which is prescribed by Mr Douglas.

“The last and crowning mean of success, is to combine into one system all the various efforts and various instruments—the diffusion of truth, so that every movement of advance may support and be supported by all the rest; and that each party, far from embarrassing another, by taking up part of the ground which it ought to occupy, may form, each and all, mutual points of support, resting on one common centre along the whole line of operation.” “England, English America, Germany, and Switzerland, and Russia, form the short list of those countries from which any external effort can reasonably be expected, and are at present nearly in the same scale of efficiency as they are here set down.—England has triple the resources of all the rest put together; but America, in a century, will, undoubtedly, have most at its disposal, in allotting to each the ground which it should occupy.” “England being far in advance of all the rest, in the multiplicity of its moral resources, and in the facility and intelligence, with which it can concentrate and impel them upon any given points, however distant, is naturally destined to take the lead in every work of beneficence, and to become the centre of design and action. It is therefore requisite, that there be English agents and superintendants in all these countries, to give a unity to their simultaneous movements; but more than superintendence is not required.”—P. 36.

But when shall we look for this last and crowning mean, executed by English agents and superintendants? Public opinion must continue to be divided, not only respecting the effi-

cacy of all Missionary attempts, but as to the political expediency of making any such attempts, in circumstances which do not singularly facilitate them. On these points we do not venture into any discussion. There may be reasons of much weight to oppose the Missionary enterprize, as there undoubtedly are, to urge and encourage it. But it seems pretty evident, that parties, in this matter, are at least as much influenced by feeling, as by the principles which they profess. There are, indeed, few schemes in politics, so calculated, at first sight, to beget either favour or aversion.

One class of men finds a charm to their imaginations in the idea of a Mission. It is a message, of which the purport seems to them above all estimation; and they are pleased, as well as elevated, in being the instruments of its communication. The change which it may induce on the condition of so many multitudes, and the very extent of the enterprize, are in some sort gratifying. And when they seem to themselves as performing a sort of rescue of their fellow-men, they lend their hearts to their exertions. But the active Missionaries feel the highest sense of their vocation, and have raised by this a friendly feeling for their cause, in spite of the defects which have been too apparent in the greater number that have borne this character. The Missionary sets out to labour in a work which Christ himself began. He connects himself with the progress of a religion which is, one day, to be universal, and which is to endure to the end of the earth. His personal existence is merged in the great scheme which he is furthering; or he sees it in that scheme reflected, magnified, and glorified. His common sensibilities are in a great measure lost in his abstraction; exile, privations, and labour, cannot still be unpainful to him,—but they are the very elements of the glory which his sombre imagination affects. The life of Hipp, whose name he is proclaiming, seems thus to have been hallowed by all that overcast it. Nor is it a greater mystery that his mind is pleased in contemplating his own illustrious lot, dashed by such accidents, than that his eye is pleased with the interchange of light and shadow.

Such is not the character which the most devoted Missionary shall at all

times evince in the real conflict of his undertaking; but such is the character of his imagination. Many may still deem it an affection too feeble to withstand experience: while, at the same time, it has the power to conciliate their interest in the Missionaries themselves; and, by an easy consequence, it wins their partiality to the Missionary scheme.

Others are, by temperament, indisposed to zeal of every description, and cannot but regard it, as in all matters, a mere indiscretion. They remark, in the very aspect of enthusiasm, something which offends them; nay, to some of these, it seems as if "*all ardour came from Hell*." There is at all times a discord in the tone of excitement which is apt to confirm the indifferent in their indifference, or to convert it into opposition. Thus the Missionary enterprize must, like every other, have its opponents. But it possesses, undoubtedly, some peculiarities which are calculated to aggravate the hostility against it; and amongst these is the Missionary character itself. This it is which chiefly revolts them; nor can it be said that that character recommends itself in every respect to minds of sound and proper feeling. "The vain world is passing away like the wind of the desert,"—cannot be agreeably proclaimed on every occasion, to the most religious. It is more decently reserved for moments set apart to such impressions, or brought about by the accidents of life.—Otherwise, there takes place an incongruity betwixt the situation and the sentiment which may sanction either ridicule or disgust. The ignorance and meanness that unfit the great number for their commission, are apt moreover to beget, along with an objection to the individuals, a more unreasonable objection to the measure in which they are employed.

But though there are many striking reasons to be dissatisfied with the mode of conducting the Missionary operations, the reasons have yet to be pointed out, which should persuade us to abandon them.

What result is so insignificant, as to afford an apology for indifference; what ought not to dictate that opinion which considers the whole measure as of no obligation, and inconsistent with the practice of more important duties. Is it a thing impos-

sible, that an individual can contribute a mite to the Missionary Societies, without omitting the duties which more intimately concern him? Or is the Missionary more negligent of his civil and natural ties, when he chooses the theatre of his life and action in a foreign land, than the soldier, or the merchant, who does the same? In the general case, the active Missionary is not undutiful: and the friends of Missions find no incompatibility betwixt all that they are bound to do at home, and the little that they are required to do abroad. There is the less need to caution them against the error of concerning themselves too much in those who are situated at a distance; as the affections of all men are, by nature, in more danger of being too much narrowed, than of being too much widened. The most enlightened people of the earth should recognise the brotherly relation on which they stand to every other tribe of mankind; and a people whose command is so extensive by land and sea, cannot be supposed to want the means of making its humanity effectual, beyond the bounds of its own nation.

"Between Christians, and those who are called Philosophers, a great and impassable gulph seems fixed: While the first are interested in nothing but what concerns the next world, the second neither care for, nor believe in, any thing but the 'world of to-day,' as the Mahometans speak. It is rather singular, however, that those who are looking to the future and the invisible, are the men of action, and that those whose only world is the present, have never advanced one step beyond professions of philanthropy, nor made the least effort to introduce the improvements of philosophy into the greatest and uncivilized portion of the world. Still it is to be regretted, that Christians will not shew them what Christian benevolence can do for the comforts and embellishments even of this transitory life; and thus there might be some common feeling between the two parties, who might gain much by mutual intercourse. The Missionaries, instead of filling their journals with the experiences of particular converts, which have often more connexion with the state of the body than the soul, might be gaining experience themselves of the climate and the country, the modes of thinking, and the prevalent superstitious notions of the people by whom they are surrounded."—P. 112.

The above passage may be considered as a sample of the style of these Hints.

[Some of the PLUCKLESS have, with their usual good taste, been making a sad outcry against us for Tickler's castigation of the Quarterly in our last Number. The following extract from the letter of a valued correspondent will shew how this matter is viewed by all men of sense. C. N.]

I cannot dismiss this brief note without an expression of my great satisfaction at the castigation which *Maga* has so properly inflicted on the Quarterly Reviewers, for their unprincipled arruignment of the Lord Chancellor's decisions, in the recent cases of the pirated editions of *Cain*, &c. Your correspondent, or contributor, has most ably and effectually exposed the whining sophistry of the Reviewer, and, I trust, convinced him and his publisher that all attempts to trim their course between God and Mammon can alone end in affording a further illustration of the truth of the proverb, that "Honesty is the best policy." Where the sting of the reproach ought to be permanently attached, I know not; but, certes, the injunction article, coming from that quarter, was more positively mischievous, and better calculated to promote the principles and proceedings of the party, which the work stood pledged to oppose through all its vermicular attacks on the glorious fabric of British Institutions, than the most powerful effort

which the whole conclave of sciolists, sophists, and revolutionists, could, in their hour of deadliest hate and greatest cunning, have contrived to make.

The sooner the Review is deposited in its grave, the better; for it is impossible that it should retain the public confidence after such a flagrant exhibition of subservency to the paltry interests of an individual, or that it should continue to fight the good cause with any effect, after such manifest truckling to money-bags.

The disappointment which was felt on the appearance of the pitiful article in question, was not a little aggravated by the expectation which the public had previously been led to entertain, that the Quarterly men were getting up an *amende honorable* for the skulking evasion of their duty, on the publication of *Don Juan*; and so deep and general is the disgust now felt, that I cannot understand on what ground the conductors can reasonably flatter themselves they can redeem the former character of the work.

London, August 6, 1822.

LORD BLESSINGTON ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.*

LORD BLESSINGTON, as our readers may know, writes himself down a Whig; and if they look, as of course they do, into the columns of *John Bull*, they will find many a keen gibe and jeer at his lordship's expence—all of which is quite correct, and indeed amiable, on the part of John. Yet Whig as he is, and in spite of all the guffawing of the Bull, there does not exist a man more sincerely attached to the constitution of his country, or more warmly devoted to the interests of his native land, which, as he is an Irishman, happens to be Ireland. During the war he voted firmly, through thick and thin, for its continuance; and we are happy to see, that he still calls the contest "glorious," even though he thinks proper to qualify his approbation by the somewhat unpalatable epithet of "extravagant."—P. 27.

He has just published a pamphlet

on topics connected with the state of Ireland, in which, though we may occasionally differ from his politics, yet we must in all cases applaud the goodness of his intention. It is little more than a republication of a former brochure, which he gave to the public without his name. In its original state, he had been rather savage on a couple of ministers, with whom he waxed wroth for their share in promoting the Union with Ireland. On cooler reflection he struck out the personal allusions, and re-wrote the letter, observing what of course is no more than we should expect from a gentleman of his honourable feelings, that had he meditated personal offence, he would have dismissed the asterisks, and appeared in *propria persona*. The attack, he remarks, was against their public, not private, character. We admire their character, public as well as private, and

* Observations addressed to his Excellency the Marquis Wellesley, on the State of Ireland. By the Earl of Blessington. 8vo. Longman and Co., London; Millikin, Dublin, 1822.

for nothing more than for promoting the measure Lord B. condemns; but with respect to the Union, we can easily enter into the feelings of a warm-hearted Irishman, anxious for the honour of his country, and sensitive with respect to her independence. Of its ultimate advantages, we have no doubt whatever. For more than fifty years, the Union of Scotland was regarded with an eye of hate by three-fourths of the Scottish nation: is there *now* a man so insane as not to acknowledge the great utility of that measure? The same must occur in Ireland; even at present the sensation against it is decidedly going down. The prophetic arguments urged by its opponents have been so miserably falsified, that many who were persuaded by them, have begun to laugh at their delusion. Tom Goold, the lawyer, wrote a pamphlet, which proved, in the most admirable and logical manner possible, to the satisfaction of himself and a surrounding audience, that "grass would grow over the flags of Merriion Square, and College Green be again a green indeed." Now a man has only to cast his eye out of the Commercial buildings, while at his coffee, or take a turn in the Square just before dinner, to be convinced that Thomas the lawyer is not so great a prophet as Balaam the son of Beor, by 360 degrees. However, we quarrel not with Lord B., for we know that his opinion is that of very many excellent men of his country, as indeed it is little wonderful it should be.

His Lordship expects much from the known attachment of the present King to Irishmen; but we have reason to know, that he has attributed too strong a bias against them to King George III.

"Our late monarch, King George the Third, was supposed to be favourable to Scotsmen, but considered Irishmen and rebels as synonymous. It was stated that his Majesty removed a noble Earl, now deceased, a firm adherent to the Pitt system, from the situation of Lord of the Bedchamber, because King George would have no Irishmen near his person."

"The conduct of the present Majesty has been directly the reverse."

"It is unnecessary to name the late Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Hastings, the late Earl of Roden, &c. &c. who were the friends of the Prince of Wales, or the Marquises of Ormonde and Headfort—Lords Rossmore, Beresford, Sir A. Bagenin, &c. &c. Sir J. Beresford, &c. &c. and are members of the

household of the Prince Regent and King George the Fourth, or that the private secretaries of the Regent and the King have been Irishmen, to prove that our present Sovereign had no fear of trusting his person to the care and attendance of his western subjects."

"The King has always spoken of Ireland and its interests in terms of warm regard and affection, and he has proved his confidence in the people of that nation by appointing among them, irritated as they have been against each other, without the customary guards which defend the person or decorate the pageant of the Sovereign."

In the course of the pamphlet, he discusses the prominent topics usually connected with Ireland—the Roman Catholic Question—tithe—finance—reform—county presentments—agriculture—trade, &c.—magistrates and sheriffs—a copious bill of fare. In it much will be found to fix the attention of any person, who regards the interests of that, or indeed any part of the empire. The questions are all of acknowledged difficulty; and the most honest and brilliant men have been divided in sentiment, how best to treat them. That what Lord B. recommends would be unquestionably useful on all occasions, we doubt—that he has done good, by bringing the suggestions of one, as deeply interested and well-informed on the subjects as he is, before the public for consideration, we have no doubt at all. Of the moderate tone of the pamphlet, we shall quote, as an example, what he, though an Anti-Orangeman, says of the Orange Lodges of Ireland.

"It was reported that the cause of separation between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, originated in a disagreement between two men of these different persuasions, occasioned by the former having arms and the latter none, when in the execution of some duty assigned to them; and subsequently, the Roman Catholics withdrew towards a district where the greater part of the population was supposed to be favourable to their views."

"What dire effects from trivial causes spring!"

"To the cause of loyalty the effects were as favourable, as to that of rebellion they were dire—but another effect was produced, which lasted for a considerable period, and the fire now smothered may be fanned into a flame. The evil to which I allude, and against the renewal of which I wish to guard my countrymen, was the formation of small Freemasons' Lodges, called 'Hedge-Row.' In opposition to these, the members of which were all Roman Catholics, the other party formed small Orange Lodges; the members of

which, professing loyalty, were admitted into the yeomanry, from which the other party was excluded. By a correspondence at the time with the Earl of Moira, I ascertained that these Hedge-Row Lodges were not acknowledged by him as the head of the fraternity of Freemasons; and I have heard that the lodges formed by the other party were self-created 'Orange.' From the opposing and virulent opinions of these two parties, and the high tone assumed by the Orange party, many serious and bloody conflicts ensued. *It must, however, be admitted, that the latter party maintained its professions of attachment to the Crown, whatever difference of sentiment might formerly have existed among some of its members.* By the exertions of the resident gentry, the wearing of badges, &c. was discouraged, and at last the processions on the 1st of July and 12th of August were, by the orders of the Government, suppressed during the viceroyalty of the late esteemed Duke of Richmond, who was most anxious on all occasions to benefit the country of which he was the ruler. Since that period, the north of Ireland has been in a state of tranquillity. In these observations I have endeavoured to make a distinction, where, to Englishmen, there may have appeared no difference. I have been anxious to show that many of the outrages originated in factions persons forming self-constituted lodges, for the prosecution of their particular plans; and to prove the extent of the evil so created, there are still, I fear, some remnants which ill-disposed persons, or injudicious ultra-royalists, may patch and put together, to create another party demon.

"No man can more highly estimate the services of King William than I do, nor can any man more highly appreciate the blessings of the constitution, as established at the Revolution. I consider King William as the monarch that saved the Protestants from popery, and the Roman Catholics from slavery; but the present age is too enlightened to admit of public testimonials of triumph, which formerly might have been tolerated, or in which we might have mixed as pageants, or have considered as standards to rally round in the time of danger. The danger now to be apprehended is the revival of party spirit.

"If the public peace is to be disturbed, if days of misery are to be the effects of processions, party colours, or other symbols of triumph; if, in the seeming of loyalty, but in the spirit of faction, any body of men lends its protecting aid to measures liable to produce such effects, it will become the duty of the Government, or of the Parliament, to inquire into the legality of its institution. I must here guard myself from being considered as a direct assailer of the principles of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland. All that I know of its institutions or rules is acquired by

reading in the morning papers statements which may be most incorrect.

"In those rules there appear some expressions which it would be advisable to omit, because they are offensive; but if any society is allowed to exist at all, it must, like the Freemasons, have a right to its own mode of government."

No association in the world, perhaps, has been more the object of unfounded calumny than the Orangemen of Ireland. They have been loyal, steady, and true at all times; their devotion to the constitution of the country, is as unquestioned as their courage in being ready to oppose all who are its enemies. That they have shown superfluous heat on some occasions, is very probably true; but then we ought to remember the almost inherent pugnacity of all ranks and conditions of men of the other side of the water, and the actual tumults and insurrections which make their appearance every now and then in the Green Island. But we agree entirely with Lord B., that their irritating pageants and processions—their continually reminding the public of feuds, which we wish to God were for ever buried in oblivion—nay, even public drinking of toasts, unexceptionable, perhaps, in themselves, but needlessly insulting to the feelings of their Roman Catholic countrymen, are quite unworthy of any honourable cause. They gain no end by it, except unpopularity; they excite no spirit but that of dislike; they add no strength to their own, nor do they diminish the force of the adverse party; and they delay the kindly influences which that greatest of all conciliators, Old Father Time, is gradually introducing. We hope the Orangemen (who of course read us) will see the matter in the same light that we do, and abolish these idle customs. They may rest assured, that their loyalty will not be less pure, for being less ostentatious.

As every one is talking about the poor of Ireland now-a-days, we shall extract some of his Lordship's remarks on the subject. They are somewhat of a miscellaneous character; but those who know the country will appreciate their value.

"My last division is truly worthy of the deepest attention of your Excellency; viz. the impoverished situation of the labouring poor.

"It is argued by some persons, ignorant of the true state of Ireland, that the absence of the landed proprietors has no effect—and that whether they live in Dublin

or in London, is equally advantageous to Ireland.

"Will any one say, that to the labouring poor it is the same, whether his landlord lives on his estate or in London?

A resident nobleman or gentleman employs in the improvement of his demesne, or his estate, from 10 to 100 or more men, daily. The proprietor, either from economy, parliamentary duty, pleasure, or a desire to see foreign countries, is absent for one or two years from his home—his steward would not be justified in keeping up such an expense, and a third or fourth part of the labourers only is employed. The farmers do not require additional labour—there is no recruiting for the army or militia—consequently, if the industrious man has any money, he emigrates to America—if he has not, he starves at home, or lives on the charity of his more fortunate neighbours.

"There are two causes, besides abstracts, from which the increased exportation arises—one is, the aid of machinery, and the second, the decreased demand at home, from the increased poverty.

"It is a melancholy fact, that vast numbers of the labouring classes are thrown out of employment; and it is to guard against the evils which must arise from a state of idleness, that I direct the Members of the British Parliament to hold out the charitable hand of succour to a sister country. In addition to the want of employment, there is great danger of distress from other causes; and it is difficult to persuade men in such a situation, that they ought to be contented because they are free. The fact is—the poor man, in Ireland, frequently wishes to be sent to gaol as a vagrant, in order to be fed—so a gaol swarmed with murderers and felons, in whose company his morals must be inevitably destroyed.

"In times of financial distress, it is very difficult to propose means for alleviating these horrors; but as a comparatively small sum would materially benefit Ireland, perhaps I might venture to recommend a loan to that country, to be distributed fairly through the different provinces.

Scotland. In the different provinces of Ireland, bells as synagogues, and different wants and different Majesty rem-

ted, a firm of there are mines of coal, iron, from the situation there is no capital to work chamber, because quarries of marble, freestone Irishmen new stone, there is a super-

"The conduct of the water, and the opportunity of has been directly made, there is land capable

"It is unnecessary to add to the of Leinster, the late Earl of Roden, without the means of friends of the Prince

quiescent of Omagh, that there are marble and be worked with great

advantage. In the county of Wicklow, and the south of Ireland, there are granite quarries, which might be profitably worked for the English market.

"It would be the duty of the grand jurors to propose the same advanced to the best mode of employing the poor, and of specifying measures of some practicable good—the grand jurors must be best acquainted with local wants and local advantages. It is not my intention to insist on any particular mode of employment—my object is, to suggest the various modes that appear to me practicable, and to leave it to those better acquainted to select the most proper.

"It is possible greatly to extend the fisheries, which would not only find employment for hundreds, but provide cheap food for thousands.

"On the coast of Galway, capitalists could find lucrative employment in catching the mackerel, which is there in abundance, and which produces a better oil than the whale.

"In Donegal Bay there is also, as I have been informed by Mr Ryan, of mining celebrity, a great capability of establishing a lucrative fishery; and on every part of the Irish coast fish is plentiful.

"In a country so inhabited by Roman Catholics as Ireland, the introduction of fish into general use would be as agreeable to the poor, as profitable to the fisherman. Mr Thady Connellan has furnished many useful hints upon this subject. He is now in Ireland, endeavouring to carry his plans into execution, and to propagate the doctrines of the Old and New Testament among his fellow countrymen in their own language.

"Having mentioned the name of Connellan, I must do justice to his exertions in carrying into effect in this country the wishes of those who consider the extension of education and circulation of religious doctrines, as the primary objects to be attended to, in the hope of eradicating the evils arising out of ignorance and irreligion.

"It is well known that in Ireland there is a wide field for improvement; it is equally well known that hordes of persons have been driven in to vote as forty-shilling freeholders, at county elections, who cannot speak English, and who would swear to any thing. I have myself witnessed the effects of such driving at an election for the county of Donegal.

"We recommend this last paragraph to the attention of the votaries of Universal Suffrage. Let them go to Ireland, where they will see a close approximation to their darling scheme in full action; and if they come back Universal Suffragists, we offer to turn Radicals at any moment they appoint.

HAZLITT'S TABLE-TALK.

"This is merely a harmless squib, without one particle of malignity."

SOUTHEY.

MR HAZLITT certainly appears to be in a very uncomfortable state of mind. He is, to a horrible degree, haunted by the shadows of sarcasms, which we thought had been long ago sepulchred securely. The whole surface of these volumes* is one gaping sore of wounded and festering vanity; and, in short, to use the language of the reverend author of that excellent work, "*The Miseries of Human Life*," our table-talker "is rather an ulcer than a man."

Now, it is one thing to feel sore, and a bad thing it is there is no denying; but to tell all the world the story of one's soreness, to be continually poking at the bandages, and displaying all the ugly things they ought to cover, is quite another, and a far worse affair. The one is a misfortune, the other is a fault. Mr Hazlitt, who has not youth to plead, should know that this world is to pity-beseeching authors a hard hearted world. Nobody likes the sight of an odious, maimed, bruised, battered, half-putrid, and shrunken limb, exposed in bright sunshine close beneath the Duke of Devonshire's wall. One cannot away with your fellows that write with stumps, and play the fiddle with their great toe. You fling them a few coppers, and are off like lightning. Who will buy a book that is all full of lamentations about the cruelty of the reviewers? Even Wordsworth makes nothing by abusing Jeffrey in his notes. Mr Hazlitt may depend upon it the best way is, to follow the rule of that wise man Bonaparte, who seems to have had high, and yet quiet contempt for "the Quarterly, and such like." No good comes of crying out for sympathy under that sort of inflictions with which he has been occasionally pestered. The fact is, that we are really sorry for him, but that comes of our being of a very extraordinary temper for mildness. We, indeed, give him, "'tis all we can, a tear;" nay, we do more, we give him, "'tis all he asks," L. 1, 8s.; but the million will never dream of following our example, as to either of these matters—never—never. The scope and

tendency of our remarks shall therefore be, rather to rouse his own energies, and convince him he is quite in the wrong box, than to persuade an unpersuadable public, either to go pipe with him or to pay the piper.

"Table-Talk" now consists of two bulky volumes—the first comes to fourteen shillings, and the other, we suppose, to not much less money. Eight and twenty shillings for Hazlitt's Table-Talk! Good heavens! a man may take in the Quarterly, or Cobbett, or John Bull, or the Edinburgh Review, or *Maga* herself, for a whole twelvemonth, at about the same expence. Selden's Table-Talk costs about three shillings.—The *Menagiana* commonly go at eightpence. It is truly wonderful, that even a Cockney should have thought people would give eight-and-twenty shillings merely to hear in what horrible dudgeon a single unfortunate author has taken the ill-treatment of the critics and of the public: for these, be it noticed, (as it is certainly noticeable) are equally and alike the continual objects of his blended lamentation and execration. Eight-and-twenty shillings would go a long way in producing comforts. Eight-and-twenty shillings will buy three bottles of the best claret ever was cooled at the Clarendon—nearly double as much good Episcopal port at the Mitre—Eight-and-twenty shillings would buy beer enough to drown all the Cockney poets a la Clarence—or tobacco enough to make them one gigantic funeral pile, if they had rather die in Hercules' vein. The sum would keep a family a long while in a decent way. It would pay for the use of a tolerable hack several successive Sundays, either in the Park or in the papers. Seriously, we are afraid Colburn will be out of pocket by this speculation.

The whole cream of Hazlitt's talk lies in three sentences of an Essay in the first volume, which bears the sublime title of "*On Living to One's Self*." The jet of the Essay is plain. Wearied with being universally sneered at by man, woman, and child, William Hazlitt right heroically re-

* Table-Talk; or Original Essays. By William Hazlitt. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn and Co. 1822.

solves to shut himself up in a garret, and forget the ungrateful world over a solitary tankard. There is no such thing as love—Friendship is all humbug—nothing so wise as “each man for himself alone.” In short, “MY PUBLIC,” after being abused up hill and down dale, through fifteen pages, is thus finally squabashed:—

“The public is pusillanimous and cowardly, because it is weak. It knows itself to be a GREAT DUNCE, and that it has NO OPINIONS but upon suggestion. Yet it is unwilling to appear in leading-strings, and would have it thought that its decisions are as wise as they are weighty. It is hasty in taking up its favourites, more hasty in laying them aside, lest it should be supposed deficient in sagacity in either case. It is generally divided into two strong parties, each of which will allow neither common sense nor common honesty to the other side. It reads the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and believes them both—or, if there is a doubt, *malice* turns the scale. *Taylor and Hessey* told me that they had sold nearly two editions of the characters of *Shakespeare's Plays* in about three months, but that after the *Quarterly Review* of them came out, they never sold another copy. The public, enlightened as they are, must have known the meaning of that attack as well as those who made it. It was not ignorance, then, but cowardice, that led them to give up their own opinion. A crew of mischievous critics at *Edinburgh* having affixed the epithet of the *Cockney School* to one or two writers born in the metropolis, ALL THE PEOPLE IN LONDON BECAME AFRAID OF LOOKING INTO THEIR WORKS, LEST THEY TOO SHOULD BE CONVICTED OF COCKNEYISM. OH BRAVE PUBLIC!”

These sentences occur in pages 229 and 229 of the first volume of Mr Hazlitt's *Table Talk*. Some people will say, “No, no, this is too much, old boy: Hazlitt was a bad writer, we grant, but not quite such a ninny neither.” Now, you are very shrewd fellows that speak so—particularly about Kilkenny this sort of thing will be said with very wise looks. We can make but one answer. In whatever town you are, find out who is Colburn's agent there. Ask him for a sight of the book over the counter; and, if you do not find these sentences there, why, buy the book, and break our head with it the next time we meet yonder.

Now, that you are satisfied the words are truly and substantially there, let us be permitted to offer a few words in the manner of lecture thereupon.

I. “The Public is pusillanimous and cowardly, because it is weak.” Mr Hazlitt, who abuses the Public, must be of a different stuff. The converse of this proposition bears, “Mr Hazlitt is magnanimous and brave, because he is strong.” Now, you, Mr Hazlitt, being magnanimous, brave, and strong, are you not ashamed of yourself for taking so many cuts at poor pusillanimous, cowardly, and weak, “MY PUBLIC?”

II. “The Public knows itself to be a great DUNCE, and that it has no opinions but upon suggestion.” Knowledge is above opinion; and, therefore, according to Mr Hazlitt's own view of the subject, a plain *a fortiori* argument applies. THE PUBLIC never knew itself to be a great Dunce, until Mr Hazlitt suggested that to THE PUBLIC.

III. “The Public is unwilling to appear in leading-strings.” Look back, and see what follows about the public being “hasty in taking up favourites,” and “more hasty in laying them aside,” &c. &c. and make head or tail of it, if you can. As for the Public reading the “*Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and believing both”—here we dissent. The Public does not read them both, for few read more than one of these heavy concerns; and as for the Public at large, it most surely believes neither the one nor the other. But if Mr Hazlitt wishes to know what work the Public does both read and believe, we suggest the name of that work which called Hazlitt, &c. THE COCKNEY SCHOOL. Whereupon mark the wonderful result: “All the people in London” (eleven hundred thousand people, no bad fraction of the Public) “became afraid of looking into their works!!!”—Aye, there's the rub!!! Could not Mr Hazlitt have pocketed this without publishing it? We knew that we had demolished the Cockneys long ago, but we really, until we read these words of Hazlitt's own Essay, were never aware of the perfection and consummate completion to which we had carried our work of destruction. “All the people of London became afraid of looking into their books!!!” As nobody out of London ever did look into them, the books must now enjoy a quiet state of existence. If the Landlord of the Blue Posts had published that “all the people of London had become afraid of looking into his tavern,” he would

not have represented the ideal ruin of a tavern in more striking colours than Mr Hazlitt has now represented the real ruin of trunpery. "All the people of London became afraid of looking into their books!"—We could rhyme the words for ever—they are to our ears

— "like a melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune."

But see what reason the Cockney assigns for the funk of all the people in London—"lest they too should be convicted of Cockneyism!!!"

This is a *clause* which requires a little consideration; and, in the first place, if any thing be clearer than the sun at noon-day, it is, that ALL the people in London never could have been afraid of being taken for Cockneys: Indeed, we may spare ourselves the trouble of going deeper into the affair. The simple state of the case is, that, of all the people, none ever had looked into Hazlitt's and Company's works, except those who were Cockneys themselves, and, therefore, were afraid of the imputation of Cockneyism. No London gentleman or lady ever was called, or afraid of being called, a COCKNEY. The thing Cockney was always base, like the name. No London gentleman or lady was frightened out of looking into Hazlitt's prose and Hunt's poems. But the Cockneys were frightened out of doing so. Milliner girls got ashamed of Rimini—young apprentices about Chancery Lane and Little Britain got ashamed of the Round Table—and they never looked into the works of the Cockney Brotherhood any more. Most happy are we to know that this is so; and most happy must the Public be to be of opinion that this is so—upon the suggestion of Mr William Hazlitt. We shall now begin to think better of a large proportion of our species. The lower population of London certainly must have been much improved of late years.

We decline going into the history of poor Mr Keats, whom, in an unfeeling manner, Hazlitt, immediately after this, couples with the Cockney School—adding, that the fatal term "Cockney" stuck in his side like a barbed arrow—drove him to Italy; and, in short, killed him. Mr Shelly, who, bad as he is, is still rather better authority than Mr Hazlitt, has laid the sin of killing Mr Keats at the door of

the Quarterly. The fact, however, is, that we do not conceive any Grand Jury in the world would find a true bill either against Christopher North or William Gifford on this charge. Mr Keats's death was occasioned by causes, which, if Mr Hazlitt chose, Mr Hazlitt could perhaps explain. For the present, we add no more.

Of all the sentiments which our author has the appearance of expressing with any thing like earnestness in these two 8vos, the germes may be discovered in the two or three sentences we have thus commented on. In other words, his prevailing topics are THREE;—first, the stupidity of the world, in not acknowledging his merits; second, the absurdity of those prejudices, which lead mankind in general to approve of the literary productions of men born gentlemen, and educated like gentlemen, rather than those of people in a different situation; thirdly, the shocking anticockneyism of Blackwood's Magazine and the Quarterly Review. The first of these topics is discussed in different ways in every Essay in these two volumes. The second forms the principal subject-matter of three or four of the longest and most elaborate of the pieces therein contained; while the third is made use of as a sort of *caisse de reserve*—a fund from which our ingenious Vulgarian draws whenever any other source of raving happens to run dry upon his hand. Having already said more than enough to the first of the "Table-Talk" topics, we shall confine ourselves to a very few extracts and remarks elucidatory of the second and the third. And, to begin, let us hear the Cockney for a minute or two, upon the present "aristocracy of letters." According to him—

"The most celebrated author in modern times has written without a name, and has been knighted for anonymous productions. Lord Byron complains that Horace Walpole was not properly appreciated, first, because he was a gentleman, and secondly, because he was a nobleman." His Lordship stands in one, at least, of the predicaments here mentioned, and yet he has had justice, or somewhat more, done him. He towers above his fellows by all the height of the peerage. If the poet lends a grace to the nobleman, the nobleman pays it back to the poet with interest. What a fine addition is ten thousand a-year and a title to the flaunting pretensions of a modern

rhapsodist! His name so accompanied becomes the mouth well: it is repeated thousands of times, instead of hundreds, because the reader, in being familiar with the Poet's works, seems to claim acquaintance with the Lord.

'Let but a lord once own the happy lines:
How the wit brightens, and the style refines!'

He smiles at the high-flown praise or petty cavils of little men. Does he make a slip in decorum, which Milton declares to be the principal thing, his proud crest and armorial bearings support him:—no bend-sinister slurs his poetical escutcheon! Is he dull, or does he put off some trashy production on the public, it is not charged to his account, as a deficiency which he must make good at the peril of his admirers. His Lordship is not answerable for the negligence or extravagances of his Muse. He 'bears a charmed reputation, which must not yield,' like one of vulgar birth. The Noble Bard is for this reason scarcely vulnerable to the critics. The double barrier of his pretensions baffles their puny, timid efforts. Strip off some of his tarnished laurels, and the coronet appears glittering beneath: restore them, and it still shines through with keener lustre. In fact, his Lordship's blaze of reputation culminates from his rank and place in society. He sustains two lofty and imposing characters; and in order to simplify the process of our admiration, and 'leave no rubs or botches in the way,' we equalise his pretensions, and take it for granted that he must be as superior to other men in genius as he is in birth. Or, to give a more familiar solution of the enigma, the Poet and the Peer agree to honour each other's acceptances on the bank of Fame, and sometimes cozen the town to some tune between them.—Really, however, and with all his privileges, Lord Byron might as well not have written that strange letter about Pope. I could not afford it, poor as I am. Why does he pronounce, *ex cathedra* and robed, that Cowper is no poet? Cowper was a gentleman and of noble family like his critic. He was a teacher of morality, as well as a describer of nature, which is more than his Lordship is. His John Gilpin will last as long as Beppo, and his verses to Mary are not less touching than the Farewell. If I had ventured upon such an assertion as this, it would have been worse for me than finding out a borrowed line in the Pleasures of Hope.—

"There is not a more helpless or more despised animal than a mere author, without any extrinsic advantages of birth, breeding, or fortune, to set him off. The real ore of talents or learning must be

stamped before it will pass current. To be at all looked upon as an author, a man must be something more or less than an author—a rich merchant, a banker, a lord, or a ploughman. He is admired for something foreign to himself, that acts as a bribe to the servility, or a set-off to the envy of the community. 'What should such fellows as we do, crawling betwixt heaven and earth;'—'coining our hearts for drachmas;' now scorched in the sun, now shivering in the breeze, now coming out in our newest gloss and best attire, like swallows in the spring, now 'sent back like hollowmas or shortest day?' The best wits, like the hudsonsneest faces upon the town, lead a harassing, precarious life—are taken up for the bud and promise of talent, which they no sooner fulfil than they are thrown aside like an old fashion—are cressed without reason, and insulted with impunity—are subject to all the caprice, the malice, and fulsome advances of that great keeper, the Public—and in the end come to no good, like all those who lavish their favours on mankind at large, and look to the gratitude of the world for their reward. Instead of this set of Grab-street authors, the mere *canaille* of letters, this corporation of Mendacity, this ragged regiment of genius—suing at the corners of streets in *forma pauperis*; give me the gentleman and scholar, with a good house over his head, and a handsome table 'with wine of Attic taste' to ask his friends to, and where want and sorrow never come. Fill up the sparkling bowl, heap high the dessert with roses crowned, bring out the hot-pressed poem, the vellum manuscripts, the medals, the portfolios, the intaglios—this is the true model of the life of a man of taste and *virtù*—the possessors, not the inventors of these things, are the true benefactors of mankind and ornaments of letters. Look in, and there, amidst silver services and shining chandeliers, you will see the man of genius at his proper post, picking his teeth and mincing an opinion, sheltered by rank, bowing to wealth—a poet framed, glazed, and hung in a striking light: not a straggling weed, torn and trampled on; not a poor *kit-run-the-street*, but a powdered beau, a sycophant plant, an exotic reared in a glass-case, hermetically sealed.

'Free from the Sirian star and the dread thunder-stroke—'

whose mealy coat no moth can corrupt, nor blight can wither. The poet Keats had not this sort of protection for his person—he lay bare to weather—the serpent stung him, and the poison-tree dropped upon this little western flower:—when the mercenary servile crew approach—

ed him, he had no pedigree to show them, no rent-roll to hold out in reversion for their praise: he was not in any great man's train, nor the butt and puppet of a lord—he could only offer them ‘the fairest flowers of the season, carnations and streaked gilliflowers,’—‘rue for remembrance, and pansies for thoughts’—they recked not of his gift, but tore him with hideous shouts and laughter,

‘Nor could the muse protect her son!’

“Unless an author has an establishment of his own, or is entered on that of some other person, he will hardly be allowed to write English, or to spell his own name. To be well spoken of, he must enlist under some standard; he must belong to some *colerie*. He must get the *esprit de corps* on his side: he must have literary bail in readiness. Thus they prop one another's ricketty heads at M——'s shop, and a spurious reputation, like false argument, runs in a circle. Cr—k—r affirms that G—ff—rd is sprightly, and G—ff—rd that Cr—k—r is genteel. D'I— that J—c—b is wise, and J—c—b that D'I— is good-natured. A Member of Parliament must be answerable that you are not dangerous or dull, before you can be of the *entree*. You must commence toad-eater to have your observations attended to; if you are independent, unconnected, you will be regarded as a poor creature. Your opinion is honest, you will say: then ten to one, it is not profitable. It is at any rate your own. So much the worse; for then it is not the world's. T—— is a very tolerable barometer in this respect. He knows nothing, hears everything, and repeats just what he hears; so that you may guess pretty well from this round-faced echo what is said by others. Almost every thing goes by presumption and appearances. ‘Did you not think Mr B——'s language very elegant!’—‘I thought he bowed very low.’ ‘Did you not think him remarkably well-behaved?’—‘He was unexceptionably dressed.’ ‘But were not Mr C——'s manners quite insinuating?’—‘He said nothing.’ ‘You will at least allow his friend to be a well-informed man?’—‘He talked upon all subjects alike. Such would be a pretty faithful interpretation of the tone of what is called *good society*. The surface is every thing; we do not pierce to the core. The setting is more valuable than the jewel. Is it not so in other things as well as letters? Is not an R. A. by the supposition a greater man in his profession than any one who is not so blazoned? Compared with that unrivalled list, Raphael had been illegitimate, Claude not classical, and Michael Angelo admitted by special favour. What is a physician without a di-

ploma? An alderman without being knighted? An actor whose name does not appear in great letters? All others are counterfeits—men ‘of no mark or likelihood.’ This was what made the Jackalls of the North so eager to prove that I had been turned out of the Edinburgh Review. It was not the merit of the articles which excited their spleen—but their being there. Of the style they knew nothing; for the thought they cared nothing;—all that they knew was, that I wrote in that powerful journal, and therefore they asserted that I did not.”

Now, perhaps not the worst way of answering a string of gross absurdities, such as the foregoing, may be to utter, in one breath as it were, a string of simple truths. Sir Walter Scott had written *Marmion*, which is still perhaps the first of all his performances, acknowledged or suspected, about the year of God 1808. Lord Byron says what is nonsense, when he says that Horace Walpole's gentle or noble blood did or does harm to him as an author. It does neither the one thing nor the other. Aristophanes was a nobly-born Athenian,—Terence a slave; and yet they were equally cultivated while in life, and have always divided, in fair proportions, the applause of the world. Who asks whether Milton, Dryden, Spenser, Pope, were or were not men of birth? The fact happens to be that they were—but Shakespeare was not, (or scarcely,) and that is quite a sufficient counterpoise. As for Lord Byron owing his fame to his coronet, did ever any body hear a miserable Cockney utter more pitiable trash? Lord Byron's family is a very good one, and his title a tolerably old one; but what is he with his good old Yorkshire Squires of ancestry, and his Baroncy of Rochdale, to the blood of all the Howards—the noble five pearls in front of the coronet of Carlisle? We have fifty noble authors now living, almost all of higher nobility than Lord Byron. We have Lord Carlisle, a fine gentlemanlike tragedian,—we have Lord Holland, a capital translator and editor,—we have the Duke of Rutland, a clever tourist, and the Duchess, a very spirited hand at the pencil,—we have Lord Thurlow, an amatory poet of the foremost. Half the Peers have written pamphlets, if people would but read them. John Lord Carbery, and the Earl of Blessington,

capital ones each in its way. The Countess of Blessington writes as fair a squib as any anti-Cockney of us all. But what is the effect of all this? Did ever even the Edinburgh Review, (the Review that puffed Keats and Hunt, *proh, pudor!*) did ever even that Review dare to puff the noble Whig tragedian at the head of our little list? Did not every Review, on the other hand, praise Lord Holland? Has any Review whatever ever said any one word, good, bad, or indifferent, about the Duke and Duchess of Rutland? Has not every Review, without exception, quizzed poor Lord Thurlow, whose coronet is just of the same cut with Lord Byron's? In brief, 'tis mere lunacy. The real cause why one man is popular, and why "all the people of England" reject another, is one which "all the people in England," save one, will, without difficulty, discover. Had Hazlitt been born Duke of Duck-lane, Marquis of the Monument, Earl of Edmonton-wash, Viscount Viunder, Baron Bowbell, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. the Peer would have stood at this moment, *as an author*, exactly where the Piccadilly does stand. No, no, let him not lay any such flattering unction to his ~~own~~—he may depend on it, that, even though "his name, so accompanied, might have become the mouth well," it would not have been repeated quite so often as he fondly dreams. Nobody would have praised his prose, because that would have looked like "claiming acquaintance with a Lord." The fact is, his Grace's books would have been cut up; nay, we almost suspect that his Grace himself might have been cut. But, to be sure, this is going a long way to hint, that any man, who had ever had his knees under a certain sort of mahogany, could, by any possibility, have written certain sorts of things. Lord! what a rumpus Duk. Hazlitt would have made, had he happened to have any thing to say in the Coronation. There would have been no standing Bill in the embroidered bonnet. But let him and us be satisfied with remembering, that in the Court of Cockaigne,—around,

— "that crown of scattery irradi-
Which holds all the bards of Bow-bell in
allegiance—"
Hazlitt sounds at least as high as How-

ard ever did near the "golden ringol" of Plantagenet or Guelph. His rank is conspicuous in that cycle of Peers which surrounds the modern Round Table—But, that way madness lies—

"No more! no more! of that dread horn,
On Serpentinean echoes borne,

Which to King Leigh did tell,
How all the Corney Webbs and Barrys,
And juvenile apothecaries,
Beneath gruff IZZARD fell."

To go on, we do not choose to discuss Cowper with Hazlitt; and as for his allusion to our own old *jeu d'esprit* about John Gilpin and Mazeyppa, why, we are really pretty well used now-a-days to being reviled and robbed by the same worthy persons.

"There is not," says our great authority, "a more helpless and despised animal, than a mere author without any advantages of *birth, breeding, or fortune* to set him off." O! Mr Table-talker, you have really, for once, talked the truth smack out. The *birth* and the *fortune* are nothing—but we frankly confess the *BREEDING* is something. And you, in that sentence, have done just as absurd a thing as Pierce Egan—no, not Pierce, but some subaltern dab of the Fancy—would have done in saying:—"There is not a more despised animal than a mere boxer, who enters the ring without any extrinsic advantages of silk stockings, TRAINING, or a pink watch-ribbon, to set him off." But there would be no end of setting you off, were we to go on at this rate. You say an author, to be at all looked upon, must be something more or less than an author, "a rich merchant, a banker, a lord, or a ploughman." A fine text.—Now, we freely confess that John Clare, Allan Cunningham, and James Hogg, would never have been heard of but for the accident of their peasantry; but nobody's works thrive on account of the writer's gentility. When you are thinking of when you talk of *rich merchants*, I cannot divine. I know of no merchant author now existing; and as for bankers, why, after all, Roscoe and Rogers are very respectable people, and as little talked about both of them almost as yourself. But what are you driving at, in the devil's name? You Cockneys, though none of you are at all "looked to as authors," might all, I fancy, clap an *alias* to your designations if that would do you any good. I don't see why the additions of "wa-

ter-colour-painter,"—"attorney,"—"apothecary," or the like, should not (if this opinion prevails in Cockney-land) have been adopted long ago. But you are a high set, and scorn to be "looked to as authors," in consequence of any "extrinsic advantages of birth, breeding, or fortune."

Next comes your delicate (I must say) comparison of the fate of young Cockney authors to that of "the handsomest faces upon the town," and some odious palaver about "that great keeper, the Public." Upon any word, some folks have a fine sense of their own dignity. Your dirty imagination, Mr Hazlitt, is always plunging you into some dirty scrape. It is sickening to hear an old fellow like you talking at table, and before ladies too, perhaps, about "fulsome advances,"—"buds and promises,"—"casting off," and all that long etcetera of the vocabulary of rapid pollution. Come, man, depend on't, 'twere better to play Hunt at once, and write a prose Rimini, (it would sell better than the characters of Shakespeare's plays, I think,) than to go mincing about, and mumbling out musty cant in this style. Indeed, indeed, Mr Hazlitt, you are quite right in all you say about "this set of GRUB-STREET authors, the mere canaille of letters," &c. You really are a disgusting set, and we make no bones to acknowledge that once more our voice goes with the million, and that we greatly prefer "a gentleman and a scholar," (for so you satirically designate the being you affect to despise,) to anything that your "Kit-run-the-streets" are likely to turn out. As for all your stuff about "silver services," and "shining chandeliers," I detest that sort of humbug. What, sir! Does Wordsworth, does Southey, does Coleridge, does Campbell, deal in "silver services and shining chandeliers" any more than yourself? Fie! fie! Mr Hazlitt; you laugh at learned men and bishops, so you never heard of William Wykeham, or his motto. "'Tis manners makyth the man," Mr William Hazlitt. Of a truth, the whole of this far-rago is

"Mark'd with the indelible damn'd Cockney spot."

It concludes with something about yourself and the Edinburgh Review, which we scarcely comprehend. We, for charity is our foible, believed you

had ceased to be a writer in the Edinburgh Review, and we said so. Did we, or did we not, say the truth? Were you the author of the review of Cain, &c. in the last Number? or did you write that dull piece of pedantry about Demosthenes? or are you the worthy that shews so much enlightened and fervent zeal about jail accommodations, and the introduction of the *Mill System*?

Truly, sir, we never thought that your name could confer any additional respectability upon any work; and much as we respect Mr Jeffrey, we must take leave to say, that it does not occur to us, that *now-a-days* any man is likely to be more "looked to as an author," for having the reputation of being occasionally permitted to make a few guineas by scribbling in that gentleman's "powerful journal." The fact, however, is, that we believe you do write in the Traveller, but not in the Blue and Yellow;—and this is quite as it should be. You are pleased to qualify the adherents of this work as "the JACKALS of the North." Pray, sir, now that you are, or have been, in the North, did you find yourself regarded as much of a LION there? as for the civil turn of your last sentence,—what would you think of giving it a little bit of a twist into,—"You, Mr Hazlitt, know, that you do not, &c.; and, THEREFORE, you assert that you do?"

So much for the second great division of Mr Hazlitt's Table-Talk topics. As we are not just now bothering ourselves or our readers with any thing like a regular essay, but rather, as it were, table-talking a little touching this table-talk; now glance we back for a moment to some grand passages, in which Mr Hazlitt endeavours to convince the world how absurdly it acts in despising his writings. Having already sufficiently laid down, that the world despises them only because the author is not "a gentleman and scholar," or a "lord," or a "banker," or a "ploughman," or a Sam Rogers,—of course his main effort is now to shew, that really the world is mistaken,—that, after all, he is a gallant of some fashion,—one that is up to all the many-coloured varieties of life;—in short, not a COCKNEY in the proper sense of that improper term. For this purpose, he opens unto the admiring gaze of the pusillanimous public, sundry green and shining glimpses into

his own style of existence;—for instance, take the following:—

"In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is, where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is, what we shall meet with by the way. 'The mind is its own place;' nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. *I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity.* I once took a party to OXFORD with no mean *éclat*—shewed them that seat of the muses at a distance. 'With glittering spires and pinnacles adorn'd—' descended on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles of stone walls of halls and colleges—was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered *Ciceroni* that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to common-place beauties in matchless pictures. (!!!)—As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should wait at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions, that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stilled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen: there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support.—Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place, was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariner's hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over 'the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France,' erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones. *I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me.* The whole is vanished like a shade. *Pictures, heroes, glory,*

freedom, all are fled; nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!"

Now, the object of the above passage is to puff Mr Hazlitt as a travelled man. He has, it appears, (we really never suspected it before,) made the grand tour of Oxford and Blenheim, and also lounged in the long gallery of the Louvre. A hint is even dropt that he has seen Arabia, Rome, Greece, and the Pyramids; but as to this we desiderate a more distinct statement. What a fine thing to be in FRANCE, understanding, as it appears, only English, and the "language of paintings!" and how easy, under these circumstances, to appreciate the "heroes," the "glory," and the "freedom," which have now, alas, made themselves scarce in favour of "the Bourbons and the French People!" But finer still was the moment, (and indeed, vain as Hazlitt always was in his way of talking about himself, we do not remember to have seen him in such a crowing attitude before,) when Mr Hazlitt beat the Blenheim lady, and made the "Powdered *Ciceroni*" point *his* wand in vain!" Mr Hazlitt, however, could not have fallen into this blunder, had Mr Hunt been at home; for, little as Mr Hunt knows, we do him the justice to believe and to say, that we conceive him to be acquainted with the difference between the singular and the plural of a common Italian noun. This is not all, however, that we have about the delights of travelling. Hear the earnest, sober, philosophical enjoyment of a Cockney tourist, described in what follows:—

"I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation, or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!" These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heart-felt happiness, to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to my-

self, and drain them to the last drop; they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

'The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,' and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rusher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon a raw-hoel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen—*Procul, O procul, este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter."

"The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—'lord of one's-self, unnumber'd with a name.' Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our unfortunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clean of all tie—to hold to the universe only by a link of sweet-breeds, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than the GENTLEMAN in the parlour! (Queer?) One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. *We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear to the world:* an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham-common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St Neot's, (I think it was,) where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in the boat be-

tween me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remembered sitting up half the night to read Paul and Virginia, which I picked up at an inn at Bridge-water, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn of Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birth-day."

These are indeed passages to make the world ashamed of itself and its opinions. We leave them without comment. They are among the finest "Lights and Shadows" of Cockney life we have ever met with.

Many more, almost as good, in the same way, occur in another Essay, in which Mr Hazlitt is so good as to introduce his readers to some of his own intimate friends and companions, with whom he is accustomed to spend delightful evenings in the centre of Cockneyland. Accept the following:

"William, our waiter, is dressed neatly in black, takes in the TRAVELLER, (which many of the gentlemen like to look into) wears, I am told, a diamond-pin in his shirt-collar, has a music-master to teach him to play on the flageolet two hours before the maids are up, &c."

"How finely, how truly, how easily, he took off the company at the S——! Poor and faint are my sketches compared to his! It was like looking into a camera obscura—you saw trees shining and speaking—the smoke curled, the lights dazzled, the oak wainscoting took a higher polish—there was old S——, tall and gaunt, with his couplet from Pope, and ease at Nisi Prius, M—— eyeing the ventilator and lying *perdu* for a moral, and H—— and A—— taking another friendly finishing glass!—These and many more wind-falls of character he gave us in thought, word, and action. I remember his once describing three different persons together to myself and M— B——, viz. the manager of a country theatre, a tragic and a comic performer, till we were ready to tumble on the floor with laughing at the oddity of their humours, and at R——'s extraordinary powers of ventriloquism, bodily and mental; and B—— said (such

was the vividness of the scene) that when he awoke the next morning, he wondered what three amusing characters he had been in company with the evening before. Oh! it was a rich treat to see him describe *M—d—rd*, him of the *Courier*, the Contemplative Man, who wrote an answer to *Cœlebs*, coming into a room, folding up his great coat, taking out a little pocket volume, laying it down to think, rubbing the calf of his leg with grave self-complacency, and starting out of his reverie when spoken to with an inimitable rapid exclamation of 'Eh!' *M—d—rd* is like a man made of fleecy hosiery: *R—* was lank and lean 'as is the ribbed sea-sand.' Yet he seemed the very man he represented, as fat, pert, and dull, as it was possible to be."

Notice the way Mr Mudford is dealt with by this condemner of satire; and then to conclude, read as you will find it written, Vol. II. page 84,—taking care to remark the handsome, and no way personal manner, in which he introduces his friend *Elia* walking homewards.

"Ladies, lovers, beaux, wits, philosophers, the fashionable or the vulgar, are the fittest company for one another. The discourse at *Randall's* is the best for boxers: that at *Long's* for lords and loungers. I prefer *H—*'s conversation almost to any other person's, because, with a familiar range of subjects, he colours with a totally new and sparkling light, reflected from his own character. *Elia*, the grave and solitary, says things not to be surpassed in elegance: but the manner is more painful and less a relief to my own thoughts. Some one conceived he could not be an excellent companion, because he was seen walking down the side of the *Thames*, *passibus iniquis*, after dining at *Richmond*. The objection was not valid. I will, however, admit that the said *Elia* is the worst company in the world in bad company, if it be granted me that in good company he is nearly the best that can be. He is one of those of whom it may be said, *He is your company, and I'll tell you your company to them.* He is the creature of sympathy, and makes good whatever opinion you seem to entertain of him. He cannot outgo the apprehensions of the circle, and invariably acts up or down to the point of refinement or vulgarity at which they pitch him. (Oh! what a compliment is here, Mr Lamb!) He appears to take a pleasure in exaggerating the prejudices of strangers against him; a pride in confirming the prepossessions of friends. In whatever scale of intellect he is placed, he is as lively or as stupid as

the rest can be for their lives. If you think him odd and ridiculous, he becomes more and more so every minute, *à la folie*, till he is a wonder gazed by all—set him against a good wit and a ready apprehension, and he brightens more and more—

'Or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
Its figure and its heat.'

We had a pleasant party one evening at B— C—'s. A young literary bookseller who was present, went away delighted with the elegance of the repast, and spoke in raptures of a servant in green livery and a patent-lamp."

The last sentence of the above extract, in which the scene is transferred to *Barry Cornwall's*, is divine! What a fine fellow was that "young literary bookseller!" What wonder that he should have been a little awe-struck by the lad in green livery and the patent lamp!! We have a true ambition to be classical. Will our friend oblige us by telling us in his next volume, whether the author of *Mirandola* eats his "delicious rabbit smothered in onions, eggs, and a good rasher, or excellent veal cutlets," by the light of an argand or a sinumbra? About such people it is impossible to be too particular. One likes to know that *Virgil* wore patched shoes—that *Horace* had no gilt cornices at the Sabine farm—that *Samuel Johnson* wore snuff-brown—that *Voltaire* had gay embroidered bed-gowns—that *Oliver Goldsmith* was vain of a cherry-coloured coat, and that *Barry Cornwall* has a patent lamp, and a flunky in green livery. These are your true glimpses of the penetralia of immortality. It is thus that we become, as it were, personally acquainted with the great men, who, to use a fine phrase of *Keats's*,

"Stand in the forehead of the age to come;"

each of them, no question, with his "tea-boy in green livery" behind his back.

We leave the abuse of *Ebony*, and *Murray*, and their respective publications, till another opportunity; and, in the meantime, conclude with merely observing, that *Hazlitt* shewed great want of trap by not coming to sup with us at *Ambrose's* during his late northern progress: We could not have supposed him to be so decidedly a spoon. Before we had always given him credit for playing a good knife and fork.

LETTER FROM M. MULLION.

MR EDITOR,

ABOUT three years ago I sent you a psychological curiosity—being a short piece, entitled “Don Juan Unread,” which, though composed by me in sleep, bore a strange similarity to a poem by Mr Wordsworth. You, through mistake or otherwise, some time since attributed it to Dr Scott, whereas I am quite a different person, not being half his weight. Circumstances not worth detailing, took me off to Persia immediately after writing it, and I had not the pleasure of seeing my composition in print until three days ago. I read it, of course, with parental avidity, but on turning over the pages of your own Magazine, I was a little surprised to find in Vol. VI. p. 196, a copy of verses, called the Negro’s Lament for Muugo Park, which was, in like manner, strangely similar to a poem composed by me on the evening before, and which was suggested to me by a conversation overheard at the Hen, in Leith Wynd, between two persons, who were pointed out to me as principal writers in the Edinburgh Review. They were grewsome poor fellows, each with a glass of swipes, which is no great drinking, a blurred sheet of filthy MS., a couple of oldish pens, and a horn of a foxy-coloured mixture, which they libellously called ink, before them. They looked altogether perfectly miserable, and were talking mournfully about the decline and fall. I merely jotted down their alehouse musings into rhyme. Judge then of my amazement, when I found that so strong a likeness already existed. My first poem like Wordsworth—my second like P. K. J.* I must leave the solution of it to wiser heads, merely saying, There is more than is dreamt of in my philosophy.

I have the honour to be, Mr Editor,

Yours faithfully,

36, High-Street, August 1822.

MALACHI MULLION.

THE NEGRO’S LAMENT FOR MUNGO PARK.

I.

WHERE the wild Joliba
Rolls his deep waters,
Sate at their evening toil
Afric’s dark daughters.
Where the thick Mangroves
Broad shadows were flinging,
Each o’er her lone loom
Bent mournfully singing—
“Alas! for the white man! o’er deserts a
ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
som’d stranger!

THE CONTRIBUTOR’S LAMENT FOR YELLOW AND BLUE.

I.

Where famed Auld Reekie
Rolls its sweet waters,
Sat at their scribbling toil
Jeffrey’s poor authors,
Where the thin single beer
Poor comfort was flinging,
Each o’er his Balaam
Bent mournfully singing—
“Alas! for the blue book, ’mongst devils
a ranger,
No one shall welcome the blue-vested
stranger!

* P. K. J. has since published his poems, including this, in a pretty volume, and we may therefore say that he is Mr James, a member of the Society of Friends. There are many very pretty specimens of poetry in his volume, and we hope it has met with the success which it deserves. Mr Mullion of Persia is pleased to be jocose—but his description of the present Edinburgh Reviewers is not much amiss.—C. N.

† Printer’s, to wit.

2.

" Through the deep forest
Fierce lions are prowling ;
'Mid thickets entangling
Hyenas are howling ;
There should he wander,
Where danger lurks ever
To his home where the sun sets,
Return shall he never.
Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
som'd stranger !

3.

" The hands of the Moor
In his wrath do they bind him ?
Oh ! seal'd is his doom
If the savage Moor find him.
More fierce than hyenas,
Through darkness advancing.
Is the curse of the Moor,
And his eyes' fiery glancing !
Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
som'd stranger !

4.

" A voice from the desert !
My wilds do not hold him ;
Pale thirst doth not rack,
Nor the sand-storm unfold him.
The death-gale pass'd by,
And his breath fail'd to smother,
Yet ne'er shall he wake
To the voice of his mother !
Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
som'd stranger !

5.

" O lov'd of the Lotus
Thy waters adorning.
Pour, Joliba ! pour
Thy full streams to the morning !
The Halcyon may fly
To thy wave as her pillow ;
But woe to the white man,
Who trusts in thy billow !
Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
som'd stranger !

6.

" He launch'd his light bark,
Our fond warnings despising,
And sail'd to the land
Where the day beams are rising.
His wife left her bower
May look forth in her sorrow,
But he shall ne'er come
To her hope of to-morrow !
Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
som'd stranger !

2.

" Over in Prince's-Street,
Fierce lions are prowling ;
Down upon Southside
Tim Ticker is fowling ;
There should it wander,
Where danger lurks ever,
Tim with his goose quill
Will tickle its liver ;
Alas ! for the blue book, 'mongst devils
a ranger,
No one shall welcome the blue-vested
stranger !

3.

" The grunt of the Scotsman,
With praise does it stuff it ?
Oh ! sealed is its doom,
If the savage stot puff it ;
Much worse than Sir Richard
Its pages abusing,
Is the praise of the stot
In his dark garret musing ;
Alas ! for the blue book, 'mongst devils
a ranger,
No one shall welcome the blue-vested
stranger !

4.

" A voice out of Longman's !
My counters they hold it ;
There's no thirst for its stuff,
And no studies unfold it.
The trade past it by,
Rent its profits to smother.
And none keeps awake
At the sound of its boiler ;
Alas ! for the blue book, 'mongst devils
a ranger,
No one shall welcome the blue-vested
stranger !

5.

" Oh ! pride of the High-Street,
Which thou art adorning,
When Edinburgh pours
Her sweet streams every morning.
Many papers are found
On her waves as a pillow ;
But 'tis thou art the flood,
The chief food of the billow !
Alas ! for the blue book, 'mongst devils
a ranger,
No one shall welcome the blue-vested
stranger !

6.

" Jeffrey launches his book,
Our fond warnings despising,
As a bit for the lads
Who love criticizing ;
But his purse he may shake,
It won't chink to his sorrow,
For no cash hence shall come
To-day—no, nor to-morrow.
Alas ! for the blue book, 'mongst devils
a ranger,
No one shall welcome the blue-vested
stranger !

Richard Phillips, who cuts up the Edinburgh every now and then with his
ability.

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES. NO. II. GOING TO THE NEEDLES.

See how before the wind she goes,
 Scattering the waves like melting snows !
 Her course with glory fills
 The sea for many a league ! Descending,
 She stoopeth now into the vale,
 Now, as more freshly blows the gale,
 She mounts in triumph o'er the watery hills—
 Oh ! whither is she tiding ?

WILSON'S Isle of Palms.

Oh, the well-remembered joy at the prospect of a sail to the Needle Rocks ! By peep o' day, my eyes, only half unsealed from slumber, were turned window-wards for a certifying ray of sunshine. But fine summer weather is not always ushered in by a bright sunrise ; perhaps the most brilliant, and at the same time unsultry days of that season of enjoyment,—balmy, breezy days, in which simply it is “a happiness to breathe,” and resign one's self to an indolent sense of animal complacency,—spring out of mornings all wet with copious dews, and muffled in wide-skirted raiments of mist. It was such a one that foreran the particular holiday which survives among my reminiscences of boyhood. Many an evil prognostic, the product of unfounded apprehension, did I take from the appearance, or rather non-appearance, of the Isle of Wight, which ought to have been in sight opposite my chamber-window, stretched in unwieldy length, and bounding the horizon at about four miles distance. It was enveloped in one vast gauzy haze ;—the round backs alone of its highest hills protruding themselves from the fleecy vapour. What longings had I for the arrival of the hour for getting up ! The church clock struck four—it must be an error—I was then too young to be lord of a watch of my own ; but I had another resource against a single horological inaccuracy, for my bed-room was within hearing of two public clocks. After a due pause—for these brethren never quarrelled about the difference of a few minutes, sometimes one distancing true time, sometimes the other, and perhaps neither exactly tallying with it—the town-hall clock struck and repeated the very same story with its iron tongue, which its rival had delivered, that it was, namely, no more than the fourth hour from midnight. There was no longer room for reasonable scepticism upon it, and as there were yet three hours before I could

expect to see much forwardness of preparation for the hastily-to-be-devoured breakfast, I resigned myself to boyish reveries on the pleasure which the coming day was to produce, and which, as far as I was to be concerned, was intended to be ecstatic beyond all pleasure hitherto fallen to my lot ; and as youth is seldom long wakeful in bed, the weary time was soon helped off by another nap and a paradise of anticipatory dreams.

Pass we forward to our embarkation in a hired sloop. Our intention was to go about ten miles off to the fishing-grounds which lie on the outside of the Needle Rocks, those well-known castle-like masses which make the most westerly corner of the Isle of Wight a point of some danger, and there we were to try our luck and skill in catching whittings. The sloop was ready, not far from the Town Quay ; and as the party of pleasure was tolerably large, stores were plentifully provided. It was no small delight to me to see the packing of a pigeon-pie, a ham, from which enough had been cut out of the ruddy centre to prove the goodness of the remainder, sandwiches, biscuits, cheese, Madeira wine, porter, brandy, and of water “good store ;” more of every thing than the appetites of such a party could possibly need in at most a sail of twelve hours ; but then the sea air is very stimulating, and “creature comforts” are an essential part of a day's jaunt upon the water ; and, moreover, if the pleasure-hunters should do but little towards clearing away the provisions—and one cannot promise that some of them, before all is over, shall not nauseate the very sight of an eatable—yet the old weather-beaten master of the vessel, and the supple youth his assistant, who slides about the ropes with squirrel-like agility, have generally such good *twists* as leave no reason to complain of being over-victualled for a voyage. These preparations wore the appear-

ance of seriously setting in for something of moment; and when the stores moved off in a wheel-barrow, I began to think we were about to engage in a business very different from the trips I was weekly making in the ferry-boat across the river. We were really to go out to sea, and when I caught sight of the vessel which was to make this adventure, my heart did quail a little; and to compare small things with great, my juvenile misgivings and awe were not altogether different from the feelings of the great poet of Imaginative Sentiment, when, at the view of a departing ship, he declared, that

"—almost as it was when ships were rare,

(From time to time, like Pilgrims here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,

Of the old sea some reverential fear,
Are with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!"

I can recollect the soberness of mood which suddenly came on as I followed our old servant to the wharf. He was half hidden with boat cloaks, great coats, Scotch plaids, and other wrappers and coverings of names even then perchance obsolete, but which had now their modest merit acknowledged; for they scarcely ever came out of their hiding-places but on occasions like this. Where steam-boats are out of the question, and they were not dreamt of, or only dreamt of by projectors, at the time I allude to, there is always the risk of waves or wind being capricious, of being wetted or being becalmed—so that an experienced voyager will always provide against a scousing from the spray, if there should be a gale; or again, a cold exercise of patience through the night, if the failing wind should perforce detain him out at sea; and for these uses our antiquated mufflers were provided. While old William was heaped to double his size by the woollen with which each shoulder was loaded, and each of his hands occupied with bag or basket, I followed with some lighter part of the *materiel*, and now felt, as well as knew, that an event out of the ordinary course was to be engaged in, and perhaps I half repented me that I was one of the adventurers. But my sisters were to be with me, and some female visitors; and the reflection that my father did not hesitate to take them amongst us, soon brought back conviction that it was an

excursion of pleasure on which we were bent. My distrust was dissipated, and my transport was renewed, when I felt myself in the boat which took us to the sloop, though some of the ladies looked a little grave when the boat sunk so low in the water with its freight of passengers, prog, and broad-cloth.

To a boy every scene of bustle is interesting, so that I was soon all eye and ear to the business before me—the heaving of the slender anchor of such a ship as this; the setting of the mainsail, with the concomitants of rattling blocks, creaking hoops, flapping canvas, and the *yo-ho-ing* of the two mariners who worked at it; then came the huge boom with "sweeping sway" over the quarter deck at every tack we made, and each time fear arose within me that it would dash some of us into the merciless billows; or, if our bodies were left behind for decent interment, yet that an odd head or so might be sliced off; or, to take the very least calamity, that our hats were in jeopardy of such a fate! But now we are really off; the hardy old master is at the helm; his boy Sam, who was here, there, and everywhere, is now sitting on the end of the boltspit, but ready at a nod for action; the breeze hums aloft in the straining sail; a flag floats from the upper part of the canvas, while a streamer at the mast-head flutters away more actively; the water, of deepest green, is flashing and hurrying slantways backward from the side, over which my eyes are straining; and behind us, roaring from underneath the rudder, which the old man keeps steady, a tortured stream, churned by rage into froth, rushes up and shoots away in our wake, exhibiting a lucid track, almost as brilliant, and but very little more permanent, than that of a sky-rocket on a festal night.

Our river, as Gilpin, who lived in the neighbourhood, remarked long ago, is most favourable for showing off the smaller sorts of shipping which frequent it; no two can long remain in the same attitudes before the eye of him who watches them; for though at high tide one would judge that the field is clear before them, and that they have only to set sail, and stretch right onward under a favouring gale, yet it is not so. There is only deep water, even at a spring-tide, in a compara-

tively narrow channel, and this water-course is fancifully tortuous, and only discernible even by the experienced, by means of what are called *booms*, that is, stakes and tall brushwood stuck at certain points in the mud. So that be the breeze ever so fair, there is no farther plain sailing than from reach to reach, and then a tack is indispensable. In the wide expanse, therefore, here perhaps is one cutter approaching you in that most beautiful position, so dear to the draughtsman, leaning *gunwale-to*; the foresails curving, and the huge main-canvas foreshortened; the little pendant darting forward, but inclining a little to the leeward, like a young and sanguine rider, whose eagerness would fain outstrip the speed of the horse which carries him; the waves meanwhile before the prow of the vessel incessantly vexed into froth by her rapid rushing through them. Not far off is perhaps some similar bark, this her race of joyance stopt, and she is slowly moving round with sails perpendicular and shivering; then sullenly shewing you her starboard side, she makes but slow progress, labouring in the very teeth of the wind; till, having toilsomely attained a certain aim, she again yields herself to the breeze, and flies forward with bird-like grace and rapidity. But we must not delay our voyage to the Needles, with looking about too much. How far are we got on?

The first notable station is Jack-in-the-Basket, where a fine tall pole, with a piece of wicker-work upon it to make it more conspicuous, is erected in order to point out the mouth of our estuary. This name (for there is surely something talismanic in names) kept me on the alert, and though it was by no means the first time that I had been at the spot, yet the appellation never did seem so sufficiently answered by the sight of the high pole and its wattled crown, but that I was ready to fancy some tricky spirit or apish demon, answering to the name of Jack, would shew his leering phiz from the basket, and gibber forth an uncanny salutation from that ætherio-marine domicile. No such Pacolet, however, accosted us; but on another beacon mark, a stout stake, terminating in a white-washed cross, there sat a cormorant, here called a *shag*. I had read of eagles and vultures, and other birds of rapine, and had seen pictures of

them with hooked beaks and cowering wings—but here was the reality; for the foul bird stood there black as night, solitary, stern, motionless, its neck half bent forwards so as to bring the head to have a horizontal range; its eyes quick and prying; its wings half expanded, as if to terrify by increase of size; and altogether forming an image of watchfulness, craft, ravenousness, ferocity. He got no meal, however, at this time, for our shouts and near approach scared him at last from his station, and darting out his long lean neck, and quite unfurling his sooty pennons, he winged away to some distance, and then dropped on the waves, where he remained swimming as long as we could discern him, and doubtless re-betook himself to his reluctantly abandoned stand, when we were out of sight.

We were now in the open Channel, and opposite Yarmouth, and the waves were of another character from those we had sailed amongst while in the river. We now steered due west, and The Island, as it is always called here, began to assume new aspects. What seemed far off one long-levelled line of unbroken coast, at a nearer inspection was discerned to be embosomed by green promontories, and scooped into by divers inlets and bays. The higher hills at the back of the island receded, and were in some instances overpeered by others of lower positive altitude, but of greater proximity to us voyagers—like contemporary merit, talent, or beauty, actually inferior perhaps to some we have heretofore known, but as being more immediately conspicuous, contiguous, and tangible, it casts a glamour over us, and is held in undue estimation, till it is lowered to its naked value by becoming itself one of the many things surviving only in the memory, and like the hills of the beautiful isle, when we are at a due distance, real merit is not obscured by deceptions of perspective.

One part of this shore—there it is, Colwell Bay, where the earthy cliff advances more boldly than the rest, is memorable for a dismal story. My mind was early impressed with it, and it has never faded from my remembrance. A son of the truly great circumnavigator Cook, was the subject of the tale. Whether he was a lieutenant or captain in the navy, I do not know; he belonged, however, to a

ship lying as far down to the west, I think, as Weymouth. Being out one evening in an open boat with some of his crew, a storm unexpectedly came on. Their efforts to get back to the anchorage were unavailing, for a strong westerly current had set in. When their hopes of living through the night in so small a piece of craft as theirs were almost gone, a Revenue cutter came within hail of them, and with deliberate hard-heartedness the commander refused them a refuge in it. The only consolatory part of the history is, that afterwards, and I suppose by means of the accusation of his own crew, the wretch was deservedly turned out of the service for this very piece of brutish indifference to the common charities of humanity.

"If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, Good porter, turn the key."

Natures that cannot learn somewhat of the sentiment that dictated these rather hyperbolic lines in Lear, must be made to feel that ordinary sympathies are not with impunity to be outraged. It is supposed that the boat drove, without tilting, till it got within the Wight—none of the crew, however, escaped to tell their sufferings—and then was swamped near the shore, for Cook evidently came to land alive. He was found on a crag in a sitting posture, with his face bowed down and hidden, as if asleep, but quite dead; and it appeared, on examination, that his hands and knees were much lacerated by crawling on the gravel to attain this eminence. The mysterious part of the story is connected with the loss of his watch, for it was well known that he had one upon his person. Now it was not found on him, and this was considered very extraordinary, because his dress was so little decomposed, that even his hat had not fallen off. A man, whom I have often seen, as amphibious in his occupations as islanders usually are, for he had been a warrener, I think, on a rabbit-warren near Alum Bay, and I know that he had rented the privilege (what a privilege to pay for!) of risking his neck in the gathering of samphire and puffins' eggs, but was now, I am pretty sure, a labourer in the sand-pits, and a fisherman occasionally, and by no means in bad circumstances—his person allowed, that he had on that morning

past the place where Cook was sitting, and that he had been on the look-out for what the storm might have cast up in the way of wreck, but denied having noticed the corpse at all. The stigma, however, always stuck to him, that he had robbed the body of the watch, and of money too, I think; and as a corollary, it was considered that a man capable of doing this, might have perhaps no great tenderness about keeping in the expiring spark of life, if indeed there were any chance of preserving it when his footsteps led him to the poor shipwrecked officer. Other tellers of the tale added, that the tracks of this barbarous wrecker's feet (for this is the name these along-shore seekers go by,) were perceptible up to and from the fatal spot. Now, whether any of this surmise were true or not, the man was always henceforth looked upon as a doubtful character, as the possessor of a discreditable secret, as having possibly done what to common feelings seemed little better than sacrilege—but I do not know that it much troubled him, which perhaps was only evincing another bad symptom.

The only thing that ever came out for his exculpation, and even this was so turned that it had a shade upon it, was, that a soldier from Colwell Barracks, digging in the sand, found the corroded works of a watch, and much about the site where Cook was cast ashore; but there appeared no indication of any precious metal among the mass of almost decomposed brass wheels. Could the cover of the watch have vanished entirely by corrosion? The unfriendly conjectured that the suspected man had kept the silver or gold case, and had himself deposited the works in the sand there, with an eye to his exoneration, if they ever should come to light. What the truth was, no one knew but himself, and perhaps he had most grievous injustice done to him; but the appetite for the marvellous, the suspicious and the mysterious, won many to believe that this cold-blooded personage wilfully allowed a fellow-creature to die untended; that he craftily purloined his valuables, without disturbing the body, then drowsy with the coming-on sleep of death; and that being de-fisted in his desire to escape unfavourable conjectures, he cast down part of his meanly-gotten booty, in order to make it credible that he had not appropriated

the rest to his own use; and they congratulated themselves in thinking, that with all his cunning, he had been balked in eluding suspicion. He however thrived, and seemed happy; and if this calm was the consciousness of innocence, I am most happy that it could (for it cannot always) so battle against unjust crimination. But I was then a boy, whose imagination had been excited; and while passing the place, and gazing at it from the deck, I could almost image out, upon some grotesque fragment where the weeds helped the delusion, the wretched victim huddled up in his death-sleep; while the cautiously stalking figure of his despoiler came across me whenever a fisherman, or other lonely rambler, presented himself on the silvery beach.

Not far on, that splendid collection of sandy strata, in Alum Bay, presented itself. All the colours of the rainbow diversify the crumbling precipices, but the purely white sort of sand alone, is that which is of service to the proprietor,—and this is sought for and sent to Bristol for the making of the finest glass. With this spot, fit indeed for the Nereids to make it their landing-place, the bank-like margin of the island ends, for hence on to the extremity of the north coast, it is now one towering wall of white rock, and the Needles stand in the sea at the angle where it bends to the south.

On our right hand, couched at the end of a narrow wearisome spit of shingle, (I have footed it, and thought it dreadfully long,) which stretches about two miles from north to south into the sea, and keeps the Lowlands by Keyhaven from being encroached upon, is Hurst Castle. The most romantic association it excites is from its being the scene of part of Charles the First's captivity. That "grey dis-crowned head" was there immured. When we had past this frowning strong-hold, we did, indeed, seem to be at sea. The ocean lay before us, and our vessel went merrily over genuine billows, rocking rather too much for heads unaccustomed to such vibrations. I could well understand how, in the 'Two Noble Kinsmen, one of them might say, "Our horses felt like proud seas under us," for, to our cost, the alternate rise and fall of the ship was now much like the majestic progress of a courser at full gallop.

VOL. XII.

Now, then, we had to approach, but within safe distance only, and had to double the far-spoken-of rocks, which go by the name of the Needles,—a designation quite inappropriate at the present day, for the tall spiring colleague or colleagues which suggested it, have long since fallen into the abyss, and the three which are most conspicuous now, are like huge fortresses or dismantled hulks, and quite secure by their massive shape from the ruin which has befallen their shattered brethren. We were now near enough to note their white channelled sides,—the rugged splinters, which serve as it were for battlements on their heights,—the deep black fringe of sea-weed, which borders the water-mark at their bases,—the various low stony shelves, which form in a manner outposts to these sea-citadels, some of which were just prominent above the waves, some under water, and their existence only revealed by a rolling but never quite departing crest of foam. Sea-fowl in myriads speckled the sky just over the rocks, and their clang was audible over all the noise which the breakers and the ship were making; and, when one of our party fired a gun at a *tinkisher*, (heaven knows what ornithologists would call the bird,) every chasm, and crevice, and ledge, and peak, and protuberance, seemed to give forth fresh companions to those already swarming in the atmosphere, and the air seemed alive, "beat by unnumbered wings."

Here needed a steersman with proper local knowledge, for, in avoiding the evident danger of the iron-bound coast on our left, there is a possibility of falling into some peril on the opposite side. Farther to the west than Hurst Castle, there is a shifting bank of pebbly gravel, called the Shingles, which at low water rears its low red strand for about half a mile in length, and appears every year in a somewhat different station, nay, a single stormy night will sometimes shift it to a considerable distance. But now, some of us began to pay for pleasure, for the horrors of sea-sickness assailed us, and I, among the rest, was spread out upon the deck beneath a plaid cloak, and to the very last my enjoyments were poisoned by this enemy, but I was not wholly incapacitated from keeping my wits about me after the first few grie-

Y

vous paroxysms. The sensation is so distressing, that some of us might well have thought of dying, but few, I conceive, would have particularly wished this to be their burial-place, since church-yards are not remote; nevertheless, the deep, off the Needles, was chosen by a gentlemen, whose burial at sea here, by his own desire, is recorded in the church-register of my own native place where he died. His wife had said, that if she survived him, she would drive a coach and six over his grave,—what a delicate proof of matrimonial tenderness!—and to defeat this triumph, and make her indeed a *disconsolate* widow, he chose to sleep “amid the salt-sea ooze.” Now, since the lady could not hire or borrow the steeds and chariot of Amphitrite, which alone might have bested her,—for vulgar coach-horses would find sorry footing above her spouse’s head,—I am afraid her vow remains unpaid to this day.

No knowledge or activity was wanting in our conductors, and the whiting-beds were now in sight, and the wide sea studded by vessels and boats bent on the same purpose as ourselves. We were successful, and to me, a boy of an impatient turn, the mode of fishing was far more attractive than common angling. The uninitiated are to understand that a heavy lead, having two hooks baited by pieces of fish, is let down by a long line, and having ascertained that it has touched the bottom, it is not necessary to let many moments elapse before you haul in, and the reward is generally a couple of whittings—at all events, there was the letting down and drawing up, which suited me better than keeping quiet, and sadly and soberly waiting for a nibble. There was a drawback to our sport, or at least our gain, for a numerous shoal of dogfish were also upon the whiting-grounds, and for every available fish we caught, we had a couple of these useless but voracious marauders. On the whole, we took, I believe, about three dozen whittings, and five or six dozen of the others. The dogfish is a long and ugly creature with two sharp prickles sticking out of the back; and I recollect seeing the lad who was in the foreship, enraged at frequent disappointment, fasten two of the corks from our lately drained bottles to the spines of ~~one~~ of these wretched fish, and then set it afloat, where it

strove in vain to dive, and it went off wriggling along upon the surface, to be the prey at last, I suppose, of some hungry sea-bird. I was told by the lad that this was sport, but it jarred with my feelings, and I could have wished to take his cork-jacket from the poor dogfish, although he was no favourite. A calm came on before our diversion was at an end, and as the tide was not particularly favourable for our getting back, there was some apprehension of our being kept out till late at night. But by good luck the Custom-house boat, manned by six stout oarsmen, came near us, and the commander, who was well known to my father, and aware of our embarrassment, offered to convey our party back. The offer was most opportune, and we were soon comfortably stowed in the shapely jolly-boat. These sailors had been more successful than we had in the sloop, but I prick’d up my ears with excited curiosity when I heard that they had caught a shark. A shark! why, I had seen the print of Brook Watson, in which he is in the act of being saved from a creature of this very kind who had bit off his leg. I knew too that the cruel-eyed and hungry monsters sported in their instinct alongside slave-ships throughout their voyage. No wonder, then, that away went my imagination, shaping out dim conceptions of a huge finny tyrant—and though the boat itself, in which we were all close packed, hardly amounted to my idea of the magnitude of a true and undoubted shark, yet I was prepared for some wonderful method of making truth and imagination correspond. It was, to be sure, rather a falling-off, when an uncouth fish between three and four feet in length was produced, and declared to be a young one of the kind called the river shark. The consolation was, that it *was* nevertheless a shark, and after gulping down my disappointment, I felt a childish sort of pride in sitting in a boat, which, be the shark big or little, had certainly taken one. It was something to tell my mother, and gave me, as I thought, full right to draw upon her for an exclamation of astonishment.

The day wore on, and we were making way quickly to the port, from which we with livelier spirits had parted in the morning. A rising air enabled the rowers to lay aside their

oars for the greater part of the time while we passed up the river, and we scudded along by means of two snowy sails. Before evening had quite set in, I found myself ashore again, but with rather a giddy head, and standing on legs unsteady from having been subjected so long to an unusual motion; and as the best cure for my over-excited spirits, I was early sent off to repose, where I felt the bed roll under me like the rocking of the ship, till I dropt off to sleep, and entered into the world of dreams. Then came the day's adventures over again, but all distorted and turned into burlesque, for I found that it was myself who had two

spines upon my back, and glad enough of the corks was I which kept me from sinking; and though the shark, like a figure in the phantasmagoria, grew to a reasonably terrific size, yet he proved a very pitiful-hearted monster; for as we found that our whiting-lines had fastened themselves to the rocks at the bottom of the sea, and consequently moored the vessel there for ever, the shark kindly took us upon his back, which turned out to have seats upon it, on which our cloaks were spread to serve as cushions; and in this guise we ploughed the brine, and were at the Town-quay in a trice.

R.

WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS AND MEMORIALS.*

WORDSWORTH never comes forth before the public, from his solitude among the mountains, without deeply delighting all true lovers of poetry.—“His soul is like a star, and dwells apart.” He is the same man in all things now, that he was twenty years ago, when the “*Lyrical Ballads*” produced such a wonderful sensation, and told that another great poet had been given to England. All the other first-rate writers of the age have, more or less, written directly and expressly for the age; have followed as often as guided the prevalent taste; and have varied their moods and measures according to the fluctuations of popular feeling, sentiment, and opinion. We do not say that they have been at all to blame in this; for it suited their genius so to do, and they naturally wished to feel their expanded wings borne up on the air of popular favour. The highest, best, and most powerful of them all, has uniformly written upon such principles, and has, we observe, avowed them, in the very lively preface to his last admirable Work. But Wordsworth buries his spirit in the solitary haunts and recesses of nature, and suffers no living thing to intrude there, to disturb the dreams of his own imagination. He is to himself all in all.—He holds communings with the great spirit of human life, and feels a saucy in all the revelations that are made to him in his solitude. Profoundly versed in the knowledge of all sentiments, feelings, and passions, that ever dignified, adorned, or purified man's heart, Wordsworth broods over them incessantly, and they are to him his

own exceeding great reward. He knows that his poetry is good, and he is calmly satisfied. Indeed, his poetry is to him religion; and we venture to say, that it has been felt to be so by thousands. It would be absolute profanation to speak one word against many of his finest breathings; and as the author and promulgator of such divine thoughts, Wordsworth, beyond all poets, living or dead, is felt to be the object of the soul's purest reverence, gratitude, and love.

For our own parts, we believe that Wordsworth's genius has had a greater influence on the spirit of poetry in Britain, than was ever before exercised by any individual mind. He was the first man who impregnated all his descriptions of external nature with sentiment or passion. In this he has been followed—often successfully—by other true poets. He was the first man that vindicated the native dignity of human nature, by shewing that all her elementary feelings were capable of poetry—and in that too he has been followed by other true Poets, although here he stands, and probably ever will stand, unapproached. He was the first man that stripped thought and passion of all vain or foolish disguises, and shewed them in their just proportions and unencumbered power. He was the first man who in poetry knew the real province of language, and suffered it not to veil the meanings of the spirit. In all these things,—and in many more,—Wordsworth is indisputably the most ORIGINAL POET OF THE AGE; and it is impossible, in the very nature of things, that he ever can be

* 1. Ecclesiastical Sketches.—II. Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820. By William Wordsworth. 8vo. Longman & Co. London. 1822.

eclipsed. From his golden urn other
orbs may draw light; but still it will
be said of him—

—————“Then shone the firmament
With living sapphires. HESPERUS, WHO
LED

THE STARRY HOST, SHONE BRIGHT-
EST.”

Accordingly, what living poet is not indebted to Wordsworth? No two minds can be imagined, for example, more unlike each other, than his and Sir Walter Scott's; and yet many of the most beautiful passages of the *Mighty Minstrel*, wherein he speaks not of knights, squires, and steeds, but of himself perhaps, or of other men, living or dying in a peaceful world, are manifestly coloured and inspirited by the light and soul of the Genius of the Lakes. And not a few of the most touching and pathetic conceptions in his glorious *Novels*, we owe to the same source. A few beautiful Wordsworthian verses, quoted at the heads of chapters, shew to the skilful eye how the genius of one man may kindle that of another, though cast by prodigal Nature in very different moulds, and animated, in general, by a very different spirit. The two last cantos of *Childe Harold*, although sufficiently original to place Lord Byron in the first rank of genius, are, in many places, absolutely written, it may be said, by Wordsworth. He it was that taught Byron how to look on a mountain, and how to listen to a cataract or the sea. Here, with slight alteration, we may venture to use the language of Milton:

—————“To nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film re-
moved,
Which that false fruit, that promised clearer
light,
Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and
rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the well of life three drops in-
still'd—
So deep the power of these ingredients
pierced,
Even to the inmost seat of mental light!”

These are the other two great Poets of the Trio; but every other living poet of any eminence, without one single exception, owes much of his power or inspiration to Wordsworth. Coleridge—Southey—even Campbell—lately Crabbe—Bowles, who by nature has much of Wordsworth's pure sentiment—nay Moore, with all his false feeling and meretricious ornament—

Rogers, with his puny elegance—Wilson—Hunt—Milman—Montgomery—&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. all are indebted to Wordsworth, to a prodigious extent, indeed far more than they can ever repay. But such debts are honourable to them—at least as long as they are gratefully acknowledged and proclaimed; and we mention them now not to their disparagement, but simply as a fact regarding the poetical character of the age.

Wordsworth's *Miscellaneous Poems* were lately published by Longman in four octavo volumes, and the *Excursion* makes another. Were we desirous of bestowing a gift of inestimable value on a young mind of power, beginning to contemplate human nature with a thoughtful eye, it would be these five volumes. There is no deception there—no dim or glaring views—nothing false and hollow—nothing tottering and unstable—but truth in her simplicity, and her magnificence—lessons for the lowly and the lofty—steps leading up safely from earth's loveliest and most innocent haunts, to the gorgeous clouds and the “blue depths serene” of heaven.

We intend very soon enriching our work with copious extracts from the *Excursion*, and also with some of this poet's most beautiful smaller compositions. In the meantime, we shall now lay before our readers some noble Specimens of true English Poetry from two pamphlets lately published by Mr Wordsworth. In general, Reviews give only mutilated passages of poetry, from which it is quite impossible to judge of its merit, or to feel its spirit. But we follow another plan, and give either whole poems, or such continuous portions as enable our readers to know the writer. Our aim is not merely to spread Mr Wordsworth's fame, for it is fast spreading, but to benefit our readers,—and we well know that the following specimens will, of themselves, make any Number of any Magazine worth purchasing. They will also, we hope, furnish an apology for us to one and all of our poetical contributors, whose Odes and Elegies now repose in our Balaam-box.

The objects which Mr Wordsworth had in view in the composition of “*Ecclesiastical Sketches*,” will best appear in his own words:

“During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-loved and honour-

ed friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and, such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series, were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

"The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country, might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader, was the result."

These fine Sketches are divided into three parts:—the first embraces many interesting topics, from the introduction of Christianity into Britain to the consummation of the Papal dominion; the second, from the close of the troubles in the reign of Charles the First; and the third, from the Restoration to the present times. Mr Wordsworth, with a fine philosophic eye, fixes on those incidents, events, actions, and characters, which were most influential, for good or evil, on the religious state of England, down through those long and various ages. And in the form of Sonnets, he gives expression to his thoughts or feelings, so that there is hardly one subject of magni-

tude in the ecclesiastical history of England, on which we do not find a thought that breathes, or a word that burns. It is obvious, that no one regular connected poem could have been written on so vast a subject. But although each Sonnet, according to the law of that kind of composition, is in itself a whole, yet frequently two or three of the Series are beautifully connected and blended together, so as to read like connected stanzas of one poem. And indeed when the whole series—all its three parts—is perused, the effect is magnificent, and great events, and deeds, and minds, seem to have been passing processionally before us over the floor of an enchanted stage. Mr Wordsworth's mind is familiar with all these as with matters of to-day, and therefore he speaks of them all as of things known and felt by every man of liberal education. He flings a beam of light on some transaction dark in antiquity, and it rises up for a moment before us—he raises the coffin-lid in some old vault, and we behold the still face of one formerly great or wise on earth—he rebuilds, as with a magic wand, the holy edifice that for centuries has lain in ruins—monks and nuns walk once more in the open sun-light, and all the fading or faded pageantries of faith re-appear and vanish in melancholy and sublime mutation. Can we do better than quote a good many of these noble sonnets? The five following all hang together, and are above the pitch of any other living poet.

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the Seamew*—white
As Menai's foam; and towards the mystic ring
Where Augurs stand, the future questioning,
Slowly the Cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of seasons, hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore:
Haughty the Bard;—can these meek doctrines blight
His transports? wither his heroic strains?
But all shall be fulfill'd;—the Julian spear
A way first open'd; and, with Roman chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering, hear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION, &c.

Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire—
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestow'd!

* This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,
Ancient of days ! that to the eternal Sire
These jealous Ministers of Law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence Wisdom flow'd,
Justice, and Order. Tremblingly escaped,
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were shaped ;
And yon thick woods maintain the primal truth,
Debased by many a superstitious form,
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

UNCERTAINTY.

Darkness surrounds us ; seeking, we are lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,
Or where the solitary Shepherd roves
Along the Plain of Sarum, by the Ghost
Of silently departed ages cross'd ;
And where the boatmen of the Western Isles
Slackens his course—to mark those holy piles
Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest fame,
Nor Taliesin's unforgetten lays,
Nor Characters of Greek or Roman fame,
To an unquestionable Source have led ;
Enough—if eyes that sought the fountain-head,
In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

PERSECUTION.

Lament ! for Diocletian's fiery sword
Works busy as the lightning ; but instinct
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon link'd,
Which God's ethereal storehouses afford
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
It rages ;—some are smitten in the field—
Some pierced beneath the unavailing shield
Of sacred home ;—with pomp are others gored
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
England's first Martyr ! whom no threats could shake ;
Self-offer'd Victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith—nor shall his name forsake
That Hill,* whose flowery platform seems to rise
By Nature deck'd for holiest sacrifice.

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
Their nests, or chaunt a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain ;
Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
Have the Survivors of this Storm renew'd
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude ;
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance ;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear,
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer ;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

* This hill at St Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it with a delicate feeling delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works : " Variis herbarum floribus depictus sino usque quaque vestitus in quo nihil repente arduum nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longe lateque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet cum pro insita sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicatur."

After touching on the temptations that spring from Roman refinements, on heresies and discord at the altar, on the struggles of the Britons against the barbarians,

"With Arthur bearing through the stormy field,

The Virgin sculptur'd on his Christian

and many other bright or dark points in the history of the Faith, the poet's mind once again flows on in a continued stream, and we are enabled to present our readers with seven successive sonnets.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.*

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God ! who not a thought will share
With the vain world ; who outwardly, as bare
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine !
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
Has call'd him forth to breath the common air,
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
Descended ; happy are the eyes that meet
The Apparition ; evil thoughts are stay'd
At his approach, and low-bow'd necks entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand ;
Whence grace, through which the heart can underst
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

Ah, when the Frame, round which in love we clung
Is chill'd by death, does mutual service fail ?
Is tender pity then of no avail ?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
A waste of hope ?—From this sad source have sprung
Rites that console the spirit, under grief
Which ill can brook more rational relief ;
Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung
For those whose doom is fix'd ! The way is smooth
For Power that travels with the human heart :—
Confession ministers, the pang to soothe
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
Of your own mighty instruments beware !

SECLUSION.

Lance, shield, and sword relinquish'd—at his side
A Bead-roll, in his hand a clasped Book,
Or staff more harmless than a Shepherd's crook,
The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
In cloister'd privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human prides,
At morn, and even, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling ;
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine ;
Yet, while they strangle without mercy, bring
For recompence their own perennial bower.

CONTINUED.

Methinks that to some vacant Hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
Scoop'd out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurl'd down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,

* Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds: "Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere peregrinus inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexo cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illiusse benedicti, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoris diligenter auditum prebabant."—Lib. iii. chap. 26.

Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool ;
 Thence creeping under forest arches cool,
 Kit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
 Perchance would throng my dreams. A beechen bowl,
 A maple dish, my furniture should be ;
 Crisp, yellow leaves my bed ; the hooting Owl
 My night-watch : nor should e'er the crested Fowl
 From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

REPROOF.

But what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
 Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
 Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
 The hovering Shade of venerable Beale ;
 The Saint, the Scholar, from a circle freed
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
 Of Learning, where he heard the billows beat
 On a wild coast—rough monitors to feed
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse !
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
 Imposed on human kind, must first forget
 Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
 Of a long life ; and, in the hour of death,
 The last dear service of thy passing breath ! *

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples mov'd to unbought pains,
 The people work like congregated bees : †
 Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
 Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
 From Heaven a *general* blessing ; timely rains
 Or needful sun-shine ; prosperous enterprise,
 And peace, and equity.—Bold faith ! yet rise
 The sacred Towers for universal gains.
 The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
 Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave ;
 If penance be redeemable, thence alms
 Flow to the Poor, and freedom to the Slave ;
 And, if full oft the Sanctuary save
 Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

Not sedentary all : there are who roam
 To scatter seeds of Life on barbarous shores ;
 Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors
 To seek the general Mart of Christendom ;
 Whence they, like richly-laden Merchants, come
 To their beloved Cells !—or shall we say
 That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,
 To lead in memorable triumph home
 Truth—their immortal Una ? Babylon,
 Learned and wise, hath perish'd utterly,
 Nor leaves her speech wherewith to clothe a sigh
 That would lament her ;—Memphis, Tyre, are gone
 With all their Arts—while classic Love glides on
 By these Religious saved for all posterity.

Mr Wordsworth then speaks of *Alfred*—of the Danish Conquests—of the Norman Conquest—the Crusades, and the power of the Pope. The concluding sonnet of Part I. is indeed *multum in parvo*.

* He expired in the act of concluding a translation of St John's Gospel.

See in Turner's History, Vol. iii. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.

FATAL DOMINION.

Unless to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it have? for now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love assign'd,
Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low—
Perplex the wise—the strong to overthrow—
Through earth and Heaven to bind and to unbind!
Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch—rebuff
Shall be thy recompence! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it,—whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!

In Part II. the poet, after a few fine sonnets on subjects connected with those preceding, breathes forth several that may be quoted and read together, and which seem to us at once beautiful and grand.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

“Woe to you Prelates! rioting in ease
And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate;
You on whose progress dazzling trains await
Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please,
Who will be served by others on their knees,
Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
Pastors who neither take nor point the way
To Heaven; for either lost in vanities
Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
And speak the word——” Alas! of fearful things
’Tis the most fearful when the People’s eye
Abuse hath clear’d from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice arm’d, and Pride to be laid low.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

And what is Penance with her knotted thong,
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long,
If cloister’d Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,
And robs the People of his daily care,
Scorning their wants because her arm is strong?
Inversion strange, that to a Monk, who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The simplest share of heavenly favour gives;
And hath allotted, in the world’s esteem,
To such a higher station than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Yet more,—round many a Convent’s blazing fire
Unhallow’d threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage, high and higher
Sparkling, until it cannot chuse but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire—
To stay the precious waste. In every brain
Spreads the dominion of the sprightly juice,
Through the wide world to madding Fancy dear,
Till the arch’d roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose votive burthen is—“OUR KINGDOM’S HERE!”

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

Threats come which no submission may assuage ;
 No sacrifice avert, no power dispute ;
 The tapers shall be quench'd the belfries mute,
 And, 'mid their choirs unroof'd by selfish rage,
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage ;
 The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit ;
 And the green lizard and the gilded newt
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.*
 The Owl of evening, and the woodland Fox,
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham chuse ;
 Proud Glastenhury can no more refuse
 To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
 Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

The lovely Nun (submissive but more meek
 Through saintly habit, than from effort due
 To unrelenting mandates that pursue
 With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
 Goes forth—unveiling timidly her cheek,
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
 While through the Convent gate to open view
 Softly she glides, another home to seek.
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
 An Apparition more divinely bright !
 Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
 Those wat'ry glories, on the stormy brine
 Pour'd forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
 And the green vales lie hush'd in sober light.

CONTINUED

Yet some, Noviciates of the cloistral shade,
 Or chain'd by vows, with undissembled glee
 The warrant hail—exulting to be free ;
 Like ships before whose keels, full long embay'd
 In polar ice, propitious winds have made
 Unlook'd-for outlet to an open sea,
 Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
 In all her quarters temptingly display'd
 Hope guides the young ; but when the old must pass
 The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
 The hospitality—the alms (alas !
 Alms may be needed) which that House bestow'd ?
 Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
 To keep this new and questionable road ?

Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
 Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourn'd !
 Ah ! if the old idolatry be spurn'd,
 Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land :
 Her adoration was not your demand,
 The fond heart proffer'd it—the servile heart ;
 And therefore are ye summon'd to depart,
 Michael, and thou, St George, whose flaming brand

* These two lines are adopted from a MS. written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," &c

The Dragon quell'd; and valiant Margaret,
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew :
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !

THE VIRGIN.

Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
Purer than foam on central Ocean tost ;
Brighter than eastern skies at day-break strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemish'd noon
Before her wain begins on Heaven's blue coast ;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconciled in Thee
(Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene !

APOLOGY.

Not utterly unworthy to endure,
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome ;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom,
Aerial key-stone, haughtily secure ;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold ; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire, and by the scaffold some,
Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
'Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
'Upon his throne : ' unsoften'd, undismay'd,
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
Of pity or fear ; and More's gay genius play'd
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe, more luminous and keen.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

Deep is the lamentation ! Not alone
From Sages justly honour'd by mankind,
But from the ghostly Tenants of the wind,
Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
Issues for that dominion overthrown :
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
As his own worshippers ;—and Nile, reclined
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
Renews —Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where frauds were hatch'd of old, hath sorrow past—
Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,
Where once his airy helpers schemed and plann'd,
'Mid phantom lakes benocking thirsty men,
And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

REFLECTIONS.

Grant, that by this unsparing Hurricane
Green leaves with yellow mix'd are torn away,
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray,
'T were madness—wish'd we, therefore, to detain,
With farewell sighs of mollified disdain,
The 'trumpety' that ascends in bare display,—
Bells, pardons, relics, crows black, white, and grey,
Upwhirl'd, and flying o'er the ethereal plain,

Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not choice
 But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown ;
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferr'd
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
 In dusty sequestration wrapp'd too long,
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue ;
 And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
 With understanding spirit now may look
 Upon her records, listen to her song,
 And sift her laws, much wondering that the wrong
 Which Faith has suffer'd, Heaven could calmly brook.
 Transcendant Boon ! noblest that earthly King
 Ever bestow'd to equalize and bless
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness !
 But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

We have quoted so many of these only for six from the third and last
 fine compositions, that we have room part, and they form the conclusion.

CATHEDRALS, &c.

Open your Gates, ye everlasting Piles !
 Types of the spiritual Church which God hath rear'd ;
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallow'd sward
 And humble altar, mid your sumptuous aisles
 To kneel—or thrid your intricate defiles—
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow,
 Watching, with upward eyes, the tall tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
 By a bright ladder to the world above.
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
 Divine ! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill !
 Thou stately York ! and ye, whose splendours cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear !

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who plann'd,
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only, this immense
 And glorious Work of fine Intelligence !
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
 No deem'd the Man who fashion'd for the sense
 These lofty pillars—spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand coils,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Linger—
 Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

THE SAME.

What awful perspective ! while from our sight
 Their portraiture the lateral windows hide,
 Glimmers their corresponding stone-work, dyed
 With the soft checquerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus—yourselves unseen—
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night !

But, from the arms of silence—list ! O list !
 The music bursteth into second life—
 'The notes luxuriate—every stone is kiss'd
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife ;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
 Of the Devout a veil of ecstasy !

CONTINUED.

They dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here ;
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam ;
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
 Melts, if it cross the threshold ; where the wreath
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops : or let my path
 Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
 Infinity's embrace ; whose guardian creat,
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
 As now, when she hath also seen her breast,
 Fill'd with mementos, satiate with its part
 Of grateful England's overflowing dead.

EJACULATION.

Glorious to God ! and to the Power who came
 In filial duty, clothed with love divine ;
 That made his human tabernacle shine
 Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame ;
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
 From roseate hues,* far kenn'd at morn and even,
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
 Along the nether region's rugged frame !
 Earth prompts—Heaven urges ; let us seek the light
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun
 When first our infant brows their lustre won ;
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
 At the approach of all-involving night.

CONCLUSION.

Why sleeps the future, as a snake enroll'd,
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide ? For the Word
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored.
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
 His drowsy rings. Look forth ! that Stream behold,
 That Stream upon whose bosom we have pass'd,
 Floating at ease, while nations have effaced
 Nations, and Death has gather'd to his fold
 Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul !
 (Nor in that vision be thou slow to trust)
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt
 Stain'd and polluted, brighten as they roll,
 Till they have reach'd the Eternal City—built
 For the perfected Spirits of the just !

The sentiments and feelings that enbalm all these fine Compositions, are peculiarly important at the present day. It is thus that Christianity, and great Establishments for the preservation of its doctrines pure and unsullied, ought to be thought of in the meditative mind of genius. In those beautiful sketches, we see the power

of religion—true or false—working to effect the elevation or the overthrow of the human soul. We see, in short, but impressive glimpses, the history of our forefathers remembering or forgetting God, and how their empire was great on earth, as their spirit aspired to heaven. The ecclesiastical picture reveals political truth ; and ne-

* Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

ver was the alliance between church and state so philosophically illustrated as by this prevailing poet. Contrast those benign, solemn, and pious breathings of one of the noblest spirits of the age, with the heartless, arrogant, and blasphemous ravings of those disturbers of the clear waters of the well of life, whose cause, when they were suffering under the just infliction of the law misnamed persecution, too many who might have known better have been found to espouse; and with what a divine lustre shines forth the countenance and the figure of Faith! Here we see the highest intellect bowing down in reverence and adoration before the spirit of Christianity—the most splendid imagination overpowered by its sanctities, whether sleeping silently in the dark depths of bosoms agitated by mortal hope and fear, or embodied, to outward eyes, in beautiful or magnificent rites. Here we see that genius can conceive no image so august, no emotion so affecting, as those that rise up at the feet of the altar. And even the enthusiast of nature, who has followed Wordsworth through his woods and valleys—across his lakes and meres, and over his own cliffs and mountains, “haunted as by a passion,” by images of beauty, must have felt, as he finished the perusal of these Ecclesiastical Sketches, that a profounder pathos and sublimer interest lie among the ruined walls of old religious houses, and round the yet undecaying temples of the living God, than can be ever found in the solitude of the great hills; for the shadows that fall there, and the echoes that are heard, are all spiritual; the creature is brought nearer to the Creator, and the communion is felt to be more divine.

But beautiful and majestic as these Ecclesiastical Sketches must be felt to be by all capable of feeling poetry, their full power can be known only by those who are familiar with Mr Wordsworth's Sonnets dedicated to Liberty. In these he unfolds the true principles of national greatness in the kingdoms of Christendom. He shews how thrones are supported, and by what fatalities they are laid prostrate. His mind is not darkened by the veil of the present; but it penetrates, through gloom or glitter, into the vital spirit of human power; and if there be a speck of decay or disease there, his eye discerns it, and he gives warning of dissolution.

He shews how virtue, religion, independence, and freedom, are the ministers of mortality, and that the science of politics is simple to the wise and good. He sees final abasement in the temporary triumphs of the wicked, and when all is wrapt in mist and sleet, and howling darkness, he beholds the re-appearing of the mountain-tops. Nor does he deal in that splendid series of sonnets, with mere stately generalities—but he grasps the truth as it has been shown on the stage of real life, either in joyful events, or terrible catastrophes, in the sunshine of smiles or in showers of blood. The poet of the peaceful vale has not feared to walk among moral earthquakes; revolution and anarchy have been food for his meditations, and in his boldest language he has called “Carnage the Daughter of the Lord.” We never read these compositions without thinking of these fine verses of Cowper,—

“A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms.
He hears the thunder ere the tempest
roar,

The billow ere it breaks upon the shore.”

These Sonnets of Wordsworth have been compared with those of Milton; and Mr Jeffrey has said, that Milton's are as far superior to them as they themselves are superior to all other English sonnets. The critic could have said this only with the vain hope of mortifying the poet—for he cannot think so. But it is easy to overshadow living merit by some mighty name from the dead.—Milton's sonnets furnished a model to Wordsworth; but he has far surpassed his model both in thought and expression. A few of Milton's sonnets are exceedingly fine; but even these owe much of their power over our minds to ideas and feelings associated with his personal character and high and unhappy destiny. In future times, Wordsworth's will be read with somewhat similar emotions; for although his own existence has been tranquil, aloof from all agitating public affairs, and unconnected with the goings-on of governments, yet his spirit has been often among them as vividly and energetically as Milton's own; and the whole heart and soul of his poetry has been poured over human life, to ameliorate and dignify it, to expose error and delusion stript of all their pretences, and to shew the foundations of all true

national greatness. Independently of all such personal associations, Wordsworth's sonnets, we repeat it, are infinitely superior to Milton's. They embrace a wide and various range—and of themselves constitute a great Work. Considered as to composition merely, they are perfect;—the music flows on like a stream, or rolls like a river, or expands like the sea, according as the thought is beautiful, or majestic, or sublime; and often as the soul listens to the harmony, swelling and deepening to a close, it is as if

“Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swell'd the note of praise.”

The “*Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820*,” is perhaps, on the whole, a still more delightful volume than “the *Ecclesiastical Sketches*.” It is certainly more likely to be popular, for it deals in more familiar matter of human interest.

“In pure religion, breathing household laws.”

In a foreign land even the dulllest soul is inspired; the internal senses are enlightened; and ordinary intellects understand more important truths. The inner man is aroused from his torpor, and exults in new-born energy. Proofs of this are visible in the journals of the least gifted travellers; and there are few books of the kind in which gleams of tenderness or fancy do not occasionally play over the surface of the leaden or brazen page. But when a true and great poet leaves his fatherland, and carries his spirit into other realms, he alights there, as it were like an untired eagle, and with a keen bright eye sees far and wide through the atmosphere. One of our greatest poets has been one of our greatest travellers, perhaps too much so, for Byron has often forgotten, and often misremembered, his native country. But Wordsworth takes with him his household gods—his *Lares* and *Penates*, into other climes; and he never long loses from his vision the mountains, and the temples, and the cottages of his own beloved England. He

is no discontented politician, scanning the institutions of his own great and free country with a distorted and jaundiced eye, and seeking to delude himself and others into the belief that “we who are sprung of the earth's first blood,” and have “titles manifold,” need beg, borrow, or steal any thing from the nations of the Continent. The soil of his mind is English—and every tree of the forest, and every flower of the field, can grow there, beautiful in bloom, or magnificent in unbrage. Wordsworth never compromises the dignity of his own character, or of that of his country, in the delight breathed upon him by the scenic or social charms of a foreign land. He holds fast his integrity, as Milton did of yore on his travels—and returns to his own house, and garden, and lake, the same high-minded and uncorrupted Englishman, “with his stainless banner white,” as he left his native shores; having derived more new wisdom from the recollections of the past, of the greatness, and goodness, and glory of his own dead or living compatriots, than he did from the insight which when abroad he had given to him into the character and constitution of modern empires, and all their fluctuating population. “Why weeps the muse for England,” is a thought that seems to arise in his mind whenever he indulges in a melancholy or foreboding dream, of the possibility of her decline or fall. His fears are but the passing shadows—his hopes are the steady light; and when the thick mist of a poet's apprehensions dissolves, the creations of his soul appear more pure, fair, and kindling, like a long, wide vale from which the sun and breeze have cleared off the shrouding showers in a moment, or like a great metropolitan city, from whose structures the smoke has been driven by a strong healthful blast from the sea.

We regret that we cannot quote so largely from this work as we could wish; but we must transcribe the two following sonnets—which, if read for the first time inscribed on the walls of some Pagan Temple in a far-off land, we should have known to be Wordsworth's.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A winged Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought
Of rainbow colours ; One whose port was bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought,
Hover'd in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanish'd—All was joyless, blank, and cold ;
But if from wind-swept fields of corn that roll'd
In dreary billows, from the meagre cot,
And monuments that soon may disappear,
Meanings we craved which could not there be found ;
If the wide prospect seem'd an envious seal
Of great exploits ; we felt as Men *should* feel,
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
And horror breathing from the silent ground !

THE FALL OF THE AAR—MANDEU.

From the fierce aspect of this River throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink :
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we spy beside the torrent growing ;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and clink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing ;
They suck, from breath that threatening to destroy
Is more benignant than the dewy eve,
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy :
Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

Leaving such strains as these, let us hear this poet singing of the humblest scenes and beings of this life—so humble, indeed, as to be unnoticed by the careless eye, or unthought of by the careless heart. The *subjects* of the following verses are precisely fitted, in vulgar apprehension, for a few grotesque or ludicrous verses ; and a formal critic, whose “ wicked whispers come and make our ears as dry as dust,” would sneer most sardonically at the idea of writing *poetry* on a little ragged brown-faced boy with a hoard of plaster figures on his rusty beaver. But what pathos—what beauty of imagery—what rich and mellow music—what alternate risings and fallings of emotion, like the gentle surface of a scarcely disturbed inland bay of the ocean—distinguish the poem entitled, “ The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goat-herd ! ”

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS GOATHERD.

Part I.

1.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide !
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy ;
The wages of thy travel, joy !
Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill ;

Or on thy head to poise a show
Of plaster-craft in scantly row ;
The graceful form of milk-white steed,
Or Bird that soar'd with Ganymede ;
Or through our hamlets thou wilt hear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curl'd ;
And Shakespeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world !
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy ;
The wages of thy travel, joy !

2.

But thou, perhaps, (alert and free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime :
Whether thou chuse this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,
Tho' robb'd of many a cheriah'd dream,
And cross'd by many a shatter'd scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of liberty !
Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recall a Sister's last embrace,
His Mother's neck entwine ;
Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
That *would* have loved the bright-hair'd
Boy !

3.

My Song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenuous face,
For this Adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot :

Due recompence, and safe return
To Como's steep—his happy bourne !
Where he aloft in Garden glade,
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig ;
Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
With purple of the trellis-roof,
That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's pendant grapes.
(Oh might he tempt that Goucherd-child
To share his wanderings ! he whose look
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
So touchingly he smiled,
As with a rapture caught from heaven,
When Pity's unask'd alms were given.

Part II.

1.

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest
Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
For Tell's dread archery renown'd,
Before the Target stood—to claim
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
Loud was the rifle-gun's report,
A startling thunder quick and short !
But, flying through the heights around,
Echo prolong'd a tell-tale sound
Of hearts and hands alike “ prepared
The treasures they enjoy to guard ! ”
And, if there be a favour'd hour
When heroes are allowed to quit
The Toub, and on the clouds to sit
With tutelary power,
On their Descendants shedding grace,
This was the hour, and that the place.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave birth,
That drove Astora from the earth.
—A gentle Boy—(perchance with blood
As noble as the best adorned,
But seemingly a Thing despised ;
Even by the sun and air unprized ;
For not a tinge or flowery streak
Appear'd upon his tender cheek,)
Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes
Of pleasure, by his silent Goats—
Sate far apart in forest shed,
Pale, ragged, bare his feet and head,
Mute as the snow upon the hill,
And, as the saint he prays to, still.
Ah, what avails heroic deed !
What liberty ! if no defence
Be won for feeble Innocence—
Father of All ! if wilful man must read
His punishment in soul-distress,
Grant to the morn of life its natural bless-
edness !

From these delightful lines how tran-
quilly and happily does the mind yield
Vol. XII.

itself up to another vision of congenial
beauty.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

1.

How blest the maid whose heart, yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty,
Beats with a fancy running high
Her simple cares to magnify ;
Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
Hath cherish'd on a healthful soil ;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf ;
Whose heaviest kin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty self
Reflected in some crystal brook ;
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no
tear

But in sweet pity ; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear !

2.

Such, (but, O lavish Nature ! why
That dark unfashionable eye,
Where lurks a spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's—first, and then her own ?)
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid.
(Our Lady's laggard Votress,
Halting beneath the chesnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness :
Nice aid maternal fingers lend ;
A sister serves with slacker hand ;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the
festal band.

3.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Cov' fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves,
In her light skill, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the ragged steep !
—Say whence that modulated shout ?
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng ?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bacchanals belong ?
Jubilant outcry !—rock and glade
Resounded—but the voice obey'd,
The voice of an Helvetic Maid.

4.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ;
Her courage animates the flood ;
Her step the elastic green sward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets ;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice !
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace
Be as thou art—for through thy veins
The blood of Heroes runs its race !
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That, for the virtuous, life prepares.
The fetters which the Matron wears ;
The Patriot Mother's weight of anxious
cares !

5.

* Sweet HIGHLAND Girl!—a very shower
 Of beauty was thy earthly dower; *
 When thou didst pass before my eyes,
 Gay Vision under sullen skies,
 While hope and love around thee play'd
 Near the rough falls of Inversneyd!
 Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
 Nor take one ray of light from thee;
 For in my fancy thou dost share
 The gift of immortality;
 And there shall bloom with thee allied,
 The Votress by Lugano's side;
 And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep
 deserted!

The last of this lovely trio, "The Highland Girl," was a vision beheld by the poet many long years ago by Loch-Lomond side; and the perfect beauty of this companionship can be felt by those alone who have read, or will read, the poem in which that wild and solitary creature was described. Mr Wordsworth has not feared to bring the shepherdess from the soft and pensive light of vanished years, and to link her, like a fair being rising from the grave, with the fresh and beaming countenances, and airy living figures, of those whom he had admired only a few sunny months before he embalmed their loveliness in his song. Not in his fancy alone, to use his own exquisite words, does she share the gift of immortality, but in the fancy too of every man and every woman of warm, sound, uncorrupted, and capacious hearts, who delight in feelings over which time has no power except it be to beautify them, and who see preserved, in the calm and quiet air of imagination, an imperishable loveliness spread over all creation,—even like that serene and imperturbable expression of divine repose that has been seen on the faces of the long-buried dead at the first lifting up of the lid of the coffin, in which their undecayed features had for ages reposed,—till the air of earth has again touched them, and they have fallen away

mournfully, and on a sudden, into shrunk and undistinguishable dust.

We have kept the finest quotation for the last. Nor do we hesitate to say, that the following little poem is equal, if not superior, to any composition of equal length in our, or indeed any language.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1821

High on her speculative Tower
 Stood Science, waiting for the Hour
 When Sol was destined to endure
 That darkening of his radiant face
 Which Superstition strove to chase,
 Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
 Through regions fair as Paradise,
 We gaily pass'd,—till Nature wrought
 A silent and unlook'd-for change.
 That check'd the desultory range
 Of joy and sprightly thought.
 Where'er was dip'd the toiling oar.
 The waves danced round us as before;
 As lightly, though of alter'd hue;
 Mid recent coolness, such as falls
 At noon-tide from umbrageous walls
 That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretch'd its wings: no cloud
 Cast for or near a murky shroud;
 The sky an azure field display'd:
 'Twas sun-light sheath'd and gently
 charm'd,
 Of all its sparkling rays disarm'd,—
 And as in slumber laid:

Or something night and day between.
 Like moon-shine—but the hue was green
 Still moon-shine, without shadow, spread
 On jutting rock, and curved shore.
 Where gazed the Peasant from his door,
 And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay
 Upon Lugano's ample bay:
 The solemnizing veil was drawn
 O'er Villas, Terraces, and Towers
 To Albogasio's olive bowers,
 Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy, with the speed of fire,
 Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,
 And there alights 'mid that aerial host
 Of figures human and divine,†
 White as the snows of Apennine
 Indurated by frost.

* See the Author's Miscellaneous Poems, vol. II.

† The Statues ranged round the Spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building: for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *enip d'ork*, from the best point of view, which is half way up the Spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the figures are exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the Spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these, or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach.—Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the Plain of Lombardy between!

Awe-stricken, she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day ;
Angels she sees that might from heaven
have flown ;
And Virgin Saints—who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown ;

Far-stretching files concentric rings,
Each narrowing above each ;—the wings—
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height,
All steep'd in this portentous light !
All suffering diurnal eclipse !

Thus after Man had fallen, (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shar'd.

See ! while I speak, the labouring sun
His glad deliverance has begun ;
The cypress waves its somber plume
More cheerily ; and Town and Tower,
The Vineyard and the Olive bower,
Their lustre re-assume !

Oh ye, who guard and grace my Home
While in far-distant lands we roam,
Enquiring thoughts are turn'd to you ;
Does a clear ether meet your eyes ?
Or have black vapours hid the skies
And mountains from your view ?

I ask in vain—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour—
Sad blindness ! but ordain'd to prove
Our Faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling Power.

LETTRE A M. CHARLES NODIER,

Auteur de la Promenade aux Montagnes de l'Ecosse.

MON CHER CHARLES,

J'AVAIS promis de vous écrire au moins une lettre sur l'Ecosse, et je voudrais pouvoir vous esquisser quelques traits du tableau qu'offre Edimbourg depuis que cette noble capitale du Nord se prépare à recevoir son Roi. Je sens que j'aurois besoin pour cela d'emprunter quelque chose de votre belle imagination qui nous a plusieurs fois revelé en vous un rival des Poètes romantiques, dont la Grande Bretagne est si fière. On vous accuse ici d'avoir flatté dans votre livre l'antique Caledonie ; excepté les Dames de Glasgow, qui, assure-t-on, ne peuvent vous pardonner d'avoir écrit et imprimé qu'elles marchaient sans souliers. Il fallait vous contenter de regretter que les modernes Caledoniens se fussent reconciliés avec les culottes. Hélas, le tems viendra, grâce à l'antipathie civilisation, que leurs petits fils s'indigneront contre l'indiscret voyageur qui appercevra quelques uns d'entre'eux sans cette partie du costume Européen que la modeste Angloise appelle le vêtement nécessaire ! Quoiqu'il en soit, le moment eût été beau pour vous de voir en grand appareil une nombreuse troupe de ces Celtes, que vous comparez à des lions egarés. Quant à moi j'ai peur d'avoir apporté ici un esprit trop disposé à adopter l'ancien principe de *nil admirari* ; et j'ai peur aussi de ne pas savoir taire les impressions peu agréables que me cause le côté prosaïque des spectacles

donnés aux étrangers par le royalisme des bons citoyens d'Edimbourg.

Les montagnards ont excité d'abord et ma curiosité et mon intérêt—le premier que j'aperçus me fit illusion. Je le suivis, quelques pas, pour contempler sa démarche aisée et noble. Voici, me disais-je, un de ces enfans libres des montagnes qui ont conservé à la fois, comme une sainte tradition, et le costume et la fierté indépendante de leurs pères ! il se retourne, il portoit des lunettes !—le charme fût rompu. Ce lion de votre façon étoit peut-être un mauvais procureur, membre de la société Celtique. Le superbe Caledonien ne m'intéressa pas plus avec son boudier, son jupon et son plaid, que ne l'eût fait dans les rues et Paris un bourgeois du Marais, sortant de chez Babin,* avec l'étrange accoutrement d'un Mandarin ou d'un Persan. J'ai heureusement depuis descendu des Highlands plusieurs membres des véritables clans ; et les noms de Macgregor, de Drummond, de Campbell, &c. &c., m'ont rappelé au charme des anciens souvenirs. Mais sur le tout je crois avoir mal choisi mon tems pour juger l'Ecosse ; j'aurois préféré la voir dans son état naturel. Edimbourg mérite d'être appelée l'Athènes du Nord, autant comme étant un foyer de lumières que par sa belle situation. Mais puis-je chez un de ses savans professeurs pour hazarder avec lui quelques questions sur l'état de la science, je le trouve en contin-

plation devant la perruque qui doit orner son front reveré, le jour de la grande fête, & lui adressant, comme Sosie à sa lanterne, la harangue qu'il est chargé de prononcer devant Sa Majesté. Vais-je visiter un honnête citoyen et sa modeste pouse, espérant pouvoir admirer dans leur ménage, cette simplicité, cet esprit d'ordre et d'économie que je me proposois de citer pour exemple à nos coquettes de Paris Je surprends la bonne bourgeoise d'Edimbourg devant une glace, s'exerçant à la cérémonie difficile *du lever* ; manœuvrant en tout sens avec la queue de sa longue robe, et estimant peut-être moins un Parisien comme le citoyen de la véritable capitale des beaux arts en Europe, que comme le compatriote des fescues de modes les plus célèbres du monde. Mais j'entends enfin le canon qui fait bondir le cœur de mes hôtes. J'interromps ma lettre pour aller chercher matière à la continuer. C'est le Roi qui débarque.

Nous avons, depuis quelques années en France, vu tant d'entrées et de sorties de rois et d'empereurs, que, blasés sur ce genre de spectacle, nous sommes peu propres sans doute à sympathiser avec les sentimens qu'inspire à une nation fidèle l'arrivée triomphante de son Prince. La noble attitude de l'Ecosse en cette occasion n'a pas manqué cependant de me frapper. Point de canaille en guenilles parmi le peuple rassemblé de toutes les provinces ; l'ordre ne cesse point de presider à sa joie ; point de ces dégoutantes adulations, comme l'acte de s'atteler au carrosse du Roi, et de dégrader l'homme en le confondant avec les animaux qu'il dompte à ses caprices ; le Roi d'Angleterre est reçu dans sa capitale du Nord par des sujets respectueux, mais non serviles, — avec les acclamations de la loyauté, mais non pas avec celles d'une lâche avilissement. Sur le continent nous ne pouvions avoir de fêtes sans *gen-d'armes*, et ces agens armés d'une police oppressive nous font payer cher l'ordre qu'ils maintiennent par les brutales reprimandes, dont ils sont si prodigues envers ceux qui semblent prêts à se laisser entraîner à trop d'empressement et d'enthousiasme. Ici, les connétables sont réellement une magistrature de paix ; — ils sont les amis, les parens des citoyens — ils sont citoyens eux-mêmes, et non les salariés d'une petite tyrannie subalterne. Grâce aux conquêtes et aux victoires si chères de notre Empe-

reur, nous avons vu de belles fêtes militaires ; mais les soldats seuls pouvaient en eff'et se dire *chez eux*. Dans nos cités il falloit les voir de loin, ou s'exposer à leurs insolentes boutades ; ici, point de les haïr de menaçantes bayonnettes, rideau formidable tiré entre le monarque et ses sujets, accourus sur son passage ; seulement, à de longues distances, quelques cavaliers servent à marquer aux spectateurs la limite qu'ils ne francheront pas. Le Roi lui-même s'est avancé lentement, dans une voiture découverte, escortée par le corps des archers, et par quelques montagnards, dont les claymores sont les mêmes peut-être que leurs pères ont tirés naguères pour la défense du *Prétendant* ; mais depuis l'extinction de la Maison des Stuarts celle d'Hanovre a confisqué la légitimité à son profit, comme droit un libéral ; plus de Stuartistes ; ou plutôt, ils ne voyent dans George IV. que l'héritier de leur dynastie, dont les malheurs éprouveront tant de fois la constance des fidèles montagnards. — Plus de Whigs. Ils ont oublié leurs principes d'opposition pour se dire les anciens amis, et les soutiens de la Maison d'Hanovre, qui leur dut la couronne. Enfin, le Roi a reçu un accueil si franc et si loyal, qu'il ne seroit pas étonnant de voir s'opérer en Ecosse une fusion de tous les partis, au moins jusqu'à la prochaine session parlementaire. Je désespère de vous donner une idée de l'entrée triomphale de sa Majesté Britannique. Vous savez que, de toutes les villes de l'Europe, Edimbourg est, sans doute, celle où un tel spectacle peut produire le plus d'effet. Ses larges rues, garnies d'échafauds, qu'occupaient des dames élégantes, tous les mouchoirs agités par elles, partout, où le Roi passait, comme autant de blanches bannières ; les groupes animés de toutes les classes de spectateurs ; le cortège lui-même, brillant mélange des costumes riches et variés de l'antique royaume d'Ecosse, et des uniformes modernes ; le peuple couvrant l'amphithéâtre des hauteurs qui font partie de la ville, ou qui l'avoiennent, tout contribuoit à offrir un tableau, je le répète, digne de votre pinceau romantique. C'étoit Edina dans sa gloire. Le Roi n'a pu qu'être charmé. J'ai tenté de lire dans sa physionomie, pâle et abbatue. Malgré la satisfaction qui, par intervalles, excitoit un sourire sur son visage, le monarque

avait besoin de tout le bonheur causé par sa présence pour sentir moins vivement la fin cruelle du ministre à qui il doit une grande partie de la gloire de son règne. Triste destin des rois ! auxquels on peut appliquer si justement l'expression de Lord Byron, — *Toujours hésitant entre un sourire et une larme !*

Ma lettre va vous laisser beaucoup à désirer. Je vous écris prêt à monter en voiture, pour commencer mon pèlerinage aux mêmes lacs et aux mêmes montagnes que vous avez si bien décrits. — Outre votre souvenir, j'espère y trouver plus d'un sujet d'inspiration. Tout est poétique dans la nature — l'homme seul a perdu la moitié de sa

noblesse et de son originalité. Un poète m'accompagne, plus jeune que moi, plus susceptible d'enthousiasme ; il voit davantage les choses avec vos yeux. Il a servi d'interprète dans notre langue aux poésies du *Grand Inconnu*, et je risque de commettre une indiscretion, en joignant à ma lettre les vers qu'il a dernièrement adressés à Sir Walter, en revenant d'Abbotsford.

Je lui envie ses douces émotions et votre talent ; mais il faut se résoudre à n'être que votre admirateur et votre ami.

E. T.

Edimbourg, Août, 17, 1822.

STANCES composées le 9 Août 1822, en revenant de Melrose, et adressées à SIR W. SCOTT, par un Français voyageant en Ecosse.

Nobles Enfans de la Calédonie,
Un Etranger, touché de vos transports,
Ose y mêler la voix de sa patrie,
Pour célébrer les attraits de vos bords.

Unie à nos drapeaux la bannière Ecosaise,
Plus d'une fois jadis, a guidé nos soldats,
De maint fils de vos Preux fameux dans ces combats,
La devise est encor Française.

Que j'aime à me placer sur le trône d'Arthur !
Pour contempler votre moderne Athènes,
Et ces vaisseaux que sur ses flots d'azur,
Supporte avec orgueil la mer Calédonienne

Oui ! je comprends l'ami de Marmion,
Avec transport quand il s'écrie ;
En oubliant qu'il est fils d'Albion,
Ah ! qui ne seroit fier d'une telle patrie !

Et de combien de noms l'imposant souvenir,
Vient encor ajouter à tout ce que j'admire !
Pour eux ces bords ont vu mourir,
Et Wallace et Robert tant vantés par la lyre.

De l'Homère Calédonien,
Ces lieux ont plaint la sublime tristesse,
De l'ancien barde dernier bien,
La harpe ici charmoit sa fille et sa vieillesse.

Elle retrouve enfin ses magiques accens,
Cette harpe à Morven si chère,
Sa mélodie accompagne tes chants,
O Poète inspiré dont l'Ecosse est si fière.

Que de ton nom les Enfans d'Edina,
Ne cessent de faire leur gloire,
Le souvenir en survivra,
A celui de mainte victoire.

Fils des vieux Menestrels, pardonne si ma main
Osa s'égarer sur ta lyre,
De tes concerts le son divin,
Seul a pû m'inspirer cet indiscret délire.

Hier encor j'errois lentement,
Sur la rive enchantée où ton chateau s'élève,
La Muse m'apparut—et je crus un moment—
Hélas ! ce n'étoit qu'un vain rêve !—

Mais je me tais, il n'appartient qu'à toi,
De chanter ta patrie et sa noble courtoisie,
Avec un timide silence,
J'écouterai le Barde ami du Roi.

Et vous Caledoniens aux accords de sa lyre,
Melez les chants de votre loyauté,
Terre heureuse où le peuple en même temps peut dire,
Vive le Roi ! Vive la Liberté !

LETTERS FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

No. II.

CATTIANA.

To Christopher North, Esq. &c. &c. &c.

DEAR SIR,

AGREEABLY to your request, I have exerted myself to procure some particulars of the early life and education of your new subterranean correspondent—Catty. I regret that the result has not been so satisfactory as I could have wished. The upshot of my inquiries has been simply the ascertaining of these three facts,—that her father was a tinker of repute, her mother a fishwoman, and that she herself, (after being carefully instructed in the several dialects employed by members of these itinerant professions, to which her parents belonged,) was very near undertaking the occupation of a bar-maid in a public-house, until, in lucky hour, she determined on entering College; where, having gone through a regular course of attendance on under-graduates, bachelors, masters, and fellows, she was at length advanced to the honour of waiting on the Vice-Provost, in which service she died.

But why the blazes don't you print all the articles I sent you last year? I suppose you've mislaid them—or lit your pipe with them at Ambrose's—or singed a goose with them—or papered a closet with them, (as Dr Smith did with his Gaelic Poems)—or—or ————. By the ———, if I thought so, I'd off to Edinburgh with my shillelagh in a jiffy, and run a tilt against your types and metal rules, that would set your press-gang aghast—compositor, devils, and all! Don Quixote among the puppets, or Ariosto among the pots, ~~was~~ nothing to it.

However, hang it, I can't think you'd play me such a scurvy trick; but we contributors, you know, are sometimes a little uneasy, you know, lest our articles, you know, should be re...je...je... (hang it, the ink's so thick, and the pen so bad, that I can't get the word out—) je...je...je...jected, you know.

However, if my suspicions be, after all, well-grounded—mind your eye—that's all.

T. C.

Dublin, Trinity College, 3d August, 1822.

P. S.—You needn't be sending to me to write notes to any more of your *Barrettiana* or *Cuttiana*, until you print my articles first; for, bad fortune to me, if I'll be a cat's paw to you any longer.

2 (1) *misther blackwud* (2)

heydays (3)

MISTHER BLACKWUD

1M (4) *catty* (5) the owld *enshint* (6) *catty hur* (7) that *bruck* (8) the mug an lost the *hepeny* (9) ther was annuther *catty* that sarvd the docther after i dyed the *blagard* he left hur *loshins* (10) o munny an (11) shee never had look or grease (12) *sense* (13) till shee scalded the guts out o herself dhrink-in (14) in sarvin the docther hear thers a Grate collidg hear for awl the world like thrinity collidg onely docther *kile aynt* (15) provust but docther swathe in purge (16) thuther day says i 2 me (17) owld masher the docther sur says i (18) im livin with ye hear says i *sense* ye dyed says i an ye havnt gave mc says i so mutch as a Thrawniceen (19) o Wages says i an i havnt a screed (20) 2 me back bad *scrund* (21) 2 ye says he for a goast (22) o a collidg wumman where id i get munny now says he havnt the (23) it awl on the erth abuv says he barrin (24) *sum* (25) of it thats in the canal (26) says

(1) 2: "to;" *passim*.

(2) *misther blackwud*: "MR BLACKWOOD"—*magnum et venerabile nomen*, and fit *ribo dare nomen*—"to give name to a river!" We have two rivers *Blackwater* in Ireland. If I had interest in any of the romantic parishes, through which either of them meanders as it flows, I would procure an act of vestry to have its name changed into that of *Blackwood*. THE RIVER BLACKWOOD!! Mercy on me—what pilgrimages we'd make to it! what punch we'd mingle from its tide!

(3) *heydays*: "Hades."

(4) *im*: "I'm"—"I am."

(5) *catty*: "Catty." This "pillar of the state" wants a *capital*.

(6) *enshint*: "ancient."

(7) *hur*: "her"—in English "she."

(8) *bruck*: "brake."

(9) *hepeny*: "halfpenny."

(10) *loshins*: "lushings." A word in the Hibernian language, equivalent to the Irish *so ro*—Anglo Irish "gillore," and English, "thousands" or "enough." On a late pedestrian excursion to the hill of Howth, my companions and I being in search of water to slake our thirst (say rather to mix our grog,) inquired of a gosssoon [*gossoun*] whether there were any water in the neighbourhood—"O yes!" replied he, "there's *loshins* above there."

(11) *an*: "and;" *passim*.

(12) *look or grease*: "luck or grace;" a common Hibernicism.

(13) *sense*: "since."

(14) Said to be fact. The Doctor bequeathed a handsome sum to Catherine II. On the payment of the first instalment, she became so intoxicated (with whisky, not joy,) that she did not long survive her master. *Catd* (accented on the last syllable) is in the *fishwomanish* dialect, used for *Catty*, or *Catharine*. In his latter days, when the Doctor was disposed to be facetious, and to quote Cicero, he always spoke of the original *Catty* as his *Catd Major*, and called himself "King of the *Catti*." The late Dr * * * * *, more distinguished for the number than the excellence of his puns, used to translate the *Darte Cati* of Horace—"the Doctor's *Catty*," pronouncing *Doct'r Doct'r*, according to the usage of Cockaigne.

(15) *aynt*: "a'n't"—"am not;" but used throughout Ireland for "is not."

(16) *swathe in purge*!! I'm really at a loss here. Perhaps *Caterina* means Swedenburg. His doctrine of the existence of manufactories, schools, &c., in the other world, favours my supposition.

(17) *mc*: "my," *passim*.

(18) The continued reiteration of *says I*, is a common Hibernicism.

(19) *Thrawniceen*. An Irish diminutive, meaning a "trifle."

(20) *screed*: "rag."

(21) *scrund*: "datur ambiguis;" ALVARY. It seems to mean "luck."

(22) *goast*: "ghost."

(23) *the*: "they;" *passim*.

(24) *burrin*: "barring"—"except."

(25) *sum*: "some."

(26) The Doctor lost a power on the failure of one of the Canal Companies.

he didnt the says he spind awl the goold in the Nayshin (27) on bony (28) says he furst says he an then cunjur up the bank noats that was the goasts o the owld Gintees the melted down an yooosed (29) 2 pass hear says he an lave us without a circle eating Mediam (30) says he but ill tell ye says he what youll (31) doo says he ill giv ye haf a Duzzen o hang neck dose (32) o meself says he an yull take an putt them says he in 2 misther blacwuds Mag o sin (33) says he an dont rite 2 misther grease stuffer north (34) says he bekays (35) the tell me hees only a Fantim (36) like ourselves catty but 2 misther blacwud himself says he an its ten to 1 says he but hell giv ye sumthin Hansim for can says he for says he he dusnt matther givn a 2 an six penny or maybe four tens (37) says he for an Arti— Arti— now as I hop 2 dye a singer (38) i cant rekillet what the doether cawld it twosnt an artichok but an arti sum udder vegetibl o now i hav it as shure as pays (39) an artikail thats i sup pos skotch kail for the say misther blacwud that yure a heclander (40) an wares pettycoats an the Bearer is misther pollock (41) he awlways spins haf a yeer on the erth an haf a yeer hear an if yull jest giv him the munny or an ordure (42) on the bank hell no (43) what 2 doo with it giv me luv 2 bensin (44) an jerry (45) an misther mc allisther (46)

sined catty

(27) *Nayshin*: "nation."

(28) *bony*: "Bonaparte."

(29) *yooosed*: "used."

(30) *a circle eating Mediam*!!! "a circulating medium." The English translation of *Ranunculus sceleratus*, (a deleterious species of crow-foot),—"celery-leaved crow-foot"—was nothing to this. Whether the Medes could eat circles or no, it is certain that Dr B. could never swallow a conic section. It is an authenticated fact—that, although he committed to memory the entire of Hamilton's work on the subject, he did not understand one demonstration from beginning to end.

(31) *youll*: "you'll"—"you will."

(32) *hang neck dose*!!! "anecdotes."

(33) *Mag o sin*!!! "magazine."

(34) I write in red ink to signify how I blush for the audacious—the unorthographical Catty! *grease-stuffer north*: "CHRISTOPHER NORTH!" The least we can do, by way of atonement, is to print his name in the largest capitals we can command.

(35) *bekays*: "because;" more correctly mis-spelt—"becase."

(36) *Fantim*: "phantom."

(37) *tens*: "tenpenny pieces." You don't know what they are in Scotland. Happy Jehus of the British mail-coaches! you are not put off with a ten instead of a thirreen, [12d. English is 13d. Irish.] Happy mail-coach travellers in the green isle of my nativity! your tenpennies suffice for the protection of your shillings!

(38) *dye a singer*!!! "die a sinner."

(39) *as sure as pays*: "as sure as peace." A common phrase throughout Ireland to imply metaphysical certainty. As to the origin of it—"nec scio, nec curo"—as one of the best classical scholars that Ireland has ever produced replied, when on the fellowship bench, to the following question:—"Who was the mother of Æneas's nurse?" I give it in English, because I don't know how to write bad Latin.

I cannot resist this opportunity of recording a ludicrous orthographical mistake, which I met with some years since on a tomb-stone, in a cemetery at Glendalough, county of Wicklow. *Requiescat in pace* was rendered—"May he rest in peace!"

(40) *heclander*: "highlander."

(41) *pollock*: Not Pollock, late of * * * * * Square, nor Pollock of * * * * * Street, but Pollux. See Lempriere's Classical Dictionary.

(42) *ordure*: "order." "Decency, Catty honey."

(43) *hell no*: "he'll know."

(44) *bensin*: "Benson." The premier porter of the library. One who will give his opinion on any question in politics, or of any book in the collection. "What news, Benson?" inquired I one morning. "Nothing but a little from *Parnambucka* [Pernambuco]," replied he. Another morning I was curious and indecorous enough to peep over his shoulder, in order to ascertain what book he was reading. It was "*The Life of Mr Thomas Firmin, citizen of London.*"

(45) *jerry*: "Jerry." A badge man. One of the "lords of the creation," as he was once facetiously termed.

(46) *misther mc allisther*: "Mr M'ALLISTER." The mace-bearer [*ἡ κορυβήτης*] and head-porter of the University. I am happy to have this opportunity of printing his name in capital.

No. I.

I cut them all wan day at commons, sainiors and juniors. It was in As-thronomy. 'Who is the Man in the Moon,' says I, an where do ye find him? An some said wan thing, an some said another thing, an nobody said the right thing. So I ansered the question meself; 'Why,' says I, he's a play be Settle, (o) an ye'll find him in the College Library if ye choose to look for him; an, if ye don't, Bensin ill (1) find him for ye.' So I settled em: ha ha ha!

No. II.

I was as good a saint as Saint Senanus, an Saint Kevin. (2) I didnt like to have women botherin me, an stravaguin (3) through the Library. Doc-ther * * * * [him that says Noah's ark is still in bein (4)] brought a whole bilén (5) o them wan day into the librarian's room to me, an I was afeard, an began thinkin o Joseph an Potiphar's wife: an I couldnt get out o the door, because it was chuck full o them, an I couldnt get out o the window because Id break me neck: so I turned me back to them, the way (6) they mightnt see me face, an thrust my head [face an all] into the safe, (7) an called Bensin. 'Bensin,' says I, 'stand here close by me: an when theyre gone take an tell me, that I may take me head out o the safe again, Bensin.'

No. III.

They were always pestherin me about me memory, says the provost to

me wan day.—'Docther Barrett,' says he, 'yere always braggin o your memory: tell me who was Lord Mayor in the year 1739?' 'How should I know,' says I, 'who was Lord Mayor in the year 1739?' 'Well,' says he, 'who was Junior Altherman?' 'An how should I know who was Junior Altherman?' says I. 'Can't ye ask me sumthin in me own way,' says I, 'an' I'll anser ye?' 'Well, then,' says he, 'who was Bursar?' 'Why,' says I, 'it must be Hughes, for he was expelled that year be owld Baldwin, for callin him a rascal.' (8)

No. IV.

'You've only anserd me wan word in Greek, * * * * *,' says I, one day I was examinin him, 'and that's *lra*—an' do ye know the raisin why?—because ye didn't know c'er an other.'

No. V.

I wanst towld the fellows a story at Commons about an Indian custom, an a great many years afther they raped it up (9) to me again. 'Do ye know where ye found the story ye towld (10) us wanst about the Indian custom?' says they. 'Why wouldn't I?' says I. 'And where did ye find it?' says they. So I towld them that I found it in wan o' the volumes o' Churchill's Voyages, six pages from the end. 'An do ye recollect,' says they, wurkin (11) at me still, 'when you towld it to us?' 'In one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three,' says I.

(o) *be*: "by."

(1) *ill*: "will."

(2) See Moore's Irish Melodies.

(3) *stravaguin*: "stravaguing"—"strolling." Derived probably by pleonasm, from "straying." Thus "gallivant" from "gallant."—LOBSKI—*parisin*.

(4) *bein*: "being."

(5) *bilen*: "boiling;" synonymous to "kit"—"crowd."

(6) Many expressions considered essentially vulgar in Ireland, as used exclusively by the lower orders, are really correct and figurative forms still existing in the Irish language. The phrase "the way," as here employed, means "in order that." Instances are, I believe, to be found in the Irish Bible, of this application of the term.

(7) A little recess in the wall of the librarian's room.

(8) What will not potatoes of Lethic effect? The doctor, never known to trip during his lifetime, is here guilty of a gross inaccuracy. Most respectable testimony could be adduced in support of the assertion—that the word employed, so far from being "rascal," was simply—"second-rate."

(9) *raped* [*recapd*] it up: "referred to it"—"recalled it."

(10) *towld*: "told."

(11) *wurkin*: "working."

No. VI.

In the old Muses, (12) that was also used for a ball-court, they used to bob their heads again (12) the arches and partitions at night, because it was dark. So we tuck an locked the Muses up every night, and then they rised to commit misdemeanours about the palace outside, just as Lord Byron says the Italians does about a pillar at Ra-

venna, so that in a new sense—*oluerunt munē Cumana*. So the board thought it best to take an put up a lamp in the Muses, and I thought it a very good plan, but liable to objections: so when it came to my turn to spake, I said—that it would be very well to putt up the lamp, but that it should be taken down at night, for fear the lads id break it.

(12) An appurtenance to the University—situated behind the kitchen, and dedicated to *post-culinary* purposes. It derives its name from an edifice—similar and similarly posited—of more ancient date, which contained *sine* stalls or recesses, separated from each other by wooden partitions. The increased diffusion of learning throughout the island cannot be better attested than by the circumstance—that it was found necessary, on re-edifying the building, to double the number of recesses. As the designation “Muses” seemed likely to be entailed upon the new structure, some noble-hearted youths—burning to protect their country from the impending imputation of a *bull*—resolved to adopt a new one, and accordingly dubbed it “The Fellows,” (the number of the Junior Fellows being just eighteen.) In vain! Despite of loyalty, and gratitude, and fashion itself, Dunleary is Dunleary still—despite of patriotism, and decency, and common sense, “The Muses,” are still “The Muses.” Here—at all hours of the day (and on moon-shiny nights), future orators, and poets, and statesmen of Erin, may be seen in their several stalls, like the Knights of St Patrick on installation day: or—slightly to alter an expression of a great poet of antiquity—“ἐν πρὸς πόρτῳ ἑκάστος,” “each in his vestibule.” Delicacy would suppress, but candour compels the avowal—that these meetings are conducted with a degree of boisterous levity, quite counter to the principle inculcated by the good Erasmus, who recommends more than Thibetian silence:—“*In ructu crepituve ventris salutare, hominibus cet plus satis urbani. Sed turcillus etiam cum salutare, qui reddit urinam, aut olunt exonerat*”

I shall conclude this hasty account of a very useful institution by stating—that the walls of the *suite* of apartments whereof it consists, were originally overlaid with a neat white plaister. The spirit of Rabelais was, however, abroad—and verses, savouring of ribaldry and relaxation of morals, were indited upon them, until one day—one memorable day—

“The Assyrian [the late *Possess*,] came down like the wolf on the fold,”

—say, rather, like an avalanche—hurrying in his train a whole cataract of pebble-dashers; who, in a few moments, obliterated for ever the obnoxious metres,—and perpetuated the triumphs of rough-cast!

(*3*) *Important to the Public*.—The writer of the present article having last Saturday learned—with much surprise, and utter disbelief—that the paper intitled “*Barrettiana*,” written by him, was not written by him, but by some gentlemen resident in the Munster metropolis,—takes this opportunity of protesting against the injustice of the report. The *Barrettiana* originally contained only *twelve* anecdotes. To these, *four* more were added “by some person or persons unknown,” and occasional interpolations also introduced among the notes. This circumstance has perhaps led to the appropriation of the entire article. But a Dublin butcher might with equal fairness boast of being *victualler to the navy*, for having disposed of a pig’s cheek to a ship-captain who had taken in provision at Cork. The inhabitants of Cork are too great victuallers, and too great contributors, to be justified in envying us Dublin-men either our slaughtering or our scribbling. If the pseudo contributor of the *Barrettiana* persist in asserting his claims to the article, he may add to the number of his *soi-disant* literary productions—the “*Horæ Hispanica*,” No. 3,”—a “Sonnet written off the Dutch coast”—and two translations from the German, severally entituled, “*Hans Heiling’s Rocks*”—all contributed by T. C.; who will, on the present occasion, add to the two letters which form his signature a third, which is very commonly associated with them—*D*.

THE PLEASURES OF SICKNESS.

See the wretch, that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe, and walk again :
 The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening Paradise.

GRAY.

To wish our friends Health and Happiness, has always been considered as the most appropriate mode of summing up, in a brief and emphatic form, our most ardent desires for their welfare ; and these two blessings continue to be linked together in the minds and mouths of men, as though indeed there existed between them an inseparable bond of connexion. That Health and Happiness are, however, to be found apart, is a truth that I have long since discovered ; and to demonstrate which, would, I flatter myself, be to impart a benefit to mankind.

It has frequently occurred to me, that, amongst all the good and wise things that have been thought, said, and written, on the evils of Pain and Sickness, I have never heard of one pen being employed in celebrating their pleasures. It may seem, indeed, at first sight, rather paradoxical to speak of the Pleasures of Pain, or the Joys of Sickness ; but if we give the subject a fuller consideration, we shall perhaps find it not so absurd ; and should I succeed in persuading half a dozen readers to be of my opinion, I shall feel I have equalled the triumphs of the most successful professors of the god-like art of healing. The utmost boast of their science is to expel for a short season these pertinacious visitants—my greater glory will be to induce mankind to receive them with open arms. A little enthusiasm is always permitted, and indeed is almost essential to the broadcaster of any new dogma ; and I confess myself so warm an advocate in the present cause, that I would not for the world forego the Pleasures of Sickness—nor would I exchange the dear little fit of rheumatism with which I am occasionally indulged, or the slight tendency to fever, and delightful degree of debility, which a hot season inevitably gives me, for all the vulgar and monotonous enjoyments of health. I do not indeed pre-

tend to profess a partiality for the severer pangs of our suffering nature—extremes are evils in all things—and I readily surrender the violent tortures of acute bodily suffering, without any vain attempt to apply ineffectual lenitives—certain that, in such a case, my prescriptions, and those of the wisest and wiggiest doctors of the fraternity, would be pretty much on a par. But with these exceptions, I stand boldly forth as the champion of all the lesser trials to which the mortal frame is liable, confident that, if properly regarded, they would be converted into blessings, and universally acknowledged as such. At any rate, it is surely wiser to hug as a friend the inevitable guest against whom we cannot bar the door, however we may consider him as an enemy. It is wonderful how long men will go on in the beaten track of thought, without catching a glimpse of the true view in which some things may be seen. Hence, because (in spite of a certain sect of philosophers) pain has justly been considered an evil, every shade and degree of it is considered in the same light, and dreaded accordingly,—not perceiving that these phenomena in our physical system produce the same effect as the irregularities in the beautiful works of the creation—the mountains—villies—woods—plains—winds—rain—tempests and calms—all which, like the alternations of health in the human frame, produce endless variety, and occasion such delightful play of light and shade. I thank Heaven, that I have always been accustomed to the vicissitudes of health and sickness, and the experience of each has taught me the value of both. But as the joys of health do not stand so much in need of elucidation, I shall restrict myself to the exposition of the Pleasures of Sickness, which most require an interpreter, the language in which she speaks being least easily understood, and the blessings in hey

gift consequently more often overlooked.

This method, indeed, of pointing out to less quick perceptions the goods they unconsciously enjoy, is not wholly new. We have long had adventurous explorers in the rarefied atmosphere of the passions, and in various other lines new and curious fields of discovery have been opened to us. Thus, we have the Pleasures of Imagination—the Pleasures of Hope—the Pleasures of Memory—the Pleasures of Old Age—and very many other pleasures, too tedious to enumerate. I have no doubt, that there are many excellent persons who never dreamed of the existence of such pleasures, and who would have contrived to live and die without any suspicion of them, were it not for the kind assistance of the strange beings called poets, who have a knack of finding odd enjoyments in things that are the very antipodes to the real and substantial delights of roast beef and a bottle of port. But, in spite of the natural apathy of these plain prosaic persons, such is the docility of the human mind, that these beautiful developments of the finer feelings, clothed in sweet and simple language, are rendered familiar to minds the furthest removed from sentiment; and such is the force of truth, that, though destitute of the embellishments of poetry, I should by no means feel surprised, if this article, which I am now writing for the most fashionable of all fashionable Magazines, were to bring the Pleasures of Sickness decidedly into vogue. Many a fair reader will, I am confident, concur in my sentiments, which accord so well with their delicacy and refinement of feeling; nor should I be wholly astonished, if this work penetrating into the anti-sentimental regions of the city, and encountering the eye of some worthy fur-gown'd alderman, he should be persuaded to feel the approach of the next fit of gout with a certain degree of satisfaction.

But I return from this digression to the immediate precincts of my Paradise of Sickness—my ample, high, wide, deep, soft, well-stuffed and cheerfully-covered arm-chair, in which I am at the present moment entrenched—my table of writing materials by my side, my feet negligently supported by a footstool, my frame pervaded by a delicate languor, the

light of heaven partially admitted to an interview, through the medium of a green gauze curtain, and every thing around me in harmony with the interesting state of my health. And this brings me at once to what I regard as one of the first sources of the Pleasures of Sickness—namely, the leisure for thought which it so bountifully bestows on those who perhaps rarely, if ever, enjoy a pause from the incessant whirl of business, or the bustle of dissipation. I speak not to those unfortunates who know not the value of thought—who perhaps, indeed, are in the predicament of a young lady, who once ingeniously owned to me, that “she never did think, for she did not know how to set about it.” To such persons, the heaven-born maiden Meditation would be a most unwelcome visitant; and an obligation “to think,” would doubtless be willingly exchanged for hard labour of any description. To such persons, Sickness must be indeed an appalling spectre, bringing in her hand the demon of ennui, a sight sufficient to terrify the stoutest heart in that busy class, who, in their days of health, had never caught a glimpse of such a monster. There are many men, who, though fully sensible of the advantages and delights of leisure, yet have not the force of mind to procure it for themselves—who are the daily prey of trifling circumstances and petty avocations, which they permit to fasten on their minds as duties of serious obligation. They want courage to say to the world, and its sea of troubles, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther;” and few can shut out its encroachments from their own closets so entirely, but that it will rush in, and mar even their closest retirement. But to all those who gratefully receive the boon of elegant leisure, Sickness will be welcome as a confirmer of that blessing; for when do we enjoy it so perfectly, as when that tyrannical world, and its clamorous calls upon our time and thoughts, are at once banished from our presence, without the effort of choice, and our existence, our cares, our occupation, drawn into the narrow compass of our own chambers. It is then that we feel truly alone—it is then that our house is indeed our castle. Enjoying the dignity of calamity, (for in this light is such a condition erroneously regarded,) I take the benefit of the immunity which it

gives from all the common cares and vexations of life, and lay myself out for every kind of delicate felicity and

very few, in this busy world of ours, have time to commune with their own hearts, and to be still! What discoveries does not such a state enable them to make! How many a man has run through a long career, without scraping the smallest intimacy with that important personage—*himself*!—when perhaps a salutary fit of sickness having brought about the first introduction to this unknown, he suddenly finds that he has all his life overlooked a very fine fellow, close within his reach, who may prove, if followed up diligently, the pleasiest, and certainly the most useful acquaintance he has ever made. Or it may possibly happen, that he may discover that he has long been hand and glove with a *mauvais sujet*, whose deceits he never detected, and of whom he knows as little, as one usually does of one's next-door neighbour in London. Although it will not be in his power to *cut* this very unpleasant connexion, he may do better by accomplishing the improvement and reformation of his inseparable companion; and he will, in the progress of this work, be thoroughly convinced of the truth of the observation of the Roman satirist, that the useful science called *γνῶσις αὐτῶν* descended immediately from Heaven.

Another consequence of Sickness, is the calm which it gives to the soul. The effect of Sickness on the heart and the passions, is like that produced on the eyes by a pair of green spectacles, which bestow on every object a softened tint, freed from the dazzling colours thrown around them, by the full blaze of unchecked and buoyant spirits which belong to health. Or, to use another simile, Sickness presents objects to our senses under the same appearance that they assume when reflected in that beautiful sort of mirror, which, while it accurately delineates their form, diminishes their apparent magnitude, and, depriving them of all their glare, displays the true light and shade in which they are viewed to the best advantage. Just so does Sickness throw human life and its concerns into that softened distance, and that reduced size, which ought in reality to belong to them; but in which we never view them, whilst our pas-

sions, intoxicated with giddy health, are busied in heightening their colours, and distorting their proportions. It is in the power of every reflecting reader to prove the truth of these remarks, by considering how the same object will change its face, when viewed through these two different mediums of health and sickness. Only yesterday I was walking in the Park, in rude health and spirits, to increase a good appetite for an indifferent repast, when I met my friend M., who bespoke me for his dinner-party next day. No one gives better entertainments, or with a better grace of hospitality, or more skilfully selects the elements of an agreeable party, than M.; and if they do not blend happily together, the fault is certainly not his. I accepted the invitation with alacrity, and took an additional turn in the Mall, to indulge the agreeable speculations arising out of the circumstance. My fancy was at once on the wing; and in her fantastic kaleidoscope, I perceived all the pleasures of to-morrow,—the brilliant circle,—the polite refinement, and the lively conversation, which conspire to adorn a well-bred London drawing-room. Besides, I was myself considered as no bad *dinner-out*; and the whispers of vanity added an inexpressible agitation to my spirits, as I anticipated the *succès* which I should enjoy, and on which I could subsist in solitude and privacy for a month to come. Nor did my imagination disdain the lower delights of the senses; and a confused image danced before my mind, of good sense and good cheer, sparkling wit and bright champagne,—ease, elegance, instruction, amusement, admiration—and produced that charming flutter of expectation, which naturally belongs to so important an event, as going out to dinner. It is, indeed, an incident which most agreeably ruffles the quiet stream of time, which bears along, in a swift but noiseless current, the life of a solitary student, whose sedentary employments, though they give it rapidity, take nothing from its sameness. A convivial party, like a stone thrown suddenly into the stream, stirs the surface without muddying the waters; and next day, the whirlpool caused by the event gently subsiding, it runs tranquilly on again, keeping the even tenor of its way. But, alas! how vain are the imaginations of man!

Bright visions of Epicurean enjoyment, and intellectual intoxication, where are you?—I fell asleep last night, thinking still of M.'s party—still debating in my mind, whether, when the affairs of Turkey came on the tapis, I should give the benefit of my co-operation to this or that side—whether I should give my sanction to driving the bigotted Mussulman out of Europe, or raise my voice against the overwhelming ambition of the Autocrat of all the Russias—whether to be most solid or brilliant in argument, to dazzle as a meteor, or instruct like a sage—when, alas! next morning I awoke with direful pangs of toothache, and the latitudinal proportions of my visage so deplorably increased, that though it would have been more in character to have worn a dismal length of face on the occasion, such an external of woe was out of the question. After having spent some hours in an agony of pain, aggravated by the horrors of indecision, whether to send for Mr Cartwright, (who is said to have so fascinating a method of extracting your grinders, that he renders it positively pleasant to the patient,) the paroxysm abated; but left me in such a state of languor, that it became obvious I could not think of leaving my room. The hour for dressing was just at hand, but I no longer felt even the smallest wish to quit my chamber. Here was a change! How shall we philosophize the matter? All that figured in my fancy yesterday is to-day positively odious to me—the pleasures of the palate, now, even in thought, produce a shiver of horror through my whole frame, to which my sensitive jaws fully respond. My view of the whole thing was entirely changed—the company, the conversation; every thing wore another aspect. I saw nothing in such meetings but din and discomfort to the entire sacrifice of individual enjoyment—I felt fatigued at the bare idea of supporting a whole evening in such an artificial state of existence—I sickened at the contemplation of the emptiness, vanity, and vexation of spirit which attend such pleasures, and so entirely had a day's illness assimilated my ideas to my condition, that I would not now exchange my present position for the most conspicuous place in the most brilliant saloon in the metropolis. Here then I experienced the

sedative effects on the mind, which I have ascribed to Sickness—and the sober hue of truth in which it presented the pleasures which I had so intemperately coloured, gave me ample field for moralizing; and this increasing the sense of my own sagacity, added not a little to the charms of this season of reflection.

It is in the abodes of poverty and want that Sickness wears another aspect. There, I grant, my theory would avail nothing, where it is indeed the severest of all calamities; but even there, the evil is not in *illness itself*, but in the want of those alleviations which render it only another modification of comfort to those who can command them. Hunger is an evil, it will be readily granted, when we lack the means to assuage it—but would any one willingly part with the sensation altogether, and with it, the pleasure of gratifying it? It would be a speculation worthy of our philosophers, to calculate, in case of our being deprived of this salutary and punctual remembrancer, how many persons would fall victims to forgetfulness of eating—and what proportion the number would bear to those daily sacrificed at the shrine of voracity. Amongst the Pleasures of Sickness, let us not forget the charm of beholding the sympathies of our friends so powerfully awakened—of calling forth all those kindly feelings and minor attentions which frequently slumber in the period of health—but fall most kindly on the spirit which is softened and subdued by illness. What delight can equal the pleasure of being occasionally the object of these tender-nesses—so dear are they to me, and to all who know the delight of being beloved, that I would not exchange them for all the unsocial blessings of unchanging health. It would be a serious loss to me indeed, if I did not sometimes hear my little sister's voice at my door in an accent of tender inquiry how I was,—and how I had slept—if I did not receive from her some sprigs of the earliest sweet-briar in her garden—and still more so, if my mother ceased to come in frequently during the morning on tip-toe, with a face full of kind solicitude—and without giving me the fatigue of many questions, ascertaining that I had all my comforts about me. I firmly believe that the blessings of ease are

cheaply bought at the expense of considerable pain. The mere absence of pain in the human frame is one of those blessings, which is the most ungratefully enjoyed—and of which it requires the frequent recurrence of its opposite to enliven our sense, and to give us that delightful consciousness that all is right and harmonious within and about us; and this is never felt in its full luxury, but when it immediately succeeds a state of bodily suffering. We then feel our earth a heaven—and our hearts run over with thankfulness for that which the day before we enjoyed without acknowledgment.

What can be more heavenly than the state of mind which belongs to convalescence! the recent relief from pain—the rapture we feel on the return of ease! what soft delicious feelings—what exaltations in our thoughts—what warmth in our imaginations—what gratitude, what enthusiasm in our devotions! what benevolence towards all around us! Let the sceptic in these matters only watch the progress of the convalescent invalid, beginning with the moment when he first leaves the fevered bed to which he has been sometime confined. With what exquisite delight is this simple change attended—and what inexpressible relief is bestowed by the new posture! By and by he makes an excursion to the further end of his chamber, and at length reaches the window which has been the object of his wistful gaze for some days past. What a sight does he behold! Perhaps when he fell ill, Winter was still lingering in the lap of May, and a few leaves and buds, pushed forth before the rest, stood shivering and looking comfortlessly at one another, in the absence of the Sun; (like strangers meeting in a drawing-room, in the awkward interval before the host and hostess have appeared)—but whilst he has lost sight of them, Nature's secret artificers have been in full operation. All is radiant, and green, and beautiful.—His eyes are ravished with the sight of the foliage, the flowers—the lawn—the stream;—the sensations he experiences are almost overpowering; whilst every breath of the fresh air seems to bring new health to his inmost soul. By degrees he is strong enough to walk abroad: oh, what pen could ever define correctly the various

emotions of that first return to the delicious enjoyment of pure air and gentle exercise! The turf beneath his feet is softer than he ever felt before, the birds seem to pour forth a sweeter melody to welcome his recovery—how fragrant is every shrub—how beautifully that white lilac intermixes its blossoms with the elegant laburnum which displays its gay and golden fringe in front of that noble purple beech! How luxuriant is all around him!—he cannot take a step without seeing some new delight—and when, from weakness, he is obliged to repose under the spreading ivied oak, he sits lost in ecstasy, listening to every well-known summer sound which, all in wild harmony, strike upon his delighted ear, and send a thrill to his heart, which moistens his eyes with delicious tears. To the eye of vulgar observation, he presents perhaps, at this moment, in an emaciated appearance, pale cheek and faded eye, only objects of commiseration—but how widely mistaken! while those who can read the soul know, that he is really enjoying one of the highest states of felicity. Compare him with that ruddy son of health, who is walking up and down near him—Which has the highest enjoyment of the present scene? Does he even *see* the grass, the sky, the trees, the stream? Does he hear the birds with rapture, or feel the influence of the balmy air? Not a jot—not a jot—he is engaged in the simple operation of *taking a walk*—and his legs kindly performing this office for him, his thoughts perhaps are far distant, and he perceives nothing extraordinary, or at least what he has not seen a thousand times before.

Another little item in the sick man's pleasures is—the doctor; and however pleasant it is to laugh at the doctor all the days of our health, it is no less pleasant to send for him the moment one is sick, like children who enjoy being deceived by conjuring tricks—What a pleasure to see him gravely enter—to talk over the case—the news—politics—scandal—to receive a word of comfort at parting—to feel better when he is gone—and to declare there is *something* in a doctor after all—and to look forward impatiently to his visit to-morrow! Then how important become all the trivial incidents of life! What an epoch in the invalid's day is dinner! Conceive, reader, the hour ap-

proaching which brings him the first meal which he meets with a convalescent appetite. How many times does he look at his watch! still a quarter of an hour wanting—he turns in his chair, and purposes to *think* out that portion of time; but before five minutes are past—the watch is consulted again—he conjectured it must have stopped—No, it still goes—he tries to doze away the interminable period—At length the clock strikes two—delightful sound—He snuffs up the fragrant steam, which seems to visit his nostrils from the busy scene of preparation—a few more minutes elapse—he is amazed at the monstrous want of punctuality, it is not to be borne—he is sure it is half an hour after the time, and his hand seizes the bell-rope somewhat impatiently, when the door flying open with a delightful swing—announces the *entrée* of the roasted chicken to quick time—piping hot—round and plump—of a beautiful autumnal complexion, and duly accompanied by its fragrant and faithful attendant—parsley sauce. Oh ye gods! what a sight! and who shall dare to compare the sensations of the partaker of this feast, with those which pervade the fastidious palate and dull sensibilities of the man in health who sits down to his repast without seeing any thing in it beyond a dinner, who eats at that time because he always does so—and drinks without reflecting on the privileges he is enjoying.—In a very different spirit is the above-mentioned rite observed, and the sacrifice of the said chicken to the Goddess Hygeia is far otherwise performed. Even the ruby-nosed alderman—when the haunch or the cale-pash smoke on the board—sits down to the banquet with inferior gusto.

And this exemplifies also the advantage we derive from Sickness, in the power it gives of *circumscribing our wants*—and if true happiness consists in having few wants, I know nothing that brings us nearer to that realization of felicity than illness.—In health what fantastic wishes beset us—what crowds of artificial necessities harass our minds and drive out sweet content!—We must have fine houses, and fine clothes—and fine friends, and fine acquaintance—our appetites must be stimulated by luxuries—and we must go *here* and there, and we are miserable if we cannot do this, that, and the

other. And as of all these things but few can be obtained, so we are liable to as many disappointments in the possession of those few, as we suffer from our inability to attain the rest. But to the sick man these weary workings of the spirit come not. His pains and pleasures lie in a small space. To bear the one patiently, and to enjoy the other, is all his business. His helplessness frees him from the duty of activity—his languor takes from him the wish as well as the capacity for pleasure—amusement would weary him—and the world appears to him as a thing in which he has no concern, and he shudders at the idea of its intrusion into his chamber. His arm-chair is to him a kingdom—the solitude of his own room universal empire—his wants are few and simple, and his pleasures are comprised in that little circle of agreeable incidents which divide his time; and he possesses the highest degree of happiness, in being able to command *all* the enjoyment of which he is capable.

Men differ in nothing so much as in what constitutes their happiness. The indolent man's paradise must surely be situated in a sick room—because *there alone* he is furnished with that respectable excuse for his inactivity, which he cannot indulge in the season of health, without some compunction of conscience. For myself, without too broadly hinting that I belong to that class of men, I will own, that were I to build a temple to Happiness, it should assume the form of a luxurious arm-chair, well adapted for repose in the hour of gentle sickness. Content, we are told, depends on the frame of mind, rather than on our external circumstances—now I am sensible myself of an essential difference in the state and powers of my mind under the operation of illness. The incapacity to follow worldly business and ordinary occupation—and the absence of all those little vexatious nothings which devour the lives of those who live in the world, produce that delightful "*recueillement du cœur et de l'esprit*," which disposes them best for the heavenly mood of contemplation.—A slight degree of fever too, I am confident, strengthens the energies of the mind, however it may weaken the powers of the body—I never find my thoughts flow so fast or so freely, as when

confined to my bed by indisposition. Ideas come unbidden—chains of thought succeed each other—my fancy seems richer—my thoughts purer—my conceptions more sublime.—It is then that I possess the clearest conviction of the double nature of our existence. It is then that I am *sure* I have, indeed, a soul—a divine, ethereal spark, which even now, while clogged with this lump of suffering mortality, disdaining to be controlled by its frail tenement, soars triumphantly in the regions of exalted thought. So entirely am I persuaded of the truth of these remarks, that at the outset of any literary undertaking, I have been fain to indulge myself with taking a little cold, in order to set my intellectuality afloat. Hence, too, I view with feelings very different from those of my neighbours, the approach of an infectious fever, which I am told has broken out in my immediate vicinity. I have already observed that I am not desirous of *extremes*—not would I court the benefit of the highest degree of delirium which a typhus might furnish; but, having profited by the weaker attacks of febrile excitement, I am almost curious to know what might arise from the application of a more powerful stimulus—I shall, therefore, not take the trouble to run away from it as others are doing—sensible

that should it come to my door, it might be the means of elevating my mind to higher flights than it has yet reached, and materially assist me in the execution of a work of which I conceived the embryo idea during an attack of an intermittent, which I was fortunate enough to have, whilst on a visit to a friend who resides near the fens in Lincolnshire; and who has kindly given me the offer of his house in the autumn, should I wish a periodical return of the disorder. But, however highly I may prize the pleasures of sympathy, I should deem it culpable voluntarily to distress the feelings of those about me, whose minds are not sufficiently tinctured with my theory to allow of their entering into the sublime spirituality of my notions. Yet if I fail in obtaining the desired degree of inspiration, I must make some effort—and if I could ever be tempted to encounter the fatigues of leaving England, it would be, not like others, in pursuit of health, but with an exactly opposite intention;—and by simply transporting myself to Cadiz, I might, with little or no trouble, get a slight touch of the fever which is said to flourish there,—and thus, at a small expence, at once indulge my whim, and spare the anxieties of my surrounding friends.

V.

THE DEATH OF ISAIAH—A FRAGMENT.

By David Lindsay.

I.

— At that call

Slowly he came, his high majestic brow
Unblanch'd by the fierce summons, that from lips
More proud than his, and cheeks of livelier glow,
Had drawn the hues of life—he slowly came,
And stood before the throne, where sat the King,
The crown'd of God, the heir of David, he
Whose diadem was of eternity,
Whose throne was built by everlasting hands—
He stood before the seat, yet bent he not,
Although around his brow the crown of stars,
Faint images of those which gem the paths
Of the sapphirine heaven, shed a light
Miraculous and bright—he heeded not,
Shrunk not from the wild majesty of hell,
With which a spirit of the damn'd had dress'd
The Victim King, but with a steady eye
(In which there was a sparkle of a fire
Still'd, but undying, that unquench'd could look
Upon all hell's fierce glories) gazed around,
And smiled in sadness, but in silence.—

II.

Then,
 "Wilt thou not speak to me?" Manasseh said;
 "I sent for thee, that thou might'st witness how
 I mock the jealousy of him thou serv'st—
 Lo! here Baalim—in thy temple's domes
 Upon the very ark, where he may be
 O'ershadow'd by the Cherubim, I will,
 My people, place this image—if thy God,
 Indeed, has chosen Solomon's high seat
 For his especial throne, let him come down
 And banish hence th' intruder."—

III.

Then the form
 Of stern Isaiah with the mighty spirit
 Of an avenging god grew terrible—
 The drops of agony stood on his brow—
 The spark, that lay still sleeping in his eye,
 Burn'd up like Sinai's lightnings, his broad breast
 Heaved, and his garments rustled loud, and waved
 As though a mighty wind was round him, though
 There was not air enough within that dome
 To beat the cloud of incense down, which roll'd
 Its perfumed curls before the sinful King—
 Forth did he stretch his mantled arm, and strove
 To speak, but yet he could not.—

IV.

Then the Fiend
 Which was Manasseh's angel, whisper'd him,
 And said, "Strike—strike the accursed—he will turn
 Thy people from their purpose; thou wilt be
 The scorn'd before all Judah,—strike him dead,
 Or haste to raise the Image."—

V.

Then the eye
 Of the God fraught, turn'd on the speaker's face,
 Who stood beside the King, he did not die,
 But vanish'd suddenly—there was a groan!
 A shriek!—then there was nothing!—vacancy
 Where he had been—they look'd upon the spot
 And shudder'd—then they turn'd to the brow
 Th' annihilating eye—their souls grew sick—
 They look'd toward the King.

VI.

He held his peace,
 Then suddenly he cried, "Some music, ho!"
 The singing-women, and the men approach!
 The inspiration is upon the man,
 And harmony will open his closed lips—
 "Sing to the praise of Baalim."

CHORUS.

We sing
 Praise, praise to the starry King,
 The Lord,
 On Syria's flowery plains ador'd—
 In whose dread presence, see
 The slave of other gods is still,
 And to his high and uncontrolled will,
 Boweth him silently!

Praise, Praise!

He cometh unto Judah—David's son
 Prepareth him a Temple—O well done!
 Jehovah, who hath slept upon his Throne,
 Now leaveth it for ever.—Thou alone
 Shalt be our Sovereign and our Lord!—O, Star
 Of Chiun, hail!—for in the mighty war
 Jehovah thou hast vanquish'd.

VII.

But then broke

The voice of thunder from the sacred man—
 "Welcome!—I bid thee welcome—Israel's God
 Permits thee in his presence—I oppose
 No more thine entrance to the Holy Place—
 The finger of the Eternal beckons thee—
 He *hath* resign'd his seat—Manasseh's God
Shall rule Manasseh's people—hasten—go—
 Oppose thee to the Ark—No Dagon did
 In Ashdod once—but not like thee he strode
 Triumphant over Israel—thou above
 Thy Brother Demons—none but thee have dared
 This majesty of sin. Jehovah goes!
 Sublimity of Hell, Manasseh bows
 His soul in adoration."

VIII.

Then the King

Laugh'd as in ecstasy—"He hath declared
 His God is powerless; he submits, and thee,
 Oh, Baal, to thy temple we convey,
 With song, and dance, and honours—'neath thy wing,
 Son of the Morning, cowers th' eternal Throne
 Of David for thy shelter.

CHORUS.

The songs of delight
 Shall swell all around thee,
 With a girdle of light
 To our land we have bound thee.
 The dull sleeping Earth
 At our summons shall wake,
 Gird her form with the chain
 Which never shall break.
 The dull sleeping Earth
 With rapture shall bound,
 And her aged form grow young at the sound,
 Which spreadeth thy might, and thy glory around.

IX.

But then Isaiah spoke!—"The sound I hear
 Is of the vulture and the wolf—howl! howl!—
 Your banquet is preparing, even now
 The slaughterers are rising—"Kill and slay!"
 Then feed ye unto loathing—hear, thou King!
 Thou sittest on the Everlasting Throne,
 Thou wearer of the bright Eternal Crown,
 One sinks beneath thee, and into the dust
 Tumbles the Diadem!"

X.

The King grew mad,
 And gave commandment that the Image vile

Should stand between the Cherubim—the priests
 All weeping shrunk, the Levites rent their robes,
 And the High-Priest stood with a ghastly look,
 Covering his breastplate with his trembling hand,
 For the prophetic stones had lost their hue,
 Grown pale with horror;—from his mitred brow
 The mystic sentence, the dread “holiness,”
 The signet of the bond of God and man,
 Had almost vanish’d, for the letters shew’d
 Wavering and faint, as they had written been
 Upon the wat’ry moon.—

XI.

Jehovah’s Priest

Turn’d his dim eye upon the gifted Man,
 The sanctified, whom the high Seraphim
 Had purified with fire of Heaven from
 Iniquity of earth—but *he* did stand
 In motionless majesty—a sublimity
 Of horror was around him—from his eye
 They caught a gleam of light—it kindled up
 Into their souls, and the prophetic blaze
 Burst forth to King Manassah.—

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Hark ! how the concave vaults of the blue Heaven
 Are shaken by the storm which howl athr !
 Earth rocks—the dreadful thunderbolt hath riven
 Her canopy—ah ! for the fallen star,
 Wildly through upper air I see it driven—
 Now, sinking to the earth amid the screams
 Of shrieking spectres, and the fiery gleams
 Of hellish torches lighting its dread fall
 Into annihilation—Fiends have trod
 O’er its celestial glories—Mercy, God !

CHORUS OF SINGERS.

Away, away !—

Vanish, ye dreams of Night, before the Day
 Star of the Morning rise, and distant chase
 Those spectres from the couch of Ether, where
 Pale Earth lies sleeping,—on her pallid face
 Imprint thy kiss—and on her forehead fair,
 She will reflect thy glories, and then be
 Bright, pure, and beautiful—Oh, Baal, like thee !

XII.

“Bright,” said the Son of Amos, smiling stern.
 “Sheweth the day—but it is short—the night,
 For cycles, heap’d on cycles, shall endure—
 Unbroken shall its darkness be, until
 The torch of War shall give ye light to mark
 How wither’d Famine shall glide staring by,
 And Desolation leap abroad, and dance
 Above the ashes of the unpeopled world—
 And Freedom shall be there, but bathed in blood,
 And chain’d to Ashur’s foot.”

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

He comes ! he comes !—Baalim hath ascend’d
 Jehovah’s Throne ; and lo ! where come attended,
 By troops of victims, all the Demons foul,
 Who on his triumph haste their joy to scowl—

Wilt thou not ban them hence, thou Mighty One?
 No—they must reign!—thy will—thy will be done!—
 There is a festival proclaim'd in Hell,
 The demons rush to Earth, the tidings glad to tell.

“Judah is ours”—and from the deep,
 Mark how the myriad monsters creep—
 Lo! Dagon rolls his fin-clad form,
 Up from his ocean throne of storm—
 Belial rises from his bed,
 By hell's fiery billows spread—
 And ascendeth Chemos vile
 Cursing with insidious smile—
 Moloch, black with smoke and blood
 Won from fell Gehenna's flood—
 Astaroth, with diadem bright,
 Mocks Jehovah's crown of light—
 These, and more than I can name,
 Come a home on earth to claim;
 These, and more than I can tell,
 Have made a holiday in hell!

CHORUS OF SINGERS.

Ye soft songs of gladness,
 To Baalim arise—
 Lord, banish our sadness,
 Wipe all tears from our eyes.
 Thou wilt not forsake us,
 Abandon us never,
 But thou comest to make us,
 Thine own, and for ever—
 Light, O King, is thy yoke,
 With transport we bear it,
 Be thy chain still unbroke,
 With triumph we wear it—
 Amid thunders and night
 Came Jehovah's stern voice,
 Amid music and light
 Thou bad'st us rejoice.
 The Son of the Flood,
 With a finger of fire,
 In letters of blood,
 Grav'd Jehovah's desire.
 His law in rejecting,
 We turn unto thee;
 His dictates neglecting,
 Thine worshipp'd shall be.
 Then save and regard us,
 Abandon us never,
 But thus—Oh reward us,
 Make us thine, and for ever!

XIII.

Then said the Prophet, and his voice grew loud,
 And deep, and chill, as Sinai's earliest groans,
 When God first press'd the labouring mountain's breast—
 “Hear, ye rebellious—hear and tremble—lo!
 Thus saith the ‘Wonderful,’ whose unknown name
 Is written by the stars upon the Heaven.
 I speak no more in mystery, but declare
 Aloud the horrors of your fate. She comes,
 Purple Assyria, with her hand of steel,

And heart of fire, and eye of blood, and soul
Harden'd from tears and pity; round the steps
Of her white courser float the shrieking shades
From Hinnom's fire-lit valley. Judah's sons,
Watching the day of vengeance—Judah's sons,
Manasseh's children—O'er whose fire-scorch'd heads
David looks down, from his abodes of bliss,
And shuddering weeps."

XIV.

Then said the furious King,
" Now, from my inmost soul, I hate thy face,
Thou son of Amos. Nought of good, or bliss,
Wishest thou unto me, or David's house,
Which thy foul lip hath curs'd.—Thou shalt die,
Thou shalt not see the evil which thou deem'st
Shall fall upon our land. A lying spirit
Hath enter'd in thee, and declareth ill
Where all is bliss around thee. Are we not
Blessed above all nations? If the Chaldean
Cometh as thou hast said, may he not fear
The doom, such as within my father's days
O'ertook his mighty *Host*?"

XV.

The Scer replied,
" Thy father's heart was at Jehovah's foot,
But thou hast turn'd from him who fought that fight,
And now he aids thee not."

XVI.

" Baalim then,"
Said the proud king, " will bless our mighty arms,
Or by supernal power destroy our foe,
And strike his favour'd chiefs—thy words are false;
Thyself a lie—they will not—dare not come—
Pay they not tribute? Judah's sacred soil
Shall never be polluted by the tread
Of hostile warriors."

XVII.

Then the prophet groans,
" Samaria!—Oh! Samaria!"

XVIII.

" What of her,"
Said fierce Manasseh—" she hath met the doom
Her crime had merited—rebellion bold
'Gainst David's royal house. Hoshea dies;
But David shall remain—Sit I not here
Upon my father's throne, of which thy God,
Whose name thou say'st is truth, hath deeply sworn,
E'en by himself, for ever should endure?
What then have I to fear? Almighty Baal,
Thou, too, protect thy servant."

CHORUS OF SINGERS.

Alone, alone!
Amidst the wreck of nations, still shall stand
The everlasting throne—
On brows of David's line,
Bright, as the burnish'd sunbeam, still shall shine
Judah's radiant diadem,
When each other regal gem
Be crush'd beneath the rolling wheel of Time.

What to us is Chaldaea's wrath,
 Or Samaria's bitter fate—
 We will pour our myriads forth,
 When the foe is at our gate.
 Let Samaria die!—our hate
 Is her meed—Hoshea fall!
 With this triumph too elate,
 Deem'd Sennacherib, that all
 Should bow beneath his sceptre's rule;
 But his camp of death awoke
 Him from that dream—crush'd his proud hope,
 And the tremendous angel thunder'd, "Fool!
 Thou wilt find room to die at home—thy pride
 Be humbled unto dust—He went—he fled—he died!"

XIX.

"Did Nisroch save the King," Isaiah said,
 "Or Baal, that thus ye bow the knee before
 His filthy Godhead, in his Temple's courts
 He died in worshipping—beware—beware!—
 Cease your blasphemous songs, they are to me
 Convulsive laughers of a dying Man—
 Woe to the Crown of Pride—to Ariel woe!
 Round thee, the fierce Assyrian draws his lines,
 Thunders upon Judea, death and chains—
 Cry out, oh land! fear, and the pit, and snares
 Are fall'n upon thee—Majesty is dead!
 Chains for the King Manassch."

XX.

Then the King
 Leap'd from his seat, and with his terrible sword,
 Smote to the heart Isaiah—he fell down
 Prostrate before the king, and cried aloud,—
 "Cover, oh earth, my blood, nor let it rise
 In judgment 'gainst my people—cover it
 Until the day of consummation fill
 The red cup to the brim—and, hark! the cry
 Of the press'd billows as they groan beneath
 The winged ships of Chaldaea—on thy shores
 Lodge they their steeled burthen—chains and death—
 Chains for the King Manassch!"—

XXI.

Then he bow'd
 His head and died—and then around him bent
 The weeping Priests, regardless of the wrath
 Of stern Manassch—and the inspired theme
 Rose with Isaiah's spirit from the dust,
 And sat upon them, as with solemn song
 They graced his corse, and mock'd the tyrant's rage.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Wake, wake!
 Ye spirits of the dust, arise to make
 His welcome to your dwellings, while we weep
 (To us) his everlasting sleep—
 For never shall a prophet like to thee
 Again arise, save only He,
 Whom thou unveil'd permitted wast to see.

I see it—but afar—
 A higher, brighter Star
 Setting in blood—
 Wild rolls the angry flood
 Of sin, and wrath to quench its beauteous light.
 'Tis past—'tis done! for lo!
 The Sun of Righteousness hath set in deepest night!—

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

*

1.
Listen, lively lordings all,
Lithe and listen unto me,
And I will sing of a noble earle,
The noblest earle in the North Countrie.

1.
Auscultate, Domini,
Audite me canentem
Nobilissimum olim Comitem
Sub Boreâ degentem.

2.
Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walks his faire ladie ;
" I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight or flee."

2.
Hortum Persæus petiit,
Et sequitur conjux suavis :
" Fugendum aut pugnandum mox,
In aurem cecinit avis."

3.
" Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee ;
But goe to London to the court,
And faire fall truth and honestie."

3.
" Quod Deus vetet, Domine,
Malum sequi te infestum :
Londini ad curiam propera,
Manet prospera sors honestum."

4.
" Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay.
Alas ! thy counsell suits not mee :
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not bee."

4.
" Heu, dulcis mihi domina !
Tuum est consilium vanum :
Qui apud curiam tutus sim,
Inter fortem hostium manum ?"

5.
" O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee ;
If any dare to doe you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee."

5.
" Ad curiam tamen propera,
Tuique te sequantur,
Siqui vel minime ledant te,
Belli causæ hinc sumantur."

6.
" Now nay, now nay, my ladye faire,
The court is full of subtiltie ;
And if I goe to the court, ladye,
Never more I may thee see."

6.
" Immo, inmo, dulcis domina,
Est curia dolo infecta ;
Et si illam adeam, — amplius
Non videam te, dilecta."

7.
" Yet goe to the court, my lord," she sayes,
" And I myself will ryde with thee ;
At court then, for my dearest lord,
His faithfull borrowe I will bee."

7.
" Ad curiam tamen propera,
Teque ipsa comitabo ;
Ibique," ait, " pro domino,
Fignus ipsa me præstabo."

8.
" Now nay, now nay, my ladye deare,
Far lever had I lose my life,
Than leave, among my cruel foes,
My love in jeopardy and strife."

8.
" Haud faciam, cara domina,
Meam vitam perderem ego,
Te verò hostium jurgio
Me traditurum nego."

9.
" But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto mee ;
To Maister Norton must thou goe,
In all the haste that ever may bee."

9.
" Heus adveni, mi vernula,
Mihi propius accede.
Volo adeas celerrimè
Nortonum cito pede."

10.
" Commend me to that gentleman,
And beare this letter here fro mee ;
And say that earnestly I praye,
He will ryde in my companie."

10.
" Ad hunc salutem volo te
Ac litteras portare,
Meque illum belli comitem
Dicas acriter orare."

11.
One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran ;
Untill he came to his journey's end,
The little foot-page never blan.

11.
Incessit mox pedisequus,
Festinus mox cursavit,
Ad finem usque itineris
Pedisequus haud cessavit.

12.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee;
And took the letter betwixt his hands,
And lett the gentleman it see.

13.

And when the letter it was redd,
Affore that goodlye companye,
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weeping eye.

14.

He sayd : " Come hither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
What dost thou counsel me, my sonne,
Now that good Earle's in jeopardy?"

15.

" Father, my counsell's fair and free,
That Erle he is a noble lord;
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I wold not have you breake your word."

16.

" Gramercy, Christopher, my son,
Thy counsel well it liketh mee,
And if we speed and scape with life,
We'll advanced shalt thou bee.

17.

" Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
Gallant men I trow ye bee;
How many of you, my children deare,
Wilt stand by that good erle and mee?"

18.

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie,
" O! father, till the day we dye,
We'll stand by that good erle and thee."

19.

" Gramercy, now, my children deare,
You shew yourselves right bold and brave,
And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
A father's blessing you shall have.

20.

" But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
Thou art mine eldest sonne and heire;
Something lyes brooding in thy breast;
Whatever it bee to me declare."

21.

" Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your beard is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares,
For you to rise in such a fray."

22.

" Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of mee;
When thou wert young and tender of age,
Why did I make soe much of thee?"

12.

Ad illum veniens, litteras
In manibus tenebat,
Inque gonia procumbens, has
Nortono ostendebat.

13.

Quum epistola familie
Huic inclytæ legeretur,
Ibi vix videres oculum,
Quin lacrymis maderetur.

14.

" Bone juvenis, Christophore,"
Dixit filio Nortonus,
" Quid suadeas mihi, Comes dum
Periclitetur bonus?"

15.

" Consilium meum liberum est,
Quodque firmâ dixeris fide
Huic Comiti nobilissimo,
Ne violetur vide."

16.

" Euge, Christophore, optimam
Sussisse rem videris;
Nobis si fortuna faveat,
Plure gratiâ frueris."

17.

" Novem adeste filii, vos
Virtute animati;
Me Comitumque ex vobis quot
Tueri sint parati?"

18.

Ex illis octo juvenes,
Sine morâ respondere;
" Patrem spondemus ad obitum
Comitemque nos tucri."

19.

" Charissimi euge filii,
Vestra virtus demonstratur,
Patrisque vivi aut mortui vos
Benedictio sequatur."

20.

" Quid suadeas, primogenite,
Francisce mi Nortone!
Tibi quoddam hæret pectori;
Mihi, quidquid sit, expone."

21.

" Capite barbâque albus es,
Corpusque jam senescit;
Tumultum tantum jungere,
Mi pater, sædum esset."

22.

" Francisce vah! ignave, a m
Hoc nunquam didicisti;
Tener aunis cur puerulus,
Tam carus mi fuisti?"

23.

"But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarmed and naked will I bee,
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee."

24.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band,
To join with the brave Erle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

25.

With them the noble Neville came,
The Erle of Westmoreland was hee ;
At Wetherbye they mustered their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

26.

Lord Westmoreland his ancyeut raisede,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye ;
And three dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out most royallye.

27.

Erle Percy there his ancyeut spread,
The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire ;
The Nortons ancyeut had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

28.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make :
These noble Erles turned back againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

29.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled hee ;
The uttermost walls were eithe to win,
The Erles have wonne them presentlie.

30.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke ;
But though they wonne them soon anone !
Long ere they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

31.

Then newes unto leeve London came
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the rysing in the North Countrie.

32.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene shec swore :
"I will ordayne them such a breakfast
As never was in the North before."

33.

She caused thirty thousand men be rayssed,
With horse and harneis faire to see ;
She caused thirty thousand men be rayssed,
To take the Erles i' th' North Countrie.

23.

"Me inermem tamen socium,
Nudumque habebis, pater,
Et qui contra coronam dimicet,
Mala morte morietur."

24.

Iste tunc surrexit senior,
Manus bonaque cum eo,
Qui florem Northumbriae jungerent,
Sub nobili Perseo.

25.

Westmoriae Comes nobilis,
Una aderat Neville ;
Veteranae congregaverant,
Tredecim virum mille.

26.

Tauri fuscii tunc Westmoriis
Explicuit vexilla,
Steteruntque picti canes tres,
Auri quos ornârunt milla.

Crescentis lunæ Perseus
Lumen extulit benignum ;
Crucem et Christi vulnera
Nortoni tulit signum.

28.

Hos ut vexaret, Bousius
Confestim se paravit :
Hunc uterque Comes Equitem
Ut caperet juravit.

29.

Barnardo hic refugium
Baro petiit castello :
Murisque externis Comitæ
Levi sunt potiti bello.

30.

Calce factis et lateribus
Externis gaudent muris :
Diu tamen carent intimis,
Quippe saxo firmo duris.

31.

Londonium inde amabilem
Est citò reportatum
De defectione Boreæ, et
Reginae nunciatum.

32.

Se avertens nostra Domina
Regaliter juravit ;
"Epulas parabo quales his
Nemo antea ordinavit."

33.

Triginta virum millia
Equis armisque ornavit,
Comitesque uti caperent,
In Boream mandavit.

34.
 Wit them the false Erle Warwick went ;
 Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsdon,
 Untill they to Yorke Castle came :
 I wisse they never stint nor blan.

35.
 Now spred thy ancyent, Westmoreland,
 Thy Dun Bull faine would we spye :
 And thou, the Erle of Northumberland,
 Now rayse thy Half-Moone up on hye.

36.
 But the Dun Bulle is fled and gone,
 And the Halfe-Moone vanished away ;
 The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
 Against soe many could not stay.

37.
 Thee, Norton, with thine eight good sonnes,
 They doomed to dye, alas ! for ruth !
 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
 Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

38.
 Wit them full many a gallant wight
 They cruelye bereaved of life ;
 And many a childe made fatherlesse ;
 And widowed many a tender wife.

34.
 Hunsdenus et Sussexius
 Falsusque Varvicensis,
 Castellî unâ ad mœnia
 Venère Eboracensis.

35.
 Westmorie, signum explica,
 Taurum explica patentem,
 Tuque Comes Northumbriae,
 Lunam pande jam crescentem !

36.
 Fugit autem Taurus ; Lunaque
 Vanuit ; nec quamvis verè
 Fortes fuissent Conites,
 Tot millibus obstitere !

37.
 Octo cum, Nortone, filiis
 Morte dignus es inventus ;
 Tibi nec canities profuit,
 Nec pulchra his juvenus.

38.
 Simul plurimos fortissimos
 Immanes necavère :
 Filios, uxores, patribus
 Sponsisque orbavère.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 31, 1822.

THE French are as inveterate in imitating as in hating us. Not contented with adopting our plaited small, clothes and long-waisted coats, they now even pretend to have seasons, like the English fashionables, and talk of their country-seats and watering-places in an imposing style, but vastly ridiculous to those who know they possess not a vestige of either. I was answered by some of these pleas, on my observing that Paris seemed at the present moment very empty and dull. The English seem to have all fled ; and were it not for some legions of orange-trees, lately introduced into the Thuilleries, the gardens would be quite a desert. " The race of Jack Sprats," however, are still to be met with in abundance, clad in white shoes, gray gaiters, and umbrella hats, all idle and happy as may be,—a well-dressed set of Lazzaroni. Talk of a summer at Paris indeed !—In winter it is a gay, cheerful place, abounding in sociality and amusement. But in the long days of July, Eunuï seems to single it out for his chosen residence. There is not a theatre worth losing flesh for, unless, perhaps, we except the *Varietés* for one night, to see Potier and Bru-

net, in the "*Taillleur de Jean Jaques*." One may put go on to Tuesday night at Tivoli, which at best is but a wretched hole compared with Vauxhall. The rest is as insipid as the fig-end of a summer's holiday, from which, occupation of any kind, though in a mine, were a welcome respite.

In London we have a never-failing resource in periodical and new publications ; the next circulating library will enable us to kill agreeably a whole month of dull evenings. But he must be possessed of very little fastidiousness, indeed, who can here make use of a similar resource. The daily journals are the only periodical works, notwithstanding the occasional respectability of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, &c. And although some sterling *morceaux* of criticism now and then make their appearance in the *Moniteur*, the *Journal des Debats*, and *Constitutionnel*, their paltry half-sheets are for the most part stuffed with the written harangues of some prosers in the *Chambre*, or the impromptu extravagance of the leading *Liberals*. The *Miroir* is full of wit, pun, spirit, and vivacity to a Parisian ; but a stranger, be he ever so well acquainted with

French politics, can scarcely divine its everlasting and poignant quibbles. Professing to be merely literary, and preserving that semblance, it contrives to keep up a running fire upon the Ultras, whom it plagues with great ingenuity. There has been some unfortunate wight elected Member of the Academy the other day, who, it seems, has never put pen to paper, while many other literary men of merit (among the rest Casimir Delavigne, the author of the *Parria*,) have been overlooked. This has been a fertile source of fun. But we'll let the name of the no-author academician rest in its natural obscurity.

As to new works, the first I looked at was Arnault's tragedy of "Regulus." You remember the account of Bonaparte's bequests, published sometime since, in which a large sum was left to Mr Arnault; the author of "*Marius à Minturnes*." The partiality of Napoleon for the "*Marius*," is easily accounted for in reading it, and if he did not patronize the author to any great extent when in the height of his imperial power, it was that the *Marius* did not then suit his fortunes. This play was written in 1791, when none could have foreseen a resemblance between the unknown Napoleon and the fallen Roman; it now seems almost written on purpose, so strong do the allusions strike. In some of them Napoleon must have taken great delight, particularly in those that allude to his son, as a successor and avenger. The title, too, of "*Vainqueur des Teutons*," is a curious coincidence. And the speech of young Marius,

"Le vaisseau qui l'enlève aux rives d'Italie,

L'aura porté bientôt en l'île d'Ennarie;

Là, joint par Granrius, et par quelques amis,

Il doit de sa fortune assembler les débris,

Et prouver, de retour, à sa patrie ingrate,

Que qui peut vaincre Rome eut vaincu

Mithridate."

And the soliloquy commencing

"Le monde a conspiré la perte d'un seul homme,

Et la nature entière est d'accord avec Rome," &c.

But the passages of this kind would be too numerous to quote. After *Marius*, I opened "*Regulus*" with much expectation. It was extremely poor, and you may judge my disappointment on turning to the title-page, and finding that it had been written by the son of the author of "*Marius*."

Our friend Nodier has, I see,

brought out a new work. "*Trilby ou le Lutin d'Argail*," he calls it, *une nouvelle Ecossoise*; and a curious production is this "*Hobgoblin of Argyle*." The origin of it is to be met with in a note to one of the poems of Sir Walter Scott, who, the French author complains, has written twelve volumes since he began this one. To excuse, however, his having composed a *romantic* work, M. Nodier inserts in his preface a saving clause, "*que tout ce qui est essentiellement détestable appartienra, comme par une nécessité invincible, an génie romantique*." The well-written paragraphs of criticism that appear from time to time in the *Journal des Débats*, with M. Nodier's signature, mark that gentleman's party, and he thinks it a duty to oppose *liberalism* either in politics or literature. The consequence of unnecessarily uniting these two, has been rightly prophesied in a former number of *Maga*. The story of *Trilby* is simply this; the spirit is enamoured of a fisherman's wife, which passion of his neither the fisherman nor his wife can altogether approve, so they banish the fairy with bell, book, and candlelight; whereupon the fairy contrives to kill the fisherman's wife. I read it, curious to see what a Frenchman would make of a fairy, at least of a northern one; it is prettily written, and presents much novelty to French readers, but this *nouvelle Ecossoise*, or Scotch novel, must afford not a little amusement to Scotch readers. Be it, however, remembered at the same time, that the French are somewhat amused in the same way with the language of Bois-Guilbert and Beaujeu.

It is a source of great annoyance to us here, that a wretched company of English actors, with Mr Penley at their head, have taken the theatre of the Forte St Martin, to exhibit themselves to the French as samples of British acting. Mr Penley makes his debut in *Othello*—a fellow, whom I have seen murder Cassio, and a thousand inferior parts. It is only to be hoped that they will be hooted out in the first scene. Their attempt is more impudent and annoying, as there was a very respectable plan on foot for an English theatre here, and the very best actors were engaged; which will be completely overturned by this *Troupe Royale de Windsor, and de Brighton*, as they call themselves.

For the present, I must say

Adieu.

LETTER FROM ABERDEEN.

MR NORTH,

IN the course of my academical studies last session, at one of the two Universities of Aberdeen, (for *two* there are, although you can scarcely descry *one*, through the Bæotian fog of your own ignorance,) it was prescribed to me as an exercise, to translate into English verse, Horace's ode "In Cassium Severum." Just about that time, I had been recreating myself, in my leisure moments, with some numbers of your facetious Miscellany; and in divers parts and passages thereof, I found you letting fly squibs at my worthy and venerable Alma Mater, whom you seemed to regard as a Lady of very small consideration. This naturally roused my choler; and *fecit indignatio versus*. I departed, in some sort, from the literal sense of old Flaccus, and adapting my translation to existing circumstances, produced an objuratory, expostulatory, hortatory, and conciliatory effusion, which met with much commendation from my Professors, and of which I now make bold to send you a copy, hoping that you will discern its point, admire its force, and profit by its due application. The offer of conferring on you the degree of L.L.D., although not expressly sanctioned, is, (I have reason to think) tacitly approved, by the Senatus Academicus; for they think you a clever dog in the main, although a little lame on some points, and occasionally somewhat foul-mouthed; and they will be well pleased to enrol you among the number of their Graduates. Hoping that you will not be so blind to your own interest, as to reject the proffered boon, and, by saying "*nolo doctorari*," lead us to think that we have cast our pearls before swine,—I am,

Dear Doctor in embryo,

Yours sincerely,

LAMDA.

Aberdeen, 22d May 1822.

IN CASSIUM SEVERUM.

Quid inmerentes hospites vexas, canis,
Ignavus adversum lupos?
Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
Et me remorsurum petis?

Nam qualis aut Molossus, aut fulvus la-
con,
Amica vis pastoribus,
Agam per altas aure sublatâ nives,
Quæcumque præcedet fera.

Tu, cum timendâ voce complêsti natus,
Projectum odoraris cibum.
Cave, cave; namque in malos asperimus
Parata tollo cornua:

Qualis Lycambæ spreto infido gæner,
Aut acer hostis Bupalò.
An si quis atro dente me petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer?

AGAINST CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

O Mr Christopher, you dog,
Why vilipend our blameless College?
Why, from your throne, in *ter. incog.*
Spare dolts, and sneeze at lads of know-
ledge?

'Twould shew more pluck, to use your
vein

In quizzing stout Professor Leslie,
For he is one that bites again,
Nor turns the other cheek, like Wesley.

As dog, to Ettrick Shepherd dear,
He flies at you, with eye of fury,
With tooth relentless gores your ear,
And worries you,—in Court of Jury.

Beware! for you may get a thwack,
E'en from our quiet *Alma Mater*;
She gives her sons *sincrum lãc*,
But is not made of milk and water.

Yet with a sop, you wicked quiz,
She'd rather cram your *os rotundum*,
And smooth you, till your ugly phiz
With shame and joy wax *rubicundum*.

Then mend your manners, *Mister North*,
Your jests forbear;—she'll dub you *Doc-
tor*,

A second Pangloss send you forth,
And grieve your heart that e'er you mock'd
her!

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XIV.

Müllner's "*Albaneserin*."

To the readers of the Greek tragedians, of Calderon, and of our old English dramatists, the present work of Müllner may be especially welcome. By others it will, no doubt, be looked upon with comparative indifference. We might employ a long preface to point out how much has been drawn by the author from the authorities and examples above alluded to,* and we might do this the rather, because from these authorities would be derived such illustrations, even of the very faults of Müllner, as would, in the estimation of an intelligent reader, supply for them an ample apology. We are not indeed entitled to affirm, that an author has on any occasion failed and rendered himself justly obnoxious to censure, unless we were first thoroughly aware of those views with which he wrote, though nothing has hitherto been more usual than for critics, (with minds moulded on the pattern blocks of the "Yellow and the Blue,") to enter into a long tirade against an author, without the most distant comprehension of the designs by which he has been actuated.

We shall not, however, write a long introduction at present, more especially because, with regard to one of these authors (Calderon,) we have long had plans in contemplation, which will now shortly be fulfilled. From his wondrous galaxy of wild and exuberant inventions, not one star has yet been made to shine on us. His fairy worlds remain veiled by the cold clouds of indolence, ignorance, prejudice, and neglect. To us fell the task of first drawing for English readers the curtain of the now existing German and Danish Theatres. The Spanish and Swedish, (we might almost say the French and Italian,) yet remain equally unappreciated or misunderstood.

On the present occasion, we have alluded especially to one production of Calderon, in which he too, unlike his usual custom, has founded his work on the old system of FATE, from which originated the classic and severe "*Bride of Messina*," and by which Müllner has invariably chosen to abide.

His object here, then, was to weave an intricate web of evil, in which the family of Basil, King of Sicily, are inextricably involved. For the tragic interest of his play, he has for the most part relied on a patient and metaphysical development of deep, contending, fierce, and delirious passions, such, perhaps, as would suit the genius of Keau as an actor, and might have suited that of Miss O'Neill. He has adhered to this last view rather too closely, for these passions, coarse enough in themselves, are revealed and portrayed with somewhat of a too daring hand. There is here less also of what Mr Bowles would call pure poetry, than in Müllner's former works. There are indeed no "lookings abroad on Nature;" we do not "breathe the free air;" we hear nothing of spring or autumn, of the rising or setting sun or moon. But this, too, must have been the systematic choice of the author; for no one understands better than Müllner the conflicting systems of Schelling and Fichte; or, in a word, the connexion of human passions and emotions with the influences of the outward world; and yet, it is true, he is in this respect inferior to Grillparzer, in whose "*Ancestress*" are some of the noblest examples of pure and concentrative imagination to be found in any author or in any language. But to the story.

As in the "*Bride of Messina*," two brothers are destroyed in consequence of mutual hatred and mistrust, so in Müllner's play the same catastrophe is brought about, but by methods directly the reverse, namely, by their mutual attachment and generosity. This alone might be sufficient to render extracts intelligible; but in justice to the author, some analysis must be given.

Basil, King of Sicily, had, contrary to the old Norwegian laws of his kingdom, married a second time, and had by different wives two sons. One of these princes is now dead, having left a widow, the Princess Elconora Alhana of Savelli (the heroine.) Enrico, the surviving prince, has since his brother's death become insane; and a

* We mean as to the general cast and character of the work; for in his details the author certainly never borrows.

renowned physician (by name Benvenuto,) has been sent for from the court of Savelli, Prince of Albalonga, to attend him. In the third scene of the first act, this character is introduced to the king, and kneels before him.

Benv. (kneeling.) Sire!

Bas. Rise up! In that fashion greet me not.

Misfortunes on the father's hoary head
Are heap'd so heavily, that for the prince
Humbled himself, such homage is unfitting.—

You know the sickness—

Benv. Ay, my Liege! The page
Has by the harshest name defined it to me.
Now from a father's wisdom may I learn
The secret source—

Bas. Its source lies far remote,—
Even beyond Nature's limits!

Benv. (surprised.) How is this?
'Can Basil then,—the Wise and Good,—
believe,

How shall I name the foolish word,—in
SOME WAY?

Bas. (sternly.) Who has to man disclosed
where lie the bounds
That nature from spiritual realms divide?
Call it Enchantment,—Curses,—Conjuration,—

Or Destiny,—words all alike!—In life,
Are fearful moments of Distress and Pain,
That lend to man mysterious energies,
And to his mandate, viewless powers subdue!

Benv. (aside.) How! Is the king himself the patient here?

Bas. Shew to me even one people of our earth,

'Mid whom the same belief, by legends old,
And songs of bards preserved, may not be found,—

The dread belief in supernatural spells,
Whose iron bonds no mortal breaks asunder?—

Benv. Sire, when the nations to such dreams incline,
Doubtless, 'mid seers and visionary bards,
They find abettors.

Bas. Thou conceiv'st me not!—
True history, songs poetic, dreams and experience,

All are but shadowy reflections, seen
In varied lights, of the same *changeless truth*.

Deeply we feel within the heart,—not here,
(pointing to his forehead.)

We judge the higher mysteries of Nature!

Benv. (aside.) Strange wand'rings these
—of Reason.—But for me,
Silence is fitting here and observation.

Bas. You are, 'tis said, with wondrous
lore endow'd;—

You travel'd in the land of Pyramids,
And there, by solitary study, gain'd
The Magi's mystic art.

Benv. Truly, I was
In Egypt, Sire, but never—

Bas. Hush! Enough,—

I know such lore must be conceal'd. Who
boasts

Its acquisition loses straight his power.
Suffice it, you are one whom I can trust.—

Now listen!—First in wedlock with
Matilda,

Princess of Naples, was to me a son,
By name Fernando, born. This Prince's
birth

His mother scarce one fleeting year surviv'd.
Thereafter I beheld a vassal's daughter,
Blanka Sanpéri, and my heart again
Was by a new and fiercer flame assail'd.
But then our laws—arc you aware of them?
Benv. No, Sire.

Bas. Laws they deserve not to be call'd,
Offspring of old delusions, that to us,
From the cold distant Norway came, whose
people,
(Mine ancestors) won Sicily from the Moors.
Thus they, forsooth, sought to uphold the
rights

Of just and regular inheritance,—
"Never more shall the Monarch, when a
son

Has of a marriage, now dissolv'd, been
born,

Swear wedlock's vows again. So shall the
strife

Of Dan and Nor, both first-born of two
queens,

Be never more renew'd.—Or if this law
Be broken, then the kingdom shall belong
Unto the eldest Prince; and through his
years

Of nonage shall Camastro's Duke sustain,
And guard his rights." Is this now clear?

Benv. Ay, Sire.

Bas. Because this law was foolish, (as
you must

Yourself confess,) I did abolish it;
And Blanka shared with me Sicily's
throne;

Then was Enrico born. While he was yet
In earliest infancy, Camastro rose

In arms with his adherents, to maintain
The rights of Queen Matilda's son, as if
A father of his birthright would bereave
him!

The Queen, who fear'd that Naples, too,
might send

Her squadrons forth against us, fled the
town,

And follow'd me, where with mine army
now,

I on the mountains was encamp'd.—

My tents

Stood in the vale of Demons,—the dread
haunt

Of powers unseen and subterraneous.

At dead of night, when rolling vapours
dark,

From Etna then in angry mood, obscured
The stars of Heaven, and the deep vaults
of Earth

Groan'd hollowly, and shook with inward
strife,

Even in that hour of direst influences,

My camp was by the enemy surprised.
Only by miracle could I escape,—
Yet I surviv'd. But for my wife,—when
light
Began once more to dawn,—Oh day of
woe!

Her mangled frame was mid the hoof marks
found

Of horses that had fled.——

Benv. Oh horrible!

Bas. How?—Nought in war is horrible.

The heart

Must then be sear'd.—On lances I bore
forth

Her body, 'mid the yet remaining troops.
Shuddering, they saw her frame, so beau-
teous once,

All pale and wounded now.—Banners they
made

From out her mantle's bloody folds.—With
all

The fury of despair, thus energi'd,
I rush'd upon the foe.—They were o'er-
come,—

And then (*much agitated*) for the first
time I wept!—

Benv. The hero

Gave place then to the man. Valour, my
liege,

Belongs but to the moment,—while the
throes

Of mortal suff'ring must be ours through
life.

Bas. No think'st thou?—Yet the mo-
narch, too, has rights.—

Camastro now was prisoner; I his judge;
No common criminal was he. He nam'd
His actions *duty*;—but say then, Benvolio,
Could I forgive him?

The King goes on to relate, that the
battle-field having been thus convert-
ed into a hall of judgment, and the
Norwegian law having been formally
abolished, he ordered Camastro to be
immediately executed, granting him
only a short interval for prayer. In-
stead of a prayer to Heaven, the de-
spairing prisoner called on FATE and
the Powers of Darkness; pronouncing
a frightful curse, on the influence of
which the action of the subsequent
drama is founded.

“Gory and pale,

As now my head shall in the dust be laid,
So let the ruthless king ere long behold,
High on the fœman's spear, the head of
one

That he lov'd dearly lov'd;—and as he
hrok

The king's statute for a woman's sake,
So shall by a woman be bereft
Of both his sons, and on his grave be shed
Tears of filial grief!”

“The earth,” says the king, “shook
as the curse was pronounced, and I
heard beneath my feet the powers of

hell already, by anticipation, triumph-
ant.” In order to counteract one ob-
vious tendency of Camastro's curse,
(viz. fraternal jealousy and hatred,) the king educated his two sons in such
manner as to inspire them with extra-
ordinary attachment to, and confidence
in each other. When both arrived at
manhood, they went together to the
court of Albalonga in Italy, where
Fernando fell in love with the Alba-
neserin, and whence he returned with
her as his bride to Syracuse.

Enrico's temper was wayward and
restless;—he desired the command of
a fleet against the Moors,—was de-
feated;—and Allmansor, Prince of Tu-
nis, landed on a remote part of the
Sicilian coast, and ravaged the country.
Before Enrico's return, Fernando went
out with a moderate force to repel this
invasion. The king followed with a
powerful army,—but came up only in
time to find that Fernando was utter-
ly defeated. The Moors fled to their
ships; and Basil beheld with horror
on the main-top of Allmansor's vessel,
the helmet and features (as he believ-
ed) of Fernando, whose mutilated
body, (stripped of the royal armour,) was afterwards found in a wood not
far from the water. One half of the
curse was thus fulfilled.

Hereafter Enrico, in consequence of
his grief, was attacked by a dangerous
fever. His life was preserved by the
attentions of the widowed Princess Al-
bana;—but he remained subject to an
outrageous delirium, of which no one
has yet been able to discover the real
cause.

The second act is chiefly taken up
with frightfully effective scenes, in
which Enrico appears under the full
influence of his insanity; but here, the
intricate web of Müllner's invention
is in such manner divided among his
characters, that if we quote at all, our
extracts must be unallowably long.
Some of Fernando's expressions evince
much psychological skill; as, for ex-
ample, when speaking of his brother,
whom in his delirium he believes yet
alive, he says,—

My sufferings all depend

On *this*,—that manytimes, methinks I feel
Twofold mine own existence;—*doubly* then,
I see and hear, and *doubly* feel!

The denouement of these powerful
scenes, is a conviction on the part of
the physician, that a concealed passion
for Albana is the true cause of Enrico's

madness;—and by skilful contrivance, (of which the result becomes perfectly natural on the stage,) he draws from the Princess a confession, that before Fernando had ever paid his addresses, Enrico had been her first love!

Thus ends the second act. At the beginning of the third, Albana enters in vehemement emotion, followed by Benvolio, who wishes to detain her at Syracuse, from whence she has now resolved to fly. Here we gladly return to a translation of Müller's own words.

Albana. (*much agitated.*) Impossible!

Nay, let me go!—The ground
Here burns beneath my feet, and Syracuse
Would fall in flaming ruins on my head!

Benv. The king, methinks, will not permit your Highness

So rashly thus to leave his court.—

Alb. How then?

Am I not free? Have you not brought yourself

A father's summons for my quick return?
The ship that brought you hither, will to me
Supply the means of flight.

Benv. Ere now were we
Departed, if the winds allowed.—

Alb. With ours

Unnumber'd, then, let hirelings rend it
forth,

Far mid the desolate sea!—Only from
hence

Remove me!—From *this* grave of all my
hopes,

Though it were to mine own!

Benv. What do I hear?

Within the once firm mind of Eleonora
Holds Reason then no more the guiding
helm?

Alb. Oh, that you knew how much I
here have lost,—

That you could feel how I have been be-
lov'd!—

Fernando,—*my* Fernando!—Take a sword
It rends my heart, when thus my lips pro-
nounce

That cherish'd name!—On earth you ne'er
have known

One being to compare with him,—so clear,
So cloudless was his mind,—so childlike
too.

In gentler moods,—so tender his affections;
And yet in high resolves so fix'd and da-
ring!—

Like song and music, were in him conjoin'd
Mild grace,—commanding dignity.—Not
more

Of Soul and Sense,—of Nature and of Hea-
ven,

Even in a God, such as the poet paints
And statuarics' mould have e'er been
found,

Imprinting with Perfection's magic seal
Immortal traces on thy phantasy!—

VOL. XII.

The madman's dream that he yet lives, is
true!

He lives an heavenly image in my soul.—
Close up mine eyes in darkness;—let mine
ears

Be deaf to every sound, and on my nerves
The fragrant vernal zephyrs breathe in
vain!

I freeze up my limbs and frame, till dead
and cold,

For outward influences, they have become,
Even like that marble column!—Leave
me but

That sweet remembrance, and with this
alone,

I shall be rich!—

I saw him,—heard his voice;—
His breath has play'd upon my glowing
cheeks,—

And on his bosom have I lean'd.—Oh!
thus

Was left for present times and evermore,
A store of recollections in my heart
For admiration and adoring love!—

To rescue *these* I fly from Syracuse,
And he that would detain me is my foe!—

Benv. I hear inspiring eloquence, nor
blame

A love so pure and noble;—yet methinks,
No danger threatens if you staid.

Alb. Indeed?

Were you not present, when impatiently,
By momentary impulse driven, I first
To him confession made;—*ay, to myself*
Then first confess'd;—for never till that
hour,

In words till then unthought, was mine
own heart

Even to myself reveal'd. Then, suddenly,
Like sun-light through the clouds, reason
dissolved

The dim illusion that till then conceal'd
A grief that never now may be atoned!

We had translated more of this speech, but have struck out a whole page, for it is not by isolated extracts that the character of Albana, as she appears in this third act, can be understood.—Suffice it to say, that by means of an intricate chain of involvements and stratagems, she is prevailed upon before her departure to grant another interview to Enrico, which takes place in the presence of the king and Benvolio. Hereupon, Basil learns with horror the true cause of the prince's distraction, and the latter at first breaks out into frightful invectives against himself. Afterwards, his attention being roused by some wild misconceptions uttered by the king, he is suddenly led into a long narrative, of which we shall quote only the commencement.—

Enr. (Struggling.) Words! Words!

2 E

Oh that this tortured inward consciousness
Would grant me utterance!—From eternal realms

Look down, Fernando, with omniscient power,
That penetrates all hearts, and witness bear

For him that thou hast lov'd! Father,
your words

Take from the outcast, struggling with the waves

The last frail plank whercon existence hung!—

Nothing is mine on earth,—nothing remains

Of inward worth and dignity,—but *this*,—
The secret consciousness that I had once
Possess'd them. In the conflict to preserve

That mystery inviolate, was my soul
O'ercome—but you relentlessly extort
The truth that even delirium left conceal'd!
The last poor refuge that to virtue still
Remain'd, is lost while thus I speak.

Alb. (*surprised*) Enrico!—

Bus. What would'st thou say?—

Enr. Ere I could even have guess'd

The passion that Fernando's bosom warm'd,
I had lov'd Albana;—and though we
spoke not,

Her eyes, inthought, beam'd hope upon
my path;

Yet, at her feet, I dared not throw myself,
Before Fernando, who till now had ruled
Each impulse and emotion of my soul.
Knew, and approved my choice.—We
met,—and scarce

Had I begun in Eleonora's praise,
When ardently he took the self-same
theme,

And from his lips mine own confession
flow'd!—

Bus. Heaven!

Enr. Fearful was that moment!—Victory

Must then be won, where for the conflict
time

Was not allow'd.—But *he* was then before
me,

And *she* was absent far.—In earliest days,—
In manhood too, a thousand sacrifices

Were freely by Fernando brought to me,—
The crown itself,—the rights of majesty,—

To him by primogeniture assign'd,—
He solemnly had offer'd to my choice.—

An inward voice now to my heart address'd

The words, "Reward and Recompense"
—Enough!—

I did renounce my hopes.

Bus. How could he then

Ask and accept such gift?—

Enr. Oh never,—never!—

Had he but faintly guess'd the truth, his
life

Had been through me bereft of love and
joy,—

We had no more been friends!—

Enrico is thus gradually led on to reveal many other circumstances, which enhance the value of the sacrifice which he had made, and the merit of his own intentions. In Albana's mind, he had succeeded in raising up mistrust, and even hatred of himself, and his brother had died without suspicion of any such attachment having ever existed. The consequences are as might be expected, that the king anxiously wishes to secure the welfare and happiness of this only remaining son who had behaved so nobly. For this purpose no method seems so effectual as a marriage with his brother's widow, for which a dispensation must be obtained from the Church of Rome. Albana's consent to this measure, and her conduct at the close of this effective scene, could not be explained without long extracts.—Suffice it that the author has amply and skilfully paved the way for this denouement. One previous speech of Enrico's, however, must not be left out.

Enr. The dream! the dream!

On mystic wings, though hardly new, I
think

It waves around me!—Still most I believe,
He lives, because in mine own breast I feel
Yet lingering life.—

What power that influence, *here*—
To-day—dissolved—I know not!—Live-
lier even

Than e'er before, the dream had then ap-
pear'd.—

I saw him,—heard his voice,—and on
fought:—

And then it seem'd I was myself Fernan-
do,

And with myself had striv'd!—That Al-
bana

Stood near me,—and *that* too was but a
dream!

The long-lost apprehension that she loved
me

Awoke again to life, and lent her words.—
As lightning through the clouds, play'd
gleams of light

Amid the darkness. To mine eyes were
now

The secret conflicts of the heart reveal'd,
Like billows of a stormy sea. No more
Could my relaxing nerves that strife endure:
I must have fallen, and had been borne
away;

For, on my couch I found myself at last
Watch'd by Benvolio, and awake to all
The horrors of remembrance.

(*Anxiously.*) Father, call him!
Oh call Benvolio! let him for reward
Demand unbounded treasure, if to me
He can restore the illusions of the night,—
The light of madness to my soul again!—

This act concludes with a conversation between the King and Onophrius, (legate of the Pope) in which the former proposes to obtain from Rome the requisite dispensation for the marriage of Enrico with Albana. The Cardinal, on the other hand, endeavours to draw his attention to urgent and immediate business, the nature of which already excites vague suspicions of the tremendous enlargement which is to follow.

In the fourth act comes on that extraordinary scene, on the success or failure of which the merit or demerit of the play almost entirely rests. At a solemn audience, Manuel of Cannasville, whose sudden arrival at Syracuse was already announced by Onophrius, appears *dressed in Fernando's armour*, and attended by a band of Spanish knights, all with *closed visors*, which at the request of the king they only for a moment draw up; but among them in the back ground, is one *Sirius*, and *his* features remain undiscovered. Manuel now tells a story of the Prince of Aragon's captivity and life among the Moors at Tunis, which occupies no less than 34 pages, and we have no hesitation in saying, that there never was any narrative contrived, which on the stage would prove more effective. None of his speeches are too long; for he is constantly interrupted, in consequence of the excessive impression which the story makes on his audience, whom he finally leaves in a sort of uncertainty, whether Fernando is really dead or yet survives, though he claims the former. Fernando, it seems, had been taken prisoner, and a Calabrian knight, who had dressed himself in the prince's armour, had been killed and treated in the manner described in the first act. The question, why Manuel should appear thus unexpectedly, and *not* as an hostile invader at Syracuse, with many other mysteries, are satisfactorily cleared up. There is also an especial reason why the disclosure was to be made in this gradual manner, for it was to be feared that the sudden joy of hearing that Fernando still survived, would prove too much for the already disordered intellects of Enrico. To extract 34 pages is of course impossible; but a few lines of Manuel's historical narrative may be allowed.

Man. He fell not in the battle—he was captured.—

When at Tomiso, by the Moorish force,
His band was cut asunder, he himself
Was, by o'erwhelming numbers, driven
away

To the right side, where tangled wild wood
decks

The shores of the Dorillo. Then Almansor,
Who knew not *he* was there, sent after him
A band but little stronger than his own.
He and Orlando the Calabrian

Cut down with their own hands their last
assailants,

And in the Moorish rear saw themselves
victors—

Yet unto you, the way was barrier'd still
By that dense swarm of Moors who now
pursued

Down towards Chiaramonté and Biscari
The larger half of his disordered army.—
Of horses destitute, they hasten'd straight
On foot to the Dorillo, and would cross
The river.—In a fishing-boat too slight
And frail to bear themselves, their clothes
and armour

Were borne upon the water; and with this,
Dragging it with them, they by swimming
sought

To reach the opposite shore. In vain!—
They still

Were downward drawn towards the sea;
and there

Beheld the hostile fleet!—The sheltering
wood

Was ended now;—they must on this side
land,

And scarcely had succeeded, ere they saw
The Moorish army on the shore await
them!—

Their capture now was certain,—and Fer-
nando

Distractedly to his companion cried—
“Almansor seeks the crown of Sicily,—
And this will Basil for my life resign
In ransom. Let me rather die, than be
The living cause of such disgrace!”—

Bas. Truth,—truth!—

By Heaven there is no fiction here.—’Twas
he,—

Alone Fernando,—who could think so nobly!

I see him grasp with desperate hand the
sword!—

For my sake he hath died!—

Man. Nay, the Calabrian
Allow'd him not.—He counsel'd a rati-
gem.—

The enemy might by a change of dress
Be so deceived, that the true prince would
be,

Instead of the pretended, cheaply ran-
som'd.—

Thus they, already stripp'd,—without de-
lay,
Exchanged their garments.—”

But it is in vain, within the prescrib-
ed limits of this article, to attempt
following out either the leading nar-

rative, or the deep-laid underplot, by which Manuel accounts for his present appearance at the court of Syracuse.—Towards the end, perceiving the excessive agitation of Enrico, he wishes to evade answering the king's inquiries as to the manner of Fernando's death, ordering, at the same time, all his companions with shut helmets to retire;—but one of them, THE SICILIAN, attended by two others who endeavour to hold him back, returns unperceived by Manuel upon the back ground.—The king then explains that it is necessary for him to obtain minute information as to Fernando's decease, in order to be transmitted to Rome, where he hopes to obtain permission for the marriage of his surviving son with the "Albancserin."—On hearing this the Sicilian in the back ground utters an involuntary exclamation of surprise, and Enrico, struck by his tone of voice, exclaims,—

Enr. Who spoke there?

Man. (perceiving the Sicilian,) Oh, Almighty Heaven!

The Sicilian. (Struggling with his attendants.) Away!

Leave me!—(with painful agitation) Lenora!

Bas. Speaks the Grave?

Man. All caution

Is now in vain.—Prince, be composed and resolute!

Your brother LIVES—Oh, fearful interview!

He is even now before you!

Fernando. (Comes forward with his visor thrown back.) There!

Dar'st thou yet look on him?—

Enrico,—Basil, Renz. and Leontio—(together.) FERNANDO!—

Fern. (Struggling for utterance.) Serpent!

Bas. (Tottering backwards.) Oh, Heaven, what have I done!

Enr. Alive?—

And do I live?—I—Oh, my brother!—
(Falls on Fernando's neck.)

Fern. (Disengaging himself.) Hence,—Seducer!—Was this then thy grief?—

Was this

The frenzy that we tenderly would lead
By slow degrees unto the truth?—Oh,

Uphold yet in my brain the light of Reason,

And let me find the madman only guilty!—
(To Basil.) But said you that their hearts
were join'd?

Bas. (Falls trembling into his arms.)—
Fernando!

Fern. And hers too, father?—(with great suffering.)

Oh, Lenora!—

Enr. (Wildly and with fixed staring eyes.)
Where am I?—Light,—light here! My
brain

Is dark—

Renz. (Aside.) He now is lost—Away!—
Away—to her!

(Hastens to the right wing.)
SCENE VI.

Others as before. Albana.

Alb. (behind the scenes.) Fernando!

Renz. 'Tis too late!

Alb. (Entering.) Where is my husband?

—'Twas his voice that call'd me.—

"HE LIVES," has been proclaim'd through
all the palace!

Fern. (Meeting her.) Lenora!

Alb. (Falls exhausted into his arms.) My
Fernando!—Kill me straight—

Oh, if thou liv'st, grant me the boon of
death!

Fern. (Affectionately.) My wife!

Enr. (Staring wildly on them, suddenly
starts.) How then?—His wife?

Bas. (Aside.) So—"by a woman
Of both sons let him be bereft!"

It is impossible, either by an abstract or extracts, to trace out at present the varied conflicts which occupy the rest of this act, and the whole of the fifth. It is already obvious that the death of both brothers must take place. Enrico is banished for life to Norway, and prepares for his departure; but Fernando, meanwhile, has determined otherwise; and there is one very powerful scene, in which the latter, having already secured the means of his own destruction,* appears on the stage, pale and almost lifeless, interrupting an interview between Albana and Enrico, whom he now beholds with unbroken tranquillity. When Albana perceives him, she flies from Enrico to her husband's assistance. The other characters crowd on the stage. Fernando dies, supported by Albana. Enrico throws himself down by the body, where, on coming to himself, he finds his brother's sword, with which, notwithstanding every effort to prevent him, he rushes from the palace.

Enr. (Breaking from them.) Lumb-
hearted crew!

Away! Else shall the eagle pounce on
you,

And bear you with him to the clouds!
How then?

Meek, patient flock, would you that while
he soars,

* As to this, there is a kind of underplot, which we have not had room to include.

I yet should grovel on the fields with you?
 Ye fools,
 Know ye not that I was distraught, and
 would
 Have murder'd him, when death already
 prey'd
 U'pon his heart? Therefore, let death be
 mine!
 Ye heroes, trembling at the sight of blood,
 Full well ye know and feel what I must do,
 And yet would not the deed behold. Stay
 then!
 From wheresoe'er the inward storm shall
 bear
 The thundercloud, and where that cloud
 hath broken,
 It will be unto you announced.

(*Rushes out. Benvolio and Leontio follow him.*)

Bas. (*Follows also a few steps*) My son!
 My only one! (*Sinks exhausted into the arms of Onophris.*)
 God! (*reviving*) After him, on wings!
 Disarm and bind him fast! Onophris!
 So weak the limbs, and yet the heart so
 strong,
 So rocky, that even this stroke hath not
 rent it!

Onoph. Hope still, my liege! His life
 will yet be saved.

Bas. No, 'tis even as he said; he cannot
 bear it!

(*Looking at Fernando's body.*)

This, this was supernatural sacrifice;
 Divine flames burn'd within an earthly
 shrine,
 And must consume the altar that uphold
 them.

Such lofty deed had deadly consequence,
 But that, departed hero, thou o'erlook'dst.

Onoph. The page! (*Leontio enters.*)

Alb. Woe! woe!

Leont. (*With tears*) 'Tis done—fallen
 on his sword!

His last words, "Bear me unto him!"

Bas. Be then
 His words obey'd.

(*The body of Enrico is borne in and laid by that of Fernando. Benvolio enters at the same time, and comes with an expression of deep sorrow towards Albano, who stands motionless. A deep silence.*)

SCENE XI.

Others as before. Don Manuel enters.

Man. The terrors of the palace
 Told then no more than truth. Unhappy
 King!

Bas. King? Death alone is monarch
 here on earth!

Cover the bodies with th' imperial robes,
 (*It is done.*)

For nobly have they died. This wilt thou
 own,
 Even thou, Camastro, son of him whose
 curse

Against me raised the powers of Hell.

Man. My liege,

Avert your thoughts from thence unsearch-
 able:

They do unman us.

Bas. Nay, not so. For me,
 I ask no more by whom or whence were
 dealt

The blows that have o'erwhelm'd me.
 The dark powers

That from all mortal eyes remain conceal'd,
 So cunningly their trade and influence ply,
 That when the deed is done, we stand in
 doubt,

If 'twas by them or by ourselves fulfill'd.
 But, if Camastro's dying words subdued
 The spirits of revenge unto his service,
 So have they, like mild-temper'd vassals,
 scarce

Obeys'd the mandates of their angry master.
 Truly, both sons are by a woman lost,
 Yet not through hatred. Lovingly they
 lie

In death, triumphant victors o'er the power
 Of earthly and corporeal impulses,
 Before the now lone Albaneserin!

* * * * *

There are three more pages, but it
 is needless to translate farther. The
 crown of Sicily is transferred to Don
 Manuel—Basil retires to his ancestral
 home in Norway, and the Albaneserin
 returns to Italy.

Our present article is of a different
 character from its precursors, for Müll-
 ner's style is now the most opposite
 possible to that which he formerly em-
 ployed. Leave out the stage directions,
 and the Albaneserin would in many
 scenes read somewhat like a tragedy
 of Alfieri! Woods, mountains, and old
 baronial castles, formed the scenes of
 Müllner's former plays, and his elo-
 quence was strengthened by associa-
 tions derived from the pure and uni-
 versally-understood impulses and in-
 fluences of nature. Now, on the con-
 trary, we have to deal with a plot so
 intricate, that imagination has no longer
 room to move her wings; and the
 author seems studiously to have avoid-
 ed all imagery which can properly be
 called poetical! It is, moreover, only
 by an entire translation, or by a *refu-
 ciamento* for the stage, that the Alban-
 eserin can be fairly judged of. We hope
 Müllner's next work will be of a differ-
 ent class,—that he will call to mind
 the applause so deservedly bestowed
 on "Guilt, or the Anniversary," and
 remember, too, that Schiller, in his se-
 verer productions, (after the "PLAS-
 TIC" system had taken possession of
 his mind,) never equalled that scene
 of the "Robbers," wherein Moor,
 amid wild forest scenery, contemplates
 and apostrophizes the setting sun.

SIXTY-FIVE SONNETS, WITH PREFATORY REMARKS, &c.*

WE have no connexion whatever with the coal-trade, and were never at Newcastle but once, passing through it on the top of an exceedingly heavy coach, along with about a score of other travellers; nor, should we live a thousand years, is it possible we can forget that transit. We wonder what blockhead first built Newcastle; for, before you can get into and out of it, you must descend one hill, and ascend another about as steep as the sides of a coal-pit. Had the coach been upset that day, instead of the day before, and the day after, there would have been no end, and indeed no beginning to this Magazine. We all clustered as thickly together on the roof of the vehicle—(it was a sort of macvey or fly) as the good people of Rome did to see great Pompey passing along;—but we, on the contrary, saw nothing but a set of gaping inhabitants, who were momentarily expecting to see us all brought low. We remarked one man fastening his eye upon our legs that were dangling from the roof under an iron rail—who, we are confident, was a surgeon. However, we kept swinging along from side to side, as if the macvey had been as drunk as an owl, and none of the passengers, we have reason to believe, were killed that day.—It was a maiden circuit.

As we were saying, that constitutes our whole personal knowledge of Newcastle. But since that time we have frequently seen and heard its name mentioned, and understand it is a thriving place. We regularly read Mitchell's radical Newspaper, notwithstanding his childish abuse of us, and have a kindness for the man, chiefly on account of some pretty and amiable verses which we have seen from his pen. Is there not a Literary and Philosophical Society in Newcastle? And did they not debate whether or not Don Juan ought to be admitted into their immaculate library? And does not the inimitable Bewick, whom Wordsworth calls "The Genius that dwells on the Banks of the Tyne," live in Newcastle? All this is true, and for these and other reasons—(among them the high esteem in which we are universally held there—i. e. Mitchell excepted—being one of the chief) we love Newcastle, and wish that its coals

may burn clear and bright till consummation in the last general conflagration.—But, farther,—here is a volume of poems written, as we are credibly informed, by a Newcastle-man—which exhibits a vigour and elegance of mind rather rare, we suspect, even among us modern Athenians, who expect crelong to be talking broad Scotch below the pillars of the Parthenon,—Minerva being, as is well known, the tutelary goddess of Scotland, and having late in life married St Andrew, and died without issue.

How we came to know that our author is a Newcastle-man, is no business of his, or of our readers. We have ways and means of knowing every thing worth knowing. And what is more, we have learnt that he is a—whig. This is most distressing; but there is, we believe, some excuse to be found for him in this—that the disease is with him hereditary. He was unfortunately born a Whig, and we must not quarrel with the stars. But in taste, talents, and genius, he is an absolute Tory, as will be made manifest by a few extracts from his little, modest, unassuming volume. In a preface of about twenty pages, he treats of the specific character of *the Sonnet*, and that with singular acuteness and ingenuity. We have not lately seen a better piece of prose, either in thought or expression, than the following disquisition:

"The author's most extended idea of a Sonnet, however, includes no powers of expression which the English tongue does not eminently possess. In endeavouring to ascertain its requisites, he ventures to assert, that simplicity is not the characteristic quality of this species of composition, still less that which is commonly termed smoothness. The Sonnet, in fact, appears to be a measured and somewhat pompous, but a musical and imposing formula for the expression of a single or a prominent thought. There seems to be no rule in nature to limit the species of thought required. It is indeed observable, that the tender and contemplative have been most frequently embodied in the sonnet form; but that the satirical, sublime, ludicrous, &c. are equally applicable, the body of Italian and Spanish sonnets, as well as of our own, will, it is presumed, afford sufficient proofs. Milton, who made the Italian sonnet his model, has written in all these moods.

"If it be allowed that a Sonnet may, with

* Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, 1812.

equal propriety, be grave or gay, tender or severe, it will be readily conceded that no peculiar subtle turn, in short, that no "idiosyncrasy" of language (if such an expression is allowable) can be requisite. The idiom of humour must be the reverse of that of melancholy, and from the tenderness of passion the causticity of satire is equally distinct. If, then, the English tongue is competent to the expression of the humorous, the contemplative, the pathetic, and the satirical, that reason should be both ingenious and forcible which is brought to prove that sonnets possessing all those qualities cannot be written successfully in the English tongue.

"The author has not proceeded thus far unaware that the strongest, and certainly the most tangible part of the objection, is made to the complicated versification of the Sonnet. It is triumphantly observed, that the repeated rhymes, which, from the redundancy of similar sounds in his language, are convenient to the Italian, are, from the converse of the proposition, as distressing to the English poet. He is painted as, distracted with the din of importunate chimes, awkwardly and vainly imitating the masterly chords of the Italian; and, like him who, in emulation of the supple Hindoo, endeavours to keep half a dozen balls at once in the air, now letting some go to catch sound, and now dropping sound in the laudable tenacity of meaning.

"This may be ludicrous, but it is not conclusive; and such criticism, it is to be suspected, will bear repetition better than investigation. One of the latest and most intelligent of our Italian tourists asserts, on this ground, the utter monsty of the English sonnets, which he describes as "laboured and retouched things," evidently not like the Italian, "struck off in a heat." If this charge means any thing, it must mean that the labour of composition is always revoltingly apparent in the English sonnet. Now laborious composition does not necessarily shew itself in awkwardness or obscurity; as some of our best specimens of easy and clear versification are known to have been the result of sedulous and unwearyed polishing. But, leaving this objection, it needs only to refer to the multitude of English sonnets extant, to shew that defective versification is not more to be found in them than in other species of composition; and, indeed, there is little reason that it should. The aspirant to Sonnet-writing must tax his ingenuity to the finding of four words rhyming to each other. A little reflection will serve to shew that this is by no means difficult. The framers of the objection appear to have forgotten that such poems as the "*Fairy Queen*," the "*Castle of Indolence*," the "*Minstrel*," &c. are written in a stanza requiring a quadruplication of rhyme; to construct two of which must, of course, be very nearly as great a rhyming difficulty

as to arrange one sonnet. It may not perhaps be improper here to observe, that there exists a remarkable identity of character in the Spenserian stanza and the Sonnet: the same measured, and rather ostentatious preparation, the same strength and singular suitability to every direction of thought from the sublime to the ludicrous.

"That the composition of the Sonnet is by no means at variance with the genius and structure of his native tongue, the author has convinced, at least himself, by the foregoing considerations, backed by the admirable specimens scattered throughout the field of English poetry. What remains to be accounted for is the disrepute into which it has fallen in this country, or rather from which it has never completely emerged.

"In pursuance of the object of these remarks, the reader is supposed to have admitted the assumption that the Sonnet has not risen, in the scale of poetry of this country, to the degree which it has attained in that of others. The cause of this failure may probably be traced to an erroneous general impression of the nature of its composition. Of all foreign poetry, the Italian has, perhaps, been treated most unjustly. Mr Capel Lofft, in the preface to his *Anthology of Sonnets*, enumerates tinsel, conceit, frigidity, and metaphysics, amongst the many heavy accusations against the Italian muse; and these unpleasant symptoms are supposed to have shewn themselves most inveterately in her offspring, the Sonnet. The Sonnet has been described as necessarily consisting of a "simple thought." Had the word single been used, it might have gone far towards saving the reader of Sonnets from a good deal of common-place. The expression, which was intended to be a mere assertion of unity, may be too conveniently construed into a denial of all "point," and consequently of all simile, comparison, or antithesis. In the present unavoidable dearth of simple originality, this is a most dangerous maxim; and the unfortunate practice, resulting from such a theory, has not been bettered by a horror, quite sufficiently intense, of those strainings after originality which the Italians themselves have stigmatized by the title of '*Concetti*.' The proverbial lot of all terrified by Charybdis is to fall into Scylla. For the author of the present observations to assert that this has been the fate of most English sonnetteers may be bold, but, he believes, not unjust. It is the less so, because he does not intend to insinuate any thing against the general respectability of talent shewn by the writers in this department of literature. He only excepts against them, that they, in general, appear to have been led into a mistaken method of writing, which, if applied to any other species of poetry, would have produced consequences nearly as bad.

"That simplicity is one of the greatest

charms of poetical composition, most readers, and especially those in the slightest degree acquainted with the writings of the ancients, will not deny. But that originality is, at least, of equal consequence, the same judges will as readily allow. In fact, the call for originality is coeval with, and has accompanied, every age of poetry itself. Its whole composition, its language, thoughts, exaggeration of colouring and of circumstances, its metaphors, its similes, its sentiments, and its lessons, are all in compliance with this grand object of excellence. Both the feelings and the practice of all readers of poetry may be safely appealed to in decision of the question, whether simplicity without originality, or originality without simplicity, is to be preferred. If that which in itself is beautiful, but which is already known, will please more than that which is somewhat less so, but which is new, the composition of poetry, instead of increasing in difficulty, must become every day a more and more easy task. This argument it is needless to pursue any further. The gems of simple and pure sentiment, which lay near the surface, have been already collected. He who wishes to deal in such valuables must, for the most part, by tastefully and newly setting those which are common to him with others, substitute a collateral merit in the place of that which belongs only to a first discoverer. To add even a few perfectly new acquisitions to the stock already acquired, the search must be deep and laborious.

"To deny that these remarks apply to poetry in general, would seem, to the author, to be the same as denying the inferiority of what is trite to what is not. His remaining business is to shew why this principle, instead of being disregarded, should be particularly attended to by the framer of a sonnet. This he is diffident in doing, from the delicacy, more than from the difficulty of the office.

"It will easily be admitted that, in the course of a narrative, or in any diffusive collection of thoughts, each single idea, simple or complex, escapes that complete attention and exposure which one unsupported thought, exhibited in the pretension of individuality, and pervading an entire, though short composition, must draw upon itself. The necessity of such a thought being good, is in the ratio of the chance of its being discovered to be bad. That which professes to have been sedulously selected and prepared, ought to be worth the pains of preparation and selection. The artfully cut and adorned avenue is expected to lead to something; and that which emulates the minute regularity of the butterfly should partake a little in its rare and value.

"The inventor, whoever he was, of the Portuguese aphorism, that "a sonnet ought to be shut with a golden key," must have been well convinced of the propriety of

its containing something worth locking up. This sagacious "conceit" our sonnet-writers have not attended to. Unable to obtain a sufficiency of simple originality, they have too often, in their fear of quaintness, either contented themselves with simple common-place, or else endeavoured to disguise it under unintelligible mystery. To artificial value they have preferred even no value at all: and, when we expect a Juno, we are sometimes deceived with a cloud, and sometimes insulted with a drab. The sum of consequences is, that the bulk of English sonnets, compared with an equal quantity of other short composition, contains probably about as much less original thinking as it ought to contain more. Elegiac, pastoral, and amatory Sonnets, innumerable, have been written with neglect, or in contempt of that originality of idea which by their writers would have been admitted to impart merit to an elegy, a pastoral, or a madrigal. That comparative failure and disrepute should follow this inconsistency is not surprising, nor that the fine specimens of Sonnet to be found scattered throughout the works of our poets should have been insufficient to rescue the species from contempt. That even those specimens, excellent as many of them are, partake in the ill consequences of the prejudice they have failed to remove, and are the least read of the works of their respective authors, is as little to be wondered at."

Let us now see how he who knows so perfectly well what Sonnets ought to be, writes them—for theory and practice are very different. We have no hesitation in saying, that, next to Wordsworth and Bowles, this anonymous poet, for he is a poet, is the best writer of Sonnets in our day. Are not the thirteen following Sonnets, taken at random here and there, all very beautiful, and all very different, shewing both great and various powers?

II.

Son of the earth, whatever thy degree,
Placed in this changeable and troublous sphere,
Fix not thy heart on aught that passes here;
Neither permit thou unenjoy'd to be
The few propitious minutes as they fly;
Pleasure, because it will be quickly gone,
Must still be promptly seized, or left alone.
Despair shall lay his iron hand on thee!
Smile when thou may'st, but hope not it can last.
The northern Empress, as the storm drew on,
Amid the snow her icy palace placed,
A work perfected but to be undone,
Nor let the thought her glory overcast
That it must sink before the coming sun.

VIII.

How vain is human pride! Not stone and lime,
Or brass, or marble (though the founder's name
Or sculptor's, oft, is lost before the flame
Of what he builded,) sooner stoop to time,
Than do those structures of the mind, sublime,
Whence once, perchance, a nation's wisdom
came,
Or where undying glory seem'd to flame
Upon the tripod of immortal rhyme!

'Ye lights of th' olden time ! now dimly seen,
Still with the mist of ages more o'erspread,
Scarcely known, forsaken ; like yon river's bed
Your sacred pages to mine eye appear ;
The lonely chann, with whit'nd fragments drear,
Shows where the sometime mighty stream hath
been !

IX.

Clelia, the pillar'd form, supremely made,
- A marble structure, with those lamps of pride
Which spread around a dowry lustre wide,
The polish'd hardness in their light ally'd,
What boots it, if, unseemly to degrade
Such loveliness, a soul shall there reside,
Foul as the worshipp'd reptiles that abide
Within some Indian temple's column'd shade ?
N'er, on thy heart's ungenial altar, fires
More mild than those of rage or hate have lain :
For young, adoring troops of fair desires,
Its rites the black-robed, impious passions stain ;
And can'st thou think too, that my wish aspires
To join thy madly idolizing train ?

XIV.

I will not praise the often-flatter'd rose,
Or, virgin-like, with blushing charms half seen,
Or when in dazzling splendour like a queen,
All her magnificence of state she shows ;
No, nor that nun-like hly, which but shows
Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen ;
Nor yet the sun-flower that with warrior mien,
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows :—
But thou, neglected wall-flower, to my breast
And muse art dearest, wildest, sweetest flower,
To whom alone the privilege is given
Proudly to not thyself above the rest
As genius does, and, from thy rocky tower,
Lend fragrance to the purest breath of heaven.

XXIV.

Where yonder lilacs wanton with the air,
And no autumnal blasts have blown to fade,
If flowers thou seek'st a festive wreath to braid,
Bend thy search thither, thou wilt find them
there ;
Not in the arches of the forest, where
The branching oaks extend unmoving shade ;
Of spring's minutest verdure disarray'd
The earth beyond their twisted roots is bare ;
Save where perchance the hop, with tendril curl'd,
Or ivy, string'd, may seek and twine around
Some stem amidst the forest chiefs that tower :—
So, in the mightier landscape of the world,
The flowers of joy and love are seldom found
At the stern foci of knowledge or of power.

XXVI.

France, in thy bosom place some mountain flower,
Whose unperpetrating and unshrinking foam
Can hush the sunshine or endure the storm,
Still arm'd against the change of every hour ;
And whether suns shall smile or clouds shall lour,
O may the foaming goddess Liberty
Breathe on its hallowed leaf, and doom to be
imperishable by the blasts of power.
Let not thine cyclops waste their noble dew
Upon the cold and purple violet,
Nor by th' avenging whirlwind prostrate, yet
The stained bly pity, whose changed hue
(Tis with the blood of thine own children wet)
E'en from thy breast its regal crimson drew.

XXVIII.

Far off the rook, tired by the mid-day beam,
Caws lastly this summer afternoon ;
The butterflies, with wand'ring up and down
O'er flower-bright marsh and meadow, wearied
seem ;
With vacant gaze, lost in a waking dream,
We, listless, on the busy insects pore,
In rapid dance uncertain, darting o'er
The smooth-spread surface of the rapid stream ;
The air is slothful, and will scarce convey
Soft sounds of idle waters to the ear ;
In brightly-dim obscurity appear
The distant hills which skirt the landscape gay ;
While restless fancy owns th' unerring clear
In visions often changed, but nothing clear.

VOL. XII.

XXIX.

Music, high maid, at first, essaying, drew
Rude sketches for the ear, till, with skill'd hand,
She traced the flowing outline, simply grand,
In varied groups to grace and nature true ;
And this was Melody.—Her knowledge grew,
And, more to finish, as her powers expand,
Those beautiful draughts, a noble scheme she
plann'd ;
And o'er the whole a glow of colouring threw,
Evening's rich painting on a pencil'd sky,
Tints that with sweet accord bewitch the sense,
'Twas Harmony : the common crowd, that press
Around, prefer the charms these hues dispense,
As they, chance-mingled, on the palate lie,
To her white forms of unseek'd loveliness.

XXXIII.

Days of my childhood, when, where wild-flow'rs
grew,
From morn I've stray'd till twilight gloom'd
again,
When I recall my long since pleasures, then
So sweet, so pure, so simple, and so true,
Mine eyes grow misty with regretful dew,
To think that like a dream they're gone :—I
yearn
And sigh for bliss that never can return,—
So loved when lost—and so unprized when new !
And well may I weep o'er the joys that smiled
Long past—well linger 'mid the times that were,
I who retain the weakness of the child
Without the simpleness—my moments are
As wayward, and as wasteful, and as wild,
—But oh ! not innocent, nor void of care.

XXXV.

This silent, awful cave, how dimly grand !
Surely the mighty Ocean here has led
Some nymph beloved, and, all to please her,
spread
These gorgeous carpets of the golden sand ;
Bright, watery mirrors ; sea-plants green and red,
In hues beyond the rose's flower or leaf,
Has gemm'd these walls, these deep recesses
plann'd ;
To hide his secret joys ; perhaps her grief :
These are not brine-drops trickling, but her tears,
Nor could the wind so deep a sigh afford :
But lo, how jealous of his bride adored
Vex'd Ocean, pale with foamy ire, appears !
Vain his alarms ; she shall not change her lord
For one still ficker to increase her fears.

XXXVII.

Her heart broke not ; but had it for her weal
'Twere best. She breathes, and so do they who
lie
Tranced in obliviousness ; whom pharmacy
Can hurt no further if it cannot heal—
Oh ! see, how sorrow hath the art to steal
The essence that to life it value gives,
Yet, as in mockery, still the victim lives,
Like those, in restless sleep who move and feel ;
Yon earthly ghost whose soul is in the grave ;
Whose eye no ray of hope or more can view ;
Thou mind'st me, when I look on thy distress,
Of flowers that spring within a darksome cave,
Sickly, devoid of odour or of hue,
The forms of sweetness, faint and colourless !

XL.

A drowsy mist hangs heavy on the soul
During her short and mournful sojourn here ;
Yet sometimes her dull vision turns so clear
As if a glimpse of future life she stole ;
Had e'en our hopes by word or holy scroll
Still unconfirm'd remain'd, need we to fear
But that our race must reach some blissful goal
Which shines beyond the tomb's confinements
drear.
Our frames seem heaven-design'd ; waked by the
touch
Of Fancy's wand in Feeling's high-wrought
hour,
Or 'mid wild visions in Sleep's shadowy bower,
Who but hath felt his earth-freed mind was such ?
And is it probable, an all-wise Power,
Denying more, would ever grant so much ?

2 F

XLVII.

From the unbarring to the shut of day,
 Ay, oft-times restless in the midnight blind,
 His low I mourn; it lies upon my mind
 Like a thick mist, that will not clear away,
 But bodes and brings grief's showers. His was a
 sway
 Of soul so gentle, we alone might find,
 Not see its strength; a wit that, ever kind,
 Would spare the humbled in its freest play.
 A silent, boastless stream, smooth, clear, and deep;
 His mighty powers attired themselves so plain
 They drew no worship though they won the
 heart:
 Now he is gone, we waken from the sleep,
 But, as of Visiting Gods the poets feign,
 We knew him not till turning to depart.

The last forty pages of this little volume are filled with anacreontiques, songs, and elegies—all of them elegant, and not a few exceedingly pathetic. We never saw a single copy of this book except our own; and we should suppose it not at all known. It will gratify us if we are the means of drawing it forth from its obscurity,

and still more, if our notice should excite the author of it to come before the public again in a bolder manner. He has great natural endowments, and they are richly cultivated. Every page bespeaks the scholar; and perhaps we owe him some apology for the light and frivolous tone of the article in which we have introduced him to our readers. But in some of his Sonnets and little poems, he himself shews a lively and merry vein; and happening to be in our absurd mood when we took up his "Sixty-five Sonnets," we have written absurdly, which, in the present state of criticism, is excusable—for "pale cant and fat humbug" infest all our periodicals, and Letter surely sincere mirth than affected wisdom. So, sweet Sonnetteer, for the present, *cuge et vale*.

THE ENCHANTER FAUSTUS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Anecdote extracted from the Doctor's unpublished Memoirs.

"I do not say it is possible—I only say it is true."

Elizabeth was a wonderful princess for wisdom, learning, magnificence, and grandeur of soul. All this was fine,—but she was as envious as a decayed beauty—jealous and cruel—and that spoiled all. However, be her defects what they may, her fame had pierced even to the depths of Germany, whence the Enchanter Faustus set off for her court, that great magician wishing to ascertain by his own wits, whether Elizabeth was as gifted with good qualities as she was with bad. No one could judge this for him so well as himself—who read the stars like his A, B, C, and whom Satan obeyed like his dog—yet, withal, who was not above a thousand pleasant tricks, that make people laugh, and hurt no one. Such, for instance, as turning an old lord into an old lady, to elope with his cook-maid—exchanging a handsome wife for an ugly one, &c. &c.

The Queen, charmed with the pretty things which she heard of him, wished much to see him—and from the moment that she did, became quite fascinated. On his side, he found her better than he had expected, not but that he perceived she thought a great deal too much of her wit—though she had a tolerable share of it, and still more of her beauty—of which she had rather less.

One day that she was dressed with extraordinary splendour, to give audience to some ambassadors, she retired

into her cabinet at the close of the ceremony, and sent for the Doctor. After having gazed at herself in all the mirrors in the room, and seeming very well pleased with their reflection,—for her roses and lilies were as good as gold could buy—her petticoat high enough to shew her ankle, and her frill low to expose her bosom,—she sat down *en attitude*, in her great chair. It was thus the Enchanter Faustus found her. He was the most adroit courtier that you could find, though you searched the world over. For though there are good reasons why a courtier may not be a conjuror, there are none why a conjuror may not be a courtier; and Faustus, both in one—knowing the Queen's foible as to her imaginary beauty—took care not to let slip so fine an opportunity of paying his court. He was wonderstruck, thunderstruck, at such a blaze of perfection. Elizabeth knew how to appreciate the moment of surprise. She drew a magnificent ruby from her finger, which the Doctor, without making difficulties about it, drew on his.

"You find me then passable for a Queen," said she, smiling. On this he wished himself at the devil, (his old resting-place,) if, not alone that he had ever seen, but if any body else had ever seen, either queen or subject to equal her.

"Oh, Faustus, my friend," replied

she, "could the beauties of antiquity return, we should soon see what a flatterer you are!"

"I dare the proof," returned the Doctor. "If your Majesty will it—but speak, and they are here."

Faustus, of course, never expected to be taken at his word; but whether Elizabeth wished to see if magic could perform the miracle, or to satisfy a curiosity that had often tormented her, she expressed herself amazingly pleased at the idea, and begged it might be immediately realised.

Faustus then requested her Majesty to pass into a little gallery near the apartment, while he went for his book, his ring, and his large black mantle.

All this was done nearly as soon as said. There was a door at each end of the gallery, and it was decided that the beauties should come in at one, and go out at the other, so that the Queen might have a fair view of them. Only two of the courtiers were admitted to this exhibition; these were the Earl of Essex and Sir Philip Sydney.

Her Majesty was seated in the middle of the gallery, with the Earl and the Knight standing to the right and left of her chair. The enchanter did not forget to trace round them and their mistress certain mysterious circles, with all the grimaces and contortions of the time. He then drew another opposite to it, within which he took his own station, leaving a space between for the actors.

When this was finished, he begged the Queen not to speak a word while they should be on the stage; and, above all, not to appear frightened, let her see what she might.

The latter precaution was needless; for the good Queen feared neither angel nor devil. And now the Doctor inquired what *belle* of antiquity she would first see.

"To follow the order of time," she answered, "they should commence with HELEN."

The magician, with a changing countenance, now exclaimed, "Sit still!"

Sidney's heart beat quick. The brave Essex turned pale. As to the Queen, not the slightest emotion was perceptible.

Faustus soon commenced some muttered incantations and strange evolutions, such as were the fashion of the day for conjurors. Anon the gallery shook, so did the two courtiers, and

the Doctor, in a voice of anger, called out,

"Daughter of fair Leda, hear!
From thy far Elysiac sphere;
Lovely as when, for his fee,
To Paris Venus promised thee.
Appear—appear—appear!"

Accustomed to command, rather than to be commanded, the fair Helen lingered to the last possible moment; but when the last moment came, so did she, and so suddenly, that no one knew how she got there. She was habited *à la Grecque*,—her hair ornamented with pearls and a superb aigrette. The figure passed slowly onwards—stopped for an instant directly opposite the Queen, as if to gratify her curiosity, took leave of her with a malicious smile, and vanished. She had scarcely disappeared when her Majesty exclaimed—"What! that the fair Helen! I don't pique myself on beauty, but may I die if I would change faces with her!"

"I told your Majesty how it would be," remarked the enchanter; "and yet there she is, as she was in her best days."

"She has, however, very fine eyes," observed Essex.

"Yes," said Sidney, "they are large, dark, and brilliant—but after all, what do they say?" added he, correcting himself.

"Nothing," replied the favourite.

The Queen, who was this day extravagantly rouged, asked if they did not think Helen's tint too *China-white*.

"China!" cried the Earl; "Delf rather."

"Perhaps," continued the Queen, "it was the fashion of her time, but you must confess that such turned-in toes would have been endured in no other woman. I don't dislike her style of dress, however, and probably I may bring it round again, in place of these troublesome hoops, which have their inconveniences."

"O, as to the dress," chimed in the favourite—"let it pass, it is well enough, which is more than can be said for the wearer."

A conclusion, in which Sidney heartily joined, rhapsodying—

"O Paris, fatal was the hour,
When, victim to the blind God's power,
Within your native walks you bore
That firebrand from a foreign shore:
Who—ah so little worth the strife!—
Was fit for nothing, but a wife."

"Od's my life now," said her Majesty,—“but I think she looks fitter for any thing else, Sidney!—My Lord of Essex, how think you?”

“As your Majesty does,” returned he;—“there is a meaning in that eye.”

“And a minute past they said there was none,” thought Faustus.

This liberal critique on the fair Helen being concluded, the Queen desired to see the beautiful and hopeless Mariamne.

The enchanter did not wait to be twice asked; but he did not chuse to invoke a Princess who had worshipped at holy altars in the same manner as he had summoned the fair Pagan. It was then, by way of ceremony, that turning four times to the east, three to the south, two to the west, and only once to the north, he uttered, with great suavity, in Hebrew—

“Lovely Mariamne, come!
Though thou sleepest far away,
Regal spirit! leave thy tomb!
Let the splendours round thee play,
Silken robe and diamond stone,
Such as, on thy bridal-day,
Flash'd from proud Judea's throne.”

Scarcely had he concluded, when the spouse of Herod made her appearance, and gravely advanced into the centre of the gallery, where she halted, as her predecessor had done. She was robed nearly like the high-priest of the Jews, except that instead of the Tiara, a veil, descending from the crown of the head, and slightly attached to the cincture, fell far behind her. Those graceful and flowing draperies, threw over the whole figure of the lovely Hebrew an air of indescribable dignity. After having stopped for several minutes before the company, she pursued her way,—but without paying the slightest parting compliment to the haughty Elizabeth.

“Is it possible,” said the Queen, before she had well disappeared,—“is it possible that Mariamne was such a figure as that?—such a tall, pale, meagre, melancholy-looking affair, to have passed for a beauty through so many centuries!”

“By my honour,” quoth Essex, “had I been in Herod's place, I should never have been angry at her keeping her silence.”

“Yet I perceived,” said Sydney, “a certain touching languor in the countenance—an air of dignified simplicity.”

Her Majesty looked grave.

“Fye, fye,” returned Essex, “it was haughtiness—her manner is full of presumption,—aye, and even her height.”

The Queen having approved of Essex's decision—on her own part, condemned the Princess for her aversion to her spouse, which, though the world alleged to have been caused by his being the cut-throat of her family, she saw nothing to justify, whatever a husband might be. A wife was a wife; and Herod had done quite right in cutting off the heads of the offenders.

Faustus, who affected universal knowledge, assured her Majesty that all the historians were in error on that point; for he had had it himself from a living witness, that the true cause of Herod's vengeance was his spiteful old-maid of a sister—Salome's overhearing Mariamne—one day at prayers—beg of Heaven to rid her of her worthless husband.

After a moment of thought, the Queen, with the same indifference with which she would have called for her waiting-maid—desired to see Cleopatra; for the Egyptian queen not having been quite as *comme il faut* as the British, the latter treated her accordingly. The beautiful Cleopatra quickly made her appearance at the extremity of the gallery,—and Elizabeth expected that this apparition would fully make up for the disappointment which the others had occasioned. Scarcely had she entered, when the air was loaded with the rich perfumes of Arabia.

Her bosom (that had been melting as charity) was open as day,—a loop of diamonds and rubies gathered the drapery as much above the left knee, as it might as well have been below it,—and a woven wind of transparent gauze, softened the figure which it did not conceal.

In this gay and gallant costume, the mistress of Antony glided through the gallery, making a similar pause as the others. No sooner was her back turned, than the courtiers began to tear her person and frippery to pieces,—the Queen calling out, like one possessed, for paper to burn under her nose, to drive away the vapours occasioned by the gases with which the mummy was filled,—declared her insupportable in every sense, and far beneath even the wife of Herod, or the daughter of Le-

da,—shocked at her Diana drapery, to exhibit the most villainous leg in the world,—and protested that a thicker robe would have much better become her.

Whatever the two courtiers might have thought, they were forced to join in these sarcasms, which the frail Egyptian excited in peculiar severity.

“Such a cocked nose!” said the Queen.

“Such impertinent eyes!” said Essex.

Sydney, in addition to her other defects, found out that she had too much stomach and too little back.

“Say of her as you please,” returned Faustus—“one she is, however, who led the Master of the World in her chains. But, Madam,” added he, turning to the Queen, “as these far-famed foreign beauties are not to your taste, why go beyond your own kingdom, England, which has always produced the models of female perfection—as we may even at this moment perceive—will furnish an object perhaps worthy of your attention in the fair Rosamond.” Now Faustus had heard that the Queen fancied herself to resemble the fair Rosamond; and no sooner was the name mentioned, than she was all impatience to see her.

“There is a secret instinct in this impatience,” observed the Doctor, craftily; “for, according to tradition, the fair Rosamond had much resemblance to your Majesty, though, of course, in an inferior style.”

“Let us judge—let us judge,” replied the Queen, hastily, “but from the moment she appears, Sir Sydney, I request of you to observe her minutely, that we may have her description, if she is worth it.” This order being given, and some little conjuration made, as Rosamond was only a short distance from London, she made her appearance in a second. Even at the door, her beauty charmed every one, but as she advanced, she enchanted them; and when she stopped to be gazed at, the admiration of the company, with difficulty restrained to signs and looks, exhibited their high approbation of the taste of Henry II. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of her dress—and yet in that simplicity she effaced the splendours of day—at least to the spectators. She waited before them a long time, much longer than the others had done; and, as if

aware of the command the Queen had given, she turned especially towards Sydney, looking at him with an expressive smile,—but she must go at last; and when she was gone,—“My lord,” said the Queen, “what a pretty creature! I never saw any thing so charming in my life. What a figure! what dignity without affectation! what brilliancy without artifice! and it is said that I resemble her. My lord of Essex, what think you?” My lord thought, would to Heaven you did; I would give the best stall in my stable that you had even an ugly likeness to her. But he said, “Your Majesty has but to make the tour of the gallery in her green robe and primrose petticoat, and if our magician himself would not mistake you for her, count me the greatest — of your three kingdoms.”

During all this flattery with which the favourite charmed the ears of the good Queen, the poet Sydney, pencil in hand, was sketching the vision of the fair Rosamond.

Her Majesty then commanded it should be read, and when she heard it, pronounced it very clever; but as it was a real impromptu, not one of those born long before, and was written for a particular audience, as a picture is painted for a particular light—we think it but justice to the celebrated author, not to draw his lines from the venerable antiquity in which they rest, even if we had the MS. copy; but we have not—which at once finishes the business.

After the reading, they deliberated on the next that should succeed Rosamond,—the enchanter, still of opinion, that they need not leave England when beauty was the object in question, proposed the famous Countess of Salisbury—who gave rise to the institution of the garter—the idea was approved of by the Queen, and particularly agreeable to the courtiers, as they wished to see if the *cause* were worthy of the effect, *i. e.* the leg of the garter; but her majesty declared that she should particularly like a second sight of her lovely resemblance, the fair Rosamond. The doctor vowed that the affair was next to impracticable in the order of conjuration,—the recall of a phantom not depending on the powers submitted to the first enchantments. But the more he declared against it, the more the Queen insisted,

until he was obliged, at last, to submit, but with the information, that if Rosamond should return, it would not be by the way in which she had entered or retired already, and that they had best take care of themselves, as he could answer for no one.

The Queen, as we have elsewhere observed, knew not what fear was—and the two courtiers were now a little re-assured on the subject of apparitions. The doctor then set about accomplishing the Queen's wishes.—Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble, and after a thousand grimaces and contortions—neither prettynor polite, he flung his book into the middle of the gallery, went three times round it on his hands and feet, then made the tree aguinat the wall, head down and heels up; but nothing appearing, he had recourse to the last and most powerful of his spells—what that was must remain for ever a mystery, for certain reasons; but he wound it up by three times summoning with a sonorous voice,—“Rosamond! Rosamond! Rosamond!” At the last of these magic cries, the grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room.

The Doctor was in a cold sweat, and while he dried himself, the Queen, who thought her fair visitant a thousand times the fairer for the additional difficulty in procuring this second sight, for once let her prudence sleep, and, in a transport of enthusiasm, stepping out of her circle with open arms, cried out, “My dear likeness!” No sooner was the word out, than a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace; a black vapour filled the gallery, and a train of little fantastic lightnings, serpentine to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company.

When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician, with his four limbs in air, foaming like a wild boar,—his cap here, his wig there, in short, by no means an object of either the sublime or beautiful. But though he came off the worst, yet no one in the adventure escaped quite clear, except Rosamond. The lightning burned away my Lord of Essex's right brow; Sir Sydney lost the left moustachio; her Majesty's head-dress smelt villainously of the sulphur, and her hoop-petticoat was so puckered up with the scorching, that it was ordered to be preserved among the royal draperies, as a warning, to all maids of honour to come, against curiosity.

SKETCH OF THE PROCESS OF FRESCO PAINTING.*

Of all the modes of art made use of by painters, that species of wall-painting called *al Fresco* is the most masterly and beautiful; for by it may be accomplished in a single day, more than can be effected during several by any other method. It was much in use among the ancients, and the *old moderns* (*i vecchi moderni*) also followed it at an early period. It is done by working upon the fresh mortar, so that whatever is commenced must be continued and completed on the same day; because, by delaying it ever so little, the mortar forms a slight external crust, upon which mouldy spots are thrown out to the destruction of the work. The wall upon which the painter is employed requires to be continually moistened, and the colours must be of an earthy, not of a mineral nature, and the white of burnt tiburine. No style of art demands so resolute and swift a hand, or such a

calculating and difficult judgment; because, while the ground continues soft and moist, the colours exhibit an appearance entirely different from that which they present when it is dry. Perfection in this branch of art is of most rare and difficult attainment, and requires an extraordinary degree of practice; for many of our painters who have succeeded wonderfully in oil and tempered colours, have almost entirely failed in *Fresco*. It is the most manly, the boldest, and most durable of all the modes of painting; and if preserved from violent accidents, and the inclemencies of the weather, so far from decaying through the mere lapse of time, it seems thereby to gain a continued increase of harmony and beauty. It becomes clearer by exposure to the air, defends itself from water, and even withstands the effects of strong percussion. But especial care must be taken to avoid retouching

* From the Italian of Georgio Vasari, a cotemporary of the great *Fresco* Painters.

with colours which contain glue, gum, dragant, or other tempering mixtures, because, besides that they prevent the wall cement from exhibiting its accustomed clearness, the colours are clouded by that retouching, and in a short space of time become almost entirely black. However, those who seek to excel in fresco painting, must work boldly while the plaster is fresh, and without any retouching *a secco*, that is, after it is dry; which, besides being a weak and un-artist-like thing in itself, renders the paintings worthless and perishable.

It is customary with artists before beginning a fresco painting to make accurate drawings of the subject upon strong card or pasteboard, which are called cartoons; and when the work is commenced in fresco, a single figure or piece of the cartoon is cut out and placed upon the newly-plastered wall, and its outline marked out on the place which the painted figure is intended to occupy, and thus the painter advances from day to day, and is able to judge of the proper relative position of all his figures without fear of error. The leading lines are also designed, by tracing the cartoon with a sharp-pointed iron instrument, which leaves a corresponding trace beneath on the moist plaster, and the pasteboard being then removed, the work of colouring is immediately commenced, and to a certain extent completed *at a heat*. The same method of tracing is used by some of our painters on wood and canvass, only the cartoons are never cut out in outline, but composed of entire portions or divisions, which are rubbed on the back with charcoal or black powder, and being traced in front with the iron instrument, the

subject is thereby designed on the wood or canvass. Yet many of our oil painters never have recourse to this system; which, however, is reckoned indispensable in fresco painting. He who hit upon this invention shewed an ingenious fancy, for in these previous cartoons the artist is enabled to judge of the effect of the whole together, and thus to alter and amend at will, a thing impossible after the commencement of the work in fresco.

We shall next say a few words regarding that mode of art, which the Italians call painting *a tempera*. This was chiefly in use among the painters of the Greek school prior to, and for some time after, the age of Cimabue. These old masters, to remedy the inconvenience arising from the disjoining of the wood on which they are generally painted, used to glue over its surface linen cloth or canvass, upon which they chalked out their drawings, and afterwards finished them with colours tempered after the following fashion. After beating up the yolk of an egg, they bruised in it the tender branches of the fig-tree, so as to press out the milky juice with which they abound, and with this simple mixture they qualified or tempered the colours with which they were in use to paint. For this process mineral colours are chiefly employed, and these are partly composed by the chemists, and partly found in caves. Every colour is proper for this kind of work, except that species of wall-white made from lime, which is too strong. I may add, that the azure colours are tempered with gum or glue, because the yellow tone of the egg has a tendency to turn them green.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Poetical and Miscellaneous Works of Alexander Pope, including the Notes of Warburton, Warton, and various Commentators, with a new Life of the Author, and Annotations. By Mr Roscoe of Liverpool.

The *Rcs Literaria* is now completed with the termination of the 3d volume, unless a Supplement, containing a fuller Index, and a few Addenda et Corrigenda, should hereafter be deemed necessary. It is a Bibliographical and Critical Miscellany. Its main object is Italian literature; and the Latin writers of Italy of the middle ages, such as Pontanus, Titus, and Hercules Strozzi, Flamminius, Sannazarius, &c. The bibliography of Italian poetry is very extensive, and contains many notices of rare volumes, several of which have escaped the researches even of the best Italian bibliographers. But French literature and Genevan literature have also in the third volume their share of attention. The three volumes contain nearly 250 articles. The impression is confined to 75 copies, of which only a portion has been sent to England (to Mr Triphook.) The first volume was printed at Naples in Sept.—Dec. 1820; the second at Rome, Jan.—March, 1821; the third at Geneva, May, 1821—April, 1822. The third volume exceeds in size the other two, having 600 pages and upwards.

The Odyssey of Homer, translated into English prose, as literally as the idioms of the Greek and English languages allow, with explanatory Notes, by a Member of the University of Oxford, will soon appear in two vols. 8vo.

Gems from the Antique, drawn and etched by R. Dagley, author of "Select Gems," &c. with Poetical Illustrations. By the Rev. G. Croly, A.M. Author of Cataline, &c.

Sir Egerton Brydges has printed at Geneva, a Miscellaneous Volume of Criticism and Fragments, called *The Anti-Critic*, of which the impression is confined to 75 copies.

The Life and Remains of Dr Clarke, consisting for the most part of original letters and extracts from his unpublished Journals and MSS., are about to be published by subscription in one vol. 4to.

Professor Finn Magnussen's Northern Mythology is now advertised under the title of "The Doctrine of the Edda, and its Origin." It will be published by the Bookseller Gyldenhal, in four volumes, of 25 sheets each, printed to match the illustration of the Older Edda.

A Fourth Volume of the Lucubrations of the Hermit in the Country.

Signor Santagnello, author of *Diego di Villamora*, has published an Italian romance in his native language, entitled *La Zingaro*.

Mr John Hunt will shortly publish "The Vision of Judgment," by Quvedo Redivivus, suggested by the composition of Mr Southey, so entitled. We understand this production is from the pen of Lord Byron.

Mr Francis Faber, who has passed three summers and two winters in Iceland, during which he travelled over that remarkably mountainous country, with a view to the study of Zoology, and especially of Ornithology, and who returned to Denmark last autumn, has sent a large collection of birds and their eggs to the Royal Zoological Museum of Copenhagen, has just published a preliminary view of his discoveries, under the title of "Prodromus of Icelandic Ornithology."

A learned Jewish Merchant of Warsaw, of the name of Nathan Rosenfield, has written a History of his Native Country, (Poland) from the best authorities, in the Hebrew Language.

The Rev. R. T. England of Cork, editor of the Letters of the Abbe Edgeworth, &c., is preparing for the press a very interesting "Life of the celebrated Father O'Leary."

Lord Byron has in the press a new Tragedy, in five acts, entitled *Werner, or the Inheritance*. We are also threatened with another "Mystery."

The concluding part of Lanages' Decorative Painting, with upwards of twenty original plates, will, it is expected, be ready for delivery in the course of the present month.

"English Melodies," selected from the original Scores, and early printed copies in the library of William Kitchener, M.D. is stated to be in the press.

Military Memoirs of the Great Civil War, by John Gwynne, being an Account of the Earl of Glencairn's Expedition, as General of His Majesty's Forces in the Highlands of Scotland, in the years 1653 and 1654. By a Person who was Eye and Ear Witness to every Transaction. With an Appendix. One Volume 4to.

The School for Mothers, or the Politics of a Village, a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo.

Moral Hours, a Poem, by the Rev. J. Jones, is announced.

Mr Wilson, teacher of dancing, and author of several works on dancing, has in press the *Danciad*, or *Dancer's Monitor*, being a descriptive sketch in verse of the different styles and methods of dancing quadrilles, waltzes, country-dances, reels, &c.

Mr Hogg has in the press, a new edition, with considerable improvements, of his "Concise and Practical Treatise on the Growth and Culture of the Carnation, Pink, Auricula, Polyanthus, Ranunculus, Tulip, and other Flowers."

The Political Life of George IV.

A Tragedy on the Maccabees.

Poems by the Rev. Thomas Cherry, late Head-Master of Merchant Tailors' School, are printing in a quarto volume, edited by the Rev. J. Bellamy.

Early in September will be published, The Bridal of Dunamere, and Loet and Won, Two Tales, by Regina Maria Roche, Author of the "Children of the Abbey," &c. 3 vols.

Memoirs of the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Miss Benger, Author of "Memoirs of Mrs Hamilton," &c.

An Encyclopædia of Agriculture, on the Plan of Mr Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening. In one large volume 8vo.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, Volume III. 4to., with numerous plates.

A New Translation of the Minor Novels of Cervantes.

Early in October will be published, in one volume 8vo., with a new Map of the

County, a second Edition of the Topographical Dictionary of Yorkshire, with considerable Additions and Improvements; particularly in pointing out the Names of the *Townships*, in which Hamlets and smaller Places are situated; also such as Rectories, Vicarages, &c. giving not only the value in the King's Book, but their value as returned to Parliament in 1810, for the purpose of augmentation. It will also contain a map of *Historical Matter*, with authorities. With other useful Information, by Thomas Langdale, Ripon.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in Parts, an Answer to the Sixth Edition of a Pamphlet, (supposed official) into the State of the Nation, accompanied with a Third Chapter, being a Treatise on Agricultural Distress, or the Interest of the Landlord considered; their Cause and Remedies.

A Chart of all the Public and Endowed Free Grammar Schools throughout the Kingdom, shewing at one view the County, Date of Foundation, Founder's Name, Head-Master's Name and Salary, Number of Scholars on Foundation, Latin and Greek Grammars used, Name of Patrons, and University Advantages.

EDINBURGH.

A Translation of Legendre's Elements of Geometry is in the press, and will be published in a few weeks. It will be edited by Dr Brewster, under the sanction of M. Le Chevalier Legendre, who has communicated several important additions. The diagrams are engraven on wood, so as to accompany the propositions, a great superiority over the original work, where they are given in copper-plates at the end of the book.

Jacob; or Patriarchal Piety. A Series of Discourses delivered in St James's Chapel, Edinburgh, in the year 1822. By the Rev. Edward Craig, A. M. Oxon. 8vo.

An Essay on Faith. By Thomas Erskine, Esq. advocate. Author of "Remarks on the Internal Evidence of Christianity." 12mo.

Bibliotheca Biblica; a Select Descriptive Catalogue of the most important British and Foreign Works in Biblical Literature; with brief Notices of the Authors, and Remarks on the Books. By the Rev. W. Orme.

Speedily will be published, by Subscription, in one vol. 8vo. Sermons by the Rev. D. W. Gordon, Minister of Gordon, county of Berwick.

Preparing for Publication, a new edition of "Genuine Religion, the best friend of the people, or the influence of the Gospel, when known, believed, and experienced, upon the manners and happiness of the people;" by the late Reverend Archibald

Bonar, minister of Cramond, with a biographical Account of the Author. This tract was first published in 1796, and has gone through several editions. It has been much and deservedly esteemed by the religious public, both in Britain and in America. The last edition was published at Boston, North America, under the sanction of the celebrated Dr Morse. The present edition will be published in a neat and portable form, and will prove a valuable present to young people and others. The Memoir has been drawn up expressly for this edition, by an intimate friend of the author's.

In the press, an elegant edition of Heineccii Elementa Juris Civilis, secundum ordinem Institutionum, comprehending the very able Notes of Professor Biener, will be ready for publication before the month of November. A gentleman of undoubted qualifications has undertaken to correct the press; and as he has detected many typographical errors in the Leipzig impression of 1789, this new edition will probably be considered as the best that has yet appeared.

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EDINBURGH.—August 14.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 27s. 0d.	1st, ... 22s. 6d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.	1st, ... 16s. 0d.
2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 6d.	2d, ... 17s. 0d.	2d, ... 14s. 0d.
3d, ... 23s. 0d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 6d.	3d, ... 13s. 6d.

Thursday, August 13.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 1s. 0d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	10s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 10d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	5s. 0d. to 7s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—August 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 27s. 6d.	1st, ... 22s. 6d.	1st, ... 17s. 6d.	1st, ... 15s. 0d.	1st, ... 15s. 0d.
2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d, ... 21s. 0d.	2d, ... 16s. 0d.	2d, ... 13s. 0d.	2d, ... 13s. 0d.
3d, ... 24s. 6d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.	3d, ... 14s. 0d.	3d, ... 11s. 0d.	3d, ... 11s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 0s. 6d. 8-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended August 3.

Wheat, 42s. 5d.—Barley, 18s. 2d.—Oats, 18s. 5d.—Rye, 18s. 0d.—Beans, 24s. 8d.—Pease, 25s. 7d.

London, Corn Exchange, August 12.

Liverpool, August 13.

Wheat, red, new	White ditto	Wheat, per 70 lb.	Amer. p. 196 lb.
30 to 34	24 to 27	Eng. Old 7 0 to 8	6 Sweet, U.S. 0 to — 0
30 to 34	24 to 27	New 5 0 to 8	5 Sour do. 34 0 to 32 0
38 to 40	24 to 28	Foreign 3 6 to 4	0 Oatmeal, per 210 lb.
— to —	— to —	Waterford 3 6 to 5	0 English 22 0 to 24 0
30 to 34	20 to 23	Limerick 3 6 to 5	0 Scotch 22 0 to 23 0
36 to 40	— to —	Drogheda 3 9 to 5	0 Irish 22 0 to 23 0
42 to 46	13 to 15	Dublin 3 6 to 4	0 Bran, p. 24 lb. 10 to 1 0
— to —	16 to 17	Scotch 6 0 to 8	
16 to 21	15 to 17	Irish Old 6 0 to 7	
16 to 18	18 to 21	Barley, per 60 lbs.	
18 to 19	18 to 21	Eng. 3 0 to 3	2 Butter, p. cwt. s. d. s. d.
20 to 21	22 to 23	Scotch 2 8 to 3	0 Belfast, new 76 0 to 78 0
40 to 44	24 to —	Irish 2 7 to 2	9 Newry 76 0 to 77 0
46 to 48	45 to 50	Oats, per 45 lb.	0 Waterford 67 0 to 68 0
21 to 22	38 to 42	Eng. p. 2 2 to 2	0 Cork, p. 2d, 6s 0 to 70 0
23 to 24	36 to 40	Irish do. 2 3 to 2	1 3d dry 64 0 to — 0
		Scotch do. 2 2 to 2	6 Beef, p. cwt.
		Rye, per qr. 22 0 to 24	6 Meal 75 0 to 90 0
		Malt per b.	— p. barrel 50 0 to 56 0
		— Fine 7 0 to 7	6 Pork, p. bl. 0 to — 0
		Beans, per q.	— Meal 48 0 to 50 0
		English 26 0 to 30	0 Bacon, p. cwt.
		Irish 24 0 to 27	0 Shortmids. 30 0 to 32 0
		Rapeseed, p. l. £18 to 20	0 Sides 28 0 to 29 0
		Pease, grey 22 0 to 24	0 Beans, dry, 40 0 to 46 0
		— White 30 0 to 36	0 Green 28 0 to 30 0
		Flour, English,	0 Lard, rd. p. c. 42 0 to — 0
		p. 240 lb. fine 32 0 to 37	0 Tongue, p. fir. 0 to — 0
		Irish 26 0 to 35	

Seeds, &c.

Must. White.	Hempseed	Linseed, crush.	Must. White.
5 to 8	22 to 33	30 to 35	5 to 8
— Brown, new 10 to 14	— Fine 44 to 54	— Rye Grass 18 to 35	— Red & green 5 to 7
— Tares, per bah. 5 to 4	— Clover, red cwt. 36 to 63	— White 30 to 60	— Yellow 6 to 8
Turnips, bah. 5 to 7	— Coriander 10 to 14	— Trefoil 5 to 28	— Rape Seed, per last, £21 to £23.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d July, 1822.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	—	245½	247
3 per cent. reduced,	79½ 80	80½	80	80½
3 per cent. consols,	—	80	79½	79½
3½ per cent. consols,	90½	91½	91½	91½
4 per cent. consols,	97½	97½	97½	98½
New 4 per cent. consols,	98½	98½	98½	98½
India stock,	—	—	246½	—
— bonds,	47 pr.	57 pr.	65 pr.	63 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d.	5 pr.	7 pr.	6 pr.	6 pr.
Consols for acc.	61½	61	61	79½
Long Annuities	20 7-16	20½	20½	20½
French 5 per cents.	91f. 35c.	91f. 70c.	90f. 70c.	—
Amer. 5 per cent.	95½	95½	96	97½

Course of Exchange, August 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 7. C.F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 4. Rotterdam, 12 : 8. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburgh, 37 : 9. Altona, 37 : 10. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 50. Ditto 25 : 60. Bourdeaux, 25 : 20. Frankfort on the Maine, 156½. Petersburg, per rble. 9½ : 3. *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 18 *Rff. No.* Trieste, 10 : 18 *Rff. No.* Madrid, 30½. Cadix, 36½. Bilbao, 36½. Barcelona, 38. Seville, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27 : 50. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 117. Lisbon, 52. Oporto, 52. Rio Janeiro, 47. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubleloons, £0 : 0 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, Aug. 10.—London, Aug. 13.

SUGAR, Musc.	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	52	to 60	51	55	50	55	50	55
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	82	56	70	56	72	55	87
Fine and very fine, . . .	80	82	—	—	73	76	69	76
Refined Doub. Leaves, . . .	126	130	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . . .	96	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
Single ditto, . . .	88	96	98	110	—	—	—	—
Small Lump, . . .	85	88	88	92	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, . . .	80	85	80	85	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump, . . .	35	42	80	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	28	—	27	27 0	—	—	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105	108	96	105	96	110	98	107
Mid. good, and fine mid.	110	130	108	122	112	123	123	150
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	78	86	71	95
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	135	104	113	100	115	98	114
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135	140	115	126	116	130	122	135
St Domingo, . . .	122	126	—	—	100	104	—	—
Pimento (in Bond), . . .	8½	9	—	—	8	8½	—	—
SPIRITS,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0d	2s 2d	1s 6d	1s 10d	1s 6d	2s 0d	1s 6d	1s 9d
Brandy, . . .	4 3	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 0	3 5
Geneva, . . .	2 1	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 4	1 9
Grain Whisky, . . .	6 6	6 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Claret, 1st Growth, hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	£20	£50
Portugal Red, pipe.	34	46	—	—	—	—	29	54
Spanish White, butt.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	28	30	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, . . .	45	65	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. . . ton.	£7	7 7	—	—	8 0	9 0	£9 9	—
Honduras, . . .	—	—	—	—	9 0	9 10	10	—
Campeachy, . . .	8	—	—	—	10 0	10 10	11 0	12 0
PUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	7	8	—	—	9 0	9 10	6 0	8 15
Cuba, . . .	9	11	—	—	10 0	11 0	10 0	12 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	—	—	9 0	9 7	10 3	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, . . .	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid), . .	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	1 1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 5	2 0	1 6	1 9
TAR, American, brl.	20	21	—	—	12 6	13 0	12 0	17 0
Archangel, . . .	16	17	—	—	—	—	16 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	—	—
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	39	40	—	—	37 6	—	—	—
Home melted, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	44	45	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	59	40	—	—	40	43	37	38
FLAX,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	50	51	—	—	—	—	£53 11	—
Dutch, . . .	50	50	—	—	—	—	46	—
Irish, . . .	56	40	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . . .	85	80	—	—	—	—	85	—
BRISTLES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	14	15	—	—	—	—	14 10	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	—	—	39	40	44	—	45	47
Montreal, ditto, . . .	46	—	38	33	36	37	36	—
Pot, . . .	34	35	—	—	—	—	19 0	20
OH, Whale, . . . tun.	—	—	20	10	21	—	18	—
Cod, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½	8	7½	8	0 6	0 8	0 7½	7½
Middling, . . .	6	6½	5½	6½	0 4½	0 5½	4½	5½
Inferior, . . .	5	5½	5½	6	0 2	0 2½	0 3	0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 7½	0 8½	0 7	0 8½	8½	9½
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 4	2 0	1 3	1 2	12½	2 1½
Good, . . .	—	—	1 2½	1 3½	1 1½	1 2	—	—
Middling, . . .	—	—	1 0½	1 1	1 1½	1 2	—	—
Demerara and Barbice, . .	—	—	0 9	0 10½	0 8½	0 11½	0 9	0 10
West India, . . .	—	—	0 8	0 9	0 7	0 9	0 7½	0 8½
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	0 11	1 0	0 8½	0 11	10½	11½
Maranham, . . .	—	—	0 9	10½	0 9	0 10	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
July 1	M. 45	29.594	M. 62	W.	Cold morn.	July 17	M. 49	29.559	M. 58	E.	Rain most
	A. 56	.658	A. 62		sunsh. day.		A. 55	.558	A. 61		of day.
2	M. 44	.625	M. 60	W.	Changeable,	18	M. 51	.579	M. 64	SE.	Th. & lig. af.
	A. 55	.482	A. 62		th. & lig. aft.		A. 60	.556	A. 64		with hail & r.
3	M. 41	.535	M. 61	W.	Changeable,	19	M. 32	.426	M. 66	E.	Heavy rain,
	A. 55	.595	A. 60		foggy & sun.		A. 56	.361	A. 62		and foggy.
4	M. 44	.585	M. 63	W.	Ditto.	20	M. 51	.244	M. 67	Cble.	Hot day, sh.
	A. 58	.655	A. 64				A. 64	.275	A. 67		rain altern.
5	M. 45	.656	M. 65	W.	Clear foren.	21	M. 50	.309	M. 67	E.	Day, th. & l.
	A. 58	.666	A. 60		dull altern.		A. 63	.308	A. 66		with hail & r.
6	M. 42	.720	M. 63	W.	Changeable,	22	M. 51	.345	M. 67	E.	Day, th. & l.
	A. 59	.738	A. 61		very hot.		A. 61	.537	A. 67		with rain.
7	M. 41	.694	M. 65	W.	Clear sunsh.	23	M. 48	.595	M. 67	S.	Fair morn.
	A. 59	.803	A. 66		warm.		A. 63	.503	A. 66		rain day.
8	M. 43 1/2	.874	M. 66	W.	Changeable,	24	M. 50 1/2	.558	M. 66	E.	Dull morn.
	A. 60	.835	A. 63		rain at night.		A. 62	.161	A. 64		showery day.
9	M. 44	.596	M. 63	W.	Fair morn.	25	M. 47 1/2	.156	M. 66	Cble.	Dull, with
	A. 61	.475	A. 66		showery day.		A. 60	.275	A. 65		showers.
10	M. 44	.398	M. 64	W.	Fair, with	26	M. 48	.515	M. 65	NE.	Fair day, h.
	A. 59	.402	A. 66		sunshine.		A. 57	.784	A. 64		rain, night.
11	M. 50	.426	M. 68	W.	Fair, sunsh.	27	M. 52	.460	M. 63	E.	Cble. hot &
	A. 64	.340	A. 66		rain at night.		A. 61	.465	A. 65		showers.
12	M. 44	.327	M. 58	E.	Heavy rain	28	M. 48	.550	M. 63	Cble.	Day dull,
	A. 51	.565	A. 59		morn. & day.		A. 57	.251	A. 65		with shower.
13	M. 45 1/2	.676	M. 62	Cble.	Cold foren.	29	M. 42	.626	M. 60	Cble.	Cble. hot &
	A. 57	.712	A. 58		very hot aft.		A. 50	.529	A. 62		sunsh.
14	M. 41	.786	M. 65	E.	Fair & warm	30	M. 41 1/2	.575	M. 61	SW.	Warm foren.
	A. 56	.823	A. 61		with sunsh.		A. 55	.504	A. 58		dull altern.
15	M. 41	.783	M. 62	E.	Fair, with	31	M. 41	.275	M. 59	Cble.	Fair, but
	A. 50	.775	A. 64		sunshine.		A. 53	.527	A. 59		dull rainy nt
16	M. 42	.770	M. 64	E.	Cloudy, and						
	A. 57	.729	A. 62		very hot.						

Average of Rain, 4.186 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of June and the 20th of July 1822, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbott, H. R. Throgmorton-street, broker.
 Adams, J. Spalding, miller.
 Allen, J. S. Towneater, linen draper.
 Armstrong, G. A. Prince's-square, coal-merchant.
 Bailey, J. Canwick, Lincolnshire, maltster.
 Barward, W. Crumpton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.
 Bedson, T. and R. Bishop, Aston, Birmingham, brass-founders.
 Bell, G. Brampton, grocer.
 Bosisto, W. Reading, woollen-draper.
 Bourne, T. Wyke Regis, printer.
 Brothers, F. and J. Leigh, King-street, Covent Garden, navy and army agents.
 Carter, J. W. Mercer-street, Long Acre, coach-plater.
 Cathel, W. Cotton-end, Warwickshire, coalman.
 Clay, G. Totnes, builder.
 Cooper, J. Grosvenor-mews, Bond-street, horse-dealer.
 Cragg, J. Whitehaven, ironmonger.
 Cross, J. Halewood, Lancashire, brewer.
 Cuttner, S. and A. Joyce, Beckinton, Somersetshire, grocers.
 Davies, J. Carmarthen, spirit-merchant.
 Deighton, G. Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, upholsterer.
 Deighton, T. Davis-street, Berkeley-square, saddler.
 Dieker, J. Cheriton Bishop, Devonshire, inn-keeper.
 Ellis, B. L. Water, woolstapler.
 Elwell, J. and J. Brown, chemist.
 Farquhar, J. Lime-street, merchant.
 Farquhar, J. Hamgate, shipwright.
 Farquhar, W. Lad-lane, warehouseman.
 Farquhar, S. Paddington-street, bookseller.
 Farquhar, J. New Bond-street, habit-maker.
 Farquhar, J. Took's-court, Curstow-street, press-maker.
 Farquhar, W. and E. Birmingham, nail-makers.

Grigg, T. R. Watling-street, apothecary.
 Griffin, D. Walworth, hircn-draper.
 Harland, J. Bedford-house, Tottenham court-road, haberdasher.
 Harris, E. Copthall-buildings, broker.
 Harris, J. Bristol, lithographer.
 Harrison, T. Prince's-street, Rotherhithe, master mariner.
 Heyden, W. South Audley-street, plumber.
 Jones, R. P. Abergavenny, linen-draper.
 Lepage, S. Clement's-lane.
 Leigh, T. Manchester, plumber.
 Leigh, J. Jeffrey's-square, St Mary Axe, merchant.
 Lidsner, J. jun. Stockport, money-scrivener.
 Lloyd, G. Cumberland-street, Mary-le-bonne, brewer.
 Lovegrove, J. Cranham, Gloucestershire, timber-dealer.
 Lucas, R. and H. Southampton, linen and woollen drapers.
 Luck, G. Shoreditch, hosier.
 Matthews, D. Carlisle, mercer.
 Mendham, S. Bryanstone-street, merchant.
 Marr, R. C. Rathbone place.
 Mingins, G. and J. Bootman, Carlisle, hat-manufacturers.
 Oakley, J. Southampton, bricklayer.
 Page, W. F. High Holborn.
 Parker, J. and J. Ellison, Belmont, Lancashire, calico-printers.
 Peyton, W. G. Upper Thames-street, merchant.
 Phene, W. Jun. and T. H. Grey, confectioners.
 Powell, T. Goodrich, Herefordshire, corn-dealer.
 Pritchard, T. Chepstow, linen-draper.
 Pycock, J. Doncaster, hosier.
 Rangeley, J. and E. J. Diggle, Stone, iron-founders.
 Reeve, J. W. Craven-buildings, music-dealer.
 Rider, J. Winchester-house, Broad-street, merchant.

Ridgway, J. C. Old Kent-road, linen-draper.
 Robertson, G. Wapping, ship-chandler.
 Rothwell, J. Mortfield, Bleach-works, Lancashire, dealer.
 Saunders, W. Deckington, Somerset-shire, school-master.
 Smith, J. Rugby, Warwickshire, coal and corn merchant.
 Snape, W. Cheshire, grocer.
 Thompson, P. and C. A. Tom's Coffee-house, Cornhill.
 Thompson, J. Leman-street, oilman.
 Thorpe, J. sen. Cheshire, calico-printer.

Todd, W. and W. F. Courthorpe, Langbourne Chambers, timber-merchants.
 Twamley, S. Aston, Warwickshire, miller.
 Warner, W. jun. North Walsham, Norfolk, scrivener.
 Waterhouse, J. and J. Green, Ropemaker's-street, builders.
 Watts, J. sen. Bradford, Wilts, dealer.
 Western, M. Welling, Somersetshire, draper.
 Wilkins, W. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, wine-merchant.
 Williams, S. Mining-lane, broker.
 Woodcroft, J. Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, linen-draper.
 Young, J. G. Shipbake, merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st July, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Campbells and Co. merchants and brokers in Glasgow.
 Clarke, John, watch-maker in Greenock.
 Elyngood and Sinyth, merchants in Glasgow.
 Finlay, Thomas, wood merchant and builder, Elie, Fife.
 Fraser, Newlands, James and Luke, Jewellers and watchmakers in Glasgow.
 McCruken, James, merchant in Glasgow.
 Melville, John, merchant and grocer at Grahamston, near Falkirk.
 Morison, James, merchant, Grassmarket, Edinburgh.
 Ouller, George and Peter, drovers and cattle-dealers, Mains of Manse.
 Pantoun and Smith, manufacturers in Edinburgh.
 Rowley, Josiah, chinaware merchant in Glasgow.
 Sandeman, William and Co. lately merchants in Edinburgh, Leith, and Perth.
 Simpson, Alexander, merchant in Cronmarty.
 Sandeman, Thomas and Co. manufacturers in Perth.
 Sandeman, Wm. and Peter, merchants in Perth, and calico printers in Tulloch.

Turnbull, Sandeman, merchant in Glasgow.
 Wilson and Gentle, victuallers and hay merchants, Glasgow.
 Wright, Alexander, fish curer and dealer in Banff.

DIVIDENDS.

Clark, Wm. Cotton spinner, in Paisley; a final dividend after 18th August.
 Duncan, James, merchant in Dundee: first dividend will be paid on the 6th September to those who have not already received it: but no second dividend at present.
 Gallaway, Wm. merchant in Edinburgh; a dividend of 1s. per pound after 12th August.
 Gordon, James, in Overlaw, and Gordon, Matthew, in Kirkland, drovers and cattle-dealers in stewartry of Kirkcudbright, a dividend on 17th August.
 Johnston and Wright, late merchants in Leith; a dividend of 6s. per pound, from the company estate, and 4s. 6d. per pound from the estate of George Johnston, after 6th August.
 Scott, James, grain dealer and flour miller at Bridge of Don, near Aberdeen; a final dividend after 27th August.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Capt. Thornton, 13 Dr. to be Major in the Army 19 July, 1821.
 2 Lieut. G. Lt. H. W. Barton, Capt. by purch. vice Wyndham, 67 F. 29 Dec.
 Cornet and Sub-Lt. Burrows, Lt. do. do.
 W. W. Rooke, Cornet and Sub-Lt. do. by purch.
 4 Dr. G. Lt. Rickaby, Capt. by purch. vice Hamilton, ret. 11 July, 1822.
 Cornet Magan, Lt. by purch. do.
 ——— Armit, from h. p. 5 Dr. G. Cornet by purch. do.
 1 Dr. Lieut. Windowe, Capt. by purch. vice Green do.
 Cornet Webb, Lt. by purch. do.
 Cornet and Adj. Smith, rank of Lt. do.
 Low. Aug. John, Lord Munster, Cornet by purch. vice Webb do.
 7 Gent. Cadet H. Curtis, from R. Mil. Coll. Cornet by purch. vice Lord Belfast, prom. 20 June
 9 Lt. Browne, Capt. by purch. vice D'Este, prom. in 11 F. 18 July.
 Cornet Wright, Lt. do. do.
 13 Lt. Hon. J. Stuart, from h. p. 3 Dr. Lt. vice Tristram, exch. rec. diff. do.
 15 Capt. Phillips, Major by purch. vice Whiteford, ret. 11 July
 Lt. O'Donnell, Capt. by purch. do.
 Cornet Callaghan, Lt. by purch. do.
 G. P. Rose, Cornet by purch. do.
 3 F. G. Capt. Hon. Edward Stopford, Adj. vice Drummond, res. Adj. 4 do.
 2 F. W. J. Herens, Ens. by purch. vice Wilmot, 7 F. 11 do.
 5 Bt. Maj. Marley, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Roberts, ret. 20 June
 Lt. Lockyer, Capt. by purch. do.
 Ens. Carmac, Lt. by purch. do.
 G. L. Christie, Ens. by purch. do.
 7 Lt. Bell, Capt. by purch. vice Robinson, ret. do.

7 2d Lt. Wood, from Rifle Br. Lieut. by purch. vice Rowley, 92 F. 19 June
 Ens. Wilmot, from 2 F. Lt. by purch. vice Bell 11 July
 11 Capt. D'Este, from 9 Dr. Maj. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. do.
 12 Lt. Jenkins, Capt. vice Molloy, dead do.
 Ens. Shafto, Lt. do.
 ——— Boates, from 20 F. Ens. do.
 20 Gent. Cadet R. M'Dermott, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Boates, 12 F. do.
 22 F. Capt. Castell, from 80 F. Capt. vice Lockwood, exch. do.
 31 Ens. Grueher, Lt. vice M'Carthy, dead 20 June
 A. L'Estrange, Ens. do.
 33 Ens. Gibson, from h. p. Ens. Hiddle, dead 1 July
 51 Lt. Bromhead, Capt. vice Rea, dead 27 June
 Ens. Clarke, Lt. do.
 H. Wilson, Ens. do.
 57 Ens. Donohue, Lt. 11 July
 ——— Chambers, from h. p. 25 F. Capt. vice Hely, exch. rec. diff. 18 do.
 63 ——— Leake, Major by purch. vice Macleod, ret. do.
 Lt. Douglas, Capt. do. do.
 Ens. Hunt, Lt. do. do.
 Hon. H. S. Fane, Ens. do. do.
 Lieut. Jackson, Adj. vice Draman, res. Adj. only do.
 69 T. Shoolbraid, late of the 75 F. Quas. Mast. vice Stevens, dead 11 do.
 79 Ens. Christie, from h. p. 93 F. Ens. vice Hugca, exch. 18 do.
 80 Capt. Lockwood, from 22 F. Capt. vice Castell, exch. do.
 84 Lt. Boyle, Capt. by purch. vice Macdonald, ret. do.
 Ens. M'Rae, Lt. do. do.

84 Gent. Cadet G. M. Eden, from R. Mil. Coll. Ena. by purch. 11 July
 91 Lieut. Macleod, Capt. vice Arch. Campbell, dead, 5 May
 Ena. Duart, Lt. do.
 Hosp. Assist. Robertson, Assist. Surg. vice O'Donnell, dead 4 July
 Rifle Brig. J. Maister, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Wood, 7 F. 20 June
 1 Ceyl. R.H. M. White, 2d Lt. vice Page, res. 11 July

Garrison.

Bt. Maj. Falls, h. p. 48 F. Town Maj. Gibraltar, vice Fraser, res. 4 July

Royal Artillery.

2d Capt. Louis, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Conroy, h. p. 17 June
 1st Lt. Kett, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Robinson, h. p. 20 do.
 2d Capt. Crantham, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Pakenham, h. p. 1 July

Commissariat Department.

Assist. Comm. Gen. Henderson, from Irish Comm. Dep. Comm. Gen. 21 May 1821.

Medical Department.

Assist. Surg. Wiley, from h. p. 1 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. to the Forces 4 July

Hosp. Assist. D. J. Stewart, Apothecary, vice Taylor, dead 11 do.

Staff.

Lt. Col. Torrens, 38 F. Dep. Adj. Gen. E. Indies, vice Murray, res. 20 June
 Maj. Stanhope, h. p. 36 F. Dep. Qu. Mast. Gen. E. Indies, with rank of Lt. Col. vice Torrens 20 do

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Sir C. W. Dames, from 2 Life Gds. with Major MacNeil, 84 F.
 Major Hon. E. Cust, from 55 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. Rolt, h. p.
 Bt. Major Gardiner, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. between full pay Life Gds. and full pay Inf. with Capt. Lord Bingham, h. p. 74 F.
 Hulme, from 1 F. with Capt. Ford, 7 F.
 Abbey, from 72 F. with Capt. Brownlow, 1 Ceylon Regt.
 Capt. Turner, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay troop and full pay company, with Captain Thornton, h. p. 78 F.
 Calvert, from 72 F. with Capt. Hall, h. p. 54 F.
 Lieut. Wood, from 7 F. with Lieut. Bourke, h. p. O'Kelly, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Corfield, h. p. 23 F.
 Jordan, from 15 F. with Lieut. Havelock, 63 F.
 Steele, from 29 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Browne, h. p. 24 F.
 Edwards, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Seymour, h. p.
 Roberts, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Kirwan, h. p. 7 F.
 Ena. & Lt. L'Estrange, from 3 F. G. rec. diff. with Ena. & Lt. F. G. do.
 Ensign Henderson, from 60 F. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Cragh, h. p. Rifle Brig.
 Dawson, from 61 F. with Ena. Mallet, h. p. 91 F.
 Scott, from 42 F. with Ena. McDonald, 47 Foot.
 Paym. Haldane, from 33 F. with Capt. Hoale, h. p. 3 W. I. R.

Assist. Surg. S. Gilder from Coldst. Gds. with Assist. Surg. F. Gilder, h. p. Gren. Gds.
 Campbell, from 57 F. with Assist. Surg. Inglish, h. p. 95 F.
 Vet. Surg. Cross, from 11 Regt. with Vet. Surg. Percival, h. p. 75 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Col. Roberts, 3 F.
 Major Hamilton, 1 Dr. G.
 Whiteford, 15 Gr.
 Campbell, 11 F.
 Captain Green, 1 Dr.
 Robison, 7 F.
 2d Lieut. Page, 1 Ceylon Regt.

Appointments Cancelled.

Captain Chisholm, 1 R. Vet. Bat.

Deaths.

General Coates, 2 F. Healdington, near York July 22, 1822.
 Major Gen. Alakill, E. India Co. Service, Madras Nov. 24, 1821.
 Lieut.-Col. Cutcliffe, h. p. 23 Dr. Barnstaple, Devon July 9, 1822.
 Major Moiley, 12 F. Madras Feb. 5.
 Wilson, late of E. Mar. Mar. 13.
 Captain Binny, 11 Dr. Berhampore, Bengal Nov. 26, 1821.
 Fitzgerald, 87 F. Fort William, Bengal Dec. 10.
 Archibald Campbell, 91 F. Jamaica May 4, 1822.
 Crawley, R. Art. Clontarf, near Dublin July 10.
 Green, h. p. 52 F. (Adj. Oxford Mil.) do. 24.
 Headington North, h. p. 71 F. Cove of Cork, Ireland do. 3.
 Champion, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
 Lieut. Pott, 13 Dr. Bangalore, Madras, Jan. 31, 1822.
 John How, (2d) 30 F. Madras, Dec. 30, 1821.
 M'Carthy, 31 F. Dundalk, Ireland June 5, 1822.
 Joseph Mulkern, 65 F. Bombay Dec. 25, 1821.
 Charleton, R. Art. Newfoundland, May 31, 1822.
 Hopwood, h. p. R. Wag. Train June 12.
 Robertson, h. p. 50 F. Edinburgh Dec. 6, 1821.
 Young, h. p. 86 F. May 4, 1822.
 Ross, h. p. Nova Scotia, Fenc. Halifax, do. 2.
 Nova Scotia Francis, h. p. Inde p. Co. Ireland, April 20.
 J. Cochran, Stirling Mil. at Stirling, June 28.
 Crookes, h. p. 62 F. at Drogheda Dec. 28, 1821.
 Ensign Bellingham, 6 F. Caffre-Drift, Cape of Good Hope March 25, 1822.
 Riddell, 33 F. Jamaica May 1.
 Whitney, h. p. 45 F. (late of 2d F.) Brandon, Ireland do. 22.
 Haymes, h. p. 66 F. St Helena.
 Williams, h. p. 61 R. Br. July 22.
 Paymaster Godfrey, h. p. 40 F. Jan. 10, 1822.
 Quarter-Master White, h. p. 16 Dr. Wesley June 17.
 Embree, h. p. Tarleton's Dr. Nova Scotia Aug. 4, 1820.
 Dup. Assist. Com. Gen. Duke Barbadoes May 14, 1822.
 Surgeon Trumble, Forces, Honduras March, 19.
 Davidson, h. p. 30 F.
 Clarke, East Middlesex Mil.
 Apothecary Taylor, on passage to West Indies on board the Bucarus April 22.
 The Editor regrets the insertion in last month's list of the death of Lieut.-General Fuller, the information respecting his decease having been found to be incorrect.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Norman Lockhart, of a son.
 — At 11, New Place, Mrs Lamont, of a daughter.
 — At Glasgow, the Lady Charlotte Macgregor Murray, of a son.

3. At Cargen, the Lady of William Stothert, Esq. of a daughter.
 4. At 46, Frederick Street, the Lady of Carlyle Bell, Esq. W.S. of a daughter.
 5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Heriot of Ramornie, of a son.
 — At Muirtown-house, Mrs Duff, of a son.

5. Mrs Douglas, Great King Street, of a daughter.

7. At Scourie-beg, Sutherlandshire, Mrs Ralph Reed, of a son.

8. The Lady of Thomas C. Hagart, Esq. of a daughter.

— Mrs Henry Sibbald, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

9. At Linlathem, the Lady of Captain Paterson, of a daughter.

— At Brahan Castle, the Honourable Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, of a daughter.

10. At Lonsat, the Lady of George Macneil of Ugdale, Esq. of a son and heir.

11. Mrs Carnegie of Craig, of a daughter.

14. At Dunrother-house, the Right Honourable Lady Kennedy, of a son.

— Mrs A. M. Anderson, No. 9, Nelson Street, of a son.

15. At the Manse of Kinglassie, Mrs Cunningham, of a daughter.

17. At Dalsell, Mrs Hamilton, of a daughter.

19. At Coates Crescent, Mrs Abercromby of Burkenog, of a daughter.

— At Nairne Grove, the Lady of Colonel Anderson, K.T.S. and C.B. of a daughter.

20. In Albany Street, Mrs W. Ferrier, of a son.

22. In George Street, Mrs Adolphus Ross, of a daughter.

— At West Collington, Mrs W. Anderson, No. 12, Brown's Square, was safely delivered of a daughter.

24. At the Earl of Weymss's house, in Queen Street, Lady Kleho, of a son.

25. In Wimpole Street, London, Lady Bridport, of a son.

26. At Dunsinane, Mrs Nairne of Dunsinane, of a daughter.

— Mrs Bell, No. 9, Queen Street, of a daughter.

28. At Clelland-house, Lanarkshire, the Lady of Frederic Grant, Esq. of a son.

29. At Monreith, the Lady of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Bart. of a son.

30. Mrs Johnston, No. 1, George Street, of a son.

— At Minto Street, Newington, Mrs Scott, of a son.

Lately. At Stoneridge, Mrs Hood, of a daughter.

— At the Palace of Monthebrillant, near Hanover, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, of a Princess.

MARRIAGES.

November, 1821. At Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, Lieut. Thomson, belonging to the staff of his Excellency the Governor-in-Chief, Sir Thomas Brisbane, to Eliza, second daughter of the late Thomas Ribby, Esq. merchant, Sydney, New South Wales.

Feb. 14. At Calcutta, Sir R. D. Colquhoun of Tilly Colquhoun, Bart. to Anna Maria, second daughter of James Colvin, Esq. of Calcutta.

June 21. At Mary-la-bonne new church, David Pennant, Esq. of Downing, in the county of Flint, to the Lady Caroline Spencer Churchill, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

22. At Clitham Head, Miramichi, province of New Brunswick, North America, Alexander Fraser, jun. Esq. merchant of that place, to Miss Catherine Fraser of Edinburgh, Scotland.

26. At the house of Michael Oppenheim, Esq. Mansel Street, London, Simeon Oppenheim, Esq. of Brixton, to Maria, fourth daughter of the late M. Levy, Esq. and niece to Lewis Cohen, Esq. formerly of Barbadoes.

27. At London, the Rev. Harvey James Sperling, A.M. son of H.P. Sperling, Esq. of Park Place, Berks, domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Rocksavage, and rector of Papworth, St Agnes, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late John Macnab of Newton, Esq. Perthshire.

— At London, Lieutenant-Colonel Clements, M. P. for the county of Leicestershire, to Catherine Francis Wentworth, second daughter of Godfrey Wentworth, Esq. of Woolley Park, Yorkshire.

July 1. At Kenly, Nicol Allan, Esq. of Hercules Insurance Company, Scotland, to Ann, daughter of the late David Kay, Esq. Kenly.

— At Muirfield-house, East Lothian, the Rev. Weever Walter, M.A. of St John's College, Cambridge, to Lillias, daughter of the late Spencer Cochrane, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel in the 11th. East India Company's Service.

1. At Shrub Place, Leith Walk, Mr Andrew Snoddy, Solicitor, Leith, to Helen, only daughter of the late Captain John Lewine of Holy Island.

3. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Cuthbertson, merchant, to Elisabeth, only daughter of Mr William Hill, tanner, Blackburn.

4. By special license, at Montagu-house, Privy Gardens, London, Lord Stopford, son of the Earl of Courtown, to Lady Ann Montagu Scott, daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch.

5. At Argyll Square, Edinburgh, Captain James Fraser, half-pay 68th regiment, to Christina, eldest daughter of Robert Gray, Esq. merchant.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Clark, Chessels' Court, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr Lothian, Milne's Square.

8. At St James's Square, Edinburgh, Mr Silvester Hesketh, W.S. accountant and deputy clerk of teinds, to Georgina, daughter of Mr Alexander Kidd, writer in Edinburgh.

— At Stafford Street, Mr Richard Rennie, merchant, Leith, to Clementina, only daughter of the late Mr D. Robertson, perfumer.

— At No 1, Meadow Place, James Collins, Esq. of the county of Cork, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Alexander Macdowal, Esq. of Parkhill.

8. At London, Henry Lindesay Bellhime, Esq. of Kileonquhar, county of Fife, to Miss Countess Trotter, eldest daughter of John Trotter, Esq. of Durham Park.

— At Streatham Church, Surrey, Captain Mason, of the late 10th regiment, to Miss Gordon, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon.

10. Lieutenant H. Hymer, R. N. to Henrietta, daughter of the late William Dallas, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica.

11. At Glasgow, Keith Macdonald, Esq. Hon. East India Company's service, to Miss Flora Macalister, second daughter of the late Colonel Norman Macalister of Cairnhill, and Governor of Prince of Wales Island.

— At the Friends' Meeting-House, John Bellis, hosier, Edinburgh, to Sarah Johnston, daughter of William Miller, Summerhall.

16. At Leith, Mr Lewis Downie, merchant, to Isabella, daughter of John Sanders, Esq.

— At Glammis, Mr Alexander, Professor of Greek in the University of St Andrews, to Katharine, daughter of the late Patrick Proctor, Esq. of Glenholmaray.

18. At Perth, Dr Colin Lauder, Physician, Edinburgh, to Miss Margaret Ross, daughter of the late James Ross, Esq. Procurator-Fiscal of the county of Perth.

22. At Edinburgh, Patrick Hutchison, Esq. writer in Auchterarder, to Miss Mary Sophia Stewart Richardson, Clyde Street.

— At Edinburgh, James Hendry, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Eliza, eldest daughter of George Thomas, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

22. At Weddells Hall, Alexander Dallas, Esq. of North Newton, to Miss Russell Smith.

— At Lumbrane, by the Rev. Mr Wilson, Carew, Mr Robert Mudge, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr M. Lindsay.

25. At Glassmount, Mr Alexander Spears, farmer, Grange, to Mary, second daughter of the late Burnidge Purvis, Esq. of Glassmount, Fifeshire.

25. At Edinburgh, Charles Kinloch, Esq. of Gourlie, to Miss Agnes Mylne, daughter of the late James Mylne, Esq. of Mylnfield.

27. At London, Lord Granville Somerset, second son of the Duke of Beaufort, to the Hon. Emily Smith, youngest daughter of Lord Carlingford.

29. At Edinburgh, John Colin Wilson, Esq. Writer to the Signet, to Janet Stuart Pent, daughter of Thomas Pent, Esq. Writer to the Signet.

30. At the house of Mrs Crawford, 2, George's Square, George Yule, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, third daughter of Henry Swinton, Esq. Grangemouth.

— At No. 14, James's Square, Mr Archibald Aikman, merchant, to John Smith, daughter of the late Mr George Spinkie, merchant, Edinburgh.

DEATHS.

Nov. 1821. At Alahabad, East Indies, last November, Mr Boswell Cochrane Gillespie, son of the late D. Thomas Gillespie, physician in Edinburgh.

24. At St Thomas Mount, Madras, Major-General Francis Adair, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

25. At Madras, Donald Macandrew, Esq. surgeon, 11th regiment, N. I. in consequence of a severe attack of fever.

Dec. 1. At Trincomalee, Island of Ceylon, Thomas P. Lurohen, Esq. Colonial Master Attendant at that place.

Jan. 2. 1832. At Leesville, America, Colonel James Campbell, agent for the State Bank, North Carolina, son of the late Robert Campbell, Esq. of Middletonearne, Clackmannanshire.

15. At Calcutta, Alexander Robertson, Esq. youngest son of the late Andrew Robertson, Esq. of Foveran, and partner of the house of Davidson and Robertson of Calcutta.

31. In India, Captain Beauchamp Mackintosh, of the Madras Artillery, second son of the late Colonel Wm. Mackintosh, of Millbank.

May. At St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, Mrs John Mackenzie, a native of the parish of Glesny, and sister to Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Munro, Hon. East India Company's Service, Madras.

1. At Kingston, Jamaica, Ensign John Riddell, of the 53d regiment, second son of the late Michael Riddell, Esq.

15. At Madeira, Miss Elizabeth Young, eldest daughter of Harry Young, Esq. of Madeira.

15. At Richmond, Virginia, John Wood, Esq. a native of Scotland.

25. In Jamaica, George Gregory, Esq. from Edinburgh, merchant in Kingston.

19. At Edinburgh, Margaret, only daughter of Mr James Anderson, tailor, Edinburgh.

24. Mr William Lawson, plasterer, Edinburgh. June 26. At his house Grassmarket, William Thomson, corn-merchant.

— At Brechin, Alexander, only son of Dr Guthrie.

29. At King Street, Leith, Eliza, daughter of the late Mr Henry Braid, merchant there.

At Sea Bank, Rothsay, Miss Christina Brown Hamilton, daughter of the late William Hamilton, Esq. of Craiglaw.

— At Portobello, of inflammation of the bowels, Sir John Macgregor Murray, Bart. of Lanrick Castle, Perthshire. In the early part of his life, Sir John had served in the army of India with considerable credit to himself; and it is well known to every Highlander how zealously his latter days have been devoted to promoting the best interests and maintaining the ancient character of his native country, for enthusiastic patriotism and unaffected loyalty; and his loss will be deeply felt, both by the public and a numerous circle of friends, to whom he was most justly endeared. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only son, Lieutenant-Colonel, now Sir Evan John Macgregor Murray, C.B.

30. At Edinburgh, James Crooble, Esq. late merchant in Dumfries.

— At Stirling, Jane, daughter of the late Francis Young, Esq. Collector of Excise.

30. At Park Place, Teddington, Susan, the wife of Col. Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K. C. B. Coldstream Guards.

— At Leith, Montyay, 4th son of Richd. Scoull.

30. At Southfod, Alexander, second son of the late John Stenhouse, Esq. youngest of Southfod.

At Park Place, Teddington, Susan, the wife of Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K. C. B. Coldstream Guards.

— At Belfast, Ann, Countess of Annesley.

July 1. At Eymouth, Mrs Renton, widow of Mr James Renton, wine-merchant in Berwick.

— At his father's house, in Falketh, Mr David Matheson, jun. candlemaker there.

2. At Raeburn Place, James Davidson, Esq. late surgeon 2d Battalion Royal Scots.

3. At Denbree, Helen Dalnahoo, eldest daughter of Alexander Forbes, Esq. of Westfield.

— At Auchmannoch, Mrs Burella Hunter, wife of Arthur Cameron, Esq. of Auchmannoch.

4. At Edinb., Mrs Elizabeth Saxby, wife of Mr Thomas Saxby, general agent.

5. At Leith, Miss Margaret Ramsay.

At her house, No. 7, Leith Street, Mr John Ramsay, perfumer.

— At his house in Pathhead, by Kirkcaldy, after a long illness, Mr James Anderson, manufacturer.

6. At Bath, John Grierson, Esq. of London.

7. At Kirkcaldy, in his 19th year, Mr George Malcolm, only son of the late Collector Malcolm.

8. At Stafford Street, Miss Margaret Macpherson, daughter of the late Captain Macpherson, at Armory.

— At Howard Place, near Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Currie Lamont, spouse of James Lamont, Esq. at Port Glasgow, the Reverend John Forrest.

— At Brompton, Jessie Philadelphia, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Sydney Beckwith, in her 14th year.

12. At Torrance, near Lyons, John Forbes Mitchell, Esq. of Thainston, Aberdeenshire.

10. Charlotte, wife of the Reverend Mr Lynn, Vicar of Croxworth, Cumberland, daughter of the late Lord Bishop of Carlisle.—Her death was occasioned by drinking cold water when very hot.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Gavin Buzgo, house-painter.

11. At Edinburgh, in the 10th year of his age, Mr John Johnstone, Esq. 30, Northumberland Street.

— At Luffness Mill, James Yule Dudgeon, youngest son of Major Dudgeon, 8th regiment.

12. At Sidmouth, Magdalen, wife of Henry Harvey, Esq. and daughter of Sir James Hall of Dingwall, Bart.

— At Prestons, Captain Thomas Simpson, R. N.

— At Strachur, Argyleshire, Archibald Weir, grocer in Greenock.

13. At his house, Broughton Street, John Jeffrey, Esq. late of Allierbeck.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Patrick Cunningham, goldsmith, aged 51.

14. At Edinburgh, Alexander Fullerton, Esq. late land-surveyor of the customs at Perth.

15. At Edinburgh, after a few days' illness, Mrs Margaret Savers, wife of Mr John Hunter, merchant, Edinburgh.

16. At Kindness House, Charles Henry, infant son of Charles Robertson, Esq. junior of Kindness.

— At Lauriston Place, Mr John Drummond, linen manufacturer, Edinburgh.

— At Fulwood Lodge, near Liverpool, in the 43d year of her age, Margaret, the wife of William Smith, Esq. and eldest daughter of the late William Forsyth, Esq.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr William Phil, merchant.

— At Pontefield-house, Cromarty, Janina, youngest daughter of Mr D. M. Montgomerie.

— At Bell, Wm. Hamilton Minto, Esq. of Dirlinton and Belhaven.

20. John Heigh, Esq. of Gartcove.

21. The Lady of the Right Honourable Lord Norbury, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Ireland, the Lady Baroness Norwood.

— At Bothkenner Manse, Miss Muir, of Laswade Hill.

22. At Alorton, near Dumfries, Mrs Whigham, relict of Robert Whigham, Esq. of Hildesburghill.

23. Miss Elizabeth Maceor, aged 73, daughter of the deceased James Maceor, Esq. late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Kent-house, Augusta Carr, Countess of Glasgow. Her Ladyship was the daughter of James Earl of Erroll.

25. At Vauhall, Lady Viscountess Falkland, widow of the late Lord Falkland, aged mother of the present Viscount.

— At Duke Street, Leith, Mr David Black, eldest son of Mr James Black, merchant there.

— At Edinburgh, Morris West, Esq. late Secretary to the Board of Customs in Scotland.

26. At Dirlinton, aged 15, Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr James Henderson, schoolmaster of that parish.

27. At the house of her aunt, Mrs Lockhart, London, Miss Margaret M'Leod, third daughter of Donald M'Leod, of Genoa, Esq.

28. At Loshmoss, Mr Charles Shaw Duthie, second son of the deceased James Duthie, Esq.

29. At Cosmo Crescent, Archibald, only son of David Cockburn, Esq.

30. At Vienna, aged 60 years, Baron Puffendorf, the celebrated mineralogist.

— At his house in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, the Abbe Hana, the celebrated mineralogist.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1822

VOL. XII.

Contents.

THE KING	233
THE KING'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH. BY A LONDONER, BUT NO COCKNEY	268
EDINBURGH ROYAL DAYS ENTERTAINMENTS. THE SECOND VOYAGE OF OMAI, THE TRAVELLER	285
Day First. The Grand Entry and Fire-works	287
Day Second. The Illumination	290
Day Third. The Levee	291
Day Fourth. Sunday	293
Day Fifth. The Addresses	ib.
Day Sixth. The Drawing-Room	ib.
Day Seventh. The Royal Yacht	294
Day Eighth. The Royal Progress	295
Day Ninth. Cavalry Review and Peers' Ball	298
Day Tenth. The Banquet	300
Day Eleventh. The Church	303
Day Twelfth. Caledonian Hunt Ball	304
Day Thirteenth. The Parthenon.—The Theatre	ib.
Day Fourteenth. Belshazzar's Feast, and the Coronation	305
Day Fifteenth. The Farewell	ib.
THE GATHERING OF THE WEST; OR, WE'RE COME TO SEE THE KING	306
Greenock Folk	ib.
Paisley Bodies	310
Glasgow People	313
The Movement	315
Edinburgh	317
Leith	220
Introductory Letters	321
The Landing	324
The Fire-works and Illuminations	225
The Levee and Drawing-Room	327
The Finish	329
THE SORROWS OF THE STOI	333
HOGG'S ROYAL JUBILEE, &c.	344
The News—Song	350
Stanzas for the King's Landing	ib.
The Chief and his Tail	351
Fergusson and Burns; or, the Poet's Reverie	352
LETTER FROM A GOTH, ON THE CELTS, &c.	354
GLENGARRY <i>versus</i> THE CELTIC SOCIETY	359
NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. No. VI.	369
W'Enbop, to the King. Christopher North	392

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SEPTEMBER, 1822.

VOL. XII.

The King.

Loud voice the land hath utter'd forth.
We loudest in the faithful north ;
Our hills rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams send forth a welcoming !
Our strong abodes and castles see
The glory of our loyalty.

WORDSWORTH.

THE people of Scotland, we well remember, for the feeling was universal, envied Ireland, when, a year ago, the King was hailed with such enthusiastic acclamation to her shores. With that envy was mingled, perhaps, some slight shade of an offended pride ; but there was nothing little or paltry in the whole feeling ; on the contrary, it was generous and just, and such as became the spirit of a bold, free, and ancient nation. It seemed to us, at first, as if our King had sailed away from us in forgetfulness or disparagement of our claims ; and we thought within ourselves, why does he not come to his own Palace of Holyrood, and shew himself on his throne there, in the Royal Halls of his Ancestors? But our good sense, for which it is said we are as a nation remarkable, soon corrected this impression ; and we all felt that the time would come, and that soon, when we should have occasion to envy no nation on earth, and when King and people would see and be satisfied with each other. That time has come—it is past—and the event, while it has gloriously fulfilled all the hopes of his subjects, has not, we are proud to know, altogether disappointed the expectations of our King.

His Majesty's gracious visit to Ireland was prompted by many fine and noble feelings, but feelings that must

have been, in some measure, melancholy and mournful. He went to behold a people distinguished by the wild generosity, and even by the wild grandeur of their character ;—but a people whose history had long been one of violence and distraction, and whose loyalty, fervent and true, was yet mingled in their hearts with many bitter and rankling animosities. There had been deadly hate, even for conscience' sake, between thousands of those hearts which then felt suddenly and strangely united in one passion of devoted attachment to their King. Wounds that had long been bleeding were then for a while staunch'd, or they bled inwardly ; while in the recklessness of loyal rapture, Erin clasp'd to her green bosom the Monarch of the Isles. There was something disturbed in the physiognomy of the people, as there was, and long had been, and long will be, something disturbed in their souls. To many, their enthusiasm seem'd exaggerated, outrageous, and unnatural. But their King knew better, and the fine feeling, which, by his whole demeanour day after day among them, he shewed that he possessed of their character and condition, proves that he understands wisely and well that humanity to which in all his glory he of necessity does himself belong, as

much as the poorest Irish peasant who came rushing in transport from his miserable cabin to meet the smile of his Monarch. The Irish grasped out of the King's hand the boon of oblivion of all hatred and heart-burning; and feeling themselves in his presence relieved from the burthen of their daily life, they leapt and they danced and they sang, and the million basked as in the dawning sunshine of a millenium. To comprehend the meaning of that madness and delusion of joy, we must reflect on the strange source from which it was stirred up, and remember that transport can suddenly and slowly spring up out of tears, especially if they have been tears of blood, long shed, and then, it was hoped, however erroneously, about to be dried up for ever. Indeed nothing is more striking to a stranger in the Irish character, than the easy, natural, and even graceful union of wild with solemn feelings—of mirth, extravagant and grotesque, with the purest and deepest pathos, and of strange imagery brought from a distance by a capricious fancy, with the homeliest furniture of the heart. In scenes of deepest, darkest, and most dismal distress, there is a wild glimmer of joy over their cabins. The last words of the dying man, even when his soul is devoutly prostrate before God, often retain much of the feeling and phraseology of his reckless life, that might needlessly shock the unreflecting stranger. Mirth and misery are twin-born in those cabins,—are long playmates there—and, if ever separated, are at all times ready to resume their union.

Were such a people to regulate their conduct, on such an occasion, by dull decorum? No. By them nothing could be felt decorous but the free-flowing tide of their agitated joy. All they had suffered, whether self-inflicted by their own folly, or by the fatal ignorance or wilful blindness of their rulers—was not by tacit, but by thundering consent, in a moment forgotten. "What have our miseries to do with us now—that our King is in Ireland? What have they to do with us? Nothing could have brought him hither but love for us—ay, pride in us"—and that thought was enough to make all Ireland mad, from Port-

ebullition of momentary feeling. No strong passion can ever utterly pass away, except by the power of remorse. But here there was nothing to be ashamed of—nothing of which to repent. A storm of loyal emotion swept over the land; and no doubt it carried off foulness and darkness from many a rebel's heart, not only lending light and room for worthier feelings, but also inspiring the feelings themselves, and giving them thoughts on which to feed and live. What substantial benefit has the King's Visit conferred on Ireland? We answer, there are evils there which the King's Visit was never expected to cure. But if that visit opened the hearts of all the population to a genial and general joy—if they vowed then, and have since, in many instances, proved that their vows were not empty words, to moderate the violence of those party feelings, which, sprung as they are from so deep a source, deserve a better and a nobler name—if, when looking on the face of their King smiling graciously among them, they felt repaid by the joyful burst of their own loyalty for the blood shed to cement his throne—if a strong and life-supporting pride in their national character, with all its powerful imperfections and glorious defects, has been cherished by the voice of the greatest Monarch on earth, who was elated to declare, that he was "in part and heart an Irishman"—if even such effects as these have been so produced, the King's Visit to Ireland was an incalculable blessing to that country. To what extent such effects have been produced, nobody is yet entitled to give an opinion from what is audible or visible. But we know that the Royal Visit was eminently fitted to produce them widely over such a people. We know that the people did at that time lay open their hearts to receive such influence—we know what hearts they have—and therefore we believe that the harvest will be rich, and yet gathered in peace. Of all nations of the earth, the Irish have perhaps most feeling and fancy—these powers seem native and indigenous in Ireland—and events of far less pith and moment than a visit from a King, have excited them lastingly for good or for evil, and made them traceable in lines of light, or of blood, down the long page of their nation's history.

These most imperfect, but, we believe, not altogether inapplicable remarks on the state of national feeling in Ireland, produced by the King's Visit, were called forth now by the consideration of the very different circumstances in which we, as a people, have for some centuries been placed. Scotland has long been a calm, quiet, happy, and improving country. We are strong in our deep and placid domestic affections, the stream of which flows undisturbedly on—in our sound, plain, hearty, honest, good, common, or, if you chuse, commonplace sense—in an intelligence of perhaps a higher order than was ever before general among all ranks—in the light of a knowledge strictly practical, yet not found unfriendly either to feeling or fancy—in the proper pride of an educated independence, that knows and keeps to its own sphere of action—in a morality that is frequently even austere, and in a religion that is always simple, solemn, and sublime.—We do not fear to say, that such is our National Character. A loftier and a wiser people are not to be found now upon the earth, nor do the records of any such survive. Scotland has been a country favoured by the Almighty Providence. Seldom now do dark passions gore the bosom of her domestic happiness with the inroads of atrocious crime. We know little, by our own experience, of the extremities of agony and guilt. Despair drives not our calm, contented, and cultivated population, into mirthful misery and laughing crime. It is not with them to-day a heaven of sunshine, and to-morrow a hell of gloom. They do not alternate between life and death—grasping and clutching, as they sink or rise, at every mad enjoyment and perilous pleasure, aware in their highest exultation of its coming overthrow, and comforted in their lowest prostration by the hope of some infatuated and outrageous happiness. As it has been beautifully and truly said, that “ stillest streams do water fairest meadows,” under the calm and undisturbed, and seemingly passionless exterior of the Scottish manners, lies a rich substratum of character, productive of all that adorns and dignifies human life. This is not the poor and pitiful expression of a self-deluding national vanity. It is the opinion expressed by the voice of Europe. Our faults, our

defects, our vices, are not unknown to ourselves, and they have not been spared by the sarcasms of other nations. Pity, indeed, it is, that they should be so many, and, in some respects, so unworthy of companionship with those virtues which we know we possess, by the happiness they have spread over Scotland, and by the honour with which they have clothed her in the eyes of every enlightened people. But this is not the time or place even to hint at our national imperfections. We boldly put our foot on this position—that of intelligence, affection, moral feeling, and religious faith, a model worthy indeed of imitation is now exhibited to the whole world by the people of Scotland.

A nation so enlightened and so happy is not easily excited to any outward demonstration of feeling. That is not the habit of our hearts. Our people are sedately happy by their fire-sides—they are sedately happy in their places of worship—it might almost be said, they are sedately happy in domestic festivals—when youth and beauty are united in love, or when a child is born, and new and hallowed hopes spring up like flowers around the poor man's house. They are often sedately happy by the side of the open grave.

If such be the character of life's daily recurring emotions among our people, they will carry much of the same spirit into every situation of rarest interest, and even into pageants and processions; the sober strength of their habitual character will breathe a calmness and a serenity which none but the ignorant may mistake for apathy or indifference, and under which lies a bold but regulated spirit of passion.

Our patriotism—our loyalty, is of this character. Almost every Scotchman knows something of the history of his country. Wallace sowed over all our rocks the imperishable seeds of high thoughts and great actions. The marks of his feet are shewn, as if the stone and the flint would retain them for ever, by a patriotic peasantry, to their children going to the ploughed field or to the hill-pasture. Bruce is as fresh a name as if he had lain but a few years in the tomb. We know ourselves to be an unconquered people, and that we yet fought against the conquerors of the earth—

of late—or in old times, Romans and the English. Even our greatest overthrows have been melancholy triumphs—and we fear not, after Banockburn, to think of Flodden.

But we have no need to look back into distant history for events to justify the pride of our patriotism. Scotland has for ages fought by the side of England, and has not, even in that rivalry, lost any of her ancient renown. Though a small, and not a rich country, she has lent sinews to war, both of gold and steel, and has at all times been prodigal of her blood. Nor has Scotland ever weakly repented of the loss which her best houses have sustained; but although battle has made “lanes through largest families,” the survivors have closed in upon the gap with a spirit of stern and unrepining patriotism, and have acknowledged, that for their common country the sacrifice was but just. In none of those great conflicts, by which liberty had to be saved, was the war-cry of Scotland ever drowned; and her sons who dwelt at home in peace, have shewn that they knew how to cultivate all those arts of civilized life which their compatriots had guarded by arms. When, therefore, their King was about to visit them, they felt that they deserved his presence, and that such a King would be proud to accept the loyal homage of a people, in tranquillity and peace, who had gloriously shewn that they were willing and able to guard him and his throne in danger and in war. His visit, such a nation well knew, was not to be one of cold ceremony, or idle ostentation; but their King, in whose fleets and armies they had fought, and in whose councils, too, many of their wisest spirits had sat, was coming to behold the land from which that valour and that wisdom had sprung, in the calm air and the serene light of hard-earned and glorious repose.

The well-known and fondly-cherished history of our present religious establishment, keeps for ever alive in solemn silence a host of holy recollections. These recollections are all that we ask to consecrate our places of worship. A pure and undefiled faith, which in days of persecution our ancestors guarded with steel, and against which all the tortures of steel were of no avail, either in the field or in the pri-

son, or in the council-chamber of the oppressor, we now guard, in times of toleration, by a reverent spirit that owns no other mode of worship than solemn meditation and humility in the presence of God. That spirit of unostentatious, unadorned, and austere simplicity, has gone deeply into the concerns of our human life. The influence of the Sabbath is not confined to that one single day. The peasantry of Scotland have few other days of rest. But their Saturday night is of itself a milder Sabbath; and all the week through, the mind of the people feels that working hours are gently receding from one kirk-day and advancing to another. When the “big-ha-Bible” is shut by the hand, its pages are kept open before the heart. Its contents are known to all—young and old. They carry them in their memories even when they know it not; and there are thoughts of as frequent recurrence, and far deeper import, arising in the heart of the lonely labourer, from that book, than from the traditional poetry or history of his native land, (from the noblest part of which, indeed, it never can be divided), when, not “in glory and in joy,” but in contentment and peace, he is

“Following his plough upon the mountain-side.”

Those high and solemn thoughts—of himself as an immortal being—of his God as a Judge—of his country as the scene of his toils, preparative for heaven, will not easily yield to any other on any day, but not at all on the Sabbath. This we all witnessed, when the King, who, the day before, was hailed from the Palace to the Citadel with successive storms of rising joy from his faithful and devoted subjects, passed through them on the Lord’s Day to the place of worship, all standing with heads uncovered, silent and sedate—nothing heard but a kind and general whisper, invoking blessings on his head at the Throne of Mercy, at whose feet he and they were going to bow down together,—for there is no distinction of persons before God.

Happy, contented, and proud of our country, we therefore, as a People, had no boon to beseech from the Royal Hand. He did not come among us to force us, by his graciousness and benignity, to forget for a while what never could be altogether forgotten;

no rankling wounds were with us which his touch was to heal ; we wished for no oblivion to gather over the past, for it was to our recollection either bright, or serene, or solemn—with the present we were well pleased, and to the future we looked forward with perfect confidence, derived from a thorough knowledge of our progressive prosperity, knowledge, and science. We prayed, therefore, that our King might come not to make us happier, but to see how happy we were—that he might with his own eyes behold the placid aspect of a people who were grateful to God for the rank they held among the nations—who knew their own worth—and, knowing it, felt that they had a King of whom proud Scotland might be proud, and to support whose throne they would bring hands steeled by the labours of a life of freedom, and hearts fearless of man in the fear of God.

When, therefore, it was known certainly that the King was come to Scotland, Scotland and all her hills rejoiced. There was no need to tell her what to feel, or how to behave. It was natural, indeed, that some of her many men of genius should try to express some of those emotions experienced by all men who had hearts. And they did so. But under the strong power of present passion, genius is borne down to the level of ordinary thought. There is an intensity of homely human feeling that will not give itself vent in measured words ; and which, bursting forth from the eyes, and lips, and gestures, according as the most trifling circumstance brings it to an acutè, makes poor the studied expression even of the most brilliant genius. What need was there to put open or concealed engines at work to make Scotsmen give a glorious welcome to their King ? Have we no pride in ourselves, in our cities, in our straths, and in our mountains ? No power on earth could have suppressed the strong emotion which majestically spread over the whole land. It is not so long since we had a royal line of our own ; and Holyrood, though silent and deserted, had never, in our imaginations, been without its Court and its King. We have been forever a loyal people ; and in nothing, greatly as we love and admire our English brethren, in nothing have we ever envied them but the pos-

session of their own Monarch in their own metropolis. Old times, we felt, were about to be revived. The vision of our dreams was to be brightly realized before our waking eyes ; and a King, with Scottish blood in his veins, and as nobly adorned with kingly accomplishments as our own James I. himself, was about to grace the Halls of his Ancestors, while the royal standard floated in its pomp over the most magnificent city of his empire. We deserve no credit for such feelings ; for they come up from the pride of our hearts,—and, thinking on our country, we hailed our King.

As the day drew near on which it was hoped his ship might be seen in the horizon from some of the magnificent heights around our city, the national feeling can be described fitly by no other word than—Enthusiasm. We had all of us calmly contemplated the event at hand—had viewed it in all its bright and solemn lights,—and thought that we should all receive our King with that due mixture of emotion and calmness becoming a grave and thinking people. But our hearts misgave us at the first peal of thunder from the Castle Hill ; and when all the city knew that the King's ship was in the Frith, it was seen that we are not that philosophic people we sometimes are proud to suppose ; and that nowhere else does a deeper, more reverent, passionate, and imaginative spirit of loyalty exist, than in Scotland.

It had been known from the first that the King was to confine his visit to Edinburgh. Edinburgh, therefore, was now indeed a striking city. All the nobility of Scotland—all her gentry—the strength of her peasantry—and thousands on thousands of her artisans from her many flourishing towns, all poured into the metropolis. Every countenance was happy ; every figure was becomingly apparelled ; every action of the immense crowd was, even in the utmost fervour of their excitation, decent,—we had almost said dignified,—as if the poorest in the crowd had felt a respect for himself, and determined, as if the eye of Majesty was to single him out in the throng, to demean himself with spirit and propriety before his King.

Edinburgh, during this season of the year, is deserted by many of its first inhabitants ; but now the stream of life

was heard louder than it ever had been since it was a city. It must have been interesting to the least observant, to walk the long, wide, spacious streets. One saw passing along, old men with weather-beaten faces, and sometimes silvery hairs, that spoke, in language not to be misunderstood, of the hail-blasts of the hills,—men come from afar, from the dwellings of poverty, but not of want,—with intelligent countenances and stately steps, unbowed by age, such as at one look we knew feared God and honoured the King. Here, was to be seen the bright-faced and wondering peasant-boy from the country school, now for a few holidays shut up; and there some ancient grandam, leading in her hand her children's children, that they might tell in their distant valleys, that they had seen the King. Here walked men who appeared to have served their country many long years ago, and who now forgot its real or imagined ingratitude in that loyalty which made them scorn their wounds received in youth, and which now makes them proud of them in their old age. In no other country is there a greater variety of original character than in our own. The rich and the poor are often connected by fine and almost imperceptible gradations; and where the first men in the land are often sprung from the bosom of the people, there is a pride of worth and successful talent, which claims and receives equality with the pride of birth and hereditary rank. The minister of religion, famous for eloquence, or venerable for piety, is not ashamed, but proud to walk by the side of his humble parents, who live in their own retired cot-house. He who has commanded armies or navies, honours the grey hairs of his peasant father; and the merchant, whose aid government may have required in the day of need, does not forget the poor men of his native village. On such a great occasion, when the honour of the country was concerned, no man was forgetful of his own; and that could not be better preserved than by guarding all the sanctities of life from forgetfulness or shame, and shewing Scotland that it was, “*in cunctis intacta*.” The collected people were therefore, though a variegated, yet an harmonious mass,—and there was as much nationality displayed by the

lower as by the higher orders, while to an eye that knew how to look on it, the whole was amalgamated by a spirit of respectful attachment and pride. To those who had not leisure or inclination to study in detail, the whole mass together was animating, beautiful, and magnificent.

The King did not arrive for some days after he had been expected, so that the spirit of friendship, as well as loyalty, had time to be breathed into, and to circulate through the loyal assemblage. Friends from the most distant parts of the kingdom recognised each other; a constant greeting and grasping of hands was seen on the streets; there was a feast, or a festival, or a rehearsal, in every house; and there could not be a better preparation of heart, mind, and soul, for the reception of a King, than the joyous, exhilarating, and unrestrained intercourse of friendship and social glee, that now prevailed among so many of his subjects.

Soon as the King's vessel was seen in the Frith, it was felt that he was in Scotland. Many thousand eyes were fixed upon it from the hills, and from many a lofty range of building whose windows, unthought of in that aerial wilderness of the “*Old Town*,” command, one and all of them, perhaps the noblest prospect in the world. All the signals had been published over the city, by which the people were to be instructed of their Sovereign's movements; and every ear was open to hear the Castle guns. But the day was decidedly overcast; and the King's entrance into such a city was not, if possible, to be under a cloud. So we were told that the King was not to land—and in a few seconds his resolution was known to three hundred thousand people. All felt that his resolution was right—and there was but one wish—one prayer, among all the vast multitude, that to-morrow's sun would come forth like a giant from the sea, and do justice to Edina, the city of Palaces, with her Castle and her cliffs, and her pillared Hill, and the Mountain of the old heroic British King.

Never was there a bolder, brighter, more beautiful day, than that “*to-morrow*.” The high blue arch of heaven girdled the city, with here and there a palace-like pile of clouds.—

There was a strong, fresh, sea-borne gale, to wave the royal standard, and all the many thousand flags that brightened upon mast and tower and rock. The mighty multitude seemed all grateful for such a day,—and every countenance smiled as it looked up to the sun. The Castle told, in a voice of thunder, that the King was in his barge, and that in a few minutes his feet would be on the soil of Scotland. Another gun told that Scotland contained her King; and the shout of gratulation had now begun on the shores of Leith, that was to be prolonged, without intermission, like an accompanying river of sound, till Scotland's King had slowly proceeded through miles of his devoted subjects to the Palace of Holyrood, now about to be awakened from the dull sleep of ages, and to renew the glory of her old estate.

It is not very easy for our English brethren, loyal as they are, to understand the full force of our feelings on such an occasion. They have the King constantly living among them, and the Royal Residences ever before their sight. But we, who had once our own monarchs, feel now that the throne is afar off, and many thoughts must now sleep that of old were broad awake and astir through the land. True, we are all one people, and, like a column, stronger, because not all composed of one single stone. But national remembrances are immortal among a free people,—and Scotland did not know how well she could love her King, till she beheld him beneath her own skies, and moving along her own earth. Then, indeed, it was felt that he was *our* King, and that Scotland was still a kingdom. To have seen him in London would have been nothing—but now England herself was forgotten, and we had our Sovereign to ourselves, our King in our own Palace. There may be something delusive in all this—but the delusion is a lofty one; and without imagination there can be neither loyalty nor patriotism.

There is nothing finer in Europe than Leith-Walk, as an approach to a city. It leads up straight, broad, bold, free, and majestic, to the metropolis of Scotland. From many heights, and indeed from most parts of its own gentle elevation, its whole length is visible at once. It is

delightfully enclosed by gardens, broken in upon here and there by single houses, and sometimes by the commencement of new streets, that make one feel how much beauty must be sacrificed and swallowed up by a great city stretching itself out on all sides, and to be arrested only at last by the sea. Up this magnificent approach advanced the King. The head of the procession was thus seen from a great distance, and the accompanying agitation of the people's joy. The hearts of the whole population leapt to their mouths with shouts that shook the clouds, and their eyes shone like fire whenever the King appeared. The procession came onwards slowly, serenely, solemnly, majestically, magnificently, with now and then the note of a trumpet, and now and then that wild Highland music, heard faintly through the shouts of the multitude. Sometimes the shouting seemed to ebb, and then again, as the King approached some new part of the mighty living mass of loyalty, it flowed again, and seemed as if let loose like peals of thunder, doubled and redoubled.

The scene at the barrier was truly grand. Something was to be said and done; and there fell a calm, almost a dead, motionless silence, over all the multitude. The various openings-up into Edinburgh, from the great breadth of Leith Walk, are here truly metropolitan. The mass of life here was prodigious. The Calton was covered; so that literally a mountain of living beings was overshadowing the peopled streets. The moment the ceremony of delivering the keys was over, and the King and the Procession moved on, then the shouting and the waving were repeated, as if with fresh passion from the pause, and the joyous spectacle moved up into the city. Nothing could exceed, nothing could equal, the graceful and dignified demeanour and deportment of the King. But it was also much better than graceful and dignified; for it was manifestly charged with emotion. He looked up, and about, and around, with an expression of true kingly pride, satisfaction, and love; and a smile more certainly indicative of a noble soul, never beamed on the face of Majesty. As the Procession neared, the imagination of all who had never seen their King before was at work. But when he had passed by, the appeal

was made directly to their hearts, and cold, dull, and palsied in every string must that heart have been, that leapt not, nor beat, nor fluttered on that day. "God bless him—God bless him!"—was fervently ejaculated by a people who love not to take, or hear taken, that name in vain; and there was every thing expressed in that short emphatic prayer, that a good and great King, such as our King is, could have desired from his fellow-men,—every thing prayed for that he could hope from his God.

On such a day, every one regretted that he could not be present every where, and was afraid that what he necessarily lost might have been the best part of the whole. We had our own station near the Barrier, but as soon as the procession moved up York-Place, we were carried along with the rushing crowd to Waterloo-Bridge, and found ourselves, almost without any effort of our own, on the side of the Calton-Hill. Holyrood was below our feet; and while we looked at the old grey solitary Palace, we felt the tears in our eyes.—A person of the class of artisans stood by our side. He had witnessed the landing at Leith, and had followed the procession—in view all the way of the King. With strong natural eloquence he described the beautiful and animated appearance of the harbour, where every vessel had her yards manned to hail the King; and he spoke of their huzzas, that, as he said, seemed to be circling round the clouds, with that enthusiasm which is felt by every native of this island towards them "whose name is over the mountain wave, whose home is on the deep." But our conversation was soon stopt;—for at the time we were speaking, our eyes were toward that magnificent vista, stretching from Nelson's Pillar to St John's Chapel; and first we heard the voice of trumpets, and then the Procession came once more beautifully before our eyes. We were by this time somewhat accustomed to the sight, and gazed on it with sublime delight. We had a wish now to mark the various, rich, and gorgeous dresses of the Personages who figured in the Pageant—dukes, earls, barons, knights, and squires—a foot or on steeds prancing beneath burnished harnessing and cloth of gold. From them our eyes turned reluctantly away,

but were delighted to fall on troops of our own yeomanry, the flower of the Scottish youth, a force that is felt to be, as it were, half-military, half-civil, and appropriately preceding the King in this his peaceful triumph.—Then came marching along, to their wild native music, chieftains and clans—the descendants of those heroic and loyal warriors, who, true to their Prince, within less than a hundred years ago had pierced with their claymores into the very heart of England. They were now conducting their lawful—their hereditary Prince, down to Holyrood—and a fine spirit it was in that Prince that demanded their presence, and enjoyed the tossing of their plumes, their warlike and stormy music, and the varied splendour of the garb of Old Gaul. Calm, composed, and terrible, in that calmness and composure, came on Scotland's gallant Greys—"ces terribles chevaux gris," while many of their swords now shone in the sun, that, on the day of Waterloo, had their radiance quenched in blood. There, and so attended in his state, once more appeared our King. With their graceful bonnets ornamented by the eagle-plume—light, airy ruffs, from which each countenance looked out with spirit and animation—their raiment of the tartan-green, and their bows cutting the sky—lightly walked the archers alongside of their King—and gave a picturesque and airy beauty to the gorgeous and massive character of the Procession. The mountain sent forth a joyful shout, loud and long, as the King went slowly by—and there seemed a pleasant wonder and admiration in his countenance, at the sight and sound of this sudden and unexpected new world of life and loyalty. Just then a nobleman with him pointed to Holyrood—the King gazed with evident emotion on the old venerable pile—the Procession descended the hill, and drew up before the gates.

The King entered the Palace of his Ancestors to the thunder of cannon from the Castle and Arthur's Seat, that shook the walls from turret to foundation-stone.

The enthusiasm of this auspicious day had its causes deep in the character and situation of the country; and, therefore, so far from dying away during the King's stay, it certainly grew brighter and bolder up to the very day of his departure. One other magnifi-

cent scene there was, akin to that of his Entrance—his Progress to the Castle, with the Regalia borne before him in state. It was delightful to observe the feeling that prevailed during that Progress. The greatest part of the multitude had witnessed the Landing or the Entrance, and therefore the character of the whole Scene was calmer and more collected. It was not so tumultuously joyful as on the first great day, but gladness, cheerfulness, pleasure, and joy, animated the whole street from the Palace to the Castle. The inhabitants were now assembled to see their King moving throughout the whole extent of their City, along that picturesque glen of ancient edifices, that in days of old had beheld many a royal procession. It seemed as if our King had indeed fixed his Court at Holyrood, and was making himself familiarly acquainted with the glories of his metropolis. His subjects now hailed him from the windows of their dwellings; and the fair daughters of Scotland, conspicuous there, and on platforms and balconies, gazed down upon the chariot of the King, from stations immediately above the level of that long ascending street, up almost to the very sky. Nothing could be more irregularly and splendidly beautiful as a spectacle; and perhaps the very dulness and dimness of a doubtful day long struggling ineffectually against rainy clouds, was not without its favourable effect on the strange character of the scene. A few glimpses of sunlight now and then broke out, and these the multitude seized on to brighten up suddenly into joyful exultation—so that when the King, almost unhopèd for, at last appeared, nothing could be grander than the instantaneous diffusion of that unexpected joy. The procession wore this day more of a warlike air, and nobly ascended the Castle-hill, to shouts blended with wild military music, and scarcely overcome by the thunder of the cannon. In a few minutes after the Procession had arranged itself on the Castle-Hill, the King appeared on the half-moon battery—his figure distinct against the sky—and, waving his hat three times round his head, was answered by a shout whose echoes were heard from Salisbury cliff, through the mist that shrouded, but not wholly hid from his view, the

widely-confused magnificence of the City.

We shall not, however, attempt now to give a narrative of all our gracious Monarch's appearances among his people. We have been desirous merely to give those who were not present during any time of the Royal Visit some slight idea of the beauty and grandeur of the scene wherever the King shewed himself to his subjects, and the little we have now said may perhaps suffice for that purpose.

All Scotland felt that the affection of all ranks was increasing and deepening towards the King every day; and that he left his ancient kingdom with regret, he delicately declared by the mode of his departure. He paid a visit to the superb mansion of one of our most distinguished noblemen, Lord Hopeton, and thence embarking, it may be said, privately, on board his yacht, sailed away, carrying with him the blessings of all his admiring and devoted subjects.

It is not possible to reflect on what we witnessed, without expressing, in a few most inadequate words, the delighted pride which we, in common with all our countrymen, felt in the whole conduct of our King. It was manifest to us all, that he deeply enjoyed his heartfelt reception by peer and peasant, and that our expression of our sentiments was such as elevated our nation in his eyes. It is not improbable that he had thought us a graver, perhaps a colder people than he found us to be; but he saw, that although our feelings lie deep, great occasions can bring them up in a gushing overflow. True it is, that we are, and have ever been, a loyal people; and that we would have given a kind welcome to him who was our King, even if we had had no great admiration or love of his personal character. It would have been the duty of good subjects, living under such a limited and tempered monarchy as ours, to have done so, and that duty would have been strictly performed. But far other, indeed, was our impassioned welcome to George the Fourth. In him we beheld the man whom it was pleasant to love. Living ourselves remote from Courts, and from the brilliant and splendid circle that revolves round the throne and the seat of empire, we as a people cannot be supposed to judge with

such fineness of tact and such niceness of discrimination of princely and royal manners, as our Southern brethren. We ought not to pretend to it. But even in our simpler and unadorned life, we all imagine to ourselves pictures of what may be expected of the port and demeanour of a King. We form an ideal representation of Majesty; and perhaps it is a higher and more perfect model that we thus set before us, than is always presented to the minds of those who have been more familiar in their real life with the great ones of the earth. We are courtiers only in scenes of our own imagination; and can contemplate the Monarch of such Royal Palaces as we then create, without any of that humiliating, or, at least, humbling sense of great inferiority and distance, which, except in very noble natures, often unduly abases the mind of the subject in intercourse with his King. Accordingly, when our King indeed came among us, we tried him, unconsciously, and without arrogant intention, by a very lofty standard. If we had felt or imagined that he fell below it, and that we had been deceiving our loyal spirits by a picture that owned so strong lines of truth and reality, we have pride and independence of character enough to have experienced disappointment, and silently at least to have expressed it. But on this occasion, our imaginations had not done even justice to the living man. In him we beheld a noble union of dignity and condescension; and that graceful affability, of which the proudest Peer was proud to receive a passing smile, sank into the hearts of those in humble condition with a charm that kindled towards him who displayed it an affectionate and grateful admiration. Poor men think of the pride of kings, and their hearts are chilled. But when they feel themselves regarded by their Monarch with a mild and benevolent eye, and see that distance in a moment destroyed by his benignant manner towards them, which they had before felt as excluding them from the possibility of his sympathies, their loyalty is embued with a homelier and more confident spirit, and they rejoice in its strengthened expansion, assured that it is enjoyed by him for whom it rises, and that it meets in his soul with a suitable and unstinted return. The sight of such a King has no doubt removed from many thousand hearts that feeling of

uncertainty and doubt which it is not unnatural for the poor and obscure man to feel, as to the value which he and his compeers might bear in the estimation of their Monarch. Impressions that will endure unimpaired through life, have been received from a moment's glance of their gracious King, as he was passing by like a father among his children; and thenceforth, they will at the word King recall many proud and lofty recollections of a scene that was indeed quickly by, but that awakened, while it lasted, so many of the noblest and best emotions of their nature.

But although the great mass of our population could judge, from what they saw, only of our Monarch's gracious and benign demeanour—and that was of itself much—yet, his presence among them in the Capital of their Country, opened and expanded their souls and hearts to judge rightly and truly of his whole Character. While he was at a distance from us, we heard, sometimes perhaps with a careless or even with an ungenerous temper, of the feelings and the motives of the King. Without being conscious of any emotion towards him absolutely disloyal, there may have been many, who, in the frailty of their natures, under the pressure of evils which never can be excluded from their estate, or under the bias of political sentiments of which every kind and degree is cherished and fostered under a free government, have withheld from their King that thoughtful and cautious judgment of his character as a man, which it would be flagrant, and felt injustice, to deny to the meanest of his subjects. Nay, it is not unnatural, nor is it very wicked, for private citizens sometimes to canvass, in ignorance or prejudice, the character of the only One Person who is above them all. A thousand temptations are there, both in good and bad states of mind, to be unjust in our judgment of the lives and characters of crowned heads. The more free the country, the greater this licence; and in Britain it has, without doubt, been often shamefully abused. But we knew that our King was among ourselves, and seeing that he did justice to our character, we scorned to do injustice to his; and in that feeling, instantly fell away all pitiful prejudices, and all ignorant surmises, and all the vague and indefinite and im-

palpable insinuations with which disaffection assails loyalty, and the low malignantly delight to scatter against the high. We saw at once, in the clearness of our loyal love, that, whether tried as a man or as a King, he was worthy to sit on the British throne, and to reign over a nation of free men.

Had this not been his Character, it is not conceivable that such a nation as ours would have so rejoiced in his presence. Had there been any shade of meanness or cowardice in his nature, would we have hailed with rapture his entrance into a Palace ennobled by so many fearless and victorious Kings? But we knew he was sprung from a brave race,—and that his heart never quailed, when falling thrones seemed to give a prophetic warning that his crown might be reft from his brow, and trampled under foreign feet. Had there been any thing unkingly in his character, it would not have been veiled, but emblazoned by that pageant. We should have felt, in spite of ourselves, the discrepancy between his state and his spirit; and we should have been ashamed of ourselves for lavishing our strongest and best feelings on one whose nature made them all a mockery and a scorn. The time has now come, when kings are placed before the tribunal of their people's hearts—not in such a country as ours, at least, to be hardly tried; but the King who stands that trial, and comes forth ennobled in his people's eyes, must be magnanimous, and possess many of the noblest qualities of the British character. That our King does possess them in himself and by inheritance, is the rejoicing judgement of all the best and wisest minds—high and low—rich and poor—in a land of enlightened and free men.

We are disposed to think, that this kind, warm-hearted, cordial and generous impulse given to our loyalty, may be considered as the great blessing of the King's Visit to Scotland. No man will henceforth degrade himself by tolerating any senseless calumny against the gracious Monarch, whom he has seen so proud and happy in his people's love. Scotland has pledged herself to regard with unmingled affection the character of the Illustrious Stranger—now a stranger no more. Any sneer against him will be a stab at the heart that loves him,

and will be repelled with indignation and scorn. Hospitality is one of our native virtues. But hospitality to our King embraces every feeling that constitutes our glory; to forget any one of these, would be our whole people's utter disgrace. While he was with us, an insult, however slight, to his august person, would have been punished with sudden and signal severity, for it would have been felt to violate the sanctity of the universal emotion, and would have jarred against the strings of the nation's heart. Now that he is gone, what is the difference? We are not a frivolous people, the slave of our senses, with short memories, and shallow passions. What we feel, we feel deeply, and the impression is for ever retained. Our King is as much under our protection now, as when in Holyrood, and his person is encircled still by the spirits of his Scottish subjects. Even when the door of a private house has received a guest, who before was indifferent, or perhaps unfriendly, the owner thenceforth feels kindly towards that man. One whom we have treated courteously, it is ever afterwards painful to dislike, and we regard himself and his character with some portion of those gentle feelings with which we at all times meet the inmates of our own dwelling. Shall not such feelings, which man yields to man in the world's casual intercourse, be lavishly loaded upon our King? A nation flung open to him the gates of its greatest City, that seemed then to have but one hearth, and our King was warmed at our fire. He has cat the bread and salt of Scotland; and the homelier the symbol, the holier is the oath. There was nothing that we wished to forget, when we looked upon our great Guest. Of his own good will he came among us, and all we desired, all we needed, was his gracious presence. He brought no gift, but that of his paternal love, and he carried none away but the passionate devotion of a nation's honest and fearless heart. Therefore, now that he has been within our gates, our souls are his for ever, and we feel that the whole nation is his Body-Guard.

There is not a true Scotchman but will acknowledge the correctness of this view of his own loyalty; and it is the more worthy of attention, as it would seem to imply, that the sentiment takes its rise among feelings and

principles deeper and more vital than the loyalty of almost any other people. —We feel as if we had a territorial interest in the royal race, distinct from political considerations, distinct from any consideration with regard to the utility of the kingly office, in a community so variously graduated as that of this country, and also distinct from constitutional theories, or even regard to those personal qualities, which of themselves would command the homage of profound esteem. The Scottish loyalty partakes of the nature of the domestic ties; in its higher sentiments, it is something akin to filial reverence, and in its familiar, to fraternal affection. It was a remarkable circumstance, that in the late pageants, the Crown divided the cheers and enthusiasm of the people with the royal personage. It was hailed as the type and memorial of their forefathers' heroism, and revered as the visible symbol of that inviolate independence which is the boast of the people and the theme of their bards. Through what ages of danger and darkness, from an unknown and unchronicled antiquity, has yon olden diadem been the holy rallying light to bravery, to patriotism, and honour! Many a royal line has in the meantime been extinguished, and every throne that was established when it first was worn, has since been overturned or conquered. Scotland, alive among the nations, maintains her regality; and, by the merits of a singular fortune, her virgin crown still adorns the brows of her primeval line of Kings. Is it, therefore, surprising, that the loyalty with which the people received his Majesty, was something more awful and intense than mere political respect for him as the chief magistrate, and the head of a victorious government? He was received, in fact, as a kinsman, endowed by an inscrutable destiny, with something imperishably connected with the very being and substance of the kingdom—an honour in his blood, which the malice of man and time has never been able to impair. Independent, therefore, altogether of his matchless personal claims, the King, as the heir and descendant of "Scotland's royal race," would, on that account, have been received with a welcome at once more affectionate and solemn than any of his other subjects could, with-

out affection, have given. In Hanover, it is true, he is considered by the Germans as come, too, of their stock; but there is a wide difference between clannish affection and feudal allegiance, as wide as the difference between the formality of Hanoverian homage, and the natural enthusiasm, tinged with superstitious awe, of the sons of the mist and the heath.

If such be the nature of Scottish loyalty, the King's Visit to this his ancient kingdom will never be forgotten, nor will its effect be hidden from the most undiscerning eyes. Ours is not a numerous, but it is a noble Nobility, and names are remembered that awaken thoughts of every thing high and chivalrous in the history of a warlike people. They are not degenerated from their sires, although their splendour is, in some measure, sunk in that of the Nobles of a greater country. But to them all it must have been a proud, and to many a glorious thing, indeed, once more to see their King in Holyrood, "the centre of their glittering ring." The old spirit of the iron times must have breathed into their hearts, and they must have called to mind the deeds of their stern heroic ancestors, when once more gathered together in splendour and in state. The power those ancestors once possessed, to awe and to control, is now in happier times used only "to mitigate and assuage;" but it was right that they, in whose veins was the oldest and best blood of Scotland, should have an opportunity to stand together in all their hereditary honours, in presence of their hereditary King. Scotland has always had reason to be proud of her Nobility, in the council, and in the camp. And when all that nobility, root, stem, and branch, was collected once more in Holyrood, the people felt proud of the representatives of the "high Lords and mighty Earls" of old; and they, so united, must also have felt the true pride and dignity of their birth, which consists in upholding the glory and independence of their native land. The people felt visible pride in the splendid assemblage of their Nobles. They saw some in whose line has been mixed even the blood of Kings; and as the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Sword, were borne along by those in whose house resided such noble rights, a loud voice

bore witness to the power over the minds of men that resides within the shadow of a proud antiquity.

THE GENTRY OF SCOTLAND are, many of them, allied to noble blood, and many more inherit names distinguished in the history of their country through countless generations. On this occasion they, too, rallied well round their King. To them belongs the soil of Scotland. Were they to degenerate, the country would be lost. But they are all sound at the core, now as they have ever been; a prodigious strength to a nation, who, with it, are unconquerable by foreign or domestic foes. With them all, Loyalty is an inheritance of their house; and the Tenantry of Scotland were proud to know, that the proprietors of every great estate went to do homage to their King, and were received with honour. These are the middle ranks, mighty in their independence, their knowledge, and their virtues, who uphold the great body of the people from sinking down in society, and connect them openly and indissolubly through themselves with the Nobility and the King.

But how felt, and how will feel, THE PEOPLE? It is not long since a bad and dangerous spirit was thought to exist among them in some parts of Scotland. It was, at that time, a duty incumbent on those who administer affairs here, to curb the demagogues who were aiming to disturb the public peace, and to meet with bold measures all who seemed disposed to quarrel with legitimate government. But the disaffection of many rose out of distress, and a government merciful and strong, was lenient to the profligate and the designing, for the sake of the poor and the deceived; none questioned the general loyalty of the people; and when the tumult subsided, there was universal satisfaction felt over the country, that the sword of justice, although shewn in the scabbard, had been so seldom drawn. Enlightened men did not lay to the charge of the whole people the guilt of part of the populace; and the disaffected and disloyal were put down, not in fear, but in scorn; not lest they might involve the country in calamity, but that they might not disturb and degrade it. But the very memory of the events to which we allude, recent as they were, was almost gone; and none who knew any

thing of Scotland, considered that when our King came, the loyalty of her population was to be put to the test. That they would hail him with open arms and hearts, none ever doubted for a moment, or that even many of those formerly malignant or misguided, would join in the general acclaim, more passionately from the remembrance, repentance, and remorse of their folly or their guilt. And it was so. That great and prosperous City, some part of whose multitudes had formerly erred, took the lead, as she was well entitled to do, over all other places of commerce, in laying the homage of her loyalty at her Sovereign's feet. Glasgow, on the day of the King's entrance into the Capital, was desolate and deserted; and along with thousands on thousands of her population, came countless crowds from all the adjacent towns and villages, and the bold peasantry of all the rich valleys of the West. It was in that part of the kingdom that the danger had been thought to lie; but now that enlightened and loyal people, since they could not have the honour to receive their King in their own fine City, came with all their Authorities to the Metropolis; and while they exhibited there that liberality which makes wealth honourable, and commerce glorious, gave proof too of that untainted loyalty, for which their birth-place had ever been distinguished of old, and showed that for their King and country they would, if need were, pour out their treasures and their blood.

Thus, then, was the King received in the Capital by the PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND. Every day, during his visit, crowds were pouring out and into the city. From her distant coasts, from her remotest isles, and from all her central solitudes, Scotland sent her children forth to behold her King. The loyal spirit penetrated alike into palace, mansion, cottage, hut, and shieling; and if the hearts of all his people, mechanics, artisans, labourers, peasants, shepherds, and herdsmen, brought loyalty to the King, they did also most assuredly carry it back, warmed and invigorated, to every lane in all the towns of Scotland, and to every nook among all her hills. The country of Ossian, and the country of Burns, do not contain a heartless nor an unimaginative race. They did not leave their homes to gaze on a senseless pageant. Their hearts,

that burned within them, demanded to see the King. The honour of Old Scotland was at stake, and if love and loyalty, strong as life, could sustain it, they felt that it would not be lost. Under kings had they lived since they were a nation; and every thing great and venerable in this remembrance, was allied with those heroes whose blood now flowed in the veins of him to whom they hurried to do homage.

We have already said, that the visit of our King to Scotland was to shew that he loved us, and to gratify our loyal love to him and his race. Both objects were most happily accomplished. We shewed our feelings towards him in a joy that, though vehement and rapturous, never exceeded those bounds of respectful attachment by which an enlightened people are linked to the line of their hereditary kings. Order and subordination at all times prevailed, not under the marshalling of men in office, but spread and preserved by that rational loyalty which was to itself a law. There was at all times a feeling of brotherhood throughout the mighty multitude; and kindness, anxiety, and good-will towards one another, were graceful, and noble, and national accompaniments to our love to our King. The benignity and benevolence of his nature, expressed in eye, smile, gesture, word, and in all his acts towards all, diffused its own spirit over every heart, brought out the better parts of every man's character, free from prejudice or disguise, that now would have been felt both weak and wicked, and inspired every true son of Scotland with such emotions as were felt to be honourable to himself, his country, and his King.

Were we speaking of our own Scotland alone, we should not dare to say more than we have already said of what we have been told are the feelings towards us of our gracious King. But he has now seen all his THREE GREAT NATIONS. Long have they struggled in a great cause, and none of them have ever failed at need, or disappointed the highest hopes of a Monarch ambitious to rescue freedom from ambition. Each nation has its own peculiar character formed through many long ages, dim and disastrous, or bright and happy. That character is not dubiously expressed in their manners, their actions, their institutions, and their establishments. It stands

boldly out, and the contrast gives depth of shade and brilliancy of colour to them all. None but a magnanimous mind could understand the sovereignty of such realms, or enjoy such magnificent away. Such a mind belongs to our King; and none better than he can appreciate the power he possesses in their virtues, their genius, and their religion. In that Union of the Three Great Kingdoms, we are contented with our own equal share of honour; and proud and happy shall we be to know, that, as the blood of England, Ireland, and Scotland, has been poured out in one mingled stream on the field of victorious battle, and as their genius has equally, though variously, excelled in the bowers of peace, so have they all an equal place in their Monarch's inner spirit, as around their Monarch's throne.

Hitherto we have spoken of those emotions which were awakened towards the King in the hearts of a people, who saw before them a personage distinguished by many regal accomplishments and virtues, and who was the descendant of their own old Monarchs. But Scotland cherishes towards George the Fourth other feelings that blend well with those we have now so imperfectly described. Under his reign, Britain has risen glorious among and over all the kingdoms of the earth. She at last conquered peace, and became arbiter among nations. If we had had a feeble or a fearful King, at this hour all of us must have been slaves. Since the Tyrant could not sink our island into the sea, he would fain have confined us within its rocky bounds, and, had he durst, come to put chains upon our necks. But an heroic Father and an heroic Son were given by God in dark and dangerous times to reign over an heroic people. This is felt now throughout all the land. And in such a land, where no virtue can reach its growth, unless under the shelter of an unyielding spirit, the King, who was sworn to his own soul to lose his throne rather than sit upon it with the sacrifice of the national honour, shall, when living, be honoured, and, when dead, shall be blessed. When, for the first time, such a King appeared among a people who long battled for their own independence, they felt as if they saw one of their heroes of old, and they hailed him with all the highest

passions that ennoble the souls of the free. But for him, Scotsmen might have been slaves. Therefore, never shall one Scottish heart cease, while it fears God, to honour such a King. Forbid it, that while dwelling on such thoughts, we should recal to mind adverse and jarring councils—the measures or the men—that, if followed and trusted, would have caused the name of Britain to be blotted out from the list of Free States. We are satisfied to forget them all, and to look to the great and glorious Event. But the people of Scotland have shewn what they feel towards their King, for his heroic policy; and the King has now seen with his eyes, what he knew in his noble heart, that, should the time ever come when that heroic policy must be again pursued, Scotland will again rise up in all her power, and shew that, happy as she has been during these peaceful pageants, War is her delight when liberty can be guarded only by the sword.

Since the dark days, when those desperate struggles were forced upon a united people, who felt within themselves that they had the powers fit to bring them to a glorious termination, our true resources, instead of having been drained, have been fed continually at the spring. We hear of exhaustion, at the very hour when the whole nation is full of animal, moral, and intellectual life. We hear of decay, when not one twig is withered on the old stem of British liberty. If there were indeed exhaustion, we should see the dry places. If there were decay, we should remember, in sickness and fever, the shelter and the shade once afforded by our old establishments. But what is the truth? over all the land are arising schools of education,

and the houses of religious worship: Within the last twenty years the British mind, always of large dimensions, has reached even to a gigantic growth. We have fed our highest passions on danger, and have drawn wisdom from the breast of adversity. There is nothing dwindled, attenuated, or starved, in the frame of our minds, any more than in that of our bodies. We are the same manly race as ever, come to the maturity of our prime—and we can, in assured fortitude, smile even upon the terrific trials through which we have passed, and which once did, without reproach, make the spirits of the very boldest quail. Our genius is richer, our passions are stronger, in the calm that has succeeded the storm—and our character is built upon foundations that may have seemed once to shake, but that have been proved, by the shocks of dire experience, to have been laid below the reach of that superficial earthquake.

Above all knowledge, is that of understanding ourselves; and the people who have not only survived when surrounded by ruins, but who can calmly say, that, under Providence, they owe their preservation to their own firmness, may well look forward to every convulsion that may be destined for them to sustain, with unquaking confidence and holy trust. If long years of peace are to be ours, we possess the virtues that will adorn and dignify them; if the tempest of war is brewing to overcast our country, we possess the virtues that will enable us to walk through the gloom, and ultimately, we devoutly hope, to re-appear, as now, in the attitude of liberty, and in the air of national happiness. With these hopes, and with that trust, we now exclaim,

GOD SAVE THE KING!

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THE KING'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

BY A LONDONER, BUT NO COCKNEY.

J inh a, h, Wednesday, August 14.

THE King has arrived at last—Tidings of great exhilaration to the multitude, who have gathered here from all parts of Scotland.

Last night it blew a storm the profound inclemency looked grave and talked of the hazards of the German Ocean. But this morning, signals along the shore announced that the squadron was at the entrance of the Frith.

All the hills of Edinburgh crowded to the Calton-hill, on the summit of the gun from the Castle, but the city was of that heavy grey haze, which seems made to afflict eyes and telescopes, and the squadron, scattered over the water twenty miles off, looked like an invasion of the far east fleet.

The city below me was soon in universal bustle. A civic illumination of a week since, rather ostentatiously public had held forth that all the citizens of the glories and offices of the city would be equipped in new clothes and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir T. Bradford, held, with a kindly consideration of the difficulty of reconciling the Edinburgh persons to novel habiliments promise them a few hours notice to make their toilet. The first second gun had now fired, and every dignitary of them all new was busy in decoration.

I will attempt no description of this extraordinary town. Pen and pencil are altogether inadequate. It has a hundred points of view, and all essential to the resemblance. Nothing but a model can give the exact features of this strange, various, and magnificent capital. But the minuteness of a model destroys grandeur, and nothing but the eye can give the true conception of its streets on the edge of precipices, its mingling of barbaric wildness with modern elegance, the marriage of the twelfth and nineteenth centuries, that, for its offspring, the woe forth Edinburgh.

Yet take its outline from me. Fix your imaginary stand on a hill of moderate height, the Calton, and see, towards the west, three long parallel ridges. The central one, a pile of tall, grim houses, that look like the walls

of a fortress, ascending in continued battlement and rampart, till they close in a black and haughty mass crowned with batteries, the Castle, the architectural chieftain of those grey and rugged feudalists below. The inferior hill on the right is covered with recent streets and squares, the new town, regular, bright, and beautiful. A valley, once a lake, divides these hills by beds of green. The hill on the left, less seen, is, like it, covered with modern buildings, and beyond these, on every side, the landscape undulates away in lovely and perpetual waves of garden, meadow, and corn.

At noon the haze drew up, and the squadron was seen steering through the roads under this rising curtain, like a fleet on the stage. Frigates, that looked as small as cock-boats, dotted the water at wide intervals. On the horizon vessels were rising one by one into sunlight, and, speeding on with every sail spread, and in front of all, with two long columns of smoke for its heralds, came the King's yacht, towed by steam-boats.

From the Calton-hill the whole civic and military pomp of Edinburgh, already marshalled on the Leith road, to receive the King, lay in minute splendour at my feet. The exhibition was perfectly panoramic and beautiful.

The Frith of Forth is a noble sheet of water, and, from the point where I stood, it had some resemblance to the Bay of Naples, an almost circular shore, ranges of hills of different heights to make the border of this fine gulph, a central island for its cupri, and Arthur's Seat, at that moment rolling up bursts of fire and smoke, for its Vesuvius. It unfortunately opens to the East, and thus loses the setting glory that covers the waters of Naples with azure and gold.

The sun, at length, gave one propitious burst, and lighted up sea and shore. The yacht, without a sail, rushed powerfully along, and on her coming to the anchorage, a royal salute was fired by the men-of-war, and answered from the Castle. They were both covered with smoke in a moment,

and continued pealing away in darkness, like one thunder cloud answering another.

But fate was against the honours of the day. The wind suddenly changed, and brought with it a drizzling mist. This is the country of capricious skies. Sun-shine comes like a stranger, pays a brief, reluctant visit, and is gone; mist is congenial to the landscape. The crowd still lingered with patient and dripping loyalty. It was after some pause announced, that the King's landing was postponed till to-morrow. The gazers now dispersed rapidly; the roads were choked with disbanded troops, and flying functionaries; the pomps of the day were utterly drowned, and the evening closed in drenching and dismay.

* * * * *

To while away the hour, I took up a pamphlet on Bonaparte's character, written since his death. The topic is almost exhausted; in a century or two it may start into renewed importance, and give warning against some military Machiavel. The criminal, dangerous in his life, becomes useful in his anatomy. The pamphlet examines Napoleon in the various lights of war and politics, and pronounces him altogether unrivalled in the preparation for a campaign, in the art of attaching the soldiery, and in the great faculty of discovering the peculiar talents of men; but, as a General, only of the second rank, sanguinary, precipitate, and incapable of resource. As a politician, more crafty than wise, and more obstinate than firm; foolish enough to be an unbeliever in human principle, and a scorner of the human race. Calculating on the universal weakness, shame, and corruption of mankind, and thus powerless when he encountered men who were neither to be terrified nor corrupted;—no poltroon, but selfish, and in his monstrous and unmanly love of self, careless of being stigmatized for deficiency of courage. A man of powerful intellect, but utterly heartless—a dwarf, all head—a strange, misshapen combination of strong faculties and abortive

sensibility, full of tricks of mischief, and imbued with an instinctive spite against his species.

The work is ably written. With me the chief wonder of Napoleon is the strange facility of abandoning his feelings of eminence with the opportunities of their exercise. On the throne, full of magnificent projects, of daring courage, of boundless, fearless, sleepless ambition. Off the throne, mean, querulous, and absorbed in contemptible cares. A thunderbolt fallen to the earth, and at once transformed from a ball of fire into a stone. Is it, that to some men sudden exaltation is like vision to the blind, a new sense, filling them with the splendours of a new world, but lost, covering them with their old ignorance? To me, it is of all things the most incomprehensible to see a mind that has once sat at the high feast of Dominion, stooping to enjoy meaner life. There is a depth of fall, like a depth of sorrow, that ought to refuse to be comforted. I can conceive a great mind, flung from a height of supremacy that compels it to seek a wild and haughty self-congratulation in its disdain of petty indulgence, and solicit a last, stern consolation in the darker dungeon, and the heavier chain; an overthrown spirit, that if it must no more spread the wing towards the gates of its ancient glory, scorns to hover round the twilight of the world, but plunges down at once, and defies the torture and the gloom. Napoleon contradicts all theory. There must be minds that, like summer meteors, spontaneously ignite in the upper regions of the world, but near the ground collapse and die. The suddenness of his rise, and the degrading facility of his adaptation to disgrace, remind me of the Arabian Nights' tale. When the bottle was opened, the Genie expanded into a giant; when the fisherman cajoled him into entering again, the giant narrowed himself into his old dimensions at once, and without a struggle filled the bottle for ever.

Thursday, August 15.

The King lauded this morning.—The sun shone out, and the whole pomp of Edinburgh was in the streets. Leith-walk, the avenue into town, was thick with a tumult of civic deputa-

tions; cavalry, Highlanders, citizens turned into constables, very portentous and self-admiring in their new clothes and painted staves. The houses were piled with scaffolds, soli-

citing the curious, at three shillings a seat; banners, with many an unintelligible inscription and frantic device, were hung from the windows; and the whole vista was mob and exultation.

I had other thoughts than to be fixed in balcony or scaffold, and waded down to Leith through the multitude. As I made my way deeper, I passed a long succession of heralds, and archers, men of camp and court, marshalled with their fronts towards the city, and impatient till the King filled up the train, and sent them forwards to witch the general eye "with noble horsemanship."

But no gazer upon earth is less fitted for glories of this rank, than I am. Surcoats and tabards delight not me, nor lancers neither. The most exuberant plumage that ever turned an ancient general into a mountebank, has lost the power of extracting my smile or sigh. I found better occupation with people. I walked by those long scaffolds, as by the shelves of a vast museum. Edinburgh is now crowded with strangers, but they are almost exclusively Scotch. There are but few English here; even the spirit of the court, that enduring quality, which "no dangers frighten, and no labours tire," within the realm of England, has shrunk from the Border, and the King has been delivered, bare of the peerage of St James's, into the late loyalty of the Scottish barons. But in recompense, Scotland had poured out her rigid abundance. Sutherland had sent up; Shetland was not unmoved. The Hebrides had mustered their visages of the rock and the shower; and Berwick had the representatives of her smoke and shine. The whole mighty volume of dried specimens—the whole herbarium, was open before me. I perhaps saw it to rare advantage. The excitement of the time had brought out, and given sudden character to the lineaments of the national physiognomy—had injected it with life. Thousands, and tens of thousands of faces, were of course inaccessible to the process, and could be of interest to none but Jameson, and others of the curious in petrifications. But in some, I thought I could discover the living commentary on the national annals.—The grave and bold brow of the old Romish bigotry, and at long intervals by the acrid and joyless vis-

age of fallen puritanism, a countenance of noble beauty, the pale and lofty forehead, the deep eye, and the coal-black hair, that brought back the memory of Charles, and with it, of his chivalry and his misfortunes.

The Highlanders made a striking part of the show. They were ranged in small bodies in the interstices of the procession, and looked a bold remnant of the days of the sword. There are about three hundred of them under six or eight heads, a minute representation of the mountain strength of Scotland. But the difficulty was to keep them at home. Those young Douglasses "all longed to follow to the field their warlike lords." Lady Gwydyr, the descendant of the Duke of Perth, might, instead of a troop of fifty, have had a whole emigration.—The King's coming was as the sound of a trumpet through the hills; and the streets of Edinburgh would have been flooded with kilts transmitted through three generations back, and claymores brown with the rust of the *forty-five*. But this formidable volunteering was wisely prohibited. The mountain blood is still hot, and the mountain memory strong. Modern law-suits have added their venom to hereditary offence, and it was considered perfectly probable, that some of these gallant sans-culottes would have taken the earliest opportunity to wipe away the insults of pleas, and parchments, and other atramentarious atrocities, in the blood of the successful.

The Highlanders are proud of their costume. Pride is a stirring sensation, and, therefore, valuable among the soul-congealing hills of those aborigines. But the whole fabric is a direct answer to the theory that founds beauty upon utility. Nothing can be fitter for their bitter latitude. There is a palpable defiance of storm in the folds of the tartan; nothing short of a blast that swept away the head could wrench away the little plumeless close-cap; the kilt would to our southern cuticle leave grievous entrance to the seasons; but custom renders obtuse, and the Highlander, wrapt in his plaid, must be as impenetrable to the tempest as the rock that he makes his burrow. But all this wrapping and refuge is no more picturesque than any other bale of brown blankets.

A list of the Clans has been pub-

lished. The pride of Scotch genealogy might doubt the names of some, and Johnson's scepticism would deny that Scotland had shrubs enough for their badges. But the document is curious, and may be true.

"A Genuine Alphabetical List of all the known Clans of Scotland, with a Description of the particular Badges of Distinction anciently worn by each Clan respectively, and the Distinguishing Mark of their Chiefs."

NAMES.	BADGES.
Buchanan.....	Birch.
Cameron.....	Oak.
Campbell.....	Myrtle.
Chisholm.....	Alder.
Colquhoun.....	Hazel.
Cunning.....	Common Sallow.
Drummond...	Holly.
Farquharson..	Purple Fox-Glove.
Ferguson.....	Poplar.
Forbes.....	Broom.
Frazer.....	Yew.
Gordon.....	Ivy.
Graham.....	Laurel.
Grant.....	Cranberry Heath.
Gunn.....	Rosewort.
Lamont.....	Crab Apple Tree.
M'Allister.....	Five-Leaved Heath.
M'Donald....	Bell Heath.
M'Donnell...	Mountain Heath.
M'Dougall...	Cypress.
M'Farlane....	Cloud Berry Bush.
M'Gregor.....	Pine.
M'Intosh.....	Boxwood.
M'Kay.....	Bulrush.
M'Kenzie.....	Deer Grass.
M'Kinnon....	St John's Wart.
M'Lachlan...	Mountain Ash.
M'Lean.....	Blackberry Heath.
M'Leod.....	Red Whortle Berries.
M'Nab.....	Rose Buck Berries.
M'Neill.....	Sea Ware.
M'Pherson....	Variegated Boxwood.
M'Quarrie...	Black Thorn.
M'Rae.....	Fir Club Moss.
Munro.....	Eagles' Feathers.
Menzies.....	Ash.
Murray.....	Juniper.
Ogilvie.....	Hawthorn.
Oliphant.....	The Great Maple.
Robertson...	Fern or Brechins.
Rose.....	Brier Rose.
Ross.....	Bear Berries.
Sinclair.....	Clover.
Stewart.....	Thistle.
Sutherland...	Cats-tail Grass.

The Chief of each respective Clan to wear two Eagles' Feathers in his Bonnet, in addition to the Distinguishing Badge of his Clan."

At twelve the royal salute for the King's leaving the yacht was fired, and his barge was seen winding its slow way through a crowd of pleasure-boats, that absolutely covered the water round the frigates. The shore was lined with officials of every colour; accumulated judges, bailies, and generals. On his Majesty's landing, he was received with honest acclamation, which he returned with graceful bows. But the charm was completed on its being ascertained that he had surmounted his cockade with thistle and heather. Such are the true accesses to the national heart—simple things but honourable; and no wise man will overlook their value; and no Sovereign was ever fortunate, that disclaimed to feel their influence on the feelings of men.

The procession then set forwards, and was extremely showy as it spread out. The Lord Lyon (Lord Kinnoul) curvetting and caracoling his handsome horse, in front of a cloud of heralds and horsemen, would have been irresistible in the eye of a dame of the 12th century. His golden coronet, his crimson mantle, flowing to the ground, his brodered boot and golden spur, were worthy of the conservator of the pure pedigrees of this most pedigree-loving land of the earth. Sir Alexander Keith, the Knight Marischall, with his grooms and esquires, was only second to the Lord Lyon. Sir Patrick Walker, *the White Rod*, with his equerries, also made a most splendid appearance. A long alternation of cavalry and infantry, city dignitaries, and Highlanders, followed. And at the end of the view, surrounded by the royal guard of Archers, Glengarry and his *tail*, (who had struggled with feudal fierceness for the place of honour,) and a whole galaxy of starred and scarlet aides-de-camp and generals, was seen, the King.

After some delay in going through the city ceremonies, of receiving keys, and listening to a speech of my Lord Provost, the train moved round by the foot of the Calton-hill towards Holyrood House. The road winds considerably, and for nearly a mile the people had a full view of the King, and the King of the people.

I have been a seeker of sights throughout my life; not of mere shows. No man is more immovable to the glories of gilt coaches, and trumpeters laced to the gorge. My delight has

been, where the magnificent of nature combined with some strong excitement of man. I have seen an army marching over mountains, and spreading glen and crag with expanded banners and glittering steel. I have seen an army hurrying to battle, through a huge, ancient city, that had every roof and window clustered with people, listening, without a voice among them, to the roar of the cannon outside their gates. I have seen a bombardment at night. I have seen a whole city startled from its sleep, by the news that the enemy was at hand. I have been in a fortress, whose immediate assault was expected, the garrison under arms, the burgher troops hastily and sadly gathering to the ramparts, the houses emptied of all their pale population into the streets, and every sound caught as if it were the trumpet of the enemy. Yet above all these, in all but the pain of the interest, was the King's passage to Holyrood.

Scotland, since the Union, has known nothing of a King. The descendants of James were but the spectres of royalty, and the coming of their sad and shadowy pomp was the sure omen of national sorrow. But the people had now before them the unquestioned heir of their ancient line, the blood of the Bruce, the reconciler of all their feuds of sovereignty—the doubled right of the Stuart and the Brunswick, was comprised and consummated all in their KING. Sophists and habitual scorers may doubt the feeling that surrounds the title. But it is our nature to honour exalted birth and ancient power. The "Divinity that doth hedge a King," is more than the fine romance of poetry. In Scotland, a whole cloud of high impressions, some of melancholy pride, some rich with memories of feudal grandeur, some hallowed by the sense of noble hazards and heroic sufferings, deepened the natural homage of the name; and multitudes, from its remotest borders, too humble for the affectation of zeal, and too inquisitive to leave their hills and shores for any pageant of earth, crowded down to see their King.

The Calton-hill is a fine feature in the aspect of Edinburgh. Its face, towards the city, is just of that degree of abruptness which harmonizes with human habitation, the medium between the rude and the tame. But modern taste has perpetrated its usual exploits here, and on the verge of this

hill is perched a column in honour of Nelson, and in contempt of all grace. The Town Dilletanti have at length discovered its resemblance to a chamber candlestick, and take comfort in the fortunate friability of the rock, which is already splitting, and must soon abolish the Nelson column.

The hill is a favourite, and, like all favourites, runs a hazard of being spoiled. A celebrated London architect, availing himself of the popular propensity, has recommended that it should be stuck over with pillar and pyramid without delay. The advice is natural to an architect; no man can resist his calling; and this fine hill will be nothing better than an inordinate pin-cushion.—*Oremus pro pauperate Edinensi.*

I like the Scotch, their manliness, temperance, clean clothes, and incapability of a jest; but more than all, I like their caution. I find a hundred instances of their reverence for the excellent maxim of the Glasgow Bailie, Never to thrust your arm out farther than you can draw it in again. The improvement of Edinburgh commenced on the south, and it is a miniature of the New Town. I can trace in the little squares, centered with dismal-coloured grass, and piping dandelions, the feeble infancy, the first tremulous and vacillating steps of the spirit which was to cover the sister hill with magnificence. Even in the midst of the ancient town, among *negligés and closes*, worthy of the Clans and Cacusæ of the dark ages, in the ruefulness of those "Great Serbonian bogs" of granite, fierce effluvia, and outer darkness, where streets whole have sunk, I find little spots of architectural terra firma, little *musées* at human dwelling, little, tentative circuses and parallelograms. I am charmed with this, because it is characteristic. There is but one race of mankind who would build a small square before they would venture on a large one. I expected to find the Scotch that considerate people, and I find my theory true. In this prudence, they have built a little Greek house on the Calton, as a preparative to the Parthenon. They have called it an Observatory; they might more wisely have called it an ice-house. They already had an Observatory, an old hard-featured thing, that stood wrapt up in grey rock, like an eternal watchman on the brow of the hill. But they

must try their skill in pediment and pillar, and, as the result, have produced a little three-or-four-cornered thing, like a Ramilies hat squeezed to the top of the hill. It was to have been among the lions of Edinburgh, and strangers were to have wondered and worshipped at it five miles off. But it was found to be the very temple of the winds; Eurus, Notus, and Argestes, made sport of it with impunity. The little Observatory was in hazard of being carried off into the Ocean. To obviate the deportation, they have buried it within walls, where it lies as snug and viewless as an oyster between its valves. The only visible proof of its existence is the extrusion of a leaden cupola, palpably formed on a model, for which no prose of mine shall find a name. After all, it has been a second time discovered, for it was perfectly known before, that the hill is shaken by a passing cart; the more delicate operations of astronomy are thus out of the question, and the rising generation are cheered with the hope of seeing the Sunday sale of chesscakes added to its present display of a *Camera Obscura*.

But from this hill, Edinburgh, and all its shows, are seen in the point of view that a painter would love. I tried the slow and gorgeous procession of the day in every scale and terrace of its sides. After mingling with the train below, and being saturated with laqueys and aides-de-camp, I went up the hill, and saw the multitude at its foot diminished into pignies. From the top of the Nelson Pillar, the diminution was still more complete; and as the procession rolled away round the heights, and down the declivities of the road, all distinctness was lost, and I could imagine that I saw a mighty serpent, with its long convolutions,—here a tinge of darkness, and there a golden scale, until it gathered in one mass of sunlight and splendour into the Court of Holyrood. On the King's alighting, a salute was fired from all the batteries. This was the finest moment of the day. The *coup d'œil* was incomparable. It had all the magnificence of a battle, without its terror. Discharges of cannon from the brow of two noble opposite hills,—the sides of the valley between, covered with a vast, agitated multitude, that hung, "as one of their own poets hath said,"

"Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass

Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass;
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge."

The air ringing with glorious clamour of bugle and trumpet;—troops moving backwards and forwards below;—the hills surmounted with tents and Royal standards;—the Palace crowded with the glitter of arms at one end of the view,—and, at the other, the Castle, towering through smoke and fire.

The King's conduct during the day has given great satisfaction. The Scotch were naturally anxious that he should be surprised at their city, and delighted with themselves. No man pays a compliment with more grace than his Majesty; and his expressions of pleasure and surprise, at the beauty of the general view, and the good order of the people, are repeated with an allowable pride. The whole spirit of his attentions has been popular. His putting off the procession until the weather might enable the citizens to be present without inconvenience,—his personal condescension to every one that approached him,—even the slight matters of his coming in an open carriage, and wearing the thistle in his hat, were proofs of a kindness and civility that will make his visit not easily forgotten.

After the Court, at which the King received a promiscuous crowd of law, peerage, and municipality, he went full speed to Dalkeith House, where he is to reside. By this arrangement, he avoids the publicity and staring which the perpetual levee of the mob would provide for him in the Palace. I think it a still more fortunate circumstance, that he escapes Holyrood itself. Of all the Royal residences of Europe, this seems to me the most depressing, the most irresistibly sepulchral. Its history is dark with crime and misfortune,—and to me it has the entire past stamped on its grand but sad physiognomy. I have never seen a palace, before whose gate I should be so little surprised to see the scaffold.

A general illumination had been intended for this evening; but the King's departure has postponed it till to-morrow. This, in London, would have been beyond the power of municipal placards. A gang of glaziers and pick-pockets would have been allowed to take the business into their own hands,

and pilfer and break windows *ad libitum*. And this would have been because your London Magistrates are a parcel of sots and simpletons. Nothing of the kind was done here,—not a window was broken, not an individual hustled,—not even a cry heard. And this, because the Edinburgh Magistrates are gentlemen, and men of sense and honesty,—who know their duty, and will do it. Bills were posted up in time, stating the change, and adding, for the occupation of the crowd, that fire-works would be exhibited in one of the Squares. The law was threatened against all offences of riot, compulsory lighting, &c. The riotously-disposed, if such there were, felt that it would be enforced; and this great city, crowded with strangers, was as tranquil by eleven o'clock, as if its multitude were stretched on the heather, or lodged in the watch-house.

The fireworks were in Charlotte Square, where the Lord Provost lives. These exhibitions are, of course, all of the same kind, and Vauxhall is certainly still unrivalled by the squibs and crackers of Edinburgh. But I am not ashamed to say, that I have a great fondness for fireworks, and was satisfied to look upon them even in their diminished glory, so much nearer the pole. Even a common squib has some interest for me in its bright and sparkling brevity. But the rocket, with its fierce rush upwards, and, when the sound has gone beyond us, the powerful and lonely majesty with which it climbs the heights of Heaven, has

sometimes given me impressions, which ninety-nine gazers might think extravagant, but which the hundredth would with me know to be true, absorbing, and incommunicable.

The streets leading to the square were crowded, yet without pressure or inconvenience to those who were ambitious of a close survey. I was not among the ambitious, and took my stand at some distance, probably with no loss of spectacle. The whole opulence of northern pyrotechny was displayed. Roman candles, catherine wheels, fiery fountains, shot and burst and played, in great profusion and perfection, for an hour together; and in the pauses a rocket rose from the darkness, like a released spirit shooting up in purer splendour, till it was lost in the clouds.

The nights here are subject to rapid changes. From a twilight sky and a genial air, it suddenly grew dark and cold, and I left the show still in its glory.

In the distance the fireworks burned low, the populace were unseen, and unheard, except when some new explosion roused them into a general shout. The tall, unlighted houses on either side, and the sky dark as pitch, and solid as a vault of marble, bore the strongest resemblance to a boundless cavern; and at the end of the vista, glared the cupola of St George's, a lowering giant, sometimes flickered with pale light, and sometimes ruddy with fierce flame. I thought of an idol-worship in a colossal Elephantia.

Friday, Aug. 16.

This was a day of royal rest. The King, weary of the sea, and not improbably weary of the lingering pomps that had beset him by land, remained at Dalkeith. But the city and its tribes were not the less busy. The Levée for the introduction of all the proud blood and unpronounceable names of the north, is at hand, and every chamber in Edinburgh rings with note of preparation for the morrow. Israel has not been careless of this vineyard, and has sent up a deputation of her dingiest and most accommodating labourers. The coaches for a week past have borne a mingled freight of band-boxes and Jews. Toupées and embroidered coats, the ancient denizens of Dub's Place, have been relieved from their habitual hooks,

for the honour of northern loyalty, and Mr Solomon has been liberal in the loan of his glory. The rival name of Levi has set up a booth as stately, as thickly furnished, and as dear, but his costumes are observed to be of a more sober quality. Solomon dazzles the public eye with crimson and gold, and is most affected by the brilliant and the young. Levi seldom ventures beyond idue and silver, and is the favourite of the milder order of professional men, and citizens ripening into money and the mellowness of life. But all will be displayed to-morrow, and the display, it is already predicted, "*credit Judeus*," will be among the most captivating developments of Scotland and the age.

But the grand exhibition is to be

the King's march from Holyrood to the Castle. This will occur next week, and ought to be a very striking ceremony. The High-Street, with its towering fabric, long ascent, and various and wild antiquity, is the finest path for a pageant in Europe. Ranges of seats are already being raised against the houses; and the civic authorities are holding many a weary council on their distribution. Portions are set off for the different public bodies, the clergy, the magistrates, the officers of the army and navy, &c. The fall of one of those hasty erections a few days since, attended with some unfortunate casualties, has produced a city advertisement, declaring that the chief fabricator of those perilous prominences shall be responsible for any future accidents. Is it not singular to find Swift's "wonderful wonder of wonders" revived after the sleep of a century. "A red-hot poker shall be thrust into a barrel of gunpowder in the presence of any number of persons of quality, not one of whom, the proprietor pledges himself, shall be so much as singed by the explosion. The child of any person of quality shall be allowed to jump down twelve feet upon a board full of spikes, not one of which shall enter the said child.—Any person shall be allowed to drive a twelvepenny nail up to the head in his own flesh, the proprietor being responsible for any pain," &c.

The illumination in the evening was peculiarly striking, from the local advantages of the town. The devices were innumerable, and, according to the means and taste of the devisers, were some handsome, and some immeasurably grotesque. The King, his much-loved and ill-treated Majesty, was exhibited in a hundred different attitudes and associations; but he was generally in the act of being grappled by two monstrous women, Scotland and Ireland struggling for him, like the mothers in the Judgment of Solomon, or fondly sharing his smiles, like Macheath's wives, and stifling him between them. A butcher had the royal shepherd, with a pipe at his lips, and a crook in his hands, controlling the frolics of a large and licentious flock of sheep; and a writer to the signet displayed him pouring out of his mouth endless rolls of parchment, inscribed with fragments of loyalty and law. I went up to the

Castle-hill, and had the most unbounded view. All round and below me looked like a city in conflagration. Here a sullen glow, there a broad burst of fire; dark and ridgy roofs edged with light; steeples and pillars, that, as the flame flashed partially upon them, seemed yielding and wavering to their fall; the sky a lurid, smoky arch, that brightened and darkened with every change below, and, above roof and tower, Arthur's Seat, a mighty beacon throwing up a column of flame to the very heavens.

These things are, with me, matters of reluctant description. No power of language can tell the feelings stirred by some of them at the time. And how often, during my stand, I allowed myself to be wrapped up in wandering imaginations, what glimpses of battle, of superb kingly festivity, of lands suddenly deluged by eruption of the fiery universal storm that is yet to lay waste the earth,—what whole cloud of dazzling and confused fantasies filled up the hour, and made it like a busy and not undelighted dream, passed before me, I will leave to your own conception.

The Whigs were the most brilliant incendiaries of the evening. Their mansions, and they have them many and large, were in a blaze of lamps and loyalty. They went through the purgatory of fire, and with me half their stains are henceforth burnt away.

This and other matters have thrown me into considerable doubts of the sincerity of Scotch partizanship. Whiggism, like all other disorders of the flesh or spirit, must be greatly influenced by externals. I can conceive it deepened into melancholy mania on the howling shores of Northumberland, or exalted into absolute furor under the fiery atmosphere of Newcastle. Among salt-watermarshes, wildernesses of sea-weed, and the eternal cry of cormorants, the blood naturally becomes serous and saline, and the man, left behind in the general flight of humanity, may, like Lot's wife, be rapidly hardened into salt or stone. In the Stygian realm of Newcastle, with the fume of steam-engines for the air, the smoke of a thousand fiery mouths of sulphur, vaulting the Heavens with impenetrable dusk for sky, and the grim and coal-heaving population for man, what conception can be formed of air, sky, or man?

What bitter ignorance of the actual state of the human race may not be naturally blackened upon the sensorium of the Cyclops, the sojourner of this cavern? What igneous, and carbonic irritation may not urge the *Brontes* or *Strepes* of this subterranean midnight forge, to fabricate the arms of revolutionary plunder?

I can feel for those inevitable impressions.

Ancient Whigs I am, and therefore the antipode of modern Whiggism, I began to suffer the endemic discontent, as I permeated the clouds of Newcastle; and it was not till I reached Berwick, that with the sight of the sky, and the respiration of unpoisoned air, I revived to confidence in the constitution, and a respect for human nature.

I can easily conceive Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage to keep a bitter hold in the attics of young and struggling advocacy in Edinburgh. This is a disorder which naturally yields to the application of Briefs, and is to be treated like other affections of a low habit of body. But how modern Whiggism should subsist out of the *ugly* and *cluses*, how

the *Malaria* should stray beyond its natural *nidus*, and encroach upon the polished pavements of the *New Town*, is to me too strong a defiance of nature, not to be a contradiction of fact. That men in the vision of hearth-rugs, and pier-glasses, with pure air to inhale, and productive parchment on their tables, should feel honest in their rabble politics, is altogether out of the question. The *Res duræ* may have first impelled them; the *Regni novitas* may have subsequently held them for a while to the branch from which a too sudden flight might have left them on the ground; but since their wings have grown, and they can beat the air without imminent peril, the adherence is insincere, useless, hypocritical, impossible. I will stake my reputation to come, that in their Cabinet dinners, with the doors shut, and the menials of faction excluded, I should find excellent fellows among them,—pleasant and liberal discussers of wisdom and vintages,—high-flavoured contenteners of Reviews, North and South, and the choicest hands at cutting-up, and bedevilling the speechmaking geese, Ducal or otherwise, of their party.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

The Levee was held to-day. The King dispatched it in two hours. This was cleverly done, for he had no less than fifteen hundred visitors. I counted Lords of various kinds up to fifty, and then grew weary of the tale. The King received this Northern invasion with great fortitude,—said something civil to every one speakable, wore his tartans with address, and, tired as he must have been, exerted himself to please and be pleased. In the palace, the *presentees* were crowded into a mob. In the street they made the same motley and lingering line that has so often impeded the honest traffic of Piccadilly; the same succession of yawning noblesse, and military fierce with feather and frill; adipose members of the corporations, stuffed three on a seat,—judges furred up and partly-coloured into the look of huge tiger-moths; and black Barristers, with their lean and inky physiognomies, fearfully darted out of their cages from time to time into the light and air. One or two of the carriages were escorted by Highlanders. This was novel, and if the loungeer within had led them on foot, would have been cha-

racteristic. But a Highlander in a carriage is an actual offence in my eyes. When I see this, or a parapluie under a clansman's arm, as it has been my misfortune frequently to see here, I feel an inclination to strip him of his kilt, and wrap him in the effeminacy of our Southern investitures for the rest of his days. What! a fellow palpably built for all weathers, with an impenetrable hide and physiognomy which throws off rain like a pent-house,—an iron-ribbed, rock-visaged, winter-proof loon, that might say to the mist, thou art my mother, and to the frost, thou art my brother and sister, in snow was I shapen, and in storm has my father begot me!

In my old reveries of Highland life, I had formed ideas upon those points suitable to civilized ignorance. Time has strangely diminished my credulity; and henceforth I will believe nothing that has not passed before my own eyes, and perhaps not trust even their witness with too fond a confidence. My speculation was filled with mountains and cataracts, solenn showers, and thunders keeping up perennial battle through those verdure-

less upper deserts of the world; and among them a race of men fearless of torrent and tempest, that sickened in sunshine, and solicited the storm from the shade of the most embowering thistles, the hunters of the red deer, the scorers of the Sassenach, an unfatiguable, untouchable, untownable people, the legitimate, killed aborigines of the land of Desolation, the yet undried survivors of the general deluge.

Instead of this, I see fellows as cautious of a wetting as I am myself, with umbrellas, spectacles, and other paltry English affectations. I speak of the better order; or, in the language of truth, the worse. I have seen faces and figures among the clannish as much nobler than those of their masters, as the face and figure of man is superior to those of a Cheapside clerk, or a promenader of Bond Street; fine, bold, erectrovers, with a sinewy stride, and a haughty, deep-eyed countenance, that tells the very hero of the hills.

If I were the laird of a few hundreds of such beings, I would not afflict my soul or theirs with living five miles out of their presence, until the grave should strip me of my sovereignty. The tartan should not be off my limbs till it was off for the shroud. I would walk on their hills, and sleep on their heather. My songs should be of the Wallace, the Bruce, and the Montrose. I would bring civilization among them, in its sober dignity, the harbinger of peace, knowledge, and manly allegiance. I would teach them to be true to their love, their faith, and their King; and after this, when in the hope of having, in some degree, done the duty for which I was sent into the world, I should give way to the great summons, I solemnly believe that my last hour would be as tranquil, and all that remained of me be borne to the resting-place of my fathers with as true laments, and that for many a year to come, my grey-haired companions would bring their sons and daughters to the spot, and point to their old friend and master's grave, with as glistening eyes, and as fond a remembrance, as if I had been the most crushing, opulent, rack-rent scoundrel in the whole court calendar of sheep-feeding and absenteeism. If I would have abandoned, or expelled, or broken the hearts of those noble beings for any profit or possession on

this side of Paradise, may my right hand forget its cunning; no, not for the softness of Southern beatitudes; not to be eminent among the picture-dealers of the West, or the carcass-dealers of the East; to be familiar with every writer of White's, and plundered by every blisking at Newmarket; not to make the twelfth baboon in the hebdomadal foolery of the quadrille at Almack's; not to live in a hotel, and lounge six hours a-day in the window of the Thatched-house; not to devote my sleep and soul to madridin harangues and contemptible partizanship in St Stephen's; not to go from home with a pursuing whirlwind of curses, both loud and deep, linger in idleness and contempt, and return in beggary and remorse. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I would be tempted by those things! no, not to see my peopled hills and valleys made desolate with the most pursy sheep, and the most pleuritic black cattle that ever extinguished the human race. Lo! is not the heart of man better than ram's fat, and the living soul nobler than the blood of beeves?

But let us do justice to the Staffords. I believe that their proceedings have been, on the whole, conducted with a view to the future benefit of their tenantry. But their example has been followed, where their principle was forgotten. What they have done in mercy, was done by others in rapine. All forced wisdom belongs to pain. To take the gun from a mountaineer's hand, and replace it by a shuttle, may be wise, yet repulsive enough to long-nurtured feelings of personal dignity: to drive the tiller of his hereditary patch of whins down to the sea-side, and bid him thenceforth plough the sea, and live on kelp, may be better for all parties in the end; but if I had been one of the Countess's *lads*, I should have turned short, and insisted on not being dragged across the land, after her sweeping and relentless inhumanity. I should have felt myself justified in sending the *fiery cross* through every bladeless valley and trackless swam of her kingdom. The thistle should have spoken its parable against her, and flame should have come out the brambles of Sutherland. How could I have borne to leave the bones of my fathers, and the place made memorable to me by all the sweetness-

es and sorrowings of my life? With what eyes should I have looked for the last time on the spot where every tree and rivulet was impressed with some recollection made almost sacred by love and time? All this may be idle to dames and dukes five hundred miles off, and five hundred times farther off in feeling; sailing up and down life in the bustle of levees and

loo-tables; but before I should submit to be dragged from all this, and squeezed into a fish-smelling cabin, or compelled to petrify my *substratum* by the eternal sitting of the loom, I should have tried a bold defiance, have barricaded my door, and, with the flints of the mountain, and the clods of the valley, have made a remarkable example of the factor.

Monday, August 19.

Yesterday the world was quiet, and all Edinburgh went to church. The aspect of the people, both within and without their chapels, was decorous. And I can vouch for the falsehood of the report, that shaving on Sunday is contrary to law. In the rigour of prelate-hunting times there was some popular connexion between infidelity and a brushed coat, high treason to the majesty of Knox, and the riddance of a week's beard; it has altogether perished here. In Glasgow, I will allow, and other places remote from civilized life, the barber still performs at his peril, and is accountable to the Stocks for every smooth chin in his district. A saintly and antisaponaceous magistracy hold the terrors of the law over every believing professor suspected of the heresy of a clean chin; and the licentious Sunday shaving, which has taken place in the general joy and dissolution of manners on his Majesty's arrival, has been already visited on the purses of the more daring barbers at the rate of five shillings a piece.

The congregation in the chapel to which I went were well-dressed, orderly, and attentive. But, in place of the one sermon that sometimes exhausts English patience, the Scotch must provide patience for three.

The prayers before and after what is expressly called the Sermon, are actual discourses, long expositions of the pastor's opinions upon disputed points, meanderings through mazy theology, different in nothing from the address between them, but in the facts of the people's standing up and the preacher's shutting his eyes. Far be it from me to speak with levity of these forms. I know how closely things unimportant and obsolete sometimes cling to our nature. But I also know that the congregation find it utterly impossible to follow the deviousness of the prayer; thus, after the few first cus-

tomary sentences, they limit themselves to gazing, and when he at length returns from the chase of his own conceptions, feel not less relieved than the exhausted declaimer. I rejoice that the soberness of English reform did not pound either the Cathedrals or the Liturgy in pieces.

To-day the King received deputations from the public bodies. The Church of Scotland, an establishment curiously combined of lay and clerical powers, probably surprised him by its mixture of military and civic costumes with the dresses of the clergy. His reception of this diversity of strange faces and stranger tongues was graceful and dignified. Some of the addresses affected him, and his marked attention to the venerable head of the university may be presumed to have laid a long claim to learned gratitude.

The leaders of the Bar here figure in so many public capacities, that the majority have had frequent opportunities of standing in the sunshine of the Royal Presence, and party is said to be rapidly melting down. The King must have been appalled at the sight of this formidable and voluminous array of litigation. The Bar of Edinburgh supplies enough of advocacy to drain the population of an empire. A few Leviathans are undisputed Lords of the Brine, but the multitude who live upon what escapes those capacious devourers, is altogether astonishing and unsuspected among the causes of the fall of farms and the general sapping and suction of the provinciality. Yet, but for its Bar, Edinburgh would have been half unknown, a cypher in the sum of cities. Even now, in the midst of all her butresses and *fulcra* of literature, many and curious as they are, let man grow honest and the Bar perish, Edinburgh, before the lapse of fifty years, would resemble an English borough town in its look, as much as it now

does, in some points, which I shall not at present notice, but reserve for some other occasion. Pedestrians might come to wonder and breakfast on the spot where Judges read novels from the Bench, and where Erskine parted his mantle of puns among the remnant and aspiring exhilarators of the Bar. Men of *virtu* might gather to guage and measure the twofold Barrow, the *biceps Parnassus*, which it will be the dying labour of Edinburgh to raise to her last two great names, the orator,

“Argutum, fervidum, facetum, eloquentem;”

And the Poet,

“Qui cineses? Tumuli hæc vestigia!
Conditur olim
Ille hic qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces.”

I shall perish before that consummation, and this hand of panegyric, and this heart overflowing with weariness of absence, and with envy at the sight of every coach and courier that I see speeding south, will be turned into the bulbs and blossoms of the garden. If the extinction were to happen now, I should have to regret some very agreeable acquaintances. I have seen those cleverer persons here, who are usually persecuted by strangers; but of them and theirs the world shall not hear a syllable from me. The treachery of your thorough-bred Tourist shall, in my Utopia, be visited with branding and the galleys.

Confidence and gentleman-like courtesy have already become matters of peril, and a man of any reputation must sit in the presence of one of those filchers of face, and swindlers of sentiment, in a state of continual nervousness. Conversation must either degenerate into the shadowy nonsense, that alone can baffle the grasp of those unsparing marauders of private good things; or it must be conducted with closed doors, and on the solemn oath of every new-comer, that he will not, by ink or innuendo, in any shape whatever, divulge a syllable beyond the Trophonian cave.

For my part, I am determined, the moment I feel that I am grown into a man of celebrity, (a consummation never to be doubted,) I will placard my avenue with prohibitions to all pouchers of living genius, fix up a board with, “Traveller-man-traps and spring guns set in these grounds.” And the first individual, who shall print an iota of the interest trifling that transpires by grot

or grove, tent or tea-table, shall be seized at any expense, and hung up *in terrorem*, with a bust of *Harpocrates* round his neck, at the turn from the high road.

But it is no breach of confidence to speak of the Scotch as among the most liberal and hospitable entertainers. The Scotch are hospitable just to the extent that they ought to be, and all rational men will be. If you are known, you will be civilly received; and if you are not, you will be left to regale at your hotel, and contemplate the Calton undisturbed. They do not presume you, as in England, to be necessarily a swindler, nor as in Ireland, a grandee in disguise. They give you a single glance of their grey, acute eyes, and then leave you to your lubrications, without either setting a Bow-Street officer upon your path, or insinuating a general invitation into your hand. You may do as you please, and as long as you please; and there are, I am told, instances of strangers, who have wandered through the multitudes of Edinburgh for years, without a supper or a smile, until they had imbibed a rigid aspect, forgot their English, and were mistaken for their countrymen.

Yet this let me say for the sister countries, that their torridness or frigidity is the result of circumstances; that John is generous, willing, and stranger-loving, when he has leisure, of which he has but little; while, on the contrary, Patrick has or makes a great deal; and by the help of this arm he is enabled to rout John, horse, foot, and dragoons, out of the field of hospitality. In England, men whose brains are not whirling in the perpetual tumult of business, have a ready access to books, and can satiate themselves with the fall of stocks, and the perplexities of ministers every quarter, and month, and week, and day. But to the generation of the Patricks, those are, for the chief part, costly and forbidden things, exotics of the rarest odour, mangoes and Jamaica ginger, sent in presents from some compassionate and recollecting cousin beyond seas. I will lay my silk gown, *in futuro*, to the hand of any Lord of Session extant, that at this hour three fourths of the resident gentlemen of Ireland, out of the confines of Dublin, have but very indistinctly heard of Mr Bennet and of the Bonassus, are dubious in an extreme degree about the existence of Mr Owen and the Op-

position, and have not been reached by any rumour whatever of the integrity of that calculator of the human race—Anacharsis Cloots Hume.

Yet those gentlemen are not without curiosity; quite the reverse. They have it of the most open-mouthed, rapacious, gastric kind: "*Vasto immenso hiatu.*" Nothing is too large for their deglutition, nothing too tough and ferocious for their digestion. The *organum* must be supplied with food, or it will seize on the most irregular provender within its reach. I look upon those late excesses, those burnings of barns, those crimped curates, and proctors roasted whole, and the general calcination which has gone through the country, as nothing more than a strong development of that resistless appetite for news, to which those Athenians of

the West are, above all nations, liable. In Munster, and the neighbouring districts where the human understanding is scarce, the arrival of a stranger excites a general stir through the thicket; the natives come by families and villages from the farthest cover, crowd round him with Otaheitean jubilation, load his integuments with the spontaneous beef and claret of their lovely and teeming soil, and provision him for six months to come. Yet all this is done in the genuine cunning of barter; their benevolence is lavished only to extract from him those precious novelties, the hornspoons and blue beads of English gossipry, the obsolete of the London market, but to them more precious than gold and diamond.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.

THIS was the day of the Drawing-room. The ladies were early at their post, and when the King arrived at the palace in a whirlwind of Scots Greys, he found the presence-chamber crowded with the fairest faces and haughtiest blood of Scotland. His Majesty made his way through this dangerous battalia, and did the honours with royal gallantry. A thousand dames of every age and line were to be saluted on the right cheek; and this perplexing, pleasing privilege was marked by perfect observance. The general appearance was as dazzling as plumes and diamonds could make it. But if the eye luxuriates, the memory grows weary, and I will tell you no more of tissues and blonds, golden lams, and feathers that might have crested the helmet of Arthur or Amadis. The Archers kept the entrance, and they were the very models of courtesy. The casual pressure of the ladies, passionate for a sight of royalty, was kept off by slackened, silken-covered bows that might have reminded them of the weapons of Cupid himself.

On the way to Holyrood, I was struck by an object, of all others the most direct contrast to the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the day. A tomb, the little classical tower that stands over the grave of David Hume. The common jail has now grown up beside it, and the Scotch seem to have wisely forgotten the homage once so fashionably and foolishly paid to the memory of their metaphysician. Franklin de-gilded the American mind into a love

of pelf, and his *Poor Richard* is the twelve-tables of shop-keeping. Hume's example turned the brains of the Scotch Literati of the last age into amalgams of arrogant metaphysics and bitter scepticism. The success of a popular name is always dangerous in a province. All rushes along with the current of the hour. The frith is too narrow for the counteracting streams, that make the health, and preserve the level of the English mind. The Scotch are at length beginning to discover that the favourite speculations of their philosophy, "falsely so called," were mysticism and moonshine. Scepticism has been exiled, and, a few meager and decaying casuists excepted, men are not ashamed to acknowledge the common truths that give comfort to mankind.

It has often been among my musings, how the Scotch, a sagacious and solid-stepping people, cautious of the waste of time, and loving to lay a substantial grasp on the good things of life, should have ever abandoned an hour to metaphysics. Voltaire's image of the science is at once witty and true,—a minuet, when the parties, after all their turnings and windings, end on the same spot where they began. The science of mind is palpably prohibited to man. It may form a noble and unlimited treasure of discovery for our disembodied powers. But here, after a few rudiments scarcely above truisms, and known to every generation since the flood, we feel the boundary. All the rest is clouds and air, a vast, uncircumscribed region, where nature may

prepare her wonders, but where she keeps them secret at least from us. An empire of vacancy, where our presumption may attempt to penetrate, but, after all its fantasies and halloos, must return in profitlessness and fatigue. The experiment can now scarcely amuse even clowns and children.

In the progress of the ladies to court, the *elite* of Scotland passed before me. This is one of the advantages of the time. The wonders that I must have otherwise sought through lakes and deserts, through valleys impenetrable with furze, and mountains sullen with storm, are all here together. I have here to wait shivering on no shore till the boatman, the lord of the passage, ceases to be drunk, and conveys me to the hopes of heath and a supper. I have here to crouch at the door of no Western Laird, the autocrat of the surrounding rocks, and supplicate the hospitality of an unknown tongue. The remote curiosities of the realm, richer than all its *Strophias* and *Jonas*, are concentrated here. It would be ungenerous and untrue to deny that Scotland has a right to be proud of them.

Some of the females whom I saw to-day are among the *belles* of St James's,

and the Court dress, in itself hostile to grace, and here unwisely, because un-nationally worn, gave a general resemblance, but the physiognomy of the land could not be mistaken. I saw from time to time the dark eye, pearly skin, and crimson cheek of English loveliness. These were rare, for beauty is the rarest product of the earth, and, to my eye, is rapidly perishing. The multitude had a strong national similarity. No race so seldom mixes its blood with the stranger.

The Scotch are not a melancholy people, but they look an anxious one; and whether it be from the common knowledge of their history, or from the true writing of their features, I should pronounce them a race of habitual honesty, good sense, and determination, but unconvinced that to enjoy, is, in some measure, to obey; and chusing by instinct to make their little solitary encampment among the thorns and tempest-beaten places of mortality.

As to the men—But what is the importance of a man's face? It has all its uses, if it have the necessary apertures for light and food. I will touch the topic no more. Is thy lover a mineralogist?

Wednesday, Aug. 21.

The King was invisible to-day, and all Edinburgh was disturbed, through all its municipality downwards,—Bailies, Deputies, &c.

"In the lowest deep a lower deep,"

by the rumour, that the Procession from Holyroodhouse to the Castle was to be postponed from to-morrow till Saturday. I will not pain you with the shadows of mischief and misfortune conjured up before civic eyes, by this disastrous contingency; and among the chief, the utter ruin of the Saturday's Grand Banquet. The King, weary as he must be of publicity, did on this occasion what he has done from the beginning, gave up his own inclination, and cheered the hearts of all the prospective sharers of fete and feast, by finally fixing the Procession for Thursday.

The Banquet will be the closing pomp of Scotland. I went to-day to see the site of this exhibition of loyal appetite, in the Parliament House, the Scotch Westminster Hall. I found it crowded with the curious, scattered over with forms and the preparatives for feasting,

and darkened with curtains, that in the mid-day sun covered all our visages with a fiery purple. The room looked a very noble cavern, very ill inhabited.

Scotland is contributing its whole edible opulence to this entertainment. Dukes and Lairds are sending daily grouse and venison; the trailing towns make donations of fish; and London, with a surpassing munificence, worthy of the largest and most turtle-loving of cities, has sent up Alderman Curtis in the highest condition, and ready dressed in tartan.

I dined with some agreeable men. I have found no conversation superior to that of the Scotch; clear, intelligent, and original. But it has its peculiarities. I have never found myself on a soil where the ventilation and winnowing of character was so habitual. I, of course, do not speak of the paltry detractions, which can find their way only by chance among men of a certain rank of society. But intellect, acquirement, professional skill, and professional celebrity, are desperately discussed. This is amusing, but formidable to the alien and the sojourner.

er, unaccustomed to so rapid and so fatal a fire. I am not among the most nervous of mankind; but this style of disquisition abuts up my faculties at once. It must be for those of higher hopes to have the dignity of dissection, but for me, it is enough to see "The lancets prepared, and the doctors all met;"—life grows silent, and retires within me, and I perish accordingly.

I am determined henceforth to believe, that conversation may be too acute for common and comfortable use. In my kingdom, table-wisdom shall be among the high offences of the state. I will have "*Dulce est desipere in loco*," written at the head of my statutes in letters of diamond. The *Sagesse de trop* is to me a wall of iron. I can do nothing till I find some touch of man about my entertainer—till we can talk over our fellow-fragility, and sympathise in mutual flannel. I must receive the right hand of jest,—I must share the secret of that treasured and ripened foolery, which, to every man, sleeps at the bottom of the bin for those whom we love—sleeps underneath all the studious ingenuity and determined repartee of that Pandora's box, the heart; and is a consolation for them all.

For this give me the Irishman above all men, rogue as he is. He embarks his whole soul at once; he has no cautions and attaching cordage to the shore; he casts no dilatory look behind. His wisdom is steeped in foolery, as his foolery is in wisdom; and in the midst of the wildest extravagance of buoyant veins and habits indigenous to claret, he explodes some thought vivid enough to blind a whole caravan of philosophers.

To this, as to all national characters, there are exceptions; Scotland has its men of spirit, ease, and pleasantry; and, to an *Imbecile-hunter*, Ireland could supply occasional specimens worthy of the pages of Aldrovandus.

Yet I like the fearlessness of the Scotch conversation tenfold better than the conventional courteous cant of English clubs and conversaziones. I am disgusted to the midriff with the paltzy jargon of panegyric and insincerity that perverts truth in every third word talked in the atmosphere of London literature. Why am I to live in this hopeless hypocrisy? Why am I, with a spine of eternal curvature, and a prostrate soul, to dance the wearisome quadrille of unwilling admiration, with etiquette more au-

thoritative than Count Caraman, fiddle in hand, commanding that I should bow to this side and courtesy to that, and exhaust my life in the *entrechats* and *queue de chiens* of boudoir and Morocco-bound idolatry? Why is fashion, that master of the ceremonies to fools, to issue its edict upon me? you shall bow at three yards off to ———, for he has visited the Trossachs, and is supposed to review himself; you shall kneel upon your left knee to ———, for he is of the Albion, and has the rarest collection of *Pistrucci's* Modern Antiques; but to ——— you shall thrice knock your forehead upon the ground, for he is the chief of the Black-letter Eunuchs, the *Kislar Aga* of first editions, and turns the key upon a Harem of MSS. in vellum unapproached by the eye of man.—This, if I have done, I will do no more. Nature will struggle for its erectness at last.

"The blood will follow where the pincers tear."

And though I should have proceeded ten thousand miles in the direction of the *Ketou*, I will, like my Lord Amherst, grow indignant in the crisis of humiliation, revolt at the sight of the crowned Calmucks themselves, and in the bristling of wrathful pens, and the remonstrances of Blue-Stockings trembling for their tea, retrieve my honour, and return as untrampled as I came.

* * * * *

As I walked home along the fine Terrace of Prince's Street, then as desolate and still as a dreamer could desire, I was caught by a blaze towards the Bridge connecting the New with the *Old Town*. And there I saw, floating in the air, a hundred feet from the valley,—all above and below the blackness of darkness, a vast diadem of fire. There was not the twinkle of a taper, not a star to divide the honours with this gorgeous emblem of the sovereignty of Erebus. This had escaped me in the general lightings of the city. In the morning I visited the site of the magic, and found the skeleton of a crown perched on the chimney of a gas manufactory! Disheartening as this was, it shone out again at night in magnificence, without a rival,—the crown that "strong imagination" might have seen "dropping upon the head of the usurper"—a meteor worthy of the wierd sisters—a thing of true demoniac splendour.

Thursday, August 22.

The High Street is a very singular, and picturesque, and memorable range of building. In the Scottish history it is classic ground; many of the most important events of the monarchy have passed under its roofs. It has been the scene of feudal grandeur, and of feudal crimes; divided as it now is between trade and the lowest orders, it was once the place of palaces; and here the great chieftains of a disturbed and loosely-governed realm—resisted the government, or oppressed it by their aid—held court and festival—indulged in the wild luxury of baronial life, or perished by the axe and the dagger.

In this street, and those shooting from its sides, those fibres projected from the enormous spine, is to be found all the peculiarity of Edinburgh. The New Town is handsome, but the Old Town is unique. The modern improvements may be copied wherever stone can be laid on stone; the High Street has a stately locality to which Europe can find no equal. The Corporation have made some attempts to alter this venerable street, and have pulled down a cross in its centre, and an antique gate which marked one of its divisions. Against this sacrilege, mulct and imprisonment ought to have been denounced, and its aiders and abettors should have been fixed in the loftiest stocks, for all their furs. Cross and Gate ought to be reinstated without loss of time, and a Committee appointed to see that for the future not a stone or tile should be changed in this great national memorial. It is in the view of the *closets* and *mynds*, from a safe distance, however, that my most amusing speculations have been stirred. In all places the populace, their habits and habitats, are my supreme attraction. Here I stand upon their bridges and look upon a subterranean people. Carriages and corporations, troops and train bands, are passing round me; and in the midst of a tumult that shakes the ground, I see, at an almost telescopic depth below, another race utterly untouched by the disturbance upon the surface,—a plutonic tribe, a mole-eyed colony unconscious of the sun, a busy, dim generation, vaulted over by the inextricable vapour of the mine, and winding its way through chasms and valleys of stone as black and precipitous as the mountain from which they were torn.

And here I hover, a luxurious and lofty drone, looking down on the obscure hive; an idle and elevated mite gazing on the minute toils and thousands of this huge and curiously-delved cheese.

“*Suave mari magno.*”

But the High Street is bright in the blaze of day, and with its parapets and pinnacles, the height and wildness, and rich, antique confusion of its architecture, winding and sweeping away down the hill, it has sometimes had to me the look of the most beautiful and impressive object that architecture ever gave the eye, an unroofed Cathedral. The Cathedral was now full. The procession commenced at half past two, and moved from Holyrood House under a roar of congratulation. The sky had promised rain, and its promise now began to be amply fulfilled. The glory of the naked galleries was delated in a moment, and never was popular good will more severely drenched. Still the procession ascended through waving handkerchiefs and applauding hands till it reached the Castle-hill. There the entrance of the multitude was forbidden, and the pageant, unpressed by the crowd, expanded in all its beauty. Heralds, squires, and chieftains, the hereditary officers of the throne, bearing badges and batons, followed in glittering succession, with intervening guards of Highlanders and cavalry. Froissart might have dwelt with delight on the stately bearing of these Chevaliers, and some anonymous and well-known novelist to come, when we are beyond tournament or tale, will tell of the crimson coat that flowed down to the golden spurs of my Lord Lyon—the green velvet tunic gold-embroidered—the golden rigol round the cap of crimson—the enamelled staff flowered with golden thistles,—and the Arabian caparisoned with gold that he caracoled and capricioled with such knightly dexterity. This brilliant figure was Lord Kinnoul. The Sword of State, an enormous two-handed blade, worthy of the grasp of Arthur or Wallace, was borne by the Earl of Morton, in a modern uniform, that looked humiliated beside the superb barbarism of the old costume. The Honourable Morton Stuart, the son of Lord Moray, carried the Sceptre, a short staff with a large head of crystal. His dress

was simple green, but his plaid, his splendid arms, and the beautiful charger on which he sat with singular grace, made him conspicuous.

The Duke of Hamilton, in the dress of a courtier of the first Charles, the velvet hat, satin slashed doublet, and deep Vandyked collar, bore the Crown. The King was escorted by the Archers, and their General, Lord Hopetoun, with Lord Elgin; Lord Errol as High Constable, and Sir Thomas Bradford, the Commander of the Forces, rode on the right and left of the carriage. On the King's arrival at the Castle gates, he was received with some customary formalities by the Officers, and led within the walls. In a few minutes after he appeared on the battlements. The day had been sullen, and it had now grown wild and gusty. Sunshine might have made the spectacle less magnificent. All before the eye was the tossing of plumes, and the bowing of standards that could scarcely be held in their bearers' hands, and troops massed under cloaks of every hue, long lines and groups of scarlet, and blue and tartan. But the noblest sight was the Castle. The ranges of wall and embrasure from the ground were crowded with the garrison; and above them all, on the brow of the highest battery, stood the King, alone. The moment of his appearance was sublime—he was hailed with a general shout, and a clangour of drum and trumpet—a grand, universal uproar. What might be the feeling, the proud and delighted exaltation of heart of a being, to whom every voice of this homage was sent up, and who saw from that superb stand the sea, the land, and the people, all his own, it must be given only to a King to know.

Nothing more deeply stirs my contempt than the paltry and calculating habit of the age, that will see nothing in a monarch but the mere human material—the thews and sinews of our common nature. This spirit of levelling is a spirit of vanity. They find that Majesty has no more limbs than themselves, and are comforted. I recollect, at one of the reviews of the Allies in Paris, to have been, by a sudden movement of the field, enveloped in a circle of the sovereigns and generals. In this presence, I could not, for my soul, conceive that I saw nothing better than the mere human fabric—nothing better than their own groans. I saw before me great go-

verning spirits; the very arbiters of the fate of mankind. There stood one, who held in his hand the blood and honour, the hopes and energies, of forty millions of men—a chief, the tramp of whose feet could be felt to the wall of China. Here stood Prussia, here Austria, not the capped and caparisoned riders among a gilded group of courtiership, but beings whose look was fortune; the concentrated will and power of myriads and mighty regions. Round these rode Wellington, and Blücher, and Schwartzenberg, and a whole dazzling circle of illustrious names, in every garb and ornament of war; beings that no man could have looked on without the memory of matchless victories—the living monuments of supreme intellect and valour. I am the man of a free country, and a jealous time; but I might be the sternest hater of despotism, and yet acknowledge that here I felt my spirit instinctively overwhelmed and bowed down before the Genius of Royalty. There was now in my sight the representative of sovereignty, Italian, German, and British, up to the dark ages; the blood of crowned generations; one of the class that move upon the high ridge of life, while millions on millions, like me and mine, creep on through the valley, and are gathered to the dust without a name—the small and splendid kindred, whose birth is a national rejoicing, and whose life is a course of all the pomp and enjoyments that the world can furnish from its treasures; fenced, honoured, and consecrated by all that policy has of wisdom, and law of strength, and religion of ceremonial, the high altars of the temple of society.

After a short interval, the Castle commenced the royal salute, and between the discharges, his Majesty, though the rain now fell heavily, was seen waving his hat in answer to the acclamations below. His figure is manly, and, from his position, it was seen to great advantage. Above him was nothing but the royal standard whirling in the blast like a disturbed cloud. The battery at his feet hid him from time to time in bursts of smoke, that suddenly gave him to view again. Lower and lower still, the parapets and ports were filled with soldiery. The King's next portrait should be taken from the half-moon battery of Edinburgh Castle.

EDINBURGH ROYAL DAYS ENTERTAINMENTS.

[THE knowledge we had of our friend Omai keeping a journal of the occurrences at Edinburgh during the King's visit, induced us to ask his permission to make part of it public. To this he cheerfully consented, and perhaps the more readily, that by this means his countrymen will have the pleasure of seeing it a year earlier, than if he had carried it home, and printed it at Otahite. The only freedom we permitted ourselves to take with it, was to lighten the uniformity of the narrative, by the addition of titles to mark the beginning of the different days, and the suggestion of the general title, with which last Omai seemed much pleased, and is accordingly to retain it when the work is reprinted in his own country.]—C. N.

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF OMAI, THE TRAVELLER.

I OMAI, the son of the son of Omai, the traveller, who was the friend of the great Cook, and beloved by the King of the great island of Britain, having related in a book what I saw in my former voyage, and printed it for the use of my countrymen, to make them wise. Also, the powerful King Pource, chief of all the chiefs of the island of Otahite, having read my book, for he was learned by the missionary men to read printed books, as if they spoke, he was fond of me, Omai; gave me, Omai, though only a chief, a cap with seventeen scarlet feathers of the Papaw, and conferred on me, Omai, the honour of commanding his royal Majesty's great double gun canoe, with the ball cannons. Also the great Pource said to me, that I, Omai, must go again to the island of Edinburgh, to bring from the illustrious Morton more of his plough instruments for the cultivation of the land, and a waggon cart, painted with red paint, for the use of his royal household; and cannon-guns to kill the Dutch, when they are enemies, for they are bad men, because their ships steal, and they live at the island of Amsterdam and Java. And because the good Captain Fraser and his ship was not at Otahite, therefore Captain Smith, even from Greenock, which is an island beyond Edinburgh, he was my captain. He was a great man, because he was from Argyle, and slept in a cabin-room by himself, and had no equal in the ship; and he was good and kind to me, Omai, because I was the favourite of the king, and wise, even among the missionary men of Otahite.

And after a very long sail, the great ship of Captain Smith came to Green-

ock: and it was not Edinburgh; but Glasgow is between, and that is a city of a great people, who spin cotton clothes for all the world. But I, Omai, did not stay at Glasgow, but came through a river, in a boat drawn by horses, which sails to the island of Edinburgh, for all the people were hastening to Edinburgh, to see the great King of all the world, the King who lives at London island, and makes the laws of Parliament. And though I, Omai, knew the great city of Edinburgh, it was no more the same, for the people were all rejoiced to see so great a King; they looked also so happy, that Omai was glad at heart; and every person, both young and old, had *heath* in their hats, by way of ornament. If Omai be asked what this is, he will tell. It is a kind of grass, called *heather*, with red purple flowers, and that is *heath*. And all this people, who are the sons of chiefs, wore stars on their breasts, as the great Erees of the King do: and this star is of silk and silver, curiously stitched, and it is like two fingers put across one another, because it is the cross of St Andrew. Who St Andrew is, I, Omai, have also read, because his name is in the Bible book; and he was the first missionary who came to teach the islanders of Edinburgh the true religion, and to say questions out of Catechism. They that wore this cross were very numerous, because all this people are noble, and the great King of London or Britain he is their father. How this is, I, Omai, cannot understand; but I saw it in a newspaper book, printed in black letters, that his name is *George Fourth, the Father of his People*, therefore it must be true.

And I, Omai, the son of the son of

the great Omai, who was known to this King's father, I took off my sailing dress of trowsers; and the tailor man on the shore of Leith, his name is Kirkgate—what nimble fingers that man has!—he sewed me a blue coat, with buttons of gold, and the image of a crown upon them, unlike cloth buttons, or those of the sailor-men, and put St Andrew's star on my coat. I, Omai, also put the heather of broom in my hat; and the vest, that is for the belly, it was white, with coverings for my legs of yellow, called nankeen; and then I, Omai, was like a chief of many, and the friend of the King.

And money pieces were made with the King's head upon them, for joy that the King was to come. And they were white and silver; their name being medals. And nobody went out without these medals, and they hung round the neck by a ribbon; the ladies also wore them, for they were pretty; and I, Omai, had four of different sizes, all at one ribbon, because the King's father was the friend of the father of the father of me, Omai.

The number of coach houses that came with the chiefs who could not walk to see the King was very great—who could count them! and many had four horses, like the coaches of mail; red and yellow men were on their backs to keep them steady, with long sticks in their hands to shew their dignity, and hats with corners called in English *cocks*. These were very great men indeed, and much grander than those in the inside of the coaches, and there is none like them in Otaheite, for their breeches are red and black, and they are a stout people, whose name is *flunkies*, in the language of the people of this island, as Captain Smith told me, Omai. And every great chief, and every great chief's wife, keeps some of these grand men, who are of a peculiar race, for they cannot want them; and John Haulyard, the captain's mate of the ship, he called them *beef-eaters*, because they are fed on beef to make them fat, and they can eat nothing else. And their heads are covered with the white meal of flour, and grease; and it is the same with the men of Hottentot, at the Cape, only Hottentot men use the black powder of soot. But I, Omai, do not admire either, because the colour is red powder in Otaheite.

That I, Omai, might not forget the wonderful things which I now saw, I, Omai, resolved to write it all in a book to learn my own people how to receive their King; and I therefore went with my captain to buy a white book for writing. And the man that sold it to me, his name is Tomson, and he makes all the maps of the country at the post-office, behind the Church of Tron; and the book contained 150 leaves of paper for writing, and was covered with red skin.

And Captain Smith, he took me to see the great King's palace, which is a stone house, near a mountain called Salisbury Craigs, and at the bottom of the Calton mountain, where is the round house of Nelson and the prisons. How fine a house is a palace!—how many windows it has—and the crowns for light, and the boxes for the soldiers, how curiously formed are they!—it would take me, Omai, all my life to describe them; for the Kings of this great island are true Kings of the world, and the Kings of India are their servants. And I, Omai, saw the chiefs of the King's palace; and they had black and red dresses, and had round black sticks in their hands, and gold naumes on them. And other chiefs had petticoats of different colours in spots, rolled round them, which did not cover them all, because part of them was naked, and their legs were bare. And these were proud men, and wore not a hat like me, Omai, nor red soldiers caps, but only bonnets, which is cloth, like a turban, and a goose feather stood out before, to shew they were learned men and could write. And some of them carried round tables in their hands to write upon when the King ordered, and swords were fixed under their arms, and no guns but pistols, which are small guns. Another piece of coloured cloth was rolled round their bodies like the men of Otaheite; but they wore little aprons of hairy skins, to shew that they were Celts, and not men of the island of Edinburgh. They are also called clans or tribes, because they follow different chiefs; only the King is the chief of all. The music of the clans also, it is not true music, for it is loud, and drones without any tune at all, and this is called *pipes*, which are skins blown up by wind from the mouth, and the sound is

squeezed out through reeds by a strong man's arm ; and it resembles the moaning and crying of a hog when it is going to be killed ; and the man who blows is named *Piper*, because he pipes and walks proud.

And when the day came for the King's ship to appear on the sea, all the people of the island ran to the tops of the hills. And the other ships on the sea that were waiting were all covered with flags and ribbons, to be beautiful in the King's sight, and to please him, for the King must not see things as they really are, only his ministers and viziers. And I, Omai, was on the Calton, where the cannon were, and the blue soldiers ; and the moment the King's ships appeared, they knew he would be pleased to see how they could fight his enemies : and they all fired off their cannons at one another ; it was a sea-fight, and the sea was covered with smoke, so that I, Omai, could see nothing, though I had the telescope glass of Eree Jardine, that brings ships near the Observatory house. The cannon guns on the Calton also fired at the Castle, and made a louder noise than the sea cannons, and the Castle fired at the cannons of the Calton. The noise indeed was terrible, and the ladies were afraid. And the men that lighted the cannons were soldiers of the King, with blue coats who live in round tents, that is cloth fixed to the ground. They are brave men with swords, and not afraid to touch the cannon. And it rained heavily though the great King's ship was there ; and the ladies, that is women, ran down from the hill to go home, for their clothes are not made for keeping out rain, but only for ornament. And the streets were full of the King's real soldiers, who ride upon war horses—some were blue, some were red, but all looked brave, with long swords for cutting off their enemies' heads when the King bids. But I, Omai, was not afraid of the rain, though the Captain said it would spoil my gold buttons with the crown ; therefore I went home with the Captain, to eat and drink for joy that the King's ship was there.

And this day there was no more of the King ; for he would not leave his ship in the rain, and so he told his chief Erees ; but it was given out and printed, that the King would come out of his ship next day.

DAY SECOND.

The Grand Entry and Fire-works.

And next day all the people got up very early and crowded to the sea-side to see the King land, as a king had not been seen in the island of Edinburgh for many great ages. At mid-day, therefore, the King, who was waiting till all his people had come, was brought to the pier of Leith where the ships come, in a grand canoe rowed by chiefs. And all the chief Erees of the island were waiting to receive the King, and cloth was spread for him to walk on. Then there was another sea-battle ; and the ships fired, and the great Castle, and all the people shouted for the King ; and he was very glad, and took his Erees by the hand, and looked kind upon them, and went into his coach to ride through the great city of Edinburgh. And the great Eree who is called Thane, that is, little King, of the island of Fife, he was there, for I, Omai, knew him, and he is the friend of the King and me, Omai.

And this is a procession, when the King goes with his nobles and his guards in the midst of his subjects, that they may see him. And all the streets were filled with people more than could be counted without a slate and marking ; and all the windows of the streets were filled with beautiful ladies, young and old, looking glad ; scaffolds also of wood like the seats of a church were along all the road where the King was to go. And they were full of Erees, the chiefs of the people, the wise men of the country and their children. And all the King's people were clothed in white breeches, with stars of St Andrew on their blue crown coats ; and all had the grass of heath in their hats. And the multitude stood quiet, for they respected the King, and are not like the people of any other country ; and there was no bustle, for the Britons of Edinburgh are men of great consideration. Then the procession came in rows, and even the horse soldiers who came first their horses kept the rows, because they were sensible horses, and they knew the King was looking at them.

And I, Omai, stood among the people, and looked, and then came the petticoat-men, who are the King's scribes, with their little tables and pens in their bounets, and their pipers all in

rows; and they carried drawn swords, two of the King's generals going before them to let them see how to walk. After that came he that I, Omai, took for the King; but it was not the true King, only a King of Arms, that is the heralds; notwithstanding they were very grand men on horses, and their trumpeters before them. Then other great Erees came, on beautiful horses with long tails; but none of them was the King; only one of them carried a ruler in his hand to signify that he ruled all the people for the King. Then came other great men, all shining in gold and silver, with cloaks; and I, Omai, said to my captain, surely this is the King at last; but Captain Smith said it was only an usher, that is a door-keeper, for he carried a white rod to keep the people and dogs from the King's door. Next came a grand coach with many horses, but still the King was not there.

And I, Omai, thought the King would never come, and that if he was a grander man than those which had gone before, I should not be able to look upon him. At last all the people took off their hats and shouted at grand men walking all in gold with gold axes in their hands; great men were they, and each of them might be a King in Otaheite. These were the King's servants, who walked before his coach. Then there was the King himself sitting in a coach which was split open at the top, and not like a common coach; and the horses were led by gentlemen. And the King was not dressed so rich as his Erees; but he was plainly-dressed, and sat looking with pleasure on the people. And next the King's coach-louse were the archer men who fight with bows and arrows, for they are the King's guard in his palace, where the Grey Scots cannot come. And they were dressed in shawls like women, that went across their shoulders, and white ruffles were round their necks like ladies, for them to look sweet before the King; only their gloves were large, and a bow in their hand.

And the shouts and the cries grew louder and louder, for all the people cried, and the ladies waved white cloths from the windows, and nobody knew what they did they were so delighted. And I, Omai, shouted out also, and waved my hat, and the King heard the voice of me, Omai, among the crowd,

and my captain beside me; and I, Omai, bowed three times very low in the fashion of this people, and the King saw I was a chief, for he smiled and bowed his head even to me, Omai, though a stranger. Seeing this I, Omai, cried as others this prayer aloud, "God save the King!" and Capt. Smith said, "Bless your jolly face!" which is the seamen's way of saying the same prayer; and the good King was ready to cry for joy, and took off his hat which was one of cocks. And a woman who was behind me Omai, with small earthen pitchers of water, she was so happy to see "her ain Geordie," as she called the King in Scots English, that she clapped the pitchers to pieces, forgetting she had them in the joy of the King's appearance. And the crowd laughed though the King was passing; but the woman minded not, only she sung a loud song, the words of which are in the same language, "Carle, now the King's come."—And the song is in a printed book of two leaves, which I, Omai, have seen, though it is not to be understood but by the learned.

And when the King came to the city gate, which was of wood, and put up in a night, then my Lord of Provosts came with the chiefs of the city, to deliver up the keys of the city to the King; for the city had formerly doors and gates, and these were the keys. And I, Omai, saw them, and they were big keys of silver. And the King stopped and took them, and looked at them, and gave them back to my Lord, and bid him take care to let no bad men into the island of Edinburgh, or he would be angry. And when the King said this, there was a great noise, and shouting, and praying for the King, and waving of white cloths from window houses.

And all the great road from the ship town of Leith to the King's Palace, was crowded by Erees, and ladies, and people; the cries and the prayers continued with incessant noise; and the good King bowed so often, and looked so affected, that I, Omai, the son of the son of the great traveller, was glad when he arrived near his Palace of Holyrood. And when the King entered his palace-gate, the cannon-men lighted their cannons on the hill of Calton, and on the crag mountain of Salisbury, and fired with noise, and the people shouted, and took off their

hats, and waved their arms for joy that the King had come to his palace ; for a king had not entered that palace for a hundred years and a half, because he did not know, and nobody told him, that he had such a palace in the island of Edinburgh, out of London, where the laws are made. And I, Omai, all this time eat no meat, except the fruit of vegetables, called pears and apples, which an old man gave me for money ; and yet I was not hungry, for I could never give over looking upon the King and his Erees, and the people, so grand were they, and the ladies so beautiful, shining like the spray of the sea at Bolabola.

And the Great King, after resting himself in his palace, and speaking to the great Erees, who are his effigies or representatives in the island of Edinburgh, went to his sleeping house to eat his dinner. This house, or palace, was at a neighbouring city, called Dalkeith, because it is six miles from the island of Edinburgh. And I, Omai, was told, that before the good King went away, he was so much surprised and delighted, and overcome with his reception, by a people, who, my Captain said, would all die rather than a hair of his head was hurt, that he burst into tears, and said that he loved the Scots-English beyond all the other nations he governed, because his fathers had of old time been their own kings, and he was proud of being the kinsman of so true a people, with white breeches and blue coats.

And I, Omai, waited in the park of the King, which is at the palace, all this time ; for the good King looked as if he wished to speak to me, Omai, when I saw him pass, and when I said the prayer for him on the walk of Leith. It was also foolish in me, Omai, that I did not bring a letter from King Pourcee ; but Omai did not think of ever seeing the Great King, who lives in London island, in a palace of gold and silver. So nobody came to me from the King ; and he rode away in his coach carriage, with four horses, like a mail-coach, and his guards rode also away, and it would not have been becoming in me, Omai, a stranger, to hinder them. So I, Omai, went home with Captain Smith. And as I, Omai, went in the streets, I read on the walls a proclamation, that is a printed paper, like the leaf of a book ; and it said, in

large letters, that all the King's subjects should go and see the King's fireworks, which were to be fired out of joy for the King. And the Captain said he would take me, for I would be delighted, there being no such thing in Otaheite ;—so, after I, Omai, had eaten of the roasted flesh of cows, called steak-beef, in a tavern-house, and drunk the wine of porter, and other grog wines, till I felt brave and strong, I, Omai, went to the place of the fireworks.

And this place is the house of the King's effigy or representative in the island of Edinburgh—that is the lord of Provost—it is a square surrounded by iron sticks, which are black, and has trees in the centre like a garden, and there was the wooden fire-works. The name of the place is Charlotte, in the language of the country, which means a woman's name. And the crowd of people that were there would have filled a hundred islands like Otaheite ; for Captain Smith said they had come in fire ships of steam from all the neighbouring islands to see the great King and his fire-works. And rolls of fire called squibs, which went off with a noise, they were running and hissing among the people, and no man could stop them. And I, Omai, was at first afraid ; but the ladies that were there were not afraid, for they are Britons of the island of Edinburgh ; so I, Omai, thought that it would not do for the son of the son of the great Omai, the friend of Britons, to be terrified by squib fire, and I only started at the noise. And Captain Smith said, "Fire away, my hearties," which is the sea way of speaking to crowds, when they are squibbing.

At last the great men, or magicians, who make the fire, began ; and the rocket fires spouted high in the air, and, when very high, fell in little balls like stars, but more beautiful. And the people shouted to see the stars falling. After that there was a great blue fire, which was terrible to look at ; and I, Omai, prepared to run away, for it seemed as if the very streets and houses were in a flame, and going to melt ; but the captain stopped me and bid me look, for it would soon go out of itself, it being only the blue lights. And one David or Davy Jones, he said, often put up such blue lights at sea to decoy ships, that he might get the men

to eat. Then I, Omai, saw mills of fire, which whirled round, and made a noise like the King's cannon, with a prodigious hissing like the sound of the surf at Otaheite:—then a red flame which lighted all the trees; and all of a sudden, a temple of pure fire, and the King's crown, and the letters of his name, which is George Fourth, in fire also. All this was beautiful, though I could not conceive how it was done; and I was astonished. And all the people, that is, the crowd, roared out for joy, for that is the way the English of Edinburgh show their gladness; and the word of joy which is roared, is, when written in letters, printed "Hurra," and no other word is used, even by the King. And I could never have tired of looking at the flying fire which went into the air; but it went out at last, and was done; so I, Omai, the son of the son of the great traveler, went home with the good Captain Smith to his lodgings, and wrote down in my white book all that I had seen, that men of Otaheite may know how to make fires to please the King.

And the head of me, Omai, was so full of the grand sights I had seen, and which nobody in the hundred islands of the Great Sea of Otaheite could conceive, that I, Omai, could not eat, nor speak of any thing else; only I ate a hen, which was roasted at the Captain's house, with the Captain, and another Captain, who commands the whale ships. And wine of Port was brought; and it is the custom for the people of the island of Edinburgh, to express their joy by drinking this liquor, which is red. And so I, Omai, drank the King's health; and the whale-captain, he sung the King's hymn, which is "God Save the King;" and Captain Smith sung the sailor-man's song, which is, "Nobody shall be slaves, while the King rules the waves." And I, Omai, bought a song to sing, from a lame man in the street, for a penny; and though I did not know the tune nor the words, for it was not in Bible English, but only Edinburgh English, such as is spoken by learned men, yet I, Omai, myself, sung this song, to the tune of *Wa wa wa*, which was the same thing. And the Captains laughed, and were pleased, that I, Omai, sang so well. And this is the song, which I put in my book, because it

was printed at the top of it, that it was an Excellent New Song, and that Otaheitemen may know how to make songs for their King.

SAW YE GEORDIE CUMIN'.

An Excellent New Song.

Saw ye Geordie cumin', quo' she,
Saw ye Geordie cumin',—
Wi' his nobles round him pressing,
And the mobbie runnin'.
O, tak your stick inil your hand,
And up the hill and see him,—
Baith grit and sma', to see him land,
Are aff, to welcome gie him, quo' she,
Are aff, to welcome gie him.

O, saw ye Geordie cumin', quo' she,
Saw ye Geordie cumin';—
The Crown o' Scotland's down the gate,
The Highland pipes are hummin'.
O, pit your bannet on your head,
Wi' heather on the side o't,—
I'll see the King, or I be dead,
Whatever may betide o't, quo' she,
Whatever may betide o't.

Gudewife, what's that?—I hear a noise,
Sounds through the lift like thunner;
And hear that shout o' thousands rise,
Gars a' the bigging dunner.
It maun be Geordie come at last;
See how the crowd are runnin',—
I'll out and welcome him mysel'—
Hurra for Geordie cumin', quo' he,
Hurra for Geordie cumin'!

DAY SECOND.

The Illumination.

The next day was the great day of the fire illumination of candles, when the whole city of houses was to be lighted to please the King. And this is an illumination—one candle or lamp is not an illumination, but when all the candles and lamps in the island are lighted at once, and fires upon the hills, to warm the sheep and cows, and to let them know the King was come, that is a true illumination. And the great Erees and chiefs had crowns and reading words on their houses, all made of fire, and it was wonderful, for they were formed of little glass bottles and light in the inside. And some of the lights were green, some blue, and some yellow. I, Omai, being learned by the Missionaries, could also read the names, and they were the names of the King, which is George Fourth, and good prayers for the King.

And thistles of fire also burned curiously, with cabbages of flame, for the thistle plant belongs to the island of Edinburgh; and I, Omai, liked to see how the cunning men lighted them, for this wise people can do any thing.

And there was no walking in the streets for the number of people, and ladies, and children, for nobody must stay in their houses during the King's illumination; so I, Omai, went up to the hill of Calton to see the town burning; and when I got to the top of the hill, it was like a dream, for all the great island of the city of Edinburgh was shining like gold, and ~~not~~ ^{not} fire any more, only the Castle building was a terrible fire to look at. And I, Omai, came down again with the good Captain, and walked along all the streets, and touched thousands of ladies so beautiful, who smiled so sweetly in the face of me, Omai, (for I was pressed by the crowd,) that I could have walked among them for ever, it was so pleasant to be near them. And when I, Omai, was thinking of nothing but the lights and the ladies, all at once there came a great noise of thunder; and I was afraid that the fire-men had burst the city up with gun-powder. But the Captain said it was the cannon-men in the Castle firing to let the King hear them. Then I, Omai, looked at the firing; and I saw the flame, and it was no more, only in a little came the sound, very hard for the ears of me, Omai. And the light flame glancing in the dark, and the noise, I, Omai, cannot describe; but I have seen it, that is what I know. And I, Omai, did not go home till all the fires and lights were put out, and then it was dark, and there was no more illumination, for all the people went to sleep.

DAY THIRD.

The Levee.

And all that the King does is printed in a book of newspaper called Gazette; and it is named so because the great Erees write in it what the King speaks. And it was printed in this book that all the people who wanted to speak to the King were to go next day to his palace; and it is called Holyrood, because that is its name. But I, Omai, was afraid to go, lest I should not be able to speak before the

King of such a great people; but Captain Smith, he persuaded me, and said that I needed not be afraid, neither of the King nor of the men and the swords, for they were not fighting swords, but merely for ornament, like the tail of a dog or cat. And the King likes to see no person that has not a sword, and a black bag at the neck of his coat, in which combs for the hair are kept in readiness that their heads may be smooth before the King. No person also must go before the King in his own clothes, for it is the custom of this country that every Eree or chief shall put on other clothes, curiously made, and which are hired out for money by tailor men who follow the King; only the Celts, that is, Highlanders, they may go in their own dress, because they come from the mountains, and have no money to get other clothes. So I, Omai, thought I should like better the spotted clothes of cloth of tartan, as this people call it, to go before the King, than the flunky men's clothes; and so my Captain took me to a merchant who had these clothes, and I, Omai, the son of the son of the great Omai, the traveller, was a Celt, in a philabeg or petticoat, with heath in my bonnet hat, and a sword and pistols, and a purse apron. And nobody knew me for Omai, not even the great wise man Ambrose; and even some of the real mountain Celts spoke to me in a language which is not a language but in the Highlands, because I was a tartan Macgregor,—that was my name.

And I, Omai, was no more the same Omai that I was before, and knew not myself even in a mirror glass. I also skipped for joy of the dress, which is better than breeches; and thought how great I should look in Otaheite, in a dress like no other dress. And I went with Captain Smith, who was a Celt when he was young, before he was a sailing Captain, in a coach like the other Erees, though it was only half a coach, called chaise, the Captain's brother being there, because he came from Argyle island. And I, Omai, went to the Palace of the Great King, like one of his own clan chiefs; and I mixed with the other Erees with the little cock-hats, and the ministers with gowns, and the soldier men with red coats; and some did, and some did not, know me to be Omai. And the green captain of the Highland Celts

he shook me by the hand, because he saw through the little glasses before his eyes that I was myself, though in this dress.

And all the people's names are written with a pen on square pieces of paper, and these are given to the King's great Erees, for the King to look at; and on the card of me, Omai, was written MR OMAI OF OTAHEITE. So I went before the King; and I did not know at first it was the King, for he was not the King for this day, but only a Highland—, that was his dress. And the Good King looked kindly upon me, Omai, and bowed, and was going to speak to me as I fell down upon my knee before him, for he knew me not for a stranger, but thought me a great Highland Eree, because I walked so stately. And as he was preparing to speak, a fat chief or lord touched me, Omai, upon the shoulder, to go away; so I went, for it was impossible for the King to speak to so many Erees as were there; and, therefore, I, Omai, the stranger, could not expect it. But the great Thane he spoke, and said, "How do you do, Otaheite? you are a very excellent fellow;" and this was true. And I, Omai, was not confounded before this Great King, whose name is George Fourth, because I was his friend, and he is the friend of the people of the country of Omai. And I shall call my son Omai George Fourth, out of love to the King of this great island, when I sail back to Otaheite.

This meeting of Erees before the King, is called in English a Levee, which means a visit only, because they eat no meat; neither is there bread, nor tea, nor English porter wine presented to the people. It is only that the King may see his Erees, and know them. And both Omai and the King were in the same Highland dress for the first time. This was curious, and cannot be accounted for.

And the coach-houses for travelling, no man could tell the number of them, nor of the horses, nor of the stunk men, that were at the levee in the park of the King,—and though these men have fine clothes, and look well, the King does not go out to see them, but they hold a levee by themselves on the outside with the horses, while the Erees are in the inside of the palace. And they ride in rows of

coaches; and such a number were there, that I, Omai, could scarcely find the coach, which I as a chief rode in, though it was all painted of yellow, with windows in the front behind the governor of the coach, and had the name of John Wells, a great man, who keeps coaches for the chiefs, printed in letters upon it. But the grandest of all the coach-houses, that was the great Eree's, whose name is Thane, and there was nothing like it; for Highland Celts were in place of stunk men, and they run by the wheels of the coach to turn them round that they should not stop. And these mountain men run as fast as a coach and are not tired, for it is their nature. But this men of Otaheite could not understand, though I, Omai, should write a month, and fill my whole white book of paper.

And when the levee was over, that is when the King had seen all the people, his coach carriage came and took him away; for it is not the custom for the King of the English Britons to eat in the same palace in which he sees the Erees. And men on white horses, with ship-buckets covered with hair upon their heads, and beads below their noses on their lips, rode before and after the King's coach with four horses. These men are called Grey Scots, on account of their terrible looks, and each of them is a warrior of renown in the wars of the King. And they carry drawn swords and boxes for pistols on the horses necks, and a great deal of leather bridles to keep them on the horses, and lead home their prisoners, with a chain of gold under their chin. No such men are in all the world besides as these Grey Scots, who guard the King of the island of Edinburgh.

And people from all the world came here to see the King. Even the Laplanders were there; and I, Omai, saw them and their deer, which are horses, only they have horns, and are rather like cows or goats. They came from the very end of the world, where the snow and ice grows, and where the ground is always white. They are little also, and live in a hut in a great house near the Calton Monument; and I, Omai, could kill a hundred of them if they were my enemies, they are so little.

DAY FOURTH.

Sunday.

After this there was no more King for a day, because it was Sunday, and the King was not seen, for the priests, that is, the ministers who preach, would not let him come out, because nobody would have gone to church, but all would have gone to the King. So the King staid at home that the people might go to church; and I, Omai, after the Amen in the church, went home, and wrote down all that I had seen, that my memory might not forget any thing of all the wonderful things that I, Omai, have witnessed in this great island.

DAY FIFTH.

The Addresses.

On the next day which is called Monday, because it comes after Sunday, the King came again to his palace. And all the ministers of the churches on that day went to the King, to tell him how the people behaved in church, and if they were all good. And the ministers had nothing to say against the people, at which the good King was pleased; and when the King is pleased, my Captain says, he gives his hand to kiss. And so to please the people, and to let them know that the King was satisfied with their going to church, it was printed in a newspaper book that the ministers kissed hands; for no person must kiss the King's mouth but only ladies, because their cheeks are soft, and they have no beards. And after the ministers, then the learned men who teach the youth, they were commanded to appear; and the King found that they were very wise and good men, their name being Universities, because they teach every thing. And they read papers before the King, calling him kind names; and the King said to them that he knew they were faithful teachers, for that all the people were learned and wise. And so they likewise kissed hands, and came away. I, Omai, was not at the King's palace on this day, because I did not go, and the King did not send for me, Omai, though on this day, as the Captain read it in a printed paper, the King sat on a great high stool all gold, which is a throne, be-

cause the King sits upon it.—This is a thing that I, Omai, cannot account for.

DAY SIXTH.

The Drawing-Room.

The next day, which was Tuesday, the King gave a printed order, that all the ladies of the island might come, that he might see if they made good wives and mothers to his people. And all the wives of the great Erees are called *Duchesses* and *Countesses*—what that is, I, Omai, cannot tell; but it is not the same as *Ladies*, neither is it *Messes*, and no lady is a miss, nor a miss a countess. This is not to be understood by strangers; but they are all women, that is, they are not men, for no man nor chief can be a duchess or a countess, and their dress is different. And no women who carry fish on their backs are allowed to go near the King, nor the wives or daughters of the great men who work for money, but only the wives and daughters of the Erees and chiefs. And this is called a *Drawing-room*, because the beauty of the ladies of this country draws all the men after them; and it is not to be resisted, because they are beautiful and white as angels. And I, Omai, love them; and because I could not go to the King to see them, Captain Smith took me to the Street of Waterloo, that is on the Calton Mountain, where all the coaches were in a row waiting till the King called them.

And I, Omai, stood close beside the coaches; and the sight was delightful, and no man could tire of it, for they had feathers in their heads, and their beautiful white necks were naked, and they were glittering with gold and silver and shining stones, and looking so happy. And I, Omai, never saw so much beauty, only the old ones were not pretty for all their feathers; and if I had not a wife in my own country, and a house at Matavai, I could not choice in a year, there were so many so like one another, so young and pretty. And all were in coaches, and some had Erees beside them to lead them before the King; and as they passed, I, Omai, kissed my hand to them after the fashion of the country, though I had rather kissed their pretty little hands.

And they smiled a sweet smile upon me, Omai, because they saw I was no common man, but the son of a chief, and an Eree in my own country; and some of them nodded their heads, and looked happy that I, Omai, noticed them.

And when the King saw the ladies, he was glad, and kissed them, for who could help it, and bid them go home and be good; and they promised this to the King and went away. How many ladies were there, how many carriages and flunkymen, and how many Erees, those who teach to count great numbers can only tell. If I, Omai, am asked, I do not know. And the King, good man, though he loves the ladies, kept none of them to himself, for it is not the custom of this country, and he likes to make all his people happy. But I, Omai, felt unhappy at heart, because I was not a great Eree of the island of Edinburgh, that I might sit in the coach-machines with such beautiful creatures. And I, Omai, went home, and not being able to forget their beauty, for all the meat and wine that I got in the Captain's lodging, I went to my bed-hammock of feathers, like a little house, and dreamt of the white and red beauties of the island of Edinburgh. Next morning I, Omai, took out my book of paper that was got from the bookman, and before I eat my roll of breakfast and tea soup, I, Omai, wrote down a metre poem, like the book of the *Babes in the Wood*, which is a printed book, but shorter.

f) ladies fair of Edin's isle,
Take pity on Omai;
He'd rather live and see you smile,
Than sleep in cold Morai.

Omai's wife is over seas
At distant Matavai;
But one of you would as well please,
When far from home, Omai.

DAY SEVENTH.

The Royal Yacht.

THIS day the King was seen by nobody, only the Erees at his Dalkeith Palace, for he was tired with the ladies, and wished to rest. And I, Omai, therefore, went down to the sea-town of Leith, with Captain Smith, to sail out to the sea in a canoe-boat, that I, Omai, might see the great

King's ships that he sails in. And we began our voyage from the stone place for ships called in English the pier, because it runs out into the sea; and many people and ladies also went, for the King's ship is like no other ship, because it is a yacht-ship. And its name is the *Royal George*, for all ships in this country have names of men and women, that the captains of the sea may each of them know their own ship; only it is thus, that though the ship bear a man's name, it is only spoken of as if it were a woman; and the *Royal George*, though a man and a king, is only *she*, that is, a lady, and the ship *Lord Nelson* and the ship *Owen Glendower*, though war-ships of many cannons, are never talked of but as old women. I, Omai, cannot understand this; but this people is knowing and wise, and do nothing without reason, therefore it must be right.

And the King's yacht-ships are very grand ships, with large rooms like a house, and quite different from Captain Smith's ship. And the seats and the tables, and the painting, and the beds, are so fine, that I, Omai, was afraid to walk or sit. And the officer lieutenants, who are the chiefs of the ship, they are great men, and skilled in fighting in the wars. And one of them was Captain Smith's friend; and he gave me, Omai, what is called in this country a lunch, which is an afternoon dinner in the forenoon, and a glass of the black wine of port and brandy to drink the King's health, for he liked every body to drink his health.

And after this the boat sailed with paddles to a war-ship which was full of cannons. And it was a great ship, with many sailors and cannons; and it was as strong as a castle. And there are no ships like the ships of this people of the island of Britain or Edinburgh for their cannons, and they are made for killing the French and Spaniards, who are bad men, because they live under a different king, and have no liberty, being only slaves. And flags were flying on the ships because they are the King's ships; and their governor is a great Eree whose name is Admiral, because he understands every thing about ships. And the sea here is not broad, for it is not far to the island of Fife, which I, Omai, saw on the other side, and steam ships

which go by fire upon wheels, without sails, smoking much all the road across. And the King's sailor men live upon salt beef of cows, and hard bread called biscuit, and grog of wine rum, that is their food ; it is good, and makes them strong. And I, Omai, after seeing all the ships and men, came away when there was nothing more to be seen, and went home and wrote it all down in my book of white paper.

DAY EIGHTH.

The Royal Progress.

The next day, which was the day of Thursday, was the grand procession to the Castle ; and I, Omai, could see by the people's faces though I had not known it before, that something extraordinary was going on. All the streets of buildings were full of people in the morning praying for it not to rain, and running about like bee-insects, to be ready for the coming of the King. And no man would speak much to me, Omai, nor the Captain, for they said they had not time. And it was not sun-weather, for it was a fog, or what is called mist in the language of this people, so that no man could see a far distance, even with telescope glasses, and it wetted the clothes. And some said that the great Castle cannon were to shoot if the King was to come, and some said they were to shoot if the King was not to come, and no man knew what to believe. But I, Omai, not minding the mist fog, or rain, went to the scaffold seat with the Captain and an Eree, for all the street, which is called causeway, was full of these seats, and many were curiously hung out of windows, with carpets for ladies that they might see the King. And not far from the scaffold of me, Omai, that is the scaffold of the great Erees who are counsellors of Merchants, was the scaffold of the ladies ; but it was not a true scaffold, but rather the top of a house cut across. And there was nobody there but ladies, all in rows so beautiful, with bonnets of the straw-plant over their faces, and tartan silk round their pretty wrists. And this scaffold, or rather house-top, was over against the scaffold of my Lord, and the honourable Magistrate men, with the red cloth robes, who govern the city for the King. And all Magistrate

men are honourable while they are Magistrates, but not after nor before, except only the King's great Erees, who are honourable when they are born. And this scaffold was by itself, over against the ladies, that the great governors of the island of Edinburgh might look upon them and be proud of their ladies, and that the ladies might see their fine red clothes. And the Ministers, their scaffold was to the great church with the steeple and tinkling tune-bells ; but my Captain bid me notice, that the backs of the Ministers were to the church, and their faces to the King, and he laughed at what he said, and an Eree next him laughed also ; but it was not so funny as to make me, Omai, laugh before so many people, for I did not perceive its meaning.

And many people were in fear from the rain showers that the King would not come ; but when the bell in the steeple struck twelve times to tell the people the hour, for I, Omai, counted the number of sounds on my fingers, and I heard no sound of shooting ; and when I saw the people in bands, that is the clans of different trades, such as shoemakers, and masons, and bakers, and the book-men, and the merchant-men, all walking to the sound of music, then I, Omai, knew that the King was to come, and that he, good man, would not disappoint his people. And all these men ranked themselves up with white sticks in their hands, and flags, on each side of the street buildings, as far as I, Omai, could see ; and I was told, and I read it in a book, that they reached even to the King's Palace. And handsome men were they, and great in their own clans. But the most beautiful of all these tribes or nations, was the flower-men, or gardeners, that is, those who cultivate the apple-fruits and cabbages for eating, and the flowers for smelling. They are a great people and numerous, and the flowers they carried on poles, and the apples, and the feather flowers, and the thistle trees, nobody ever saw the like,—and I, Omai, could have looked upon this row of men for a week. And the street was like a great river of people streaming down to the palace.

And as I, Omai, was looking, horse soldiers, very strong men, on dark horses, they came up from the palace riding so brave, and their swords glan-

cing. And they wear for hats only helmets, and hair on the outside ; and the Captain said they were dragoons, that was their name. And these dragoons dragoned the people in rows to keep on each side to let the King pass, —and their horses were proud, and kicked ; and so a road in the streets was clear, only the rod-men of the trade class, with white breeches and stars, they were on each side to let the King see them, and to be his guard when he passed ; —for all the men in the island are the King's guards.

And in a little there was a noise and a hurra cry ; and I, Omiai, looked to see what it was, and I could see nothing to cry for ; but an Eree who was sitting next to me, Omiai, he said, and pointed with his finger, that it was the great learned man who makes all the histories of the country for the people, and songs for them and the King to sing. And I, Omiai, then knew it to be the same Eree that I saw in the black cloth, writing what the Judges said in the House of Parliament, though he had a hat of cocks and otherwise was not the same. And he was walking in the middle with an Eree, for there was none like him in the crowd ; and I gave the hurra cry with the rest of the people, because he was the greatest Scot of the island of Edinburgh, and the friend of the King.

And as we were all looking with our faces to the road of the King's Palace, it came on to rain a shower. And I, Omiai, was delighted at the rain, for all this people, and the whole people of all the islands were there, then put up their umbrellas above their heads to keep the rain from their clothes. And the ladies, they had parasols, which are but little umbrellas. And an umbrella is a little tent, like that of the soldiers, but of a different colour, which is held in the hand, and is a staff when it is not an umbrella ; and though this people have not learned to stop the rain, they run it off themselves. The ladies' parasols are also for the sun, to keep it from their faces. And when all these umbrellas were expanded, it was a delightful sight to me, Omiai. How snugly I sat, and the rain running all round me ! No man of Otaheite can conceive it ; and the ladies they were like a forest of angels sitting under palm-trees.

At last my Captain desired me,

Omiai, to look now, for that there was a clattering of horses' feet ; and the horses' feet clatter on the street stones, and make a noise, because all the horses in this country are shod with iron, not to wear their feet, which are only hoofs of horn. And I, Omiai, saw the horses crouching with their blue riders, who are soldiers, with swords in their hands, and trumpeters who trumpeted before them. And their horses were sensible horses, for they marched in a row as if they were men, and knew that they were before the King. After them came a great clan of Highland Celts, with their swords, and pens in their heads, and writing-tables in their hands. And some of them wore the same Macgregor tartan that was the dress of me, Omiai, though they did not look so well. And their pipers played before them, for no Highlander can march without pipes, because they do not understand any other music. Then there were more horses, even the terrible Grey Scots, with the large heads, looking fiercely on the people. And then was a great man with a dress all of gold, —a very great man he was, if there had not been others there ; then more Highlanders or Celts with the naked knees and petticoats ; then rich Erees on horses —very grand men and proud ; and then a greater chief still. I, Omiai, being a stranger, cannot tell their names ; but this great Eree, my Captain said, was the great Knight Marischal, that is, the man who keeps the Crown of the King, and his sword and his sceptre, when the King has no use for them.

And the horses of these great men were not common horses ; they were beautiful, and some were white, and of a peculiar kind with long tails, which is not the fashion of the other horses of this country. And they walked so lightly, and pranced, that it was pleasant to see it ; and I, Omiai, would have liked to have had one of these horses to ride on. And as I, Omiai, was looking, an old chief behind me held out to me, Omiai, a box of silver to look at. And I looked at it, though I would rather have been looking at the procession of the King, and gave it him back ; and he smiled, and put it in his pocket. But my captain said I should have opened it, for that it was a box of the powder of snuff ; and no man in this country but must take this powder when it is offered to him ; for

this is the custom, and it is not to be neglected.

And after this I, Omiai, looked again, and there came more Highlanders; and the Highlands must be a large island, for they are so many; and these were followed by very strange men, who wore carpets of gold, all figured with beads on their backs, and trumpeters among them, who trumpeted incessantly. And the Erees were now so grand, that I, Omiai, could not tell which was finest. Only two will I name, and the name of the one was Usher, and the other the Lord of Lions; for he is a King, my captain said, but not the true king, only a king of arms; but I, Omiai, cannot understand the distinctions of this great people, for they are like none of the people in the island of Otaheite.

Many more men in strange dresses now appeared, some on horses, and some walking on foot; but I, Omiai, cannot tell their names, neither could I count them; only one great Eree carried a large sword, which was the King's; and the King does not carry his own sword, but a chief lord carries it for him, that he may not be troubled. And before this great sword men in black clothes carried silver tea-pots on the end of a silver stick, to make the King's tea, and those sticks are called maces, and their number was three. Then came the King's sceptre, which is of silver and gold; but nobody could tell me, Omiai, what was its use, only it is to be carried before the King; and no Eree can have such a sceptre, unless he be the King. Then came more rich Erees; and the greatest Eree of all on a horse, which was held by two men, that it should not run away.—And this great chief carried the King's Crown on a red cloth with his hands, for no man must put on the Crown, but only the King; this is the law among this people, though all the great Erees may wear little crowns, but none so big as the King's. And this great Eree is called the *Duke*; for I, Omiai, heard his name, and he is next to the King.

And when the people saw the Crown and the Sword, and the King's first coach carriage, then all the people took off their hats and waved them to cool the air for the King; but it was only the Great King's servants who were in that coach; for the King did not come himself, till more of the Grey

Scots came with their horses. And then it was the King's coach with red riding men, and each horse a servant to lead it, because they are the King's horses, and they are better than men in any other country. But I, Omiai, was disappointed because the coach was close at the top, so that nobody in the high windows of the street could see through it; also the King could not see his people at the high windows; which, in this great city, reach almost to the clouds. And all the people cried louder and louder at the appearance of the King, and repeated the prayer of the King, which is short; and hurraed for joy that the King was there. And the ladies waved white cloths, which is their manner of hurraing; and my Lord of Provosts he bowed to the King; and when the King came opposite to me, Omiai, near to where the ministers were, then he looked out and bowed his head, and smiled upon me, Omiai, and upon the people and Erees. And I, Omiai, waved my umbrella tent, which is bigger than a hat, to cool the air before him, and hurraed with all my might; and the King he saw it and was glad, and bowed again even when he was past me, Omiai, he was so delighted. And the hurraes of joy were continued, and the whole faces of the houses were fluttering with cloths, the people were so glad that their King was come to his own Castle, that there was nothing like it ever seen before in the island. And after some more Grey Scots, and some more Highland Celts, and some more blue warrior horses had passed, then there was nothing more to be seen; it was all done till the King came back from his Castle.

And as I, Omiai, waited on the platform scaffold, looking at the great crowd of people and ladies, the King had gone to his Castle, and when he was there the people knew, for the cannons of the Castle went off with joy and a loud noise; and the cannons of the Calton mountain, and the cannons of the Arthur mountain, and the ship cannons of the sea,—all these were let off to proclaim to all the islanders, and to let them know that their King was in his Castle of the island of Edinburgh; and I, Omiai, saw no more till the King came back, and when he came back he did not pass my scaffold, nor my Lord's, as he went home to his Palace by the great

Earthen Hill which leads to Waterloo; and this the good King did, that his people in that quarter, and on the hill, which was covered with crowds that the great street of Edinburgh could not hold, might see his Grand Procession of Erees. This was told to me, Omai, by a great Eree, and it is true. And there was no more King for this day; so I, Omai, went home, and all the people went home, because it rained, and because the King was gone to his Palace of Dalkeith island. And I, Omai, wrote it all down in my book, that the people and the King of Otaheite might know of this King's greatness, and be the friends of the men of the magnificent island of Edinburgh.

DAY NINTH.

Cavalry Review and Peers' Ball.

And next day I, Omai, rose early, and sent for the barber man who shaves the face to make it smooth; for it was printed in a newspaper book that the King was to meet his warriors all at once, as an army or multitude of fighting men on horses. And this meeting of warriors is called a Review, because the King looks at them; and it was a cavalry review, because all the soldiers were cavalry, that is horse soldiers; it is different from a review of walking soldiers, because it is not the same, and is nothing like it. And this review was at Portobello Sands, for that is the name of the place, and it is a town or city of the island of Edinburgh, where the bathing carts are, and where the great people go to bathe and wash themselves in the sea; for the sea comes to Portobello Sands though it does not come to Edinburgh. And the ground was flat on the shore of the sea, and there was the review. And I, Omai, never saw, nor did any man of Otaheite before me, see so many horses and warriors as were there, all ranked up like a wall. And the crowd that came from all the cities round about was great, beyond what I, Omai, could number; likewise were all the coaches, which were enough of themselves to fill an island, and horsemen that were not soldiers.

And when the King came, the whole of the multitude, which covered all the ground, cried out, and shouted hurrahs of joy; and the gun cannons

fired with a loud noise. But the King this day was not the same King that he was before, for he was a horse King this day, because it was a Review, and he was not in a coach, but only on horseback. And I, Omai, saw the King on horseback, and he could ride, and was not afraid, and his horse was grey like the Grey Scots, which were also there. And when the King rides on a horse, all his nobles and Erees must ride also; and they were there all riding about the King. And the King rode before all the soldiers on horses, and bowed to them; and after he had seen them on one side he looked at the other, for that is the custom. And none of the horses durst move while the King was looking at them. And I, Omai, could not follow the King because of the crowd, and because I had not a horse; but I stood on the top of a dyke building, and saw very well.—And all the Celtic Highlanders were there, commanded by a great Eree of Argyll, who is called Duke; for there was nothing done without them, and where I, Omai, went, there were the postboat men and their chiefs.

And when the King was tired of looking at the horse soldiers, he made his horse stand still; and then all the horse soldiers, which are regiments, marched past him in little regiments, that the King might count them. And the King was pleased, and so was I, Omai, at the behaviour of the horses, how neat they walked, looking so wise and sensible. After this the horses stretched out again to let the King see what they could do, and marched up all like a wall; and this is a review,—for there was no more of it, because it was done, only there was crying of hurrahs, and another firing of cannon guns. And the King now came off his horse, and went into his coach, for he had nothing more to see; and the people of Portobello Sands hurried after him for joy as he went away; and I, Omai, having stood by the Highlanders till they were done, marched away with them to the tune of their pipes, for it is pleasant to walk to the sound of music; and their green chief with the little windows before his eyes, he was the friend of me, Omai. And great lords of the King also walked home with the Highlanders, and some of them rode on horses, and the chief of these he is named Thane, be-

cause his Highlanders are from Fife, and because he is a friend of the King. And he rode before, and the people were glad and hurraed, because it was the Thane of Fife, on a white horse, and because all men like him. And the road to the island of Edinburgh is through fields, and by the horse barracks, that is stables for the men and horses—I, Omai, know it, for it is called Jock's Lodge.

And I, Omai, went home to eat meat, because the review of Portobello Sands makes people hungry, and to rest, because I, Omai, was to go with a ticket, and Sir John, to the great Peers' ball, or grand *Haiva*. And a Peers' ball, or *Haiva*, is not like a cannon ball, or another ball, because it is different;—it does not mean a round thing, but only a round dance; and it is called Peers, because all the great lords and chiefs are Peers, that is their other name. And a Duke is a Peer, and an Earl, that is another Peer, and Lords are Peers, but not Sir Johns, they are not Peers, but only gentlemen. 'This Sir John learned ~~the~~ Omai, and I write it down that men of Otaheite may know what is a Peer;—and the women Peers, or ladies, that is the wives of the great Erees, they are Peeresses, for that is their name, though many ladies are not Peeresses, but as good. And all this is written in a book, and all their names, that the people may know who are Peers, and who are not, otherwise the people could never know; and the names of their wives are in this book, and it is called Almanack—I, Omai, have seen it—it is a red book of much reading. And the place where the balls are held is called the House of Assembly, and it is in the street called George-Street, or King-Street, for George is the King's name, and it is the same thing.

And I, Omai, went in my Highland dress of a Celt to this ball, in a coach with Sir John and two beautiful ladies with feathers in their heads, and all white, with pretty little shoes for dancing. And a great crowd was in the street of people come to see the ladies, and the illumination, for the House of Assembly was all in a fire illumination on the outside; as well as in the inside. And I, Omai, went up stairs out of the coach to the great room; and one of the ladies leant on the arm of me, Omai, all the way; for

nobody could have known me, Omai, to have been the same Omai I was before. And the room was all full of lights and seats, and the people walking, and a throne seat for the King. And the seats are called sofas, because they hold more than one person, and their colour is blue, and red and gold. And a room for the King's supper it was there. How grand it was with paintings, and cloths of every colour, and gold, the lights being candles, hung on a thousand drops of crystal!

And no man can describe the grandeur of this Assembly ball, for all the riches of the world were there, and even the coverings of the seats for sitting on were richer than the robes of kings in the country of me, Omai. So I, Omai, looked with wonder at all the grandeur and lights, and musicians cunningly stuck up in a box in the wall. And Sir John described it all, for he being learned knows of these things, and every body knew him, because he is a great chief. And he told all the Erees how far I, Omai, had come to see this ball, and what a chief I was in my own country, and how the father of my father was the friend of the great Cook; and they were pleased to see me, Omai; and the ladies particularly, they liked to look upon me. And great Erees spoke often to me, Omai; and some called me, laughing, the *Laird of Otaheite*; while other great chiefs and lords, they said only, *Otaheite*, how do you do? because it is the custom in this country for the great men to have only one name, and that is the name of their country.

And when all the Erees were wearied for the King to come, he at last came, and more great Erees or lords with him; he was dressed as a soldier-general, and looked well. And the musicians played on their fiddle-drums or *naffus*, and blew music out of wooden flutes, and it was pleasant for me, Omai, to hear. And the King walked about the room, for it was so grand, that even he admired the Peers' ball. And the dancing began; but it is not the same as in Otaheite, for the ladies and Erees dance together, and there was no speaking speeches among the dancers, but they only moved very nimbly, and the men they kicked up their heels. And when this dance or *mai* was finished, another *mai* of a different kind began, in which the la-

dies and gentlemen ranked up in rows like soldiers; but the reel dance pleased best me, Omai, for it was the cleverest, and the ladies moved more quick.

And the great Thane from the island of Fife, the friend of the King, he spoke to me, Omai, and wished me, Omai, to dance before the King one of my country dances; but I, Omai, told him it would not do, for that many people were required in our *mai*, and there was no time to learn the ladies. And this chief is called my Lord, and all men know him, because of the running Highlanders, who run at his coach to turn round the wheels in case they stop.

And the music of the dances was very enlivening to the spirit; and I, Omai, saw that the King liked it, for he clapped his hands, and nodded his head to the music, and was as much pleased as a king could be. And after this it was all the same thing, that is *mai* or reel dances; some of them danced by Highland Erees and their ladies in tartan. And after the King was tired of the dances and the music, and after he had spoken to many of the Erees and many of the ladies, who were proud to speak to so great a king, he went away; and I, Omai, having to go to supper in a great Eree's house, went also away, because I could not dance the dances of this country. And as I, Omai, and the King went away, there was a shouting among the people, and the King was pleased at it, because it was loyal, and so was I, Omai. And the King's coach was ready, and the Grey Scots, and they rode away; and the coach of John Wells, he knows all the houses in the island, it took me to the chief's house, whose supper I, Omai, was to eat. But the dancing Erees and ladies they went not away till after a long time; for this people never weary of dancing. Sir John told me, Omai, this: And the chief of the musicians, who makes all the music of the island, his name is Nathaniel, which is a very good name.

DAY TENTH.

The Banquet.

And the next day, which was the day of Saturday, the chiefs of the island of Edinburgh prepared a great

Banquet, that is a king's dinner, which is a feast. And all the cattle over the island were killed for this great feast, and even the deer of the Highlands, and grouse, which is a flying bird. And a Banquet is not eaten in an Eree's house, neither in a tavern house, because then it would not be a Banquet. But the great House of Parliament, that is near the image of the King's great-great-grandfather, the place where people wait for justice, that was the place. And a throne seat was put there for the King to sit upon, and tables were put out for the Erees. And lights were hung from the top of the house of crystal and shining; there is nothing like it but in this great country. And the cook people they were working at this Banquet for a great time before, that it might be in readiness; and I, Omai, was told that it was a Library of Books that the cookmen chose for their kitchen, which means the cooking-room, that they might have fire.

And I, Omai, was at the great Banquet, which the chief men of the island of Edinburgh gave to the King; for my Lord, that is, the chief Eree of the city, he said to me, "Omai, you must go to the Banquet;" and he was not to be refused by me, a stranger. The clothes only, that was my difficulty; for I, Omai, was told that it would not do for me to sit at the Banquet in the tartan of Macgregor. So I, Omai, went to the tailor man, who lends clothes to the great Erees, and he bid me choose a dress. And I, Omai, did not know what to choose, for I liked much the red coat of a great general; but the Captain said that would not do, as only fighting men of regiments wore them. Therefore, I got a coat of silk, very grand, with white and silver, and a vest or waistcoat for the belly, all in a blossom with roses, but not that small. Little breeches also, like the courtiers, had I, Omai, with glittering stone buckles at the knee; white stockings of silk, which ladies wear, for my legs, and a sword of shining steel metal at my waist. He lent me also a hat of cocks, which he said was an operating hat; and there was a black bag at the neck of my coat, with nothing at all in it, being only to show what was the back of the face of me, Omai. And no man must turn this bag to face the King, because he does not like it. And the

barber man, who shaves beards, he shaved me, Omai, two times that day, with a razor, that my chin might be clean before the King and my Lord.

And Captain Smith was not at the Banquet, because my Lord forgot to ask him to come, therefore he would not go. But the great wise man of Edinburgh, that is, Ambrose or North, he was there, because all the great Erees like him, and the King he cannot want him. And he took me in a great coach, with four seats; and Sir John, a chief, he was in that coach. And Mr North said, laughing, Truly we were a precious coachful, that is, me, Omai, himself, and Sir John; and this was true, and nobody could deny it. And so we went from Sir John's house, or rather rode, to the Banquet-house; there being a flunky-man on the back of the coach, like the other Erees. And soldiers on horses guarded the road, to let nobody in but those who were asked by my Lord. And a great number of Erees were there before Omai came, and they were walking and smelling in the great hall of justice, for the smell was pleasant to the nose.

And while I, Omai, waited, Mr North introduced me to all the principal chiefs; for I, Omai, had learned to speak in the fashion of this people,—and could say *Your Grace* to a Duke,—*My Lord* to an Earl Lord, or the chief of the city, and Sir John or Sir Thomas to the others, according to their names. This is difficult to learn; but I, Omai, being taught by the missionaries, soon came into it. But what is most strange, the King himself is not called gracious, or lordly,—not because he is ungracious or unlordly, but because he leaves all the grace and lordliness to the great Erees, who are most in want of it. And I, Omai, and King George the Fourth, have only the title of *Sir*, *Sire*, or *Sirrah*, which is all the same thing; because I, Omai, and the King, are good men; and as no superfluous titles could make either me, Omai, or King George better, so the want of them, as they may be more needfully disposed of, cannot make us worse. And this is the true reason why I, Omai, and the good King George, are only addressed by the title of *Sir*;—only the King sometimes takes the title of *Majesty*, or *Sacred Majesty*, which titles, though applicable to him as the head

of the English Church, would by no means be appropriate if addressed to me, Omai. Though I, Omai, see nothing in myself that should make me think myself inferior to King Pouree, or any Duke of them all, yet I, Omai, would almost blush if any fellow-man addressed me—*Sacred Majesty* Omai, or as any other than a humble dependent upon the great God of Nature, of the missionaries, and of King George.

And when I, Omai, and all the great Erees, had sat down on our seats, we waited for the King; and the King was not to be hurried, so he did not come till we were all waiting. At last, however, he came; and my Lord brought him in, and walked before him to shew him the way,—for the King had never been in the Parliament Hall before, though his name is much used in all their proceedings of law. And the musicians played on their fiddle drums the prayer of “God save the King,” only it was in music, that is, sounds, and no words: and when we sat down then was the dinner, for all was ready; but no man dared to eat before the King came. And the cook-men put it all in order on the tables, only the King's table was higher than the other tables.

And then when I, Omai, and the King were ready to begin to eat, we were stopped by the great Reverend Eree Baird, who was to say the short prayer to bless our eating. And I, Omai, knew that man,—and he is a good man, and fat; and the prayer was not long, for he knew that the King was hungry. And all the Erees began to eat, and the King; and he was never so happy as with his Erees of the island of Edinburgh. And I, Omai, ate a good dinner of meat, called venison, which is Highland deer, and turks, and a fat animal bird called duke,—for an Eree Bailie gave me a leg of a duke to eat, and said it was good for me, Omai. And I, Omai, ate all that was put on my plate. I was so glad to be at a dinner eating with George Fourth; and I drank wine of Madeira, called Sherry, when I was dry, and the drink of Spruce and Ginger beers, which is good after hot meat.

And after the dinner, or Banquet, there was a second dinner, and it is called a *dessert*, because there is no beef meat for filling the belly; and it was composed of sweet things of the

confectioner, and frozen ices of cream, which were good, though very cold ; and apples, and all kind of fruits that could please the taste of the mouth. And I, Omai, liked this dinner better than the other, because it was so good for the mouth, and so pleasant. And only the King and the Erees, or great chiefs, eat this dessert-dinner ; for it is so good, it would not do for the common people,—and they know nothing about it ; for their meat is porridge of oat-meal, that the horses eat,—and it is better for their work. And after this came an Eree with a basin and a towel for the King to wash his hands. And all the people and Erees looked to see the King wash his hands. And the King laughed to the man, and was pleased, for his belly was full.

Then the singing men began a song to the tune of *None of us, Domingo*, which I, Omai, did not understand ; but they sung it for some time and then stopped. After the song, my Lord rose up, and gave for a toast the health of Our Gracious Sovereign, by which, my Lord meant the King, then sitting at his side. At this word all the company rose and drank out their measures of wine, and clapped their hands, and hurraed, and there was no bounds to their joy. And I, Omai, roared out with all my might among the Erees ; and as soon as the Castle guns heard the voice of me, Omai, and heard my roaring, they all fired ; but I heard the noise and I was afraid, and roared no more that evening. And because I did not roar, therefore the Castle guns did not fire any more. And the King, good man, when he saw all the people and Erees so happy about his health, and to have him among them, he stood up and left his throne seat, and spoke a speech, which though I, Omai, cannot write it down word for word, yet never will I forget, for I, Omai, felt tears coming at the affectionate and kind manner of the good King.

Then my Lord toasted more toasts ; and if I, Omai, be asked what a toast is, this will I answer, that a toast is a wish or desire spoken by the mouth ; and all who hear it must drink their measure of wine, or be put from the table. But I, Omai, liked to be at table with the Erees, and I always filled my measure, and drunk it all down my throat, for the wine was good and the champagne ; only the Hock was

not good to the taste, for it drew the lips of me, Omai, together when drinking.

And it came to the King's turn to give a toast, and so he rose and said to the Erees, " My Lords and Gentlemen, I will give a toast." And I, Omai, and all the Erees waited to hear what it was to be ; and this toast was " The Lord Provost, Sir William Arbuthnot, Baronet, and the Corporations of Edinburgh." And there was a great noise and a loud shout at this toast, for it pleased all the chiefs ; and my Lord then knelt down before the King and kissed his hand, for that he was made by this toast of the King a Baronet, and a Sir William, which, after the King has said it, every person must use in speaking to my Lord. And this is the way the King confers Baronet titles, he only speaks it, and it is done, and the man is a knight, though he were only a common man before. And nobody expected my Lord to be Sir William at this time, therefore it surprised them all ; but I, Omai, was glad, for my Lord asked me, Omai, to the banquet, and he is a good man, and deserves to be a King's baronet.

And after this the King rose again and spoke another speech, and every body waited to hear what the King was to say ; and nobody breathed for fear they should not hear. And the measures of wine were all full ; and the King said he would give a toast, and that toast was, " May God Almighty for ever bless the Land of Cakes !" and all the Erees and people were mad at this toast, and clapped their hands and danced ; and the King put his hand on his breast, and said, " O me !" and I, Omai, thought that the King was calling me to speak to me, Omai ; and I was preparing to go before him, and had wiped my nose with the silk shawl for noses, when Sir John stopped me, and the King went away. And I, Omai, was afraid that it was me, Omai, that frightened the King away : and I feared to look up. But nobody minded ; and my Lord, who went with the King to see him away, he came back, and sat down, but not on the King's throne-seat.

And after the King went away, my Lord, that was now Sir William, being in the King's place, then the King's health was again drunk with the same joy as before ; and then a great Eree

called Duke gave a toast, and many other toasts were given; and it was necessary for me, Omai, to drink up all the measures of wine to the toasts, for it was claret wine; and I, Omai, felt myself uplifted because of the claret wine, and ready to dance with it—it was so strong, and the music so cheering to the spirits. And a great Eree called my Lord, he was the lord of the sailors, gave a toast, and a speech, which hespoke with his mouth; and it was about the Edinburgh Peers; so the great Duke man he rose and spoke angrily to my Lord's speech, and said he was more a People-man than a Peer-man, and did not care a snuff about it. And I, Omai, thinking I could speak as well myself, and better, rose up to speak; and I said to Sir John I would speak after the Duke man; but Sir John, finding that the wine was too strong for me, Omai, and that I did not stand steadily, he and another Eree took me out to my coach, which was Sir John's; and though I was sorry to go away, yet the coach took me, before I, Omai, had heard all the toasts of the other Erees, and the rest of the singing and music, which I, Omai, regretted, for it was pleasant. But it was not to be helped, and so I, Omai, went to bed, and that was an end of the Banquet dinner to me, Omai.

DAY ELEVENTH.

The Church.

And next day, it was the Sunday morning, I, Omai, rose to go to church. And because the King was to come to church, I, Omai, was asked to go with my Captain to see the King there at preaching. And though the King goes to church, it is not necessary for the people to put on their beautiful levee or banquet clothes, for the ministers, who are good men, do not mind it. And the church that the King goes to it is called the High Church, because it stands in the High-Street. And a King had not gone to a church in Edinburgh Island for a long time, so the people were glad to see it, for the King goes to a different church when he is in London, and great men called Bishops speak there; because there is singing with an organ, and little preaching, and it is all different. And the red soldiers with their horses were

on the street to guard the King to church, the same as in a procession, and the men, with large black rulers to rule the people, called Constables; and the windows also were filled with ladies to see the King as he passed. This I, Omai, saw, and walked in the middle of the soldiers, as a great Eree, when I went to church with the Captain. But I, Omai, did not go to church by the proper door; for it is the fashion of this country, that when the King goes to church all the people must go in by the back door, only the King and his Erees going in by the front door.

And I, Omai, went up stairs to the High Church, which is the gallery, and sat in a seat behind my Lord, or Sir William, and the city Erees; and before my face were the great red men, who are Judges; and great Erees, with black clothes, were round about. And after a long sit, and all the people and the minister, who is the chief minister of the English of the island of Edinburgh, were waiting, there was a noise of steps and walking. And the people looked, and the minister and judges, thinking it was the King, and so it was. And the King went to his seat, which was in a gallery by itself, but so as I, Omai, could see the King, and the King could see me, Omai. And he was dressed as a soldier-general this day, because he is the Defender of the Faith; and he sat in a grand chair or throne covered with curtains like a bed, and all his Erees about him, and he looked very grave, and did not laugh; for the Scots English are a grave people; and for all the crowd on the street to see his Majesty come to church, and for all the soldiers, there was no hurra nor noise, for it was Sunday, and the islanders of Edinburgh work not nor play on that day, but go to church.

And the minister, that is the Moderator, Doctor is his name, read a psalm, as they do in Otaheite; and it was the hundredth psalm, for I marked it in my Bible book. And the singers sung it sweetly, but not the people, only me, Omai, and the singer folk; for it is not the custom here for great Erees and Chiefs to sing praise, neither to pray, only the poor people who have need. Then there was a prayer by the minister, and more singing, and another short prayer, which was from the Bible; and then the ser-

mon. And I, Omai, expected it was to be a sermon made on purpose to please the King, but no such thing; it was a very good sermon, and nothing about the King in it, only the minister prayed for the King, and the King was affected by that honest minister's prayer, for he had never heard the like; the prayers in the island of London being all read out of a book. And I, Omai, and the King liked the sermon of the chief of the ministers, for it was good. After another prayer and psalm, then the King went away, and the church was done.

And the King was gone when I, Omai, came out of church, so I did not see him; but Captain Smith told me that he gave a large box of money to the poor, good man, when he came in, to buy them meat; and he would have given more, but that there are few poor in Edinburgh island, save these who are too old to work, and so the King kept the rest of his money to himself. And there was no more of the King for this day, for he went straight to his palace at the island of Dalkreith; but I, Omai, went again to church, for it is good to hear sermons preached on Sunday.

DAY TWELFTH.

Caledonian Hunt Ball.

[As Omai was at the Peers' Ball, it would seem that he did not think it worth while to attend the ball given by the Caledonian Hunt. From his journal of this day's proceedings, however, it appears he had gone on an angling expedition to the North Esk, at Roslin.]

DAY THIRTEENTH.

The Parthenon.—The Theatre.

This day I, Omai, was a great man; for it was the foundation of the Parthenon Church on the Hill of Calton; and I, Omai, being a mason, and a grand proxy man for the lodge of Otahete, it could not be done without me, Omai. And all the proxy men are grand masons for they are the Grand Lodge, and the King is the chief, and the great Duke man he is the next chief or Master Mason.

And the Parthenon, if I, Omai, am asked what it is—it is a true church,

with pillars, for I have seen its picture in the Theatre-house; and it is a grand church, because it is the National Monument. And all the lodges, from all the islands, were there, with little aprons of leather, and flags and sashes of silk across the body. This is what I, Omai, wore, and it is becoming. And soldiers on horses guarded the road to the hill of foundation. And I, Omai, marched to the sound of music, that is the tune of the masons' anthem or apron, and the streets were crowded to look upon me, Omai, and my brother masons, as if it had been the King, for all masons are brothers; and the King he is a mason, and a brother to me, Omai. And the great stones for the foundation they were on the top of the hill, and a lifting machine to lift them. And the King sent Erees from Waterloo to see the stones properly placed, and they marched with Omai and the Grand Lodge to the hill; and the number of people was immense—no man could count them in a year.

And the Grand Lodge was so great and many, that I, Omai, could not see it all done, only money and bottles were put in a hole, and a great stone let down; and the Duke man knocked upon it, and it was done, only there was speeching and praying, as masons do. And so it was left, and all the masons went away to dinner, and the King's Erees went away to their Waterloo house.

This same day, in the evening, the Great King wanted to go to the Theatre-house, where plays are played. And I, Omai, knew that he was to go, for it was printed in a playbill paper that the King wished to see Rob Roy,—and the master of the playermen he would not refuse so good a King; and he put up a palace box for him, and a throne chair. And I, Omai, went early with the Captain; and the place where we sat that was called boxes; and it was high up, for there were boxes below and boxes above, and all these boxes were full of ladies, beautiful with feathers, as at the Ball dancing. And the galleries where the common people are, the people in them were very noisy at the music men, for it is not the custom to make the play till the King came.

And then there was a noise of the King coming; and he came, and all the people hurraed the hurra of joy;

and the King bowed, and was pleased that the people liked to see him. And then the player men and ladies they came forward, and sung the prayer hymn of the King, and all the people stood up and sung it likewise, and it was a terrible loyal noise. And I, Omai, sung also very loud for the King, till the song or hymn came to an end, when was the play of Robert Roy, which the King wanted to see.

And I, Omai, cannot describe this play; for some of it was like speeches, and some of it like songs; only one Maillie Jarvie, he was a funny man, and made me; Omai, and the King laugh, he was so comical. And he was not dressed very fine, but Robert, he was a Highlander of the tartan of me, Omai, and a fighting man, and there was a battle, and Eree Nicol Jarvie, he fought with a fire poker, which pleased the King and me, Omai. And when they fought and sung, this was the play, and it was done, for there was no more of it. And there were imitations of mountains, and islands, and real drunken men; and this is the play of Robert Roy. But the greatest sight of all was the ladies and the King, and his duke lords standing round him, and the music,—this was a fine play. And when it was done the King's prayer was sung, and he went away. And so I, Omai, after seeing the ladies go away and the lights, went away also; for if it were not for the King and the ladies, a play is nothing, and of no use.

DAY FOURTEENTH.

Belshazzar's Feast, and the Coronation.

[The King was not in town this day, and Omai employed himself in visiting the Panorama on the Mound, where the Coronation is exhibited, and in seeing Martin's splendid picture of Belshazzar's Feast. Did room permit, we should willingly have published our friend's remarks on these two great national works, as their advertisers term them,—but the thing is impossible at present.]

DAY FIFTEENTH.

The Farewell.

And now it came at last that the

King must go away to the island of London, for he could stay no longer in the island of Edinburgh. And I, Omai, knew this, for it was printed in a paper of news that a great London Eree died, and no man could fill his place till the King came to do it. And the King would not go from Leith harbour port again, because it kept his people from their work; and because it would have grieved him to leave their kind hurras. So he went to a distant place of the sea, where his ship yacht was, and the place was called Queensferry, because a Queen had been there before. And a great Eree, called Earl Hopetoun, a warrior and a very great man, he has a palace there; and the King could not go away without seeing his palace, it was so grand, and so the King went there. And it was a day of rain, such as that when the King's ships came, and I, Omai, was wet on the Hill of Calton beside the cannons. But I, Omai, was not in the rain; for the Captain took me, Omai, early in the morning to a steam ship which steamed people up the sea, where the King's archer men were dressed like women. And when the archer men's Captain knew that I was Omai, the son of a chief, he let me see their bows and arrows; and so we sailed till we came to the place of Hopetoun. It is a house of many windows and grand, and a palace. And horse soldiers were there, and people from the Queensferry islands, to see the King. And they were among the trees, and among the grass parks which the cows eat.

And it was long before the King came; but when the cannons fired shots of powder, then the people expected him. And the archer men were waiting on the steps of the stair of the house palace, and there was red cloth of soldiers' coats laid down for the King's feet to walk upon. And when the King came, there was a noise of crying hurra, as in the island of Edinburgh, and music. And I, Omai, saw him as he came out of the coach machine, and he bowed to me, Omai, and the archers; and took it kind that I, Omai, had come so far to see him away, though he did not speak to me. And it was told to me, Omai, that the King ate his breakfast there; but I did not see it; for the great Eree of the place, he had no doubt known that I, Omai, had eaten rolls and tea-soup

with Captain Smith; so I, Omai, thought that it would be better for me to go to the sea-place where the King's canoe was. So I, Omai, went there, and saw the Grey Scots horse soldiers who wait upon the King.

And a green road of cloth was made for the King, that he might get to his canoe; and he was not long of coming, for his coach rides faster than other coaches, and there is no stopping it. And when he came out of the coach when it stopped, the King walked out and went with his chief Erees, and shook hands with them like a man, and not like a King. And I, Omai, could not resist it; so I stepped forward among the Erees, and held out my hand, and said the word of Farewell. And the King looked and saw I was a chief, and shook me, Omai, by the hand, and said, "Farewell,—Good bye."—These were the words of the great King to me, Omai. And the great Eree, called my Lord of Fife, he was there, and saw me, Omai, (he is to send me grouse and deer flesh to eat,) and spoke of me, Omai, to the King, and laughed, and the King looked back and bowed again to me, Omai, and I waved my hat, and gave the hurra cry. And there was a great cry of hurra for

the King; and when the King hears hurra, he must always take off his hat, that is the custom. And it was not a hat the King wore, but rather a cap, and his dress was different, for a King in this country has many dresses. And I, Omai, made the noise of hurra when he went into the canoe, and cannons on the hills fired their fires, and made a great noise of joy. And the great Eree called Thane, or little King, he went with the King in the canoe-boat, for he is the great chief of the Highlanders of Fife Island. And this was all I, Omai, saw of the King this day, for I rode home in a coach with the Captain, like an Eree and the son of a chief; and heard no more cannon fires till the evening, when another firing told the people that the King was away in his ship upon the great sea. So I, Omai, that men of Otaheite may know that I, Omai, saw the great King of the island of Edinburgh, wrote this all down in my book of white paper, that it may be known to King Pourcee, and the Kings of all the islands, and that they may be friends of the wise people of the island of Edinburgh.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

THE GATHERING OF THE WEST;

OR,

WE'RE COME TO SEE THE KING.

Greenock Folk.

"SAWNERS M'AUSLAN," said the mistress, as soon as she had stretched herself in the bed beside him, "Sawners M'Auslan, are ye sound already?"

"I'm no sleepin'," replied the skipper, a little grumpy, still remaining with his face towards the wall.

"Gin ye're no sleeping, tak tent, I hae something to say."

"I can hear you—what is it?"

"Ye ken, Sawners, that ye hae lang promis't me a jaunt, and everybody's gaun intil Edinburgh.—Dinna ye think a jaunt to see the King would be a real fine one?—Na, as I'm to be trustit, the man's snoring in a dead sleep.—I say, Sawners M'Auslan."

"I'm no sleeping."

"Then, what were the last words I said?"

"I say, Sawners M'Auslan." In

saying which, he roused up a little, and Mrs M'Auslan resumed the thread of her discourse.

"I had begood to say, that as every body's gaun to see the King, it's our duty to gang likewise; and considering how lang it is sin' ye promis't to tak' me to Embro', I'm sure ye might do waur than mak' it out noo."

"A' that's vera true, Leizy, my dear, but times were times when I made that promise.—Ye should reflect, that sin' I gied up the sea at the peace, the parts both of the American and the Kilmun hae scarcely brought in a black hawbee."

"But for a' that, we hae reason to be thankful for our mercies—for the parts o' the steam-boats hae been just a coining," replied the lady, somewhat coaxingly.

"It's a' that ye ken," said the Cap-

tain, gravely, the trade's over-done; they hae been gaun to leeward a' last year."

"Then, for gudesake, before a' gangs to a', let us take our pleasure o't."

"It's easy, Leizy, for you to speak; but thirs no times for gallanting. The hallast o' every business has shifted; and there's no a merchant amang us that's no hogged mair or less."

"They should hae taen better care, and keepit the grip when they had it; for ye see noo, that ye ought to hae follow't my advice, and been done wi' trade when ye left aff the sea—as I'm sure ye hae lost siller by your parts o' vessels. As for the steam-boats, they're shoogly things, and I hae nae broo o' them,—neikle better would it hae been for our family had ye biggit, as I wantit you, a neat bit house on Cartside-brae in the park, where Jenny Galbraith has set down her Legacy-hall—and I wish ye would sell your parts, and do't yet. But ye will aye take your own bullhorn't way, Sawners,—and I wouldna wonder, for a yourlang promises to the contrarie, that ye'll no tak my advice, and gang to see the King as weel as the lave.—I wouldna gie a snuff for a man that winna bide by his word."

"It's ill getting a brock aff a Hic-lumman,—and ye shou'dna need to be tell't, Leizy, that this is no weather for setting the top-gallant sails."

"Ay, that's what ye aye say when I want onything; and I'll never believe but ye're a real hard nigger after this."

"Leizy, my dear! Leizy, ye should consider."

"Will ye tak me to Embro'? that's what I consider."

"I'm sure," said the Captain, after a short reflective pause, "that I ne'er refus't you any thing that was reasonable!"

"Didna ye refuse to big a house to let us live like our neibours?"

"Ye ken I hopit to mak better o't, and maybe, an ye wou'd hae patience, we may weather that point yet."

"Na, if ye think o' bigging houses, gudeman, I'm sure ye may weel spare twa three pounds to see the King, an' no be a prin the waur o't. It's no right o' you to be aye making a puir mouth. I ne'er saw ye otherwise; trouth, an' I hadna kent better, I might lang sinsyne hae thought ye

were baithe rookit and herrit. It's a slighting o' the mercy to be continually willy-waig about your losses, and it's a sinfu' thing no to tak the santified use o' what we hae gotten. However, I'm glad to hear that ye can afford to bigg a house; and I hope it will be something out o' the common,—so before casting away the cost, I would seriously advise you to take a look weel about you,—and for this, if there were no other cause, I would gang intil Embro', for they say the houses in the Newtown are most convenient."

"It's no the jaunt," replied the relenting skipper, "that I grudge, but the outfit and new rigging."

"Noo, Sawners, that's like yoursel," said Mrs M'Auslan, caressingly; "and since ye hae consented to take me to see the King, it wouldna be fair o' me to be overly severe on your purse. I'll seek nae roar than a pelice and bonnet, although I hear that Miss Menie M'Neil has had down frae London some real beautiful gowns."

"Miss Menie Devil!"—growled the apprehensive husband at the name of cheap and tasteful Miss Menie.

Mrs M'Auslan, however, followed up the advantage which she had thus gained, that in the end succeeded not only in obtaining the Captain's consent to take her to meet his Majesty on his arrival, but also that she might pay Miss Menie a visit in the morning, in order to be properly rigged out to appear before royalty neighbourlike.

Whether there is any truth in the allegation of the Glasgow people, that nothing walks in the middle of the street, but cows or Greenock folk, we shall for the present suppress our natural inclination to investigate the causes of a subject so interesting to philosophy, and proceed to state the important fact, that soon after breakfast next morning, Mrs M'Auslan was seen picking her steps along the crown of the causeway towards Miss Menie M'Neil's emporium of fashion. For the day was wet, as the weather always is at Greenock, except when it happens to snow, and the sidewalk was much in the same state as it was in the days of a certain learned clerk, who commenced his celebrated remonstrance to the magistrates on the subject, by saying, that "In Rome and in Athens, and

in all well-regulated cities," &c. thereby exhorting the bailies of Greenock to imitate the Roman Consuls and the Athenian Archons, and to recall to mind how Tarquinius Priscus constructed the cloaca of the Eternal City, how Provost Pericles built the Parthenon, and with what dignity Epaminondas performed his duty as a bailie, even with respect to the common sewers and dunghills of Thebes.

—But, notwithstanding the eloquence and erudition of the clerk, the side-pavements of Greenock seem still to have a natural predilection to continue in the same state; and no better proof of the fact need be adduced, than the incident to which we have alluded, namely, that Mrs M'Auslan was eschewing the plainstones, where hering heads and other odoriferous substances emulated the sights and scents of the Canongate of Edinburgh, and the streets of Paris. But although Mrs M'Auslan was, for the reasons delicately alluded to, compelled to keep the middle of the street, yet she rather conformed to the general custom of the town, than acted under any constraint of necessity; for, in common with the Greenock ladies, she kept two carriages, vulgarly called pattens; and elevated on them, in passing the square, she fell in with Mrs Goroghan, returning from the market.

After a few sympathetic reciprocities relative to the state of the weather, their conversation naturally turned on the universal topic of the time, the King's visit.

"Ye'll be gaun intil Embro', nae doubt?" said Mrs Goroghan.

"We're swithering," replied Mrs M'Auslan, "for the gudeman's unco seawart."

"It's weel for them to gang that can afford it," was the answer. The admonitory hint implied in this expression, we have some reason to believe, was not altogether dictated by the most charitable feeling, but was, in truth, somewhat spiced with envy. For Mrs Goroghan, like her neighbour, had plied all her blandishments to induce her husband to be neighbour-like on the royal occasion, but without equal success. Had we, however, any doubt of the animus by which she was actuated in the observation, it would certainly have been removed by what followed.

"I'm sure," said she, "I wis you muckle gude o' the jaunt; but there will be a real gathering. The whole claujamphry o' the kintra's running to Embro'. I won'er what ye'll a' see—the King's but a man, and the cat may tak a look at the King ony day. But dinna let me deteen you in the wat, Mrs M'Auslan, for this is a sore morning, and I an ane o' my shoos lets in."

With this they separated, Mrs M'Auslan, pursuing her journey to the milliner's, suffering some degree of excitement from the subtractive congratulations of Mrs Goroghan, who, goaded by what she had heard, and none doubting that the M'Auslans would, during their jaunt, indulge in all the loyal revellings of the capital, quickened her steps towards home, where she found her husband engaged in reading a long letter which he had received that morning by the post from the master of one of his ships.

"What will I no tell you, gudeman?" said she, as soon as she entered the room, seating herself without throwing off her tartan plaid—"isna that extravagant woman Mrs M'Auslan, gaun galloping in till Embro' to see the King? But she's weel off—she has a man that kens what it is to keep out a station o' life—you'll no hear what I'm saying."

"Weel," replied the ship-owner, folding up the letter. "this is no sae bad—the freight frae the Mediterranean to Liverpool should clear the out-fit and men's wages; and this charter to Savannah, as things go, is as good as could be looked for."

"Wha's that letter frae?" inquired the lady, somewhat interested by understanding that it contained profitable intelligence.

"Captain Buntin," replied Mr Goroghan—"he's in at Liverpool frae Malta and Sicily wi' a cargo o' brinstane, and has got a charter to carry a load of crockery-ware to Savannah."

"Crockery-ware! heh, but that's a brittle cargo!" said his wife, a little merrily, adding, "but ye didna heed what I was telling you—Wha had hae thought it? But Captain M'Auslan and his wife are going on a jaunt to Embro' to see the King. I'm sure I didna think they were in a circumstance at this time for ony sic show. But she's an upsetting woman, and

can twine her gudeman round her finger. An she had to deal with the like o' some that I'll no name, she would ken what it is to hac a gudeman."

"But this, a' thing considered, Jenny, my dear, is no ill news," said Mr Goroghan, wishing to turn her talk from the Embro' topic, patting the letter at the same time with his right hand as he held it on his knee in the left.

"But what signifies it a' to me?" exclaimed the lady, a little tartly—"what am I the better o' your profits and gains?—ye let me hac nothing without a grumble—the bit and the buffet's my portion. O, ye're the wee hardness, Baldy, or ye ne'er would alloo your wife and family to be sae looked down upon by the like o' Mrs M'Auslan."

"Wheest, wheest, Jenny, and dinna complain; for I'll no say but thir news hac a wee thaw't my objections." After some further colloquy, Mrs Goroghan was also permitted to authorize the tasteful Miss Menie to prepare a proper paraphernalia to enable her to take a part and portion in the joy and festivities of the metropolis.

Miss Menie, we should mention, has a commendable desire to sell her oldest-fashioned articles first; indeed, we believe that something of the sort has always been common among mercers. It is true, that the most conscientious of the trade make a point, in such cases, to say nothing of the fashionableness of the patterns, but in proportion to the care with which they do this, they enlarge on the good qualities of the texture and durability. We therefore advise our fair friends, when they go a-shopping, to be always particular as to fashion, and to suspect, when the haberdashers or milliners praise the well-wearing substance of any tissue, that they are anxious to get rid of an old shopkeeper. Mrs M'Auslan, however, did not require a hint of this kind, for experience had made her quite aware of the fact; nor did she, with that rashness which we have often observed so blameable in the conduct of some ladies, proceed without preface or prelude to make at once her purchases. On the contrary, before giving Miss Menie the slightest intimation of the objects of her visit, she began to sound her afar off as to who

among the nobility of Greenock were speaking of going to Edinburgh, and what preparations their ladies were making for the occasion.

We shall not undertake to affirm, that the ingenious Miss Menie was thence induced to infer that Mrs M'Auslan herself had any intention of going to see the King, far less to suspect that the purpose of her visit that morning was to give orders for a suitable wardrobe, because she said nothing that could fully warrant us to do so. She, however, mentioned with the greatest civility, the names of different ladies who had ordered dresses of unusual elegance to be prepared, and showed several in the hands of the makers, of such superior style and fashion, as left no doubt in the bosom of Mrs M'Auslan, that they were destined to add splendour to Holyrood.

Having thus obtained some idea of the preparations which were going forward, and in what colours other ladies intended to kithe before Majesty, she then consulted with Miss Menie about her own equipment; and the milliner, being informed by her Edinburgh correspondent that blue and white constituted the national livery, it was agreed that these colours ought to predominate in her dresses. Indeed Mrs M'Auslan was decidedly of opinion, that some of the ladies had shewn on this, as on every other occasion, their usual want of taste, to which opinion Miss Menie, with a smile, tacitly assented.

But although Mrs M'Auslan was thus solicitous about the fashionable display which she intended to make in the metropolis, she was nevertheless a discreet and prudent wife, and accordingly her instructions were given with as much regard to economy as was consistent with gentility, and her choice received every commendation which Miss Menie is so sweetly in the practice of bestowing on the taste of all her customers. Mrs Goroghan, who in the course of the same day visited the shop also for the same purpose, vehemently, however, condemned the whole selection as paltry to a degree, being perfectly persuaded, as she told Miss Menie, that Mrs M'Auslan would be just a figure in Embro'. "But hac better could be expectit true the like o' her. I'm sure I hope sincerely she'll keep awa frae us, for I would-

na like to be affrontit with her yelley-hooing afore the King. Howsever, Miss Menie, it maks na odds, a hachle's like a clubby foot, made by the hand o' God, and a' the wealth of Indy would ne'er gar Mrs M'Auslan look like a ledly—so its a' ane what she maks choice o', or how ye may make it up, she's sicken a coarse woman."

Miss Menie did not at all controvert this opinion, because she foresaw that it would probably lead to beneficial consequences to herself; on the contrary, she insinuated that certainly Mrs M'Auslan might have made a better choice, and that if she had chosen a showy trimming, exhibiting at the same time several more expensive patterns than the one preferred, the dress she had ordered would have been a very different thing.

"And so ye would advise me to take this?" replied Mrs Goroghan, fixing her desiring eyes on the most expensive of the selection exhibited. But Miss Menie returned an evasive answer, calculated, however, to strengthen the influence of the beauty of the pattern, for she said that it had been much admired by some of the most fashionable ladies, and mentioned the names of several, whom she knew Mrs Goroghan considered as holding their heads above her, who was, in all respects, both of purse and pedigree, their equal. "But," subjoined Miss Menie, "I hae vera misfortunately got but one suit of that trimming, and I'm amaisht under a promise to gie the first offer to more than ane."

"Ready money's ready money, Miss Menie," replied Mrs Goroghan, "and ye'll just lay by the article for me. First come first served—folk in a public way shouldna be respecters o' persons, but pleasure a' their customers to the best of their ability. I wonder what right has ony body in the town of Greenock to set up for being better than another—arena we a' working for our bread?—I'm sure, Miss Menie, I see no more genteelity in a pestle and mortar than a tar barrel, and little difference between an ellwand and an elsin—it's no the cloke that maks the friar; and in a town like ~~one~~, where we live by our etting, ~~one~~ maks us a' sib to ane another; so that, whate'er fools may think to the contrary, it's very true what I hae heard said, that the change-wife's gill-stoup is full cousin to the spirit-

dealer's gallon-pot, the lawful offspring of the foreign merchant's rum-punch-eon. I would, therefore, Miss Menie, be weel pleased to ken wha it is amang us that would take upou them to think me no entitled to gang as far ben as the best o' them. But the making o' stepbairns is an auld faut in Greenock; and ye may mind, when we were in the dancing-school, Miss Menie, whatna lasses aye drew the head tickets to the kintra-dances. It gars my corruption rise yet to think o' the master's cheatric.—But it's a real droll thing, Miss Menie, that ye're no marriet, noo when I think how ye were aye obligated to dance wi' a lassie partner at the practeesings; however, I fancy it was a fadum o' what was ordained for you; yet, for a' that, ye should be thankfu, as ye're no fash'd in thir bad times wi' a cankrie gude-man's thrawn temper. Ye'll take tent, however, that this is my trimming, and I trust ye'll no disappoint me in getting the things ready; for, as every body's on the flichter to see the King, me and Mr Goroghan are thinking it will be necessary to gang off twa three days afore he's expek it; so ye'll be sure and keep your word, Miss Menie."—The which Miss Menie promised to do faithfully, and in time faithfully did.

Paisley Bodies.

AMONG other extraordinary effects of the radical distemper which lately raged in the West, was a solemn resolution, on the part of a patriotic band of weavers' wives, to abjure tea and all other exciseable articles; in conformity to which, and actuated by the fine frenzy of the time, they seized their teapots, and marching with them in procession to the bridge, sacrificed them to the Goddess of Reform, by dashing them, with uplifted arms and an intrepid energy, over into the river,—and afterwards they ratified their solemn vows with copious libations of smuggled whisky. Whether this interesting ceremonial, so affecting to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, took place in Paisley, or in some one of its reflective villages, we have not yet, to our own satisfaction, entirely ascertained; but the historical fact is as certain, as that the inhabitants of the venerable town are necessarily what Cobbet calls a thinking people. We say necessarily, for there is no

truth in all philosophy more sure than that sedentary occupation has a special influence on the cogitative faculties of man, disposing all engaged in such employment to indulge themselves with theoretical opinions; and the Paisley bodies being in general weavers and manufacturers, are, of course, like all other indoor artizans, particularly subject to the moral flatulency of hypothetical ideas. The sensation, therefore, which the news of the King's intended visit produced among them, was, in many respects, very different from the lively excitement of those impulses of loyal curiosity which moved the bustling, rudely, maritime Greenock folks, to resolve at once to partake and increase the festivities prepared in the metropolis for the reception of his Majesty. They pondered well the objects and policy of the Royal Progress, and the result was as germane to the premises, as that recent process of their ingenuity, by which they traced the fluctuations of trade to the ancient and unaltered institutions of King, Lords, and Commons.

"So he's really coming," said Robin Orr, advancing towards a batch of pale cotton-faced weavers, who were standing on the plainstones in front of the Tolbooth, with their hands in their breeches' pockets, and their green duffel aprons tucked aside.

"So they say," replied Clattering Tam, an eminent member of the Radical Association, "and wi' sic a retinue o' placemen and pensioners as ne'er was heard tell o' in a Christian land."

"Man! I'm blithe to hear that," exclaimed auld gush-gabbit Jamie o' the Sneddan.

"Gordon's Lone, Prussia Street!" cried Clattering Tam, starting backwards, "blithe to hear o' sic a deluge o' corruption!"

"Dead am I," said Jamie, "for there will be a skaling of moully pennies!—I hae amaisht a mind to tak my foot in my hand, and gang into Embro' to set t."

"And I'm fah too," added Robin Orr, "to see what sort o' a cork* a King really is."

"I wonder to hear you, Robin," replied Clattering Tam, somewhat

gravely—"ane o' your principles to think of joining in the foolerie o' man-worship!"

"Na, Tam," cried gabby Jamie, "there's great need for a revision o' a' our principles, or I'm far wrang; for ye see trade's grown better, and though the House of Commons is neither hue nor hair changed frae what it was, things hae come round, the whilk gars me true that there was mair o' the vapour o' a toom stamach, than the reason o' a sound mind, in the principles o' our job the ither year."

"I'm confoundit," exclaimed Tam, "to hear the like o' that doctrine fra you! Isna the House of Commons the rotten carcase o' British liberty? Its corruption has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

"I'm no denying that," replied Jamie; "a reform in the Commons' House of Parliament is very necessary; but dinna ye think, if any way could be devised to persuade the King to bide in Scotland, there would be a better chance o' bringing it to a bearing; for ye ken he would be mair amang honest folk than he is in London. Indeed it's my notion, that this jaunting to Ireland, and Handover, and syne to Embro', looks as he had himself some thought o' flitting; and I dinna wonder at it, for the Londoners hae been made see het and fou by the lang residing o' the Court amang them, that they hae forgotten themselves, and acted as if the Crown wasna a moveable.—Odsake! an he would but think o' coming to Paisley, it would be a glorious job for trade."

"What would he do in Paisley?" said Clattering Tam. "I would like to ken that."

"Ye needna be fear't, Tam," replied Robin Orr; "he'll no come this way. The Radical exploit has clour't the character o' Paisley wi' the King."

"I'm sure," said Jamie o' the Sneddan, "that mair's the pity; for it would be a prime thing just to get the benefit for twa three days o' the Court prodigality; and really, if it be true that the King keeps awa fra the West out o' ony reason o' policy, we should endeavour to mak it up wi' him. I'll no say that we haena done waur things in our time, than to appoint a com-upttice to gang in to Embro', to behave

* A slang term for master.

in a loyal and dutiful manner, in order to win and wile his Majesty to gie us a ca' at Paisley."

During this conversation a considerable number of other weaver lads collected around the orators, and they all, at this suggestion, testified their approbation of the proposal, and voluntarily offered a weekly contribution to defray the expences of the mission. Clattering Tam, however, resolutely opposed it, as most derogatory to their character as reformers. But his animadversions, instead of producing the effect intended, only served to strengthen their loyal determination.

"If what we propose," replied Peter Gauze, a short, well-set man, who, by a certain air of activity in his manner, and neatness in his dress, compared with the others, indicated that he was one of those clever and shrewd fellows, who, by the exercise of their natural sagacity, rise from the loom into the warehouse, and ultimately animate the vast machinery of the cotton-mills—"If what we propose," said Peter, "was any thing contrary to sound reason, then ye might mak an objection. But I never heard, that to pay a proper respect to magistrates was a dishonourable doing in any man. And isna the name of King but a short word for chief magistrate, or president, or ither thing ye like to ca' the man that maun hae the casting vote in every community, be it great or sma'. For my part, I think it a very sensible hint, for a squad o' us to gang in till Embro' at this time, and demean ourselves as honest men forerent his Majesty; and though it's very creditable to you that propose to be sharers in the lawin, yet it seems to me that it would be in a better conformity for us no to appear as a deputation, but ilk on his ain pock neuk; because, as our objek is to give his Majesty an assurance, that if he would come west the gait, he would be treated wi' a manner o' respect and cordiality in Paisley, it woudna look weel, considering the natural objection of the government to committees among the people for political purposes, just to meet him wi' a deputation; for it would be as good as telling him that we're an organized body that he maun jook to please. Therefore, I say, it will be a far better compliment for those that can afford it, to go in at their ain cost, as members and portiou-

ers o' the community at large, and leave the public part of the show to the magistrates, who are making every proper preparation to uphold the character of the town."

"The de'il mean them," said Clattering Tam, "it's at the public expence, and be d—d to them."

"Ay," replied the former speaker, a little slyly, "that's true, Tam; but they have a very proper respect to economy, for a' that; and though they hae hired a coach, and got the town arms painted on the door, and intend to figure awa' wi' four horses, the town officers, it's thought, will do bravely for flunkies, without any more immediate outlay than getting their yearly scarlet coats a week sooner; for ye ken they would hae gotten them any hoo on the King's birth-day, and that's the twelfth of August."

Clattering Tam, however, was not to be convinced. A thorough and engrained radical, he continued to argue against the headlong prostration of principle, with which the others appeared, as he said, like the swine possessed of devils, who committed suicide by leaping into the sea. But his eloquence and arguments only excited their mirth; and he was in the end so effectually laughed at, that he slunk away, leaving Peter Gauze master of the street.

"Lads," said Peter, looking after Tam, as he was stalking away with long strides, his hands in his pockets, and his elbows looking out at the holes in his sleeves, "he's wrang-headed, for although it's weel enough for us, and the like o' us, in a crack o'er a stoup, to tease and card matters o' kingly policy, yet there's a craft in a' trades; and I'm thinking it's as necessary for a man to serve a prenticeship in the art of law-making, as in the weaving o' muslin. For though the King and his Lords and Commons aiblins ken the uses and the ways o' the shuttle and the treilles, just as we do councils and parliaments, they would make a poor hand in the practice; and I doubt we would ravel the yarn, and spoil the pirms o' government, were we to meddle wi' them.—In good sooth, the part of common folk, like you and me, lies in a sma' sphere, and the best thing we can do, is to act it as weel as we can; by the while, we'll cause the less trouble to those aboon us, and thereby mak them more and more disposed to

slacken the auld laws o' the ancient rugging and riving times;—and, for the same reason, it's our own interest to be respectfu' towards the King in his personality, for, as a man, his good will is naturally to be won by kindness; and if he sees us weel behaved towards him, he canna but feel in his own breast an inclination to return the compliment. So, without making any sprog about enticing him to Paisley, which, in my opinion, would be a fool thing, let as many of us as can bear the cost, gang until Embro', and join the welcome in a rational manner,—the whilk will no be the less creditable to us as men or subjects, that it is done wi' forethought, method, and temperance.

Glasgow People.

Profound, heartfelt, and universal was the sensation with which the joyful news of the King's visit vibrated through the bosoms of his faithful lieges in the royal city of Glasgow. Between the Cross and Madeira court, from the Exchange to Veracity hall, up the High-street to that monument of oppression, the celebrated Inch-belly-Bridge-Toll-bar, down the Salt-market, and across the Clyde, and far beyond the Barracks in the east, every countenance that morning was radiant with unwonted intelligence. The Provost and Bailies, and those who sit in council with them, were seen in their official sable, adorned with cocked hats and golden chains, walking the plainstones in a magisterial manner.—Punch-bowls that had not been once used since Christmas, were placed instinctively on the side-boards—lemons and limes disappeared, as if by enchantment, from every window where they stood exposed for sale—barefooted busses, with baskets in their arms, hurried to and from the fish and flesh-markets; and to them succeeded fresh flocks of other girls, hastening with pyes and puddings to the bakers.—The King's name, and the plunk o' corks drawn to drink his health, resounded in every house—Ducks and hens were instantaneously put to death; geese were seen flying in all directions from the out-stretched hands of their destroyers; turkies were allured by handfuls of corn to meet their fate—the pots exultingly boiled—the jacks whirled in ecstasy—glasses moaned

that they were so long empty—and hours before the cooks had done their part, the ready tables spread their broad wide bosoms to receive the gorgeous gourmandry of the congratulatory feasts.

At dinner nothing was discussed but the part which Glasgow ought to take, worthy of herself, on so great an occasion; some ventured to doubt if the town council would be sufficiently liberal to enable the Lord Provost to vie with his civic brother of Edinburgh; and the general sentiment, if such should prove to be the case, was, that every man was bound to bear a part of the expence; for all were concerned, and all would be affected by the style in which their chief magistrate, representing as he did the second commercial city in the universe, appeared within the beams of the royal presence. He, they said, is the sample of our community, and by his appearance the quality of the whole lot will be valued. A state-coach, horses, and servants, were minor considerations, things of course; but it was the universal opinion that his Lordship ought, on no account, to condescend to lodge in any hotel.—No; he ought to rent a mansion suitable to the greatness, the rank, and the character of the city, and order a spacious brass-plate to be placed on the door, bearing, in large and magnificent letters, this inscription, at full length,—“THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW.” Some discussion arose as to whether his Lordship should or should not keep open table during his presence in Edinburgh; but this suggestion, so becoming the liberal public spirit by which all on this joyous occasion were then animated, seemed to many impracticable, on account of the vast multitude that the city would probably pour from every rank and profession; ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine was the very lowest estimate. But, in consideration of that difficulty, it was agreed unanimously everywhere, that, although it might not be expedient to make any minute of council on the subject, in the instructions to be given to the Lord Provost, nor that he should be enjoined to eat nothing to breakfast but warm curran buu, and fresh butter sent out from Har-ley's dairy, with marmalade, or strawberry jam on it; yet, if he so pleased,

he should be free to support the honour and reputation of the town, even to that extent.

Such is a faint, imperfect, and, in many respects, inaccurate sketch of the first effects of the loyal enthusiasm which burst forth with such a resounding explosion, from the very heart of the great and gorgeous city of Glasgow. Next day, when the tumults of exultation had in some degree subsided, the subject was more deliberately considered. The intended inscription on the brass plate was abbreviated to the moderate and elegant simplicity of "THE LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW." No attempt was made to interfere with the purveyance of his lordship's table; and, altogether, a judicious spirit governed and ruled the whole of the municipal and corporate preparations.

Some doubts arising as to many particulars with respect to the place and part which Glasgow would be allowed to take in the ceremonials, a secret deputation was appointed to proceed to Edinburgh, in order to confer with the grand Fadladeen of the pageants, and to receive from him such instructions as, in his supreme wisdom, might be deemed requisite to enable the Provost and Bailies to go through the business with all the dignity and pomp so imperiously demanded from personages endowed, as they were, with such a most momentous public trust. The deputation having proceeded to the capital, held profound confabulations on the object of their mission, and afterwards returned home, on the outside of one of the stage-coaches, to report the result of these ministerious deliberations.

From the moment of their return, a marked change was evident in the countenances of all interested in this important business; and a dignified reserve was maintained, both with respect to the degree of consideration with which Glasgow was to be acknowledged, and also with regard to what her various representatives, of municipal and corporate authority, were to do when they arrived in Edinburgh.

In the meantime, the preparations proceeded in the most magnificent spirit—all that could exalt importance and dignify opulence, every thing, in short, worthy of Glasgow,—and of what is not Glasgow worthy?—was congregated to augment the splendour

of an occasion, which Bailie Cleland, in a new edition, is destined to chronicle as the most brilliant event in all his glowing pages of her eventful history.

But let him not trust too much to his own eloquence when he employs the crystalline prism of his genius to separate the several component rays of that glory which so dazzled all the age, but confer with Enobarbus; for only the golden barge in which Cleopatra descended the Cydnus to meet Mark Antony, can enter into comparison with the Provost's state coach. After the conference, we may then expect to read, how it shone like a burnished throne, the pannels being yellow painted—Green the liveries of the flunkies, who were so perfumed that the winds were love-sick with them—the handles were plated, and the wheels made the dirt rise up after them, as joyous of their whirling. For the Provost he beggar'd all description, as he sat on the back seat, and before him two pretty diaphanous bailies, like smiling Cupids. O rare for Edinburgh!

The set-out from the College was worthy of the meteoric splendours of the Provost. No cost was spared by the tasteful members of the *Senatus Academicus*, to evince their loyalty, their knowledge of the world, and their orthodox respect for Presbyterian simplicity.—It is true, that their liveries, instead of vulgar cloth, like those of the King or the nobility, were made of sumptuous purple velvet, dyed to the right Archbishopal hue; but the footmen, by appearing in dark greyrig-and-furrow worsted stockings, shewed that this proceeded from no carnal regard for any such prelatic vanities. On the contrary, no shirt of hair-cloth discovered beneath the papistical vestments of a Cardinal in the Vatican, could more effectually verify his pretensions to be regarded as a saint, than did this combination of worsted hose with purple and fine linen, demonstrate the genuine and uncorrupted orthodox humility of the University of Glasgow. In a word, in whichever way the preparations in that classical and manufacturing city could be considered, it must be allowed even by the most invidious, that no expence was withheld, and that a remarkable taste pervaded and predominated over all.

But although the first care of the community was to see the representative authorities furnished and equipped with all becoming and appropriate magnificence, no sooner were the public interests secured, than individual feeling and individual loyalty prompted the most meritorious arrangements in private life. The beaux, one and all, burning with zeal, and emulous to appear with the greatest possible advantage, forthwith ordered new blue coats with welcome buttons, and nankeen pantaloons, in exact conformity to the instructions in that laudable proclamation which the Magistrates of Edinburgh so shrewdly issued, in order that the shopkeepers might obtain substantial reasons to rejoice in the Royal Visit. They also began to practice walking with their coats buttoned, for it is a most remarkable natural phenomenon, that the Glasgow people rarely button their coats; and many among them made themselves almost unintelligible to their friends, in the loyal endeavours to speak exquisite English, with a view to render themselves properly qualified to entertain his Majesty with their conversation when they should have the honour of being in his company. The wits no less assiduously endeavoured to construct ingenious puns, and one of the most celebrated among them doubtless spent nights in the study, solaced by the hopes of Knighthood as a reward for the pungency of the repartees which he expected an opportunity to let off at the Royal table. In a word, both the public and private character of Glasgow was felt to be at hazard on this great occasion; and neither cost nor pains in the corporate and individual capacity of her zealous citizens was omitted to give eclat to the part she was determined to perform in the drama of the Royal Visit. But some of the ladies remarked, that the gentlemen seemed to consider Majesty as a bowl of their own ineffable beverage, only to be enjoyed in male society, for among all their preparations no regard was shewn to the loyal curiosity of the fair sex. We hope there is no truth in this allegation, but should it unfortunately be otherwise, all we can say is, that the ladies of Glasgow have it in their power to be amply revenged. Let them only, as often as they know when the punch is most palatable in the

dining-room, take care to announce tea. Thus will they institute a perpetual remembrancer of the King's Visit, and vindicate their own cause.

The Movement.

As the period when the King was expected to arrive drew near, the whole west began to move. The M'Auslans and the Goroghanes from Greenock much to the annoyance of Mrs Goroghan, were obliged to come in the Waterloo steam-boat together; but during the voyage it was impossible that any fellow-travellers could be more cordial. On the part of the Captain and his wife, the reciprocity of civilities was sincere; but the lady of the ship-owner, being a degree higher, was in the greatest alarm, during the whole passage to Glasgow, lest evil-minded fortune would force them all the way in the same vehicle. Accordingly, she took a sly opportunity of whispering to her gudemane, that they ought to hire a chaise, and gang in till Edinburgh wiselike; for since they were on the killyvie to see the King, a pound or two, more or less, a hundred years hence, would never be missed—Mr Goroghan thought so too, for he felt also the elevating and enlivening influence of the time. As soon, therefore, as the lady had got his consent, she said, with the most sheathed softness, to her neighbour—

“Isna this a real exploit, Mrs M'Auslan?—I wonder how a' this multitude expeck to get themselves ta'en till Embro'—for our part, Mr Goroghan intends to tak a chaise; for they say unless folk go in a genteel manner, they can hope for no manner o' civility at the inns, there will be sic a power o' the nobles.”

Mrs M'Auslan, worthy woman, would have been as glad as her neighbour to have enjoyed the comforts of a chaise; but it was a paction between her and the Captain, that their total expence should not exceed a certain sum, and they had accepted an invitation from a widow lady, Mrs Lorn of Cowal, a far-off cousin, to take their bed with her during the visit, so that they were little likely to suffer any thing at the inns, such as Mrs Goroghan apprehended; and, therefore, without considering the chaise quite so importantly as that triumphant lady perhaps expected, she replied,—

"We're gaun by the canal, in the track-boat, for they say there's no a seat to be got in ony of the coaches, and that chaises are not to be had without an extraordinary diffeckwulty, and at a rate that it would be a shame to hear tell o';—and as we're no to be in the reverence o' the inns, it can make no odds to us, for we're to stay with Mrs Lorn o' Cowal, the gudeman's Highland relative, a most genteel woman, living on her jointure in George's-Street, in the New Town."

Mrs Goroghan was taken quite as much aback by this intelligence, as she expected Mrs M'Auslan to be when she spoke of the chaise; for she was well aware of the superior advantage that her neighbour would enjoy by having the benefit of a friend acquainted with the localities. In consequence, before the Waterloo reached the Broomielaw, there was an evident change in her deportment towards the Captain's wife.

On the arrival of the steam-boat at the landing-place, the skipper, accustomed to be handy and active on similar occasions, soon got his lady and luggage on shore, and was under way for Port-Dundas long before Mr Goroghan had made a bargain with a porter to carry his lady's trunk to the Black Bull; for in these scrimp-a-profit times, the ship-owner was naturally anxious to make an agreement on the lowest possible terms, a circumstance which (as his lady said to him through her teeth) was a black-burning shame to think o' when she was wi' him; and certainly every one must sympathize with her mortification, at seeing such a work made between a shilling and eight-en pence before Mrs M'Auslan, whom she had so lately humbled by boasting of the superiority of style in which they were to ensure deference and homage from the Edinburgh waiters. But there is no managing in public, husbands of a certain temperament, and Mrs Goroghan was obliged to submit to her lot.

Notwithstanding, however, all the alertness of Captain M'Auslan, before he and the mistress reached Port Dundas, the track-boat, which they had expected to overtake, was gone, and they were compelled to go into the inn, and wait among a crowd of other passengers till another boat would arrive,—for, by this time, the whole canal was alive, and, in addition to all the ordi-

nary passage-boats, every thing that would carry or could be dragged was put in requisition to accommodate the public, as the Canal Company said, but, as every body knew, in fact to realize as much profit as possible from the occasion to themselves.

Among those whom the skipper and his wife found seated in the inn, were Mr Duffle the cloth merchant, with Mrs Macloeket, whom he was treating with a jaunt to see the King, and a short plump little bustling bodie, Mr Sweeties the grocer, who took, as he said, advantage of the sample-room being closed for a-week, out of a loyal mark of respect for his Majesty, to go likewise to join in the plaudits of the Royal Welcome.

In a corner of the room by herself, near the door, sat a plain, demure, patient-looking single woman, somewhat hard favoured, but modest and calm in her demeanour, and possessed of considerable intelligence of countenance, and a serious observant eye. She was dressed in a sober-coloured pelisse, and her straw-hat, without any flower or bows, was tied with a blue-and-white ribbon, the livery of the time, and which showed that she also intended to partake of the metropolitan revelries. In one hand, she had a bundle neatly pinned in a silk handkerchief, and in the other an umbrella carefully enclosed in its canvas case.—She was no other than the celebrated Miss Nanny Eydent, the Irvine seamstress, who, on the advice of Mrs Pringle, was going to Edinburgh to get some insight, for the benefit of her country customers, of the fashions expected to be introduced at Holyrood. Between her and Mrs M'Auslan some acquaintance was soon formed, and that lady, in addition to other particulars, had the satisfaction to learn that Miss Nanny was not only provided by the Reverend Doctor himself with letters to his son Andrew, the advocate, to facilitate her inquiries, but had likewise, by the instrumentality of Mrs Pringle, obtained introductions from Sir Andrew Wylic, to several of the most distinguished personages in the royal suite, by all which Mrs M'Auslan perceived that Miss Nanny was a most desirable acquaintance, and might be of the most essential service in assisting her to see many ceremonies to which otherwise she could scarcely hope for access.

While they were conversing on these topics, the sound of a horn announced the arrival of the boat; and Captain M'Auslan taking the trunk in his own hands, called to his wife and Miss Nanny to follow, by which alertness and activity they were among the first safely seated in the track-boat, which was almost instantly crowded with passengers, and drawn off from the banks of the canal, that no more might get on board; for the Captain of the boat having some business to settle in the office before his departure, was obliged to keep her waiting about half an hour after every body that she could safely take was seated.

In the meantime, as the passengers, who had thus secured their speedy conveyance, were sitting on the deck and in the cabin, all talking of the King, a vast number of disappointed strangers, clamorous for a boat, gathered on the banks, and Mr L****, to pacify their impatience, ordered, at their own urgent request, one of the dung gabarts to be drawn out, and a few planks placed on her for seats.—Into this the loyal throng joyously leaped, happy to be so quickly and so well accommodated; and before she was ready to move, who should make their appearance on the banks of the canal, but Mr and Mrs Goroghan, with a porter sweating and smoking under the load of their trunk?

On reaching the Black-Bull, it seems they had found that not a chaise nor horse could be got; eighteen of the best horses were engaged for the public authorities, and the Glasgow commonalty had themselves hired every other in the town. In a word, the Ship-owner and his lady had no choice but to proceed forthwith to Port Dundas to catch the track-boat. They, however, as we have said, arrived too late, and were in consequence constrained by necessity, in the very view of the M'Auslans, who laughed outright at the circumstance, instead of triumphing in a chariot, to make the best of their way in a dung-boat. But we must not attempt with such circumspectness to detail the whole progress of the visit; let it therefore suffice, that besides the canal, all the roads from Glasgow to Edinburgh were like so many webs of printed calico, stamped with the figures of coaches and carriages, horses and noddies, men, women, and child-

ren, and weavers from Paisley, who had abjured reform.

Edinburgh.

EDINBURGH presented one universal scene of preparation—never were a people more important than the sage citizens of the "Good Town." The magistrates were seen hurrying too and fro with pregnant faces—never were public functionaries more laden with the consequentialities of their trusts. Their voices were as the voices of oracles, and the Delphian response from the municipal abysms of wisdom, was ever and anon the same: for still, as the anxious votaries of loyalty thronged to the shrine of the Council-chamber, to know their destiny in the events with which the future was so big, the reply was "Bide awec, and we'll see."

In the mean time, writers and writers' clerks were seen trembling in the breeze, dressed in the Celtic garb, that their peeled, white, ladylike legs might acquire the heathery complexion of Highland houghs.

But neither Colonel Davie nor Sir Walter, nor Fadladeen himself, had half so much to do in preparing for the reception of his Majesty, as Mrs Lorn of Cowal, the jointured lady in George Street, Captain M'Auslan's Argyllshire cousin. According to the hospitable custom in Edinburgh, Mrs Lorn was in the practice of holding one annual general meeting of her dinner creditors, but out of respect to his Majesty, and in order to display her style and taste before the expected droves of her west-country kindred, she resolved, from the first moment that the royal intention of visiting Scotland was made known, to celebrate the visit by an extra and extraordinary banquet; and it happened that the same morning on which the M'Auslans left Greenock, a woman came to the door with a goose to sell, an incident not certainly very extraordinary, but out of it such disasters ensued to Mrs Lorn, that when the Captain and his wife arrived, she was sitting in her bedroom. The moment, however, that she heard their voices in the lobby, she came flaunting forth, with a large patch of brown paper on her forehead, to give them a hearty welcome; and as she conducted them into the dining-room, she gave the following ac-

self obliged to discharge him ; lest, as she justly remarked, he should herry her out of house and hall.

Such was the state of things with our west-country friends on the night preceding the arrival of his Majesty ; an account of which important event, and with divers other interesting particulars, we shall now briefly describe.

Leith.

Among all the public worthies whom the approach of Majesty called into action, as the return of spring does the busy bees, none were more alert and alive to the dignity and importance of their office, than the worshipful municipality of Leith. Some unknown power, which deemed itself appalling to the whole Magistracy of the ancient and loyal town, ordained that the King should land on the odorous shores of the fishing village of Newhaven. But Bailie Macfie, as he sat at the head of the Council board with his valiant peers, the intrepid Bailie Keoch and Bailie Newton, snapped his fingers at the huge bugbear, and it fled wailing away, discomfited like the spirit of *Lola* from the spear of *Fingal*, and was visible no more. In consequence of this bravery on the part of the Leith Bailies, when Captain M'Auslan, early on the morning after Mrs Lorn's banquet, walked to Leith to enquire what accounts had been received there of the royal squadron, he had the gratification to see preparations going forward for the King's reception, which reflected great honour on the taste and ingenuity of the engineer, and accommodations getting ready for the public, all which shewed how truly worthy indeed the town of Leith was to receive his Majesty, and how fortunate in having a Greenock gentleman at the head of her Magistracy ; for it is well known, at least to all Greenock folk, that there are no such clever people as themselves any where in the known world.

Captain M'Auslan, however, had at that time but little opportunity of conversing with his townsman, for the Bailie, as we have intimated, was a most active and indefatigable man, and had not only to see all things well and properly done, but to carry on an amazing correspondence for the purpose of gaining intelligence, in order to counteract the machinations of the mys-

terious authority to which we have alluded, and also to compose a congratulatory address, and to acquire a fit English accent for the delivery. Nevertheless, the Captain had great reason to be pleased with his courteous attention, for the Bailie not only assured him and Mrs M'Auslan of places in the gallery constructed to overlook the landing, but in his courtly way gave him to understand, that perhaps he could accommodate a friend additional, which was joyous news to Captain M'Auslan, as it enabled him to gratify his kinswoman, Mrs Lorn, in a way that he could never have hoped for, had the senior Magistrate of Leith not been a Greenockian.

While the Captain and his townsman were speaking, the news arrived that the royal squadron was in the Frith, and might hourly be expected ; at which intelligence the Bailie wished the Captain good morning, and hastened to invigorate with his presence the preparations that were not quite complete ; and the Captain quickened his steps towards Edinburgh. As he ascended Leith Walk, he halted in admiration, for the Calton-hill was like a pyramid built of ladies and gentlemen, all assembled to desecrate the approach of the yachts.

When he reached the bottom of the stair leading to the residence of Mrs Lorn, and to the lodging-house of Mrs Rippet, he fell in with Mr and Mrs Goroghan, returning from the Calton-hill to breakfast ; and having told them where he had been, he exulted in the extraordinary kindness he had received from Bailie Macfie, and expatiated on the great favour which had been done him, in the three tickets to the grand scaffold erected on the drawbridge.

The heart of Mrs Goroghan gave a suffocating gurgle and gurgle at this intelligence, and she could barely preserve the decorum of silence before the M'Auslan, as she called the Captain, at the thought of the manifest partiality with which Fortune favoured her rivals. No sooner, indeed, had the Captain parted from them at Mrs Lorn's door, than her vexation burst forth, and she sharply insisted that her husband should immediately repair to Leith, and, through the medium of their townsman, likewise secure proper places ; but this Mr Goroghan, with a commendable firmness, absolutely re-

fused until he had breakfasted, which spirited conduct on his part we the more approve, because, although it is right that married men should be guided by their wives, there are occasions in which in this, as in all other general rules, exceptions may be allowed.

But the firmness of Mr Goroghan was not rewarded by the success which should ever attend the practice of any virtue, for when he did, after breakfast, go to Leith, his friend was nowhere to be seen, or rather, was everywhere but in the places where Mr Goroghan expected to see him; and when he did at last find him in the Council-Chamber, every ticket that could be issued to the drawbridge gallery was already engaged. The Bailie, however, quietly told his old acquaintance, that perhaps if he was indeed very anxious to see the landing, he might probably, by applying immediately, procure places for himself and Mrs Goroghan on the pier, at the trifle of three shillings the ticket. Now, this we must say was very pawkic of the Bailie; at the same time it originated in a proper and commendable address, for the pier was fitted up with benches at a great expence, and although ultimately destined to be opened to the public, yet it was thought advisable, in order to lessen the outlay to the corporation, to dispose, in the first instance, of as many tickets as possible. Mr Goroghan was thus, by the Bailie his townsman's adroit management, most happy, in such an emergency, to get tickets on so noble a situation for so small a sum as three shillings each; but when he returned to his wife, and told her how he had succeeded, she was absolutely ramping and stamping, to think how in every thing, by the better activity of the gudeman, Mrs M'Auslan still kept the upperhand. But what avails the tears or anger of womankind, when the stars conspire against them? and this Mrs Goroghan herself at last acknowledged, as the time drew near, when she must either proceed to Leith, or forego even the advantage, such as it was, which Mr Goroghan had procured—for ten thousand voices from the Calton-hill had already announced that the yachts were in sight. Accordingly, she dressed with all possible expedition, and took care not to forget an umbrella, for the day was at this period overcast, and symptoms

of rain began to spot and speckle the pavement. In this she had for once the advantage of the M'Auslans; for they having set off with Mrs Lorn, immediately after breakfast, were then seated on the scaffold; and the morning being fine when they left Edinburgh, they were not prepared for the pitiless and disloyal rain that commenced about an hour before the squadron came to anchor, and continued with unabating violence all the afternoon and night, by which not only the M'Auslans and Mrs Lorn were wetted to the skin, but a grand bonfire, which had been poetically imagined of volcanic magnitude, on the summit of Arthur's Seat, was so drookit, that in the evening when it was lighted, as a signal to all the land that the King was come, it scowled as sulkily and sullenly, as if it had been kindled by the foul breath of a radical.

Introductory Letters.

In the meantime, while the greatest joy and loyalty were circulating in the Glasgow town-house, No. 66, Queen Street, where the Provost, and all the dignitaries and magnates of the royal city sat assembled, Peter Ganze, and his townsman Robin Orr, and Jamie o' the Sneddan, with several other of the Paisley political proselytes, who had arrived on their feet, to demean themselves in such a manner before the King, as might wipe off the radical stains from the character of the venerable town, proceeded to Leith; and having hired a boat, and bought a bottle of whisky, they sailed off towards the Yacht which had the honour of bringing his Majesty. As soon as they came within hail, they ordered the boatmen to lie on their oars, and, giving three cheers, drank welcome, and health to the King, which, during such a drenching rain as then poured from the Heavens, exceedingly gratified his Majesty; and according to the perfectest report that we have been able to obtain, from those veracious authorities, the newspapers, he had the good nature to show himself in the shower, and graciously bow his thanks; indeed, by all accounts, so well did the loyal weavers perform their part, that it is hard to say whether they were better pleased with themselves or with the King; certain, however, it is, that they

carried back to their compeers in Paisley, such a quantity of the raw material of loyalty, in the enthusiasm with which they landed, that we shall not be surprised to hear it has been manufactured into a strong and durable attachment.

Meanwhile, Miss Nanny Eydent had not been idle with her letters. The first she delivered was the Doctor and Mrs Pringle's, to their son, the celebrated Andrew. When she called at his house, he was sitting in his library, and his servant carried in the letters to him, requesting Miss Nanny to remain in the hall. Andrew, seeing by the superscription, that they were introductory, and having been often troubled by his father and mother's simple notions of the world, in sending to him queer-looking country folks, in need of advice and attentions, he inquired what sort of appearance the bearer had. Jerry, who was an Englishman, described her as something "more genteeler than a young woman, but not as one would call a lady." Upon which Andrew gave a hem, and Jerry retiring, he opened the letters, and read them slowly, then rang the bell, and requested the young woman to be shown in.

When she entered the library, the advocate was sitting in his night-gown and slippers, with his back towards the door; but on hearing her enter, he wheeled his easy-chair half round, and without desiring Miss Nanny to be seated, said, with an ironical smile,—"And so you have come into Edinburgh to see the fashions, as my mother says, at Holyrood, for the benefit of your Irvine customers?"

Miss Nanny blushed a little, but from what cause or reason, we shall not attempt to say,—she, however, replied modestly and respectfully, that the Doctor and Mrs Pringle were very kind to her, and that having some thoughts of setting up a millinery shop at the King's Gate-foot, the mistress thought it would be an advantage to see Embro at this time, when there was a concourse of genteel folk come to welcome the King.

Andrew, as every body knows from his correspondence, has some delicacy, and he felt a little rebuked at the substance which constituted the substance of this reply. But, at the same time, he was so struck by the plain and simple description which the

discriminative Jerry had given, should be seen coming about his house, said,—"I do not know in what manner, Miss Eydent, I can assist your views; for you must yourself be aware, that a single gentleman is not the best medium of procuring you the sort of information you are so desirous to acquire."

Miss Nanny replied,—"I ken that, Mr Andrew, vera weel; but both the Doctor and your mither thought you would introduce me to some leddies that could further my purpose."

Andrew bit his lips, and thought that both his father and mother thought very absurdly; but he said, "I have you any other letters?"

"O yes, I hae several; for your mother, being fear t that ye might be thrang, or no in a way to help me wi' the higher leddies, gaed over herself to the Wylie, and got me some frae Sir Andrew, for she heard that several of his London connexions were to be here."

The heart of the advocate was lightened by this intelligence, and he said, with great cordiality,—"You could not be more fortunate, Miss Eydent. I would therefore advise you to lose no time in delivering them; and then, should you find that my interest or influence can be in any degree useful, I beg you will let me know."—In saying which, he opened his port-folio, in which he had been writing when Miss Nanny was shown in, and began to finish a letter, so that his modest visitor made her curtsey and departed.

This interview had such an effect on the spirits of Miss Nanny, that she returned straight towards Mrs Rip-pet's lodgings, where she had hired a garret room, but which, by the way, we had almost forgot to mention; and sat down on her bed-side, ruminating and sorrowful, she could not tell why, till the sound of the Goroghans and M'Auslans returning wet from Leith, roused her from her reverie, and induced her to think of consulting Mrs M'Auslan as to the propriety of her continuing in Embro. Accordingly, after some time had elapsed, during which that worthy woman had shifted her clothes, Miss Nanny went down stairs for that purpose; and, having mentioned that she had met with little encouragement from Mr Andrew Pringle, without, however, telling

what had passed, for a sentiment of respect for her benefactors would not allow her to represent their son in an unfavourable light, she proceeded to say, that her other letters being to high and great folk, she had not the courage to deliver them. At this juncture, however, Mrs Lorn coming into the room, she took a part in the conversation, by inquiring to whom the letters were addressed; and as Miss Nanny had them in her pocket, she handed them over to her.

"To the Duke of Argyll!" exclaimed Mrs Lorn, on looking at the first; "My word, Miss Nanny, ye're far ben;" and then she added, in a graver accent, somewhat modulated with regret, "If there is ony kindness that his Grace can do himself, without having to apply to others, there's nobody will be mair ready to help you; but he's overly gentle in his nature to tak the trouble of being any more than blameless, which is no sufficient for a Duke of Argyll—that should be proud, and stern, and stalwart, willing to rug and rive, and warsle wi' the crousest o' the Tories. I hac a notion, Miss Nanny, that ye needna fash him till ye can do no better; then he'll be wakened by his compassion to tak you by the han'. But here's a prime letter—Na, Miss Nanny, an ye had searched a' Christendom, ye couldna hae gotten ane better for your turn than the Thane.—I would advise you to gang wi' this vera moment to the Royal Hotel—ye'll catch him at his dinner—In troth, I would fain gang wi' you mysel—What think you, Mrs M'Auslan?—I'm sure ye would like to see his Lordship in his Highland dress—We'll a' go thegither." And with this and other heartening, the three ladies got themselves in order, and forthwith proceeded to deliver Miss Nanny's introductory letter.

The Thane and his friend the Baronet were, as Mrs Lorn supposed, sitting at their wine and walnuts, when his valet took in the letter, and said, with a significant smirk, "There are three ladies, my Lord."—"O, shew them all in," exclaimed the Earl, laughing, and rubbing the hair of his forehead—"Who the deuce can they be?"

The Baronet, somewhat drolling, began to sip his wine, as the servant retired, and in a moment returned,

briskly ushering in the ladies. The Thane, in the meantime, had laid the letter on the table, never thinking of its contents, but the moment that the strangers made their appearance, he rose, and with great cordiality, motioned to them, courteously, to take seats on the chairs which the servant placed for them towards the table,—at the same time, however, he eyed them with that peculiar affability with which he always regards the ladies.

Mrs M'Auslan was disconcerted and abashed by his ease and civility; but Miss Nanny sat down calm and self-possessed, for she was soothed by the cordiality of his manner; while Mrs Lorn, in high delight, acted as the tongue of the trumpet, by introducing Miss Nanny, and explaining to him the objects of her visit at that time to the metropolis.

The Thane was a little amused by the good lady's garrulity, and perhaps he had been more interested in Miss Naucy, if, instead of a sedate Dumbar-ton youth, she had proved a pert blooming apprentice. He, however, at once promised to do all he could among his acquaintance to promote her views.—Upon which Mrs Lorn mentioned that it would be a great thing for Miss Nanny if he could get her into the Drawing-room.

His Lordship was a little startled at this request, but in a moment he said, alertly,—“O yes, that may be managed,—there is no need for her to be introduced, you know, or to pass the presence;” and he then subjoined, “and I'll pay myself for her dress.”

“No, sir my lord,” interposed Miss Nanny herself, “Mrs Lorn is under a mistake. I hae nae wish to be in the Drawing-room; but if your Lordship could get me permission to stand in one o' the rooms, to see the leiddies gang through, it would be a wonderfu' favour.”

The Thane's jocularity was a little awed by the simplicity and sincerity with which this was said; and perceiving that Miss Nanny might not understand his raillery, he replied, with a degree of respect in his manner, that he would be most happy to render her every service in his power, and that she should make no scruple of applying to him.

He then rang the bell, and ordered

glasses for the ladies, at which they rose; though he pressed them to take wine, and urged Mrs Lorn so earnestly, that she would fain have consented, but for the firmness of Miss Nanny, and the diffidence of Mrs M'Auslan.

When they had retired, the Baronet remarked to his Lordship that he had neglected to read the letter.—“That’s of no consequence,” was the Thane’s reply; “the women looked respectable, and I saw they wanted something, which is a sufficient introduction to a man at any time.”

But although the visit had been thus propitious to the ladies, who returned home delighted with the affability of the Thane, nothing could exceed the consternation of Mrs Goroghan, when she heard at night, in a confabulation with her landlady Mrs Rippet, that the mantua-maker who slept in the garret, and Mrs M'Auslan, had been admitted to an interview with the Thane.

The Landings.

Mrs M'Auslan was so highly pleased with the familiar sight which she had obtained of the popular Thane, through the medium of Miss Nanny Eydent, and Mrs Lorn at supper enlarged and expatiated to such a degree on his Lordship’s chivalry and Thunish virtues, that the Captain, seeing them both so well pleased with Miss Nanny’s acquaintance, proposed to give up his ticket on the Leith scaffold to her, and to take his chance in the crowd. Accordingly, early next morning, before the appointed signals were fired, by which the time of his Majesty’s landing was announced, a message was sent up stairs to Miss Nanny, with the offer of the ticket, and requesting her company to Leith. It is possible, but we have not heard the fact stated on any authority, that this extraordinary gratitude towards Miss Nanny was suggested by the intelligent Mrs Lorn, who perceived, as well as Mrs M'Auslan, that out of her introductions facilities might be procured of the most gratifying kind to them all. However this may be, Miss Nanny most thankfully received their kindness, and was ready to accompany them; but the chagrin of Mrs Goroghan, and what she said of, to, and at her unfortunate gentleman, when she heard

that even the mantua-maker in the garret-room was to have a place in the select magisterial gallery on the draw-bridge, would only unnecessarily swell our narrative to describe; indeed, the series of joyous events which began that day, so press, in their importance and brilliancy, on our attention, that we must proceed with a free and rapid pen. The reader, therefore, without waiting for any descriptive touches relative to the walk to Leith, must take it for granted that Mrs M'Auslan, Mrs Lorn, and Miss Nanny Eydent, are sitting smiling with delight in the gallery, and that the Captain is among the multitude, through which Mr and Mrs Goroghan are struggling to reach the Pier-head, with their tickets in their hands; the lady at every new surge of the crowd, bitterly reviling her misfortune. Indeed, but for the arrival of the Thane’s carriage, with the beautiful Greys and tartaned servants, by which an avenue was opened through the multitude, Mr and Mrs Goroghan might never have obtained even a transient view of the scarlet platform and ingenious floating stairs.

But although enabled to work their way by following in the wake of the Thane’s chariot, and although assisted by his Lordship’s personal courtesy to pass beyond the barrier round the platform, a circumstance which has endeared him to the lady for life, the malignity of the stars of the Goroghanas was not yet fulfilled. Just as they were about half way between the landing place and the Pier-head, Bailie Macfie judiciously gave directions, in order to thin the pressure round the platform, and to enlarge the means of gratification to the assembled thousands, that the beaches on the Pier should be thrown open to the public. Of what avail were all the three shilling tickets at that moment; the populace rushed like a torrent towards the spot;—Mrs Goroghan, caught in one of the eddies of the stream, was torn from the arms of her husband, borne along like a rag in a whirlwind, and deposited near the door of a tavern, with the loss of a shoe and the tail of her elegant new pelisse.

By the time the trembling and afflicted Mr Goroghan could extricate himself to come to her assistance, she had almost recovered her breath, but she made no use of it till she was safely

seated in one of the remote back-rooms of the inn, where what Mr Goroghan got he knows best himself. The landlady, however, coming into the room in a sympathetic manner, pacified Mrs Goroghan by letting her know that there was a place in one of the front windows, where she could see the whole ceremony to the greatest advantage. All that had happened was forgotten in the gratification of these news, and Mrs Goroghan being conducted to the window, never was spectator better accommodated, for it commanded a bird's-eye view of the whole harbour. But we should do injustice to the delighted elocution with which that lady, from time to time, turned round to her patient help-mate behind her, were we to attempt to repeat in what terms she described the sight. To say the pier extending towards the yacht, was as if the land, in its joy, had stretched out its right arm to receive and fold the Monarch to its loyal bosom, or to compare the sides of the harbour to a sparkling jewelry of happy faces—the windows with ladies, to bunches of beautiful flowers—lamps and chimney tops with boys, to clusters of grapes—and the masts and yards of the vessels manned with sailors in their holiday trim, to the branches of the oak when adorned in their richest garlands of leaves and acorns—we should fail to convey any idea of the imagery of the lady's loquacious admiration.

At last, the thunder of cannon announced that the King had left the yacht; shouts from the Pier, running along like a *feu-de-joie*, proclaimed his approach—every heart beat high. In the ecstasy of the moment, Mrs Goroghan started from the crowded window; her no less transported husband, in the same instant, without thinking of what he did, rushed into her place, and in contempt of all her cries at being so shut out from the sight, continued to gaze, enchanted by his loyalty, upon the royal barge as it came majestically sweeping the waters with all its wings towards the landing-place, where the magistrates, and the officers of state, were standing in their robes to receive the King.

Captain M'Auslan, who had preferred the crowd to any fixed station, was so fortunate at this time as to get a place near the platform; and a proud and satisfied man he was, to see, that

although some of the state officers so far forgot the etiquettes of office, in their joy to welcome his Majesty, as to push themselves forward before his townsman the senior magistrate,—Baillie Macfie, nevertheless, asserted his right to be the first to congratulate the King,—a right which his Majesty at once graciously recognized by heartily shaking him by the hand.

In the meantime, Mrs Goroghan had become desperate, and rushing out with only one shoe, and her pelisse torn, hastened, followed by her husband, to gain the Calton-hill, in order to catch a view of the procession before it could reach the Abbey.—But still the stars fought against the loyal Mrs Goroghan. The pyramid of faces was again so completely built up on the hill, that she could find no proper place. At last, on the ruins of an old wall near the bottom, Mr Goroghan assisted her into an excellent situation, and she had just begun to forget all her woes and disappointments at the sight of the van of the procession, when a vast crowd running down the side of the hill like a cascade, overthrew the stones on which she was standing, and, alas! with them this most hapless lady, who, although she fell unhurt into the arms of her husband, was not able to resume a proper elevation in time, so that the whole show proceeded within a few yards of where she stood, and reached the palace, without any chance being afforded to her even to get a glimpse of its splendour.

Here we might judiciously throw in a few impressive moral reflections on the vanity of all human hopes, and the transitory nature of all royal pageantries, but the Greenock ship-owner, when he had led his disconsolate lady home to Mrs Rippe's, had such an eloquent commentary made on the subject, that the topics were completely exhausted.—Mrs Goroghan has not left us one word.

The Fire-works and Illuminations.

It is very pleasant to hear of the good luck of our neighbours, but now and then it is still more pleasant to hear of their bad luck.—Lest, however, we should be suspected of having descanted with too great a relish of enjoyment on the disasters of Mr and Mrs Goroghan, we can assure our read-

ers, that we have the highest possible satisfaction in communicating, that in the evening of the great day of the landing, a most magnificent display of fire-works took place at the west end of George Street, of which the Goroghanians had an enchanting view from the windows of their own apartments in Mrs Rippet's. The tide of their fortune then began to turn; and although the misfortunes of the past were beyond remedy, there were still prospects of pleasure in the future, that tended to sooth, console, and even to inspire Mrs Goroghan with lively hopes and joyous anticipations; inasmuch, that she proposed, after the fire-works, to invite the M'Auslans, as town's-folks, to dinner next day, in order that after tea they might walk out together to view the illuminations in the evening. A message to that effect was accordingly dispatched, but instead of sending an answer by the messenger, Mrs M'Auslan herself went up to Mrs Rippet's.

"Nothing," said she, "Mrs Goroghan, would gie us a mair satisfaction than to dine with you; but we hae invited Miss Nanny Eydent, for she is a most discreet and sensible creature, and has a mean o' getting us sic a view of the ferlies, that it behoves us to pay her some sma' attention."

Mrs Goroghan perfectly agreed with her friend in the expediency of that line of policy, assuring her that it would give her the utmost satisfaction to see Miss Nanny with them; whereupon an invitation was at once transmitted to Miss Nanny, which had the effect of bringing the modest seamstress herself likewise with an apology. For having in the crowd, in returning from Leith, fallen in with an old acquaintance in Peter Gauze, from Paisley, she had invited him to take tea with her and Mrs Rippet, in order to have the benefit of his escort round the town to see the illuminations. Mrs Goroghan would not, however, accept of this as a sufficient excuse, but insisted in the warmest manner that Miss Nanny should come to dinner, and that when the gentleman arrived, she could then retire, if she thought fit; but he also might just as well join them at tea. To an arrangement so hospitable, Miss Nanny could make no possible objection; on the contrary, desirous of appearing to the best advantage in the eyes of Peter,

she, with more than usual vivacity of satisfaction, accepted the invitation.

Every thing among the Gathering from the West was now proceeding in the most propitious manner. The Goroghanians and M'Auslans did nothing all next forenoon but walk in Prince's-Street to see the great folks; and Mr Goroghan quite secured and established his domestic peace by presenting his wife with a new pelisse, still more handsome and fashionable than Miss Menie M'Neill's, which was so ruined at Leith. All their town's-folks, of which some eight hundred or a thousand were computed to be in Edinburgh among the visitors, were also in the promenade, and most happy to see them; inasmuch, that when they sat down to dinner, even the Lord Provost of Glasgow's party was not that day in greater glee; and what contributed particularly to their exhilaration, was the fortunate circumstance of Mr Goroghan's falling in with one Mr Briggs, a celebrated Edinburgh poet, who had made the following most capital song, published at Blackwood's Emporium of Loyalty, Literature, and Libels:—

THE KING'S MUSTER.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Now the King himsel's coming.

There's coaches coming, steam-boats lum-
ming.

Targets coming, turtles scumming,
Bow-street and Lochaber's coming,
Wi' pipes to make a braw humming.
Little ken ye wha's coming,
Clans and Clowns and a's coming.

Curtis and his cook's coming,
Glenarry and his tail's coming,
Duke and Dunywasell's coming,
And wealth o' gauzey Bailies coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Now the King himsel's coming.

Tartan's coming, Muslin's coming,
Gregarich's coming, Greenock's coming,
Here's the holly badge o' Drummond,
And there's a CELT, that's but a rum anc.
Little ken ye wha's coming,
Cat and Cammerfae's coming.

Breadalbane's breeckless Kernes are com-
ing.

Paisley's weaving bairns are coming,
Dirks are coming, Treddles coming,
Provost Jarvie's coach is coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Now the King himsel's coming.

There's plaids enow, and Mauds coming,
 Bonny Border Lads coming,
 How you'll stare, ye jaud, woman,
 To see their braw Cockades coming!
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Young Baccleuch and a's coming.

The great Mucallum-More's coming,
 The Thane and the Strathmore's coming,
 A body canna anore, woman,
 A' their pibrochs squeelings, bunning.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Warld and Wife, and a's coming.

Auld Reekie's turn'd daft, woman,
 There's craze in every craft, woman;
 And troth it's a' but weel-becoming,
 Now the King himsel's coming.
 Little ken ye wha's coming,
 King and Kilt, and a's coming.

Scarcely had Mr Briggs finished his song, when Miss Nanny was called out by the arrival of her sweetheart, Peter Gauze; but Mr Goroghan was by this time so animated and pleased to see his lady's pristine good-humour restored, that he insisted on Peter being shewn in; and it was surprising to see how well and self-possessed Peter sustained his part in the conversation.—But passing over all trivial and colloquial matters, we hasten to the business of the evening, the glories of which we shall not venture to describe, but simply mention, that the floating crown of aerial light that hovered above the legendary towers of Holyrood; the apparitional appearance of the North-loch, as if some wizard had for the time devised a spell, that had all the effect of its long-departed waters, to reflect the lights of the Old Town; and the huge dark masses of the Castle, intermingled with fires that gave to rampart, turret, and battlement, the mysterious appearance of some vast demon crouching with his diadem of towers, and looking grimly askance on the rejoicing City; then suddenly wrapping himself in his mantle, and rising in his might, growling like thunder, as if he would have silenced the shouts of universal joy—All these were but secondary things, compared to the transparency of the Glasgow Town-House, in which

The fish that never swam,
 And the tree that never grew,
 And the bell that never rang,
 And the bird that never flew,

were delineated by the pencil of an

ingenious calico stainer, who, in strict accordance to the rules and laws of heraldry, represented the same with a landscape back-ground, in which a large cotton mill, with a steam engine, was picturesquely introduced, with different bales and boxes, inscribed with the letters I F, and H M and E A. These initials for some time were as unintelligible as hieroglyphics to our Greenock folk.

Fortunately, however, while they were standing before the mansion, Captain M'Auslan recognised Mr Duffie, with Mrs Maclecket and Mr Sweeties, in the crowd of Glasgow people who were gathered there, huzzaing and shouting their admiration of the brilliant display of their city arms; and the usual interchanges of "How do ye do?" and "Vera weel," having been performed, the travelled cloth-merchant explained the meaning of the letters. "The I F," said he, "stand for FREE INDUSTRY, the H M for HIS MAJESTY, and the E A for EASE and AFFLUENCE; thereby signifying that free trade and loyalty beget ease and affluence." "A very beautiful sentiment," said our old friend Thomas, "and weel wair't on the town of Glasgow, than whilk there is no toun in the King's dominions, where free trade and loyalty, with their reward, ease and affluence, more abound." All present concurred in this opinion, as most just and correct; and the whole party being by this time satisfied with the view they had taken of the illuminations, returned with Mrs Lorn to her house in George Street, where they partook of a cold collation, furnished from the relics of her banquet, and spent the remainder of the evening in the greatest reciprocity of cordialities that could possibly be. Thus had the benign influence of the King's arrival, in the very first night, not only the delightful effect of extinguishing the angry spirit of rivalry and disappointment in the breast of Mrs Goroghan, but of laying the foundation of a lasting friendship between her and the M'Auslans, and augmenting the circle of her acquaintance, by an introduction to the famous Mr Duffie.

The Levee and Drawing-Room.

The meeting of Miss Nanny Eydent with Peter Gauze, was in many respects fortunate; for although she

was gratified with the heartiness with which the Thane had promised to procure her access to the Palace, to see the Drawing-room, still the idea of personally troubling a nobleman of his rank, disturbed her modest nature, and she was glad to avail herself of Peter's services in the business. This was arranged between them, while they were walking with the Greenock folk to see the illuminations; and even something more tender was alluded to,—the effect of all which was, that next morning Peter called at the Royal Hotel, to beg the favour of the Thane, to speak to Lucky Hamilton,—(the keeper of the Duke's apartments)—to allow Miss Nanny to stand in one of the rooms through which the ladies were to pass to the Presence. But this, before Peter's arrival, his Lordship had, of his own accord, not only done, but had secured admission also for her friends. So that this grand object being accomplished, Miss Nanny was at liberty to walk with Peter in the promenade in Prince's Street, to see the great folks, and to study the fashions in perfect ease of mind; and the propriety and justness of her observations, both on the ladies and gentlemen, on those occasions, had the most endearing influence on the affections of Peter, who now fully appreciated the worth of her character, as highly as he had long before esteemed her quiet and gentle virtues.

In the meantime, Mrs Goroghan, hearing that Mr Duffie, in consequence of finding his old acquaintance Solomon, the court dress furnisher of Charing-Cross, had arrived with a splendid supply of the most appropriate vestments, entertained some intention of going to the Levee, strongly urged her husband to go likewise, not doubting but Sir Michael, with his wonted urbanity, would readily present him; but steady to the propriety of his station, the worthy ship-owner absolutely and positively refused. At the same time, he assured her, that he would have no objection to pay even as much as the hire of a court dress would cost, to facilitate her admission to the Abbey, to see the Drawing-room, which so reconciled her to his obstinacy, that she submitted with contentment. There was, however, no occasion to be at this expence, for Miss Nanny, in gratitude for the civilities shown to herself and to Peter,

invited Mrs Goroghan to accompany her to the Palace, with Mrs M'Auslan and Mrs Lorn.

But while every thing was thus proceeding prosperously with this party of the Western Gathering, and while the festivities, at No. 66, Queen's Street, were enjoyed with all the fun and joviality suitable to the universal joyous sentiment of the occasion, a most alarming discovery was made by those intrusted to present the address of Port-Glasgow, that suburb of Greenock which has acquired some reputation on account of a crooked steeple. This discovery being no less than that the address, instead of being written, as it ought to have been, on handsome gilt paper, was unfortunately inscribed on plain foolscap. We shall not attempt to paint the consternation which it caused, nor the distress which ensued, when it was ascertained that the Levee was to take place so soon, that a new copy could not be procured in time to be presented. But a happy inspiration of genius, similar to that which induced the inhabitants of the Port so fondly to paint their new bell, suggested an expedient which rendered the misfortune a triumph,—for that address proved in the end by far the most splendid of all delivered to his Majesty in Scotland. A skilful painter was employed to adorn it with a glorious margin of gilding, to the breadth of an inch, so dazzling, that had the King been graciously pleased to look on it before it was consigned to the sooty paws of the printer's devil in the Gazette Office, there is no doubt that it would have dazzled even the eyes of Royalty.

But why should we diverge from the straight line of our narrative, to expatiate on the golden address of Port-Glasgow?—We might as well, in speaking of the preparations of the municipality of Edinburgh, have taken occasion to mention how the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, came dancing down the street, to the jocund sound of the pipe and tabor, when the learned King Jamie graced their banquet. It would, however, have been deemed irrelevant to the occasion, and, therefore, we reined in our excursive pen, and confined it to the beaten track of plain facts. We shall, also, with the same strict adherence to the severe logic of our argument, barely advert to the Levee,

and give as little time to it as was given to the presentees to make their bows; nor shall we pause to inquire which of the gausey members of a certain Western Corporation, on being desired by the Lord in Waiting to kiss hands, kissed his own with a magnificent flourish, as prettily as a child for an apple, and then walked past the King like a king himself in a stage play. Incidents of that sort are too trifling for our theme, besides being liable to cause controversy; for as our attention is chiefly occupied with the Glasgow people, the Greenock folk, and the Paisley bodies, it might be inferred that the Bailie alluded to belonged to some one of these towns; than which nothing could be more improper; for although we have certainly not one jot of evidence to the contrary, we have yet a strong moral persuasion that they are in no way implicated in that affair. Passing, therefore, over the Levee, in which the presentees glided as swiftly across the Presence as sunny glaikes on a wall, or shadows from a magic lantern, we hasten to the more interesting and eventful ceremonies of the Drawing-room, where, as we are most happy to record, no *faux pas* was committed, so well had the ladies acquired the management of their tails, by practising with table-cloths.

At an early hour, Miss Nanny Eydent, with the Greenock ladies and Mrs Lorn, repaired to Holyroodhouse, and on sending in her name to Lucky Hamilton, as the Thane had concerted, they were all readily admitted, and placed in one of the anti-chambers, where they had the most satisfactory view possible. Miss Nanny, however, declared that she did not think any of the ladies were dressed in a style suitable to Irvine; and that upon the whole, notwithstanding Mrs Pringle's opinion, she began to suspect that the court was not the best place to see fashions that would do for the country. Mrs Goroghan was, however, delighted past expression, and the interjections, "Lovely, lovely!—O there's the wee loveliness, all like peacocks!" were alternately said and echoed by her and Mrs M'Auslan, till the whole pageantry had passed, when they returned to the great gate of the palace, where their respective husbands, and Peter Gauze for Miss Nanny, were waiting to help them through the crowd.

Whether it was that Miss Nanny was tired of waving plumes and sweeping satin, of which the use seemed to be so transitory, or that her spirits were exhausted by the rapid succession of so many figures, like ostriches capaisied, bottom up, as Captain M'Auslan said the ladies looked, we have not heard; but when Peter saw her she appeared so much fatigued, that his compassion was greatly moved; in-somuch, that, before they were half-way up the New Road which leads from the Palace to the Calton-hill, he said to her, "That he thought she might do better than weary out her life in studying to please capricious women; and now that bread was growing better w' him, if she would take a share of his lot, she was most heartily welcome."

Miss Nanny was not then in a condition to give an adequate reply, but all our readers must agree, that had no more auspicious circumstance resulted from the Drawing-room at Holyrood-house, than this proposal to the sedate and prudent seamstress of Irvine, it was of itself a most gratifying occurrence. We, however, hope that Miss Nanny's case was not a solitary one, and that many another Miss had the same day the gratification to find their hesitating lovers brought as effectually to the point as Peter Gauze.

The Finish.

Mrs Goroghan, under the happy influences of Miss Nanny Eydent's acquaintance, and partaking of the high good luck of the M'Auslans, was, from the day of the Drawing-room, in the most conciliatory good humour with her husband. But still she had not yet seen the King; for on the Levee-day she was so anxious to behold the Bailies of her own town proceeding to the Palace with swords, and that address in which his Majesty was so delicately, under the name of a "sole depositary," compared to a box or a trunk, that she chose rather to forego the chance of seeing him that day, to some other opportunity. At the Drawing-room, by the fortunate favour of obtaining admission to the anti-chamber, she was necessarily prevented from gratifying the wish nearest her heart, but the procession to the Castle was still in prospect, and all her loyal longings were directed towards it. No indi-

vidual in all the metropolis was, in consequence, more anxious that it should take place than Mrs Goroghan; and in the fulness of her satisfaction, with Miss Nanny and the M'Auslans, she persuaded her gudeman to take two windows in the High Street, in the most convenient station for seeing the show, and one of them she kindly appropriated to the use of her friends. It is easy, therefore, to conceive with what fluctuations of spirit, we might say almost of loyalty, she heard from time to time that his Majesty was in doubt of the propriety of the procession; judge ye then of the burst of joy with which she hailed the gracious intelligence of the Wednesday evening, that the King had resolved to gratify the people, by performing the Progress to the Castle, since they had been led to expect it. But the clouds, envious of the royal condescension, poured such a deluge, that he was obliged to ascend the High Street in a close carriage, and the windows where Mrs Goroghan and her friends stood, were so high above the pavement, that she could barely obtain a glimpse of his royal knees. Her disappointment was in consequence extreme, but the emotion of it was not of long duration, for Miss Nanny immediately administered the consolatory cordial of a promise to take her to the Caledonian Hunt Ball, to which, as well as to the Peers', through the interest of the affable Thane, she was to obtain admission as a spectator in the supper room. "I would take you wi' me the morn's night to the Peers', but Mrs M'Auslan has been so vera discreet to me, that I am bound to gie her preferment," said Miss Nanny; "but, Mrs Goroghan, ye may depend on me for Monday."

Mrs Goroghan was certainly highly gratified with this offer, but still it was like all earthly pleasures, shaded with dubieties, for she was afraid that the Caledonian Ball would not be equal in splendour to the Peers'. This apprehension being somewhat earnestly expressed, so interested the kindly feelings of Mrs M'Auslan, that she, in return for the civility which Mrs Goroghan had shewn in providing the window, proposed to exchange nights with her. Thus did civilities bring their natural return in favours, and Mrs Goroghan was enabled to repair with a delighted and contented heart to the Peers' Ball with Nanny, and to

take her station in the place which the Thane had secured for Miss Nanny and a friend in the supper room.

Never was daughter of Eve in higher glee than Mrs Goroghan; largely did she expatiate to Miss Nanny on the beauty of the muslin and rose-coloured pavilion which the room exhibited, and on the magnificence of the fruits and the plate, and the wide and wild scenery of mountain, lake, and tower, amidst which the tent where they stood was so appropriately represented as pitched.

While she was thus descanting on the scene around, shouts announced the arrival of the King, and the leaping heart of Mrs Goroghan responded to the huzzas. But restrained by the etiquettes which attached to her as a spectator, and her view being intercepted by the crowd that pressed around when he came up stairs, she had only a twilight glimpse of the Royal Head passing towards the ball-room, behind the snowy masses of plumed ladies, like the sun in the polar region, before he had ascended above the horizon. Still Mrs Goroghan was delighted;—to be under the same roof with Majesty, was of itself most exhilarating, and no doubt he would come into the supper room and gratify all the impatience and ardour of her loyalty. The squeaks and lilt-ing of Gow's fiddle, like the joyful shouts of a merry child, was therefore in glad accordance with her feelings; and during the time his Majesty continued in the ball-room, she was the happiest of her sex. At length the music paused, a bustle was heard, the King is coming. Mrs Goroghan's heart for a moment stood still. "He's going away—he does not come into supper," was instantly whispered, and before this most ill-fated of womankind could fetch her breath, he had left the Assembly-rooms.

What was now to be done? Mrs M'Auslan could not be expected to give up the chance which the Caledonian Ball afforded. The faculty of hope in Mrs Goroghan was for a time extinguished; but the reviving breath of Miss Nanny again whispered consolation, and her spirit revived. The City Banquet in the Parliament-House was to take place on the following evening. "Now ye ken, mem," said Miss Nanny, "that Mr Duffle frae Glasgow, whom we con-

fabbled wi' the night of the luminations, has put out a book, and nae doubt, through his instrumentality thereby, ye might aiblins get leave to gang up intil the Audvocatts' librally, where the King is to be after the dinner, and there ye would hae a prime sight of his Majesty."

Mrs Goroghan was heartened by this suggestion, and accordingly returning home, she begged her husband to go forthwith to Mr Duffie, and solicit his interest and influence.—Mr Goroghan began now to sympathize with his wife's repeated disappointments, and went immediately to the house in Rose Street, where Mr Duffie, with Mrs Maclecket and Mr Sweeties, had taken up their abode, and was immediately admitted; for they were just come home from seeing the King returning from the Assembly-rooms, and not in the best spirits, Mr Sweeties having had his pocket picked in the crowd. As the sum he had lost was not, however, considerable, the effect was soon mastered, and they all expressed themselves most happy to see Mr Goroghan, who was invited to sit down and take a tumbler of lime punch with them, Mr Sweeties having brought in a supply in his portmanteau from Glasgow.

Mr Goroghan having accordingly assented, told his errand to Mr Duffie, but the ingenious author of the Steamboat said, he jealousy that he had no mean o' getting admission for Mrs Goroghan intil the library—Mrs Maclecket, however, reminded him of Mr Jamphrey, whom he had so laudably spoken of, in relating the story of Mrs Ogle of Balbogle's law-plea ament the kill and the mill, saying that there was no doubt, if he would apply to him, he would be most proud to do all in his power to serve him—"For," said Mrs Maclecket, "ye hae often tellt me that he was just the very suckling wet nurse to every writer of books, and that nothing gave him more satisfaction than to say pleasant things of those who stood in need of praise."

Upon this hint, Mr Duffie promised to apply to Mrs Ogle of Balbogle's agent and counsellor for behoof of Mrs Goroghan; and after drinking his punch, the happy husband of the lady returned home with this hopeful intelligence. It would seem, however, that the blue and yellow advo-

cate did not prove quite so courteous as the old woman expected; for Mr Duffie did not obtain the permission desired, even with all his literary celebrity. Perhaps there might be some mistake in delivering his application to Mr Jamphrey; indeed we have great reason to believe that no such thing ever reached the gentleman alluded to, so that Mrs Goroghan was again disappointed.

But Sunday yet remained; and it was destined, that as the King intended to hear sermon in the High Church, Mr Goroghan should endeavour to procure permission for his ill-fated wife to stand in the door-way, behind the elders at the plate. Accordingly, Miss Nunny was consulted, and she having heard that the Reverend Mr Snodgrass, who succeeded her friend Dr Pringle in Greenock, was in town, and had gone up with the address from the Commission of the General Assembly to the King, said she would apply to him; which she immediately did, and the reverend gentleman, with his professional urbanity for the ladies, felt so much for the manifold disappointments of Mrs Goroghan, that he exerted himself with such success as to obtain leave for her to stand behind the church-door, where, by ten o'clock in the morning, she took her station. It was a most desirable place; the King could not enter the church without passing her; but cruel fortune, in the shape of Mr Mash in the imperative mood, came and ordered plate and elders to be removed, and with them Mrs Goroghan. How that personage could venture to interfere with an established ordinance of the church, or how the elders can justify themselves for submitting to be dictated to by any regal authority whatsoever, would not become us here to argue. But the effect was, that both Mrs Goroghan and the King himself suffered, in consequence of this useless interference, an irremediable disappointment, nay, the arts, and of course the renown of the country, suffered; for not only was the lady cruelly prevented from seeing his Majesty, and his Majesty disappointed of placing with his own hands in the plate his mite to the poor, according to the simple and affecting usage of the Presbyterial church; but our friends Wilkie and

Allan frustrated of their design to paint the King humbly depositing his offering.

In the meantime, the M'Auslans, Mrs Lorn, Miss Nanny, with Peter Gauze and their Glasgow friends, had taken a position in the street to see the King go from the palace to the church, and, with their wonted good luck, were all highly gratified. Peter indeed was delighted. "I gaed," said he, "as near to the coach window as I durst for decency," which expression from a *ci-devant* Paisley radical, affords a better illustration, in our opinion, of the respectful character of Scottish loyalty, than any thing we have heard on the subject, and contains an admonition to the rattling, roaring Paddies of Dublin, that they would do well to remember when they are next visited by Royalty.—But a truce with digressions, while we return to Mrs Goroghan, who, in a state of inconsolable dejection, had returned home to her lodgings, venting upon her sympathizing husband, ten thousand bitter words that Mr Mash far better deserved. The Lord's day was, in consequence, spent by her with unaffected feelings of humility and mortification. On Monday, however, the paroxysm had subsided, and she was determined to make a desperate effort for herself to see the King in his way to the ball of the Caledonian Hunt; accordingly she accompanied Miss Nanny and Mrs M'Auslan to the Assembly rooms. Now did fortune smile.—Just as they reached the door, the Thane's carriage drove up, and his Lordship in alighting recognising Miss Nanny, spoke to her.—"O sir my lord," cried Mrs Goroghan, inspired by his affability to use the freedom, "can ye no get me in? I dinna ken what I would give, or do, just to see the King."

The earnestness of this appeal so moved his Lordship, that her prayer was readily granted; and, by his in-

tercession, the three were admitted up stairs. Mrs Goroghan on no account could be induced again to go into the supper room, but took a station between the door of the anti-room and the entrance to the hall. In the course of a few minutes after, his Majesty's arrival was announced by the shouts of the multitude in the street, and the stewards forming an avenue for him through the flocks of ladies that hurried, as on the night of the Peers' Ball, to the spot, Mrs Goroghan's loyal heart was at last richly and entirely satisfied. Indeed, being a handsome, portly woman, she had some room to feel highly gratified, for, according to her own account, his Majesty looked at her in a manner so unusually gracious, that she even ventured to joke with her husband on the subject.

Thus were all the wishes and desires of our loyal west-country friends amply satisfied.

Next day the Goroghans and M'Auslans prepared to return home, excellent friends, and forever knit into intimacy by the remembrance of the pleasures they had enjoyed together. The banns between Peter Gauze and Miss Nanny Eydent have been three several Sundays proclaimed both in Irvine and in the Abbey Church of Paisley; and Mrs Lorn having, as she has informed us herself, received gloves and ribbons, ~~no~~ doubt their happiness is, ere now, complete. Mr Duffie and Mrs Maclecket, with Mr Sweeties, we have heard, reached Glasgow without meeting with any material accident; and it rejoices us to state, that notwithstanding all the jokes and jeers of the modern Athenians, the Provost and Magnates of that Royal City continue in as happy a state of good-humour with themselves, as all gentlemen of loyal principles, social manners, and liberal minds, ever deserve to be.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

THE SORROWS OF THE STOT.

"Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Stot."

MRS BARHAULD.

THE term *Stot*, as applied to the Scotsman, was, we believe, first used in this Magazine. It immediately acquired great popularity, and got into very extensive circulation. We cannot say that we understand all that was thus asserted or insinuated of the Scotsman by the original inventor; but we suspect that the *Stot* himself entertains erroneous views of the epithet, and we therefore beg his attention for a few minutes to the following conjectures on its true import.

It appears to us to be a figurative, or metaphorical expression, and to involve nothing personal. Not the most distant allusion is made to any deficiency about the Scotsman, merely considered as a man born in Scotland, entitling him to claim the appellation—*Stot*. The term seems to us to have been originally applied to his mind,—not to his body. And if at any time there would seem to be something like an allusion to his body, we beg to assure our readers, that it must have proceeded entirely from the imperfection of human language. It is said to be extremely difficult to avoid the use of terms borrowed from material objects, when speaking and writing of mental operations; and we again request the Scotsman to believe, that every degrading and ignominious meaning implied in the obnoxious term *Stot*, was intended to apply strictly and primarily to his mind, not his body,—to his principles, and not his person. This will, however, require a little explanation.

In the first place, a *Stot* is, most frequently, a sour, surly, dull, dogged animal. He retains a most absurd resemblance to a Bull,—and the absurdity is augmented by the idea that he once absolutely was a Bull. He seems to have a dismal remembrance of having acted in that previous capacity; and you may observe him standing by himself in a solitary nook, up to the ankles in dirt, or among other cattle, with a most distressing expression of spite, jealousy, rage, and hatred. His forehead lowers, and his eye is swarthy; but look him in the face, and you discern the malice of emasculation, and the cowardice

of his curtailed estate. The fine, broad, threatening Jove-like curls of the Bull front are wanting, and their place is supplied by a long lank frizzle, as if his owner had put the beast's forelock into papers, and sent forth the useless brute from his stall for the derision of the field.

Secondly, when a bull attacks a man, he gores and tosses him with his horns, as he ought to do; but a *Stot* knocks you repeatedly against a wall or a gate with his mean numskull, kicks with his hoofs, and even endeavours to bite in the ferocity of his transient courage. If a Galloway *Stot*, so much the worse; for then the devil is without his horns, and fearful, all the while that he is battering, of his master's cudgel, he feels that he must either kill his enemy, or be forthwith driven despairing by the tail, with a wooden shower of blows mercilessly pelting his posteriors, till he lies down exhausted in his own filth, alternately spurring, and respiring from his nostrils the black bile of his palpitating liver.

Thirdly, more accidents, especially to women and children, occur from the *Stot* than the Bull. This we assert on the authority of Sir John Sinclair. A bull has little leisure-time on his hands, and though wayward and capricious to an unfortunate degree, yet, with due caution observed towards him, he is not, on the whole, a very ugly customer. But a *Stot* having nothing to do that is worth doing, and conscious, at all times, of being an unproductive labourer—moreover, seeing others partaking in happiness which can never be his, and not unfrequently exposed to indignities even from the cattle with whom he herds, he becomes day after day more peevish and sullen, till he is ready at last to pick a quarrel even with the dirty red tuft of his own tail, and rather than lie idle in his impotence, will savagely assail, to the discomfiture of his own skull, the very stump of an old tree, till the shattered fungi blind the blinkers of the bawling brute.

Now, we humbly conceive, that these, and other considerations sufficiently obvious, establish a strong resem-

blance between the Stot and the Scotsman, without either writer or reader indulging himself in any of those personalities, which are the disgrace of the Edinburgh Review, and of the present age. Look at the Scotsman, and then at John Bull, and the Stot stands confessed. All, therefore, that we mean by calling the Scotsman "a Galloway Stot," is neither more nor less than this, that he is a low, mean, malignant, and impotent person—and that his uniform sulkiness and dissatisfaction proceed from his miserable and hopeless conviction of being what he appears to be, namely, a creature unproductive, odious, and contemptible.

If there be any truth in this hastily-drawn parallel between the Stot and Scotsman, it will easily be imagined what feelings would naturally rise up in his breast on the approach of a Royal Visit to Scotland, and also what sort of a figure such a person would cut before a King. A bear with a sore head is an unhappy animal; but a starved Stot, muzzled, hood-winked, and leg-tied, and giving vent to his exasperation in stifled bellowsings, is the only image, after all, that can shadow forth him, whom we could not help smiling to observe denominated to-day in a newspaper remarkable for its courteous demeanour, "a certain brutal contemporary."

Accordingly "the sorrows of the Stot" began to be most dolorously dinned in our ears, as soon as he knew that we were to behold our King. The disloyal dunce began to bite his thumb even on a holiday; when told he might "have the pl.,," he lounged away into a corner among the cobwebs, and began brooding and muttering over all the floggings he had endured on palm and posterior, and over all his unfinished task-work, begun in wrath and given up in despair. Then, all at once starting from his moping misery, he endeavoured to bring up a smile on his countenance from the dark, deep, dank drawwell of his unfangled heart, and with that most grievous grin to fall into the ranks of leal and joyous citizens, and with restless and uncertain feet to keep time with the tread of loyalty that shook our streets like an earthquake.

It may not be much amiss to quote a few of his bellowsings;—the following:—
"A real specimen of stottery. "The

independent and liberal party are at present in possession of a great moral triumph. Their enemies are in a manner at their feet. The attempts made by the *faction* for some years past to gain an ascendancy by a sort of black-guard assurance—by boldly outraging all principle—and by setting at defiance every thing like right or decency, have all failed. But as a dying effort will be made; and in every way which cunning, impudence, desperation, and devilry, can accomplish or devise, it is necessary," &c. &c. And again, "we (*i. e.* the Stot) are anxious that the front and conduct opposed to the desperados should teach them at once, that all their labour will be in vain."

This is very unintelligible stuttring of the Stot's. Who are the desperados and the devils he complains of? a set of honest, active, loyal men, who have been fearing God, honouring the King, and supporting the Constitution—so we think. But supposing that we are in the wrong, is this the language of a man, or the growling of a beast, when applied to the great majority of the people of Great Britain? No doubt it is the growling of a beast, and being growled on the 6th of July, it shows the incipient sorrows of the Stot. He then falls foul of Mr John Hope, and says of his victorious and triumphant letter,—“It is in fact, and without excepting even the diatribe of Dr Morris, the most disgraceful that ever issued from the press of this city !!!” It is no uncommon thing for a carter to insult gentlemen, solely because they are gentlemen. The mild and spirited countenance of a gentleman is offensive to a low savage, and the low savage, therefore, has been known to strike him, unable afterwards to tell why, when taken to the Police-office.

So moaned the miserable monster on Saturday, July 6th. On the 13th, he knows not how to bellow, or what to bellow at; he growls about the Greeks, tears away at the Turks, blasphemes at the Holy Alliance, seems afraid of his life, and borrows a bellow about the King from that London Bullock, the Morning Chronicle. He knows that the King is coming; and he is all on the fret, and the fume, and the fester. It is painful to see even such a fellow-creature reduced to unnecessary exasperation, and one naturally shuts his eyes in pity and disgust.

The Scotsman of July 20th, we inadvertently sent (without having read it) to that bourne from which no traveller returns; but we were told by one of the persons who sat in judgment upon his columns, and who agreed with us in thinking that they were not worth filing, that nothing could exceed the animal's irritation. His abuse of the clergy, we are told, in those two numbers, was in the most rude and unfinished style of blackguardism and fulsome falsehood; and his eulogy of the Greeks grotesque indeed. What have such greasy and grammarless grubs as these to do with the Greeks? Could the Stot conjugate Tuptow? Better that the Greek population should be massacred by the Turk, than bemoaned over by the Scotsman.

The number for July 27th contains nothing of any importance, but a dull and inaccurate account of our triumph over Professor Leslie, in an action of damages before the Jury Court; and the Stot seems to have been so utterly dumb-founded by the result, that he lays down his head between his paws, like a great sick bear, and falls asleep. There is some little confusion of metaphor in the above sentence; but so there frequently is in Shakespeare, so let it pass.

So far the Stot had evidently been most unhappy in his mind, but nothing was heard but a faint suppressed under-growl, till the morning of Saturday, the 3d of August, when, bursting out from his stall, with his head laid low for the charge, his rump aroused, and his tail on end, he put himself to the rout; and, like the miraculous ox of Livy, was heard thus to give vent to articulate sounds, "The King is now about to honour this country with his presence; and, if the importance of the visit were at all proportioned to its rarity, it would be sufficiently memorable. It is rather singular, however, considering the stir it creates, that it is not proposed to connect the journey with any public object whatever; and except in promoting the *consumption of beef*, (the sale of the Stot,) and *wine, silk, and mercery*, to all appearance it will leave the country exactly as it found it. Still it is an act of politeness in his Majesty to come and see us, and we have no doubt that he will experience a suitable reception; as a King and a

stranger, he is entitled to politeness and hospitality. But good sense and good breeding shew themselves in neither over-doing nor under-doing the attentions due to a distinguished guest. We have seen enough from countrymen, indeed, to rely, with perfect confidence, in their prudence and judgment; and we are sure that the result of their conduct on this occasion, will give an additional reason to be proud of our national character. The first magistrate of a free state ought to be received with every proper demonstration of respect; but we would have none of that adulation, with which the slaves of arbitrary power always seek to conciliate the favour of their tyrants."

There is a gallant Galloway Stot for a Saturday forenoon in the autumnal season! *BEEF, WINE, SILK, and MERCERY!* "Still it is an act of politeness to come and see us, and we have no doubt that he will experience a suitable reception!" Excellent equivoque! Does he mean suitable to a King, or suitable from a Stot? He who goes into a stall in a cow-house, with an oil-cake for a Stot, acts politely; but the suitable reception he receives is not unfrequently a kick from the beast's hoof, or a dunch from his cerebral organization. Our gracious Sovereign, "*as a King and a stranger, is entitled to politeness and hospitality!*" Now, laying aside the term Stot for a moment, and using that of Editor in its room, you are, Editor, the most exquisite blockhead now extant out of a barber's shop, or the Phrenological Society. Attempt to read that sentence to any fish-wife from Queensferry to Dunbar, and she will stop your mouth with the flap of a flounder. You have no conception, Mr Editor, of what must have been the idiotical expression of your countenance at the time you were writing that sentence. AN meaning is chanted out of those words, except a dull, dirty tinge of insult. It is like the echo of an angry Stot's constrained bellowing, reverberated from a peat-stack, or from a squashy knowe in an undrained quagmire. The voice of the animal's unmeaning malignity seems mocked by the very divots; and we know not, on looking about, whether the sound originally belonged to the Stot or the stack! "Good sense and good breeding!" "Over-doing and

under-dog!" "Attentions due to a distinguished guest!" Why, Mr Editor, you just ought to have your breeches fairly taken down, and Dugald M'Glashan, or some other member of the Celtic Society, should apply a good rough Scots thistle, of about eight feet long, to your posteriors. Dugald ought to be told to conduct the flogging "with good sense and good breeding," which are to be shewn "in neither over-doing nor under-doing it," remembering "the attentions due to a distinguished beast." We may add, in words quoted above, that we have seen enough of our countryman to rely with perfect confidence in his prudence and judgment; and we are sure that the result of his conduct on that occasion will give us "additional reason to be proud of our national character."

If any of our gentle, that is, our fair readers, should think that the punishment proposed is too severe, we beg leave to remind them, that, though severe, it is not dangerous; and that Dugald M'Glashan himself would, after its infliction, pick out, with his own hands, for half-a-crown, all the prickles of the thistle, so that the parts would not fester; but if the patient could be persuaded to lie quiet by a strait-waistcoat, would probably heal with the second or third intention. We beg leave to remark farther, that the monster's guilt is greater than has yet been quoted; as for example, he says, "Every man's own feelings and judgment should be his counsellors. We are sure that the sagacity of our countryman will appreciate what is due to the official station of Majesty—what to private character—what to public conduct,—and that they will so conduct themselves as not to give his Majesty reason to misunderstand their sentiments." We think that we observe some tender-hearted virgin of eighteen wiping away the tear indignantly from her soft blue eyes at these base words; and as she averts their sparkling lustre from the hurdies of the exposed traitor, we hear her exclaim, "Lay on, Dugald! appreciate what is due to his official station—what to his private character—what to his public conduct; and conduct yourself so as not to give his nastiness reason to misunderstand your sentiments."

On Saturday, August the 10th, the Stot's bellow is in the shape of a li-

terary notice. An Old Citizen had published "Hints" how the citizens of Edinburgh ought to receive his Majesty; and it seen as he recommended them to forget, for a while, as much as might be, all party animosities, and told Tory to be civil to Whig. This advice throws the Stot into convulsions. He up with his hind cloot and digs it into the dirt—caves his head, and brandishes his tail, like the very dart of Death. He will not suffer any pacification to ensue; and declares his determination to go on, dishing and dirtying as usual, according to the fixed and immutable law of instinct. "It is a truth more notorious," growls he, "*than any fact that ever obtained notoriety*."—(What a mode of giving utterance!)—"that the writers and advocates of Toryism in this country have abandoned reason, and attacked their enemies with such fury and brutality, as to shew, that by unavoidably producing quarrels of the most deadly nature, they sought the lives of all who openly differed from them in political opinion! It is equally notorious, that the persons who did this were most substantially patronized by our officers of State. And is a temporary visit of ceremony, or even courtesy, to extinguish, in one day, all the feelings generated by such proceedings, since the ERA of THE CHALDEE MS.!!!"—James Hogg, Shepherd of Ettrick, and Author of the Chaldee Manuscript,—what a sublime and terrific sound! The era of the Flood is a mere drop in the bucket to it. What signified drowning a few million antediluvians? Nothing. But instigated by Satan and the Shepherd, we Tories now seek the lives of all who openly differ from us in political opinion! Thou, Jamie Hogg, and not Napoleon Bonaparte, art the great disturber of the age; and you ought really to be confined in some insular situation, with a scanty allowance of twelve pigeons for breakfast—a wether, and a gallon of whisky, for dinner—and a stone of stot-steaks for supper, that your snore may be regular and profound. But, joking apart, was there ever such childish, old-womanish, palsied drivelling as this, about killing, and Chaldee Manuscripts? We must not be decently civil to each other, forsooth, when the King comes, but recal to mind Hogg's Chaldee Manuscript!—Oh! Stot of stots—most unbearable of bears—most dogged of all dogs—what must

thou be in the eyes of our Hogg? Besides, was there none to tell you that the Hints of the Old Citizen were not addressed to such cattle as you? He heard not the "Stot routin' in the loan;" but he was recommending moderation, or oblivion of party spirit to the gentlemen of Edinburgh—to us, Christopher North, the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine—to Francis Jeffrey, the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, and other men of power and principle;—not to the Press-gang of 166, High Street, who, chosen by their employers from the radical rabble, perform their bidding with a ludicrous union of fear and ferocity, are by nature excluded alike from courtesy and from courage, and who, if they could forget their hatred and animosity to those who expose and punish them, would have nothing else to remember—the minds of the animals being as bare as their backs, and probably also not unlike them, in being marked only by the lash and the branding-iron.

Oh, gracious Heaven! what is this? Only read, if you can, the following paragraph:—"They (the people of Edinburgh) will not fail in any mark of respect to his Majesty, because they still smart under the wounds inflicted or permitted by his Majesty's Ministers; and in *sacrificing all private feelings* (well routed, Stot) while the King is among us, we shall pay the highest tribute to the throne which a free people can possibly offer. This, we are persuaded, will be made a point of honour with every person in Scotland, from the artizan to the Peer. The citizens of Edinburgh, in particular, will feel that this is a matter which most nearly concerns them—their character and respectability are immediately at stake; but we trust they will forfeit neither. The tradesmen and mechanics of Edinburgh are intelligent and principled. THEY WILL EXERT THEMSELVES TO PRESERVE ORDER—TO DEFEAT THE DESIGNS OF THIEVES AND PICKPOCKETS; AND THEY ARE SO NUMEROUS, THAT IF THEY WILL, THEY CAN."

This is the best lump of Bathos ever yet belched by the Stot. His descent from his altitudes is strong and sudden,—as if he had, without warning, bounced off the top of a heavy coach into a ditch. The character and respectability of the intelligent and principled tradesmen and mechanics of Edinburgh, are to be preserved from

forfeiture, by exerting themselves when the King is coming up our magnificent Leith Walk, into the matchless metropolis of his ancient kingdom of Scotland, "*to preserve order among thieves and pick-pockets!*"—What loftiness of mind, what dignity of purpose!—This is a prophet among the people!—A Stot worthy indeed of the admiration of all calves;—without spot or blemish; and had he lived old, but for one unfortunate imperfection, he might have acted Apis among the Egyptians, and been buried in a Pyramid.

But to proceed,—“It is quite possible they (the tradesmen and mechanics of Edinburgh) may have reason to consider themselves overlooked; but they have too much reflection, for any feeling that could arise from such a circumstance, to overlook what is due to themselves. Those who have embraced liberal sentiments, will, of all others, be anxious to preserve order and quiet; because they well know, that although rogues and vagabonds, or FAID INCENDIARIES, should be the cause, the whole would be ascribed to *disaffection*,—TO DISAFFECTION ON THE PART OF THE MORE ENLIGHTENED PORTIONS OF THE LOWER ORDERS OF SOCIETY.” On the mean, vile, foolish wickedness of these sorry sentences, it may be first remarked, that none but a base and disloyal traitor could declare beforehand to the tradesmen and mechanics of Edinburgh, that, on the King's Visit,—“it was quite possible they might have reason to consider themselves overlooked.” This was gratuitous degradation of them,—and a charge against the King, which the writer knew his princely conduct would prove to be false. There is not a respectable mechanic or tradesman in all Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, or elsewhere, who did not know, in his honest heart, that the King would not overlook the great body of the population of his villages, towns, and cities. The insinuation must have been felt as a personal insult, by the poorest political artizan who clubs his farthing a-fortnight for a perusal of the Scotsman. The workman who has an honest heart, and active hands, (and pity it is that any such should be readers of the Scotsman,) does not naturally entertain suspicious of his own insignificance and worthlessness in his King's eyes, when his King comes, for the

first time in his splendid life, to behold the patriotism of a people, distinguished in arts and in arms. At such a season, feeling and thought spring up in ardent union within the poor man's breast,—he is proud to know, that he, in his useful, honourable, and happy obscurity, is one of the millions whom his gracious Monarch loves,—he is prouder of his small talent, as the King sets his foot on the unconquered soil on which it stands,—and when he raises his hand and his voice in the wide acclaim that hails the gracious smile beaming on his Monarch's countenance, his heart is kindled with the love of him and of his country,—and the remembrance of that very smile, is thenceforth to be blended with his pride and his patriotism. To such men, it is much to HAVE SEEN THEIR KING, and that too on the streets which they have for so many years trod—on that great Castle cliff, which, even to their eyes, gives a grandeur to their city,—or, it may have been, sitting, as humble as any one of themselves, in the House of God, in an ancient Scottish Kirk,—and pleased, although attached to a statelier ritual, with that simple service, which is dear to us for the sake of the blood shed to preserve it,—and not on that account less impressive to the mind of him who now rules over the descendants of those heroes and martyrs.

But what does the foolish knave mean by speaking of PAID INCENDIARIES? Does he think that there exists one man in all Scotland so besotted, as to conceive it possible, that the Ministers of the King would, on his arrival on our shores, give money to incendiaries to create tumult or disturbance, which might be afterwards laid to the charge of the most enlightened and respectable of the people? What kind of a heart must that person have, who, on looking forward to a visit from a King to his people, could dream like a dotting dastard, of riot round his steps as he landed on our beach, or of any other shouts but those of delighted loyalty round the wheels of his chariot? One paid incendiary, and we verily believe one only—was in the mighty assemblage of that auspicious day; but the firebrand he waved had gone out in soot and ashes, and it but beggined that hand already so blackened by many dirty jobs, that it had been extended in fellowship to the

lowest of the low on that scene, it would have imparted, but could not have received, additional pollution.

The Stot speaks in the bellow above “of those who have embraced liberal sentiments,” and on those said liberal sentiments, he now furnishes us with the following most laughable commentary:—“We have only a word to add respecting the expence of entertaining his Majesty. Nobody, we believe, will grudge the expence, trouble, and inconvenience, that may result from this visit to himself personally. Every one, on the contrary, will be proud of having had an opportunity of seeing his King. But if corporations are to give entertainments, they should pay for them out of their own funds. We have read something of a resurrection knight having dug an act of Parliament out of its grave,—for in Scotland the Acts of the Scottish Parliament can die—for the purpose of getting a pretext for taxing the inhabitants of Edinburgh. But his Majesty, we are sure, will allow no set of men to put their fingers in the pockets of the loyal citizens of his Northern Metropolis, by a stretch of any old law. The King of a free people can desire no sacrifice of principle from any class of his subjects; and the First Gentleman in the world—in a country in which there are more gentlemen than in any other, will allow nothing mean to be done in relation to his royal visits.” Here is the odious slang of one, who has forsooth, embraced liberal sentiments! What a collection of cacophonous words! He writes like Bill Scammon, turned Methodist at Botany Bay. He makes a number of preposterous and mean suppositions, and indulges in a miserly shivering-fit, for no other purpose than that, under the impulse of the most beggarly niggardliness, he may create an opportunity of slandering the Magistracy of this City, and connecting words of foolish insult with the name of his King.—The sneer, too, about the “First Gentleman in the world,” will be perfectly understood by reference to this previous paragraph. “If his Majesty be—what our author (the author of the Hints) tells us he is, and what every good subject would wish him to be, the First Prince, and the First Gentleman in the world, he must in his heart despise all getting up—all trickery—all pagantry, merely for the sake of show and spectacle.” There is seen the cloven foot of the

Stot. This is his way of showing "the attention due to so distinguished a guest." Such a grunt shews the hollowness, the rottenness of his heart. With the lowest cunning he interlards his real sedition with seeming loyalty; in the choice of his complimentary diction, he is studious of insult; and when his stupidity, which is unequal to the task of so balancing abuse and eulogy as to give preponderance to the former, betrays him into a clumsy paragraph that looks like respect to his King, with what virulent spite he strives to relieve the blunder by malice which cannot be misunderstood, and by unequivocal and unmingled brutality!

On Saturday the 17th, the Stot is nearly silent in his stall. Our King was with us; and the Stot felt cold and uncomfortable, and kept his tongue very much within his jaws. One sort of stirk-like rout he does give, and most truly absurd it is—something like an accidental break on the bassoon or trombone, when either of these instruments is out of tune, and blown by some unwashed artificer not belonging to the band. "On the other hand, we HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE, that with those who had not previously seen the King, his *present public appearance has made a favourable impression towards himself personally*, on the minds of his Scottish subjects. WE HAVE NO WISH TO FLATTER, but we are glad in being able TO PROCLAIM SUCH A TRUTH!" Bravo—Brute! Bravissimo, most gallant Stot! Pray tell us why you will not flatter King George the Fourth? Are you afraid of turning his head by the flattery of so perfect a gentleman as you yourself are? You are really the most considerate of Stots. But you say you are glad to proclaim such a truth—why do you not mount to the top of St Giles' steeple, and proclaim that Edinburgh is an extremely good-looking city—that the sun rises in the east—and that Mr Jeffrey is upwards of five feet high? You are, indeed, a most unconscionable and unconscious idiot.

On Saturday, the 24th of August, he seems quite rabid; only hear him. "We know nothing so fulsome,—so disgusting to the monarch of taste—so degrading to a people of spirit, as the cant and scum of loyalty. We know nothing at once so mean and injudicious, as for selfishness to put on hypocophancy, as for creatures, who,

having abandoned all principle, and lost all character, would prostitute the powers and authority of Majesty, for the worst of their own corrupt and selfish purposes, set up an exclusive claim to the name and privilege of loyalty.—'Fye on't,' 'tis an unweeded garden; things rank and gross in nature possess it merely." But although we cannot utter a half of the despite we feel towards such beings, they must not imagine that we do them the honour of reasoning with them. They are either so miserably silly, that argument would be lost upon them, from want of comprehension, or so reckless, that they laugh him to scorn, who would seriously think of taking right and principle for rule and conduct." Such are the waking thoughts of this mild and dignified Stot, during his King's visit to Edinburgh. Now, let us hear his own account of his nightly dreams. It has not, to be sure, many Shakespearean touches, yet the dream of Clarence itself is not more hideously descriptive of a troubled and haunted conscience. "We never, indeed, hear of a person vociferous about his own loyalty, and noisy about the disloyalty of others, but we are confident of some dirty job, and at night have had some dreams about orphan-funds, false-trusters, sales of votes and writships, town-councils, Beacon-bonds, and a zeal for the law, transformed by some disaffected writer into oppression." We think we see this unhappy man, stretched on his back in bed, the position the nightmare loves, after a heavy supper of tripe and twopenny, with his chest labouring in convulsions, and the big sweat drops drenching his pallid and sallow cheeks, with fists clenched in impotent desperation, and his knees drawn up to his chin, while the visions pass before the catitiff, and his black bile is undergoing the process of fermentation so formidable in sleep. "I am the Bailie whom you traduced!"—"I the Dean of Guild who was clothed with your curses!"—"Behold the Provost whom ye slandered!"—"We are the Town-Council against whom you have lied!"—It is a fine subject for a dramatic sketch,—and it shall be written for our stage.

But let us hurry on to the 31st of August, and then leave the Stot to his halter. He asserts, with his usual deliberate falsehood, that "every possible effort was made to impress the

citizens with the same wild enthusiasm, and to make them display the same frantic and extravagant demonstrations of joy, as had been manifested by the citizens of Dublin. But the good sense of the Scottish public has completely disappointed the hopes of the titled sycophants. The citizens remained alike insensible to the solicitations of doggerel versifiers and fustian-prosers. There was nothing deserving the name of enthusiasm in their behaviour." He then goes on with his lies, as follows:—"Those who reside at a distance, and whose information is derived from the statements in the greater part of the Edinburgh newspapers, would be apt to conclude that we had out-done even the Irish in the extravagance of our conduct, and the fulsome of our adoration. There is hardly, however, the shadow of truth in these statements. On Thursdayse'ennight, when the King went in state from the Palace to the Castle, the people conducted themselves with the utmost regularity, propriety, and decorum; but the cheering, far from being enthusiastic, was, on the contrary, uncommonly faint and partial. The truth is, that the purveyors of blarney and bombastical adulation, completely overshot the mark. Had they been less solicitous for shouts and applause, they would have had more of them. The extraordinary zeal they manifested put the people on their guard. They

instantly suspected, that their cheers would be construed into an approval of the conduct of Ministers, and they therefore withheld them, and were merely courteous."

It is all very well for a writer like the Scotsman to traduce the character of an individual, for, in that case, not more than three or four hundred persons may be able to give him the lie,—but none but the arrantest Stot would calumniate the public conduct of 250,000 of our people. During the King's stay in Scotland, every man, woman, and child, within many miles of his Majesty—was gay, cheerful, joyous, elate, proud, and happy,—except this calumniator, who was eating his own heart and nails. He might just as well have said, that the whole population assembled to behold and gratulate the King, were deaf, dumb, and blind,—or that they were all negroes.

But falsehood and inconsistency are generally found united; and when a man tells twenty lies they will be found to contradict each other, and to leave the Liar convicted out of his own mouth. "The conduct of the people of Edinburgh, (quoth Stot) during his Majesty's visit, has been every thing that could be wished. They have been generally actuated by the *same manly, constitutional, and truly noble sentiments, so well expressed in the truly admirable speech of the Duke of Hamilton;*" and we are extremely

* The speech of the Duke of Hamilton, as given in the Scotsman, is as follows:—"There were none more anxious than he was to express, with warmth and sincerity, the cordial feelings which the occasion called for. None approached his Sovereign with a warmer expression of reverence and sincerity, and none was more anxious to maintain his duty to the King, without any subserviency, however, of political opinion. No one was more ready than he was to come forward, and pay homage to the honour and dignity of the Crown; but at the same time he was not to forget the just and jealous care, with which he was bound to protect the rights and interests of the people under this free constitution. He felt a pride in shewing every respect and honour to the person who wears the Crown of these realms; but in doing so, he must not forget the respect due to himself; he must repeat, that he had duties also to maintain for the people, which were interwoven with the best rights and securities of the Crown, and which, in fact, formed the basis of the true power and constitutional glory of the Sovereign."

The first remark that naturally occurs on reading this "admirable speech," is, that it is not a speech at all. There are two or three sentences put together, which are really all well enough, and in no way above the capacity of a boy at 12. The second remark that occurs is, why introduce a eulogy on one's self, in reply to a mere courteous compliment of course paid to you at a public festival? The third remark is, who was doubting the Duke's love of the people? The fourth is, was not this an occasion where that love would be taken for granted, and where this pointed, or rather pointless expression of it, was quite uncalled for, and therefore out of place? And the fifth remark is, and it shall be the last, how, when—where has the Duke of Hamilton maintained his duties to the people? If he had been a great popular statesman, or orator, this declaration would have had some meaning,—or even although he had been neither, if he had risked his life in their cause, either in defending them against an arbitrary government, or in restraining them from outrage against the security of the state. He never did so. This

glad to hear that their conduct *has been as gratifying to his Majesty as it was honourable to themselves.*" But hear a few bellows forwards this most inconsistent of the Stot tribe. "Splendid procession, magnificent fetes, and the gorgeous display of royal pomp and grandeur, strike the vulgar with astonishment, and elicit the plaudits of women (the gallantry of a Stot) and children. But the intelligent and sober-minded part of the community reserve the full tide of their gratitude, affection, and esteem, to greet the Prince, who labours to consolidate and extend the civil and religious privileges of his subjects." So the King was gratified by observing, that the intelligent and sober-minded part of his subjects did not think him deserving of the full tide of their gratitude, affection, and esteem. The people too, we are told, withheld their cheers, lest the King should construe them into "an approval of the conduct of his own ministers; and, therefore, the King was highly gratified!" Oh! thou dunce!—But, further, on the 10th of August, he says, "While the King is

here, *it will be impossible, in any thing that relates to his public reception, to draw a line of distinction between him and his ministers.* That line, however, can be drawn, and in no offensive manner, in the addresses to the King." And in the face of this he says, "But although the people *have distinguished between the King and his ministers*, they have not, and they would not, shut their eyes to the fact, that the ministers are nominated by the King, and that they are his servants. We suspect that this feeling has had a good deal of influence in repressing popular zeal and enthusiasm on this occasion." Now all these miserable contradictions of himself arise simply from this; that every thing he has uttered on the subject is a tissue of falsehoods. He forgets, on one Saturday, the precise words of the lie he told on the Saturday preceding; and thus, by giving himself the lie direct, by weekly instalments, has probably made some of our readers wonder why we should have performed our present work of supererogation.*

"admirable speech," therefore, which, in our opinion, would have been out of place, if delivered where it was, even by a statesman, or orator, or patriot, was a speech which the Duke of Hamilton had no right to deliver any where, unless, indeed, in speaking of the "duties he had maintained for the People, and which were interwoven with the best rights and securities of the Crown; and which, in fact, formed the basis of the true power and constitutional glory of the Sovereign," he alluded to his manly, bold, and intrepid bearing at Hamilton during the days of Radicalism, and to his munificent donation of one hundred pounds sterling, for behoof of those who had their toes trampled upon at the Manchester riots, in an attempt to pull down the laws, and change the constitution, and destroy the Throne.

But although all the Duke's friends heard this "admirable speech" with tingling ears, and suffused, at least confused faces, and would have given five farthings each man to have got him pulled down, if it could have been done decorously by the sleeve, yet it gives us true pleasure to declare, that the general demeanour and conduct of his Grace of Hamilton during the Royal Visit was extremely honourable to himself, and gave great satisfaction to the citizens of Edinburgh. He conducted himself towards all ranks with much suavity and kindness—and his speech on laying the foundation stone of the National Monument was worthy of the premier Duke of Scotland.

By the way, what an idiot the Stot is, to say that the people of Edinburgh were actuated, during his Majesty's Visit, by the same sentiments expressed at the Banquet by the Duke of Hamilton! Are the people of Edinburgh all Dukes or Peers? Admitting, for a moment, his Grace's sentiments to have been proper in him, a powerful nobleman, what stottery is it to say, that they were also the sentiments of our shop-keepers? Oh, Stot! canst thou never stumble out of thy stupidity?

* When the Scotsman happens to be silently sulky and sullen on a Saturday, (*Scottice "dour,"* see Dr Jamieson) he gets hold of the Times and the Morning Chronicle, and tearing out with his teeth columns of their printed bellowings, sends them off to the storks at the office. A few dished dominies and stickit ministers, and rotten writers, and crazy clerks in Edinburgh, communicate with these London papers, and send them up what is laughably called "Intelligence." On these articles the Stot instinctively fixes his eye. In this way the Scotsman becomes the disgrace of the Times, and the Times are the ruin of the Scotsman. The three sneaking sinners are seen playing into each others hands. A filthy calumny that has fallen from the Stot in the north, is picked up and retailed by his brother Bullock in the south—and, *vice versa*, "We copy the following admirable observations from the Scotsman," quoth the Morning Chronicle.—

We have taken the trouble of scrawling these observations on a most worthless subject, for several reasons, that we have no doubt, will justify us before our readers. In the first place, there is a sort of satisfaction in insulting an animal of this nature, with which it is impossible, we think, for the most fastidious person not to sympathise.—Had a drunken old-clothesman forced himself into the ranks of the Celtic society, when marching before the King, there would have been both a necessity, a propriety, and a pleasure, in kicking him out; and the kick would not have been applied with any thin-skinned delicacy to his thick-skinned hinderend. Among those who saw him heeling out of the line, one opinion would have prevailed; and had he been previously heard muttering sulky execrations, or ninnyish inuendoes, against the King, even a few su-

pernumerary calications would have been overlooked or enjoyed by the spectators. Now, was the behaviour of the Stot better or worse than that of our supposed old-clothes-man? No gentleman will say that it was better.

But secondly, the Scotsman newspaper is a good deal read by the tradesmen and mechanics of Edinburgh; and so, we hope, is this Magazine. Well then, tradesmen and mechanics of Edinburgh, do you approve, or do you not, of the quotations which we have made from the Scotsman newspaper? If you do, what could you mean by your peaceable, decorous, animated, and most loyal reception of your gracious monarch? Why did you appear with your decent dresses, and your white wands, smoothly shaven, smiling, and shouting, and waving your hats?—Why did you march along with manly steps, rejoicing as in a triumph; re-

“For a complete exposure of these renegades, incendiaries, and murderers, see the Morning Chronicle of last Friday,” the Stot replies. Many simple people wonder at these coincidences of opinion on Scottish affairs. But they will wonder no more, when they consider that the three Stots are all littered in one stall.

In addition to the class of political writers mentioned above, the Times and the Chronicle occasionally send down a Reporter, as upon the late occasion of the King's visit.—We hope that two of these, of whom we know nothing but what we gather from their reports, will not think us unnecessarily rude, when we say, that we consider them a brace of blackguards. What we allude to is this. At the great Civic Banquet, among others of the most opulent, intelligent, and respectable citizens of Edinburgh, were Messrs Constable and Blackwood. These two Reporters being paid to abuse the latter of these gentlemen, like the meanest mercenaries, obeyed their orders. It is on that account at present, (on other occasions we have other reasons) that we tell them they are a brace of blackguards. *Nemo me impune lacesset*—i. e. No man shall with impunity abuse our Publisher. Their blackguardism exhibits them in a light that would make even a Stot laugh. One of them tells us, that at the Banquet, a place was assigned for the “Gentlemen of the Press,” among whom, with much simplicity, he classes himself. This place, so far as we can make out, from his complaining account, would seem to have been a hole in the wall, where he and the other Gentlemen were bona fide of the press, it being intolerable. Not a morsel had they to eat—not a drop had they to drink. The blackguard in our eye confesses that he could neither hear nor see at all distinctly, as there he sat to give a full and particular account of the Banquet to the people of England. Squeezed together till his ribs met—drenched in unsavoury sweat—stewed, boiled, and roasted in that torturing oven, his blood-shot eyes staring in his head as if he had been sitting in the Pozzi in all the despair of constipation, his gullet gritty as a gravel walk with thirst and hunger, it is easier to conceive than it would be pleasant to express the report he must have uttered. Looking out from his hole in the bulks, the caitiff chanced to cast his ruddy eyes on Mr Blackwood, our publisher, as is his custom in the afternoon, displaying a most dexterous knife and a most flourishing fork at the Banquet. Vizards rich and rare are drawn into his mouth, like sea-weed into the great whirl-pool at Corrieveken. The Bibliopole's honest face is beaming like a star of the first magnitude. What are the feelings of the stipulating and constipated starvling at that moment? “Shall he feast while I fast? Shall he drink while I am drouthy? Curse him, for that bit of green fat—confound him for that claret and champagne!—But I will shew him up in the Times, and my pall in the Chronicle!”—Thus spite and starvation sting the low libeller into the crime, which for money he had promised to perpetrate; and he receives, it may be, thirty shillings, for calumnies conceived between a bad heart and an empty stomach.

From blackguarding Mr Blackwood, our publisher, the transition is easy, short, and natural, for this gentleman of the press to abuse George the Fourth, our King. His blackguardism here, assumes the shape of wit, just as the hat of a coal-heaver might, if the rogue were facetious, be converted by him into the cap of a fool.



ceiving the smiles of your wives and sweethearts, and returning looks to cheer the one, and to win the other? Why did you leave ungrudgingly your workshops, in which you gain an honest and an honourable livelihood, resolved to make up for a few glad some holidays, by additional hours of cheerful labour? Why did you buy dresses for your wives and your children, that they might mingle in the merry mass that moved like the waves of a sunny sea, at their King's approach? If you do not, then are you not conscious that this false friend has foully, grossly, and basely insulted you ; that he has undervalued you in your own eyes—in those of your fellow-citizens and countrymen, and in those of your hereditary Sovereign, who came among you with a happy countenance, and a proud heart. | Once in your lives you had an opportunity of doing honour personally to your King ; and the lowest, poorest among you, may have seen his head bowed towards you with the courtesy of a gentleman, the dignity of a monarch, and the charity of a christian. This person warned you that you might be overlooked, that is, despised ; that incendiaries might be distributed among you, to bring disgrace, punishment, pain, and peril on your heads,—distributed, too, by those who had the confidence of your King, and acted according to his wishes. Gloom, damp, peevishness, dissatisfaction, distrust, suspicion, jealousy, and aversion, he strove to throw over and sink into your souls. And had you followed his advice, you would have stood in mute and scowling ranks, like a legion of slaves before a tyrant, instead of standing, as you did, with the voice of joy and congratulation, a host of subjects before their King.

But further, the Scotnan newspaper is not read by the tradesmen and mechanics alone of Edinburgh ; it may be seen on the tables of men of opulence and rank. It is read, written, and patronized, purchased, and disseminated, by not a few persons of education, and who have and deserve the character of gentlemen. Who are they? The whig gentlemen of the City ; those who raise an outcry against the profligate licentiousness of the public press, and complain that it attacks all that is good and great in this country. Is this the model which they would set before their political antagonists for study and imitation? Is a dunce dear to their eyes, because he is disloyal?

Is he a patriot in their sight, because he insults his King? Is he a friend of the people, because he reduces himself beneath their lowest level? And will such men as Jeffrey, and Moncrieff, and Cranstoun, claim or acknowledge kindred with one who thus stands convicted of begging the body of the Scottish people to be base, and to exhibit, in a land of education and knowledge, the virulence of ignorance and barbarity,—to salute their Sovereign with sullenness on his approach to the palace of his ancestors, as if he was an intruder and an alien?

Party spirit has run high in this City,—and we shall soon shew who cut the wounds open, infused the poison, and withstood the cure. But granting, for the present, that those who complain have reason to do so, we would ask, if their faces are made of tenfold plies of brass, that they dare to open their mouths as they do, when this Stot is bellowing on their side, and in their stall? What can he meet with but scorn and derision, who exclaims, that the decencies and courtesies of life have been violated against him or his party, who shall be seen walking in the streets of this City, by the side of the Scotsman? We have been told, in the highest assembly of the nation, by one who is a gentleman born and bred,—a gentleman in mind and manners, that such is the wickedness of the ministerial press in Scotland, that this is a country in which it is not possible for a gentleman to live with comfort. And yet, that very man was not ashamed to declare, at a great public meeting, (the commemoration of Mr Fox's birth-day) that this wretched ruffian, the Scotsman, discussed all matters public and private, as a gentleman would wish to see them discussed. How he has discussed the greatest public event that has for centuries immediately concerned Scotland, we have now shewn ; and how he would discuss the smallest private event, that gentleman would know, if he were ever himself to be subjected to his savage and cowardly malignity. Some consistency is expected in the speeches of a British senator ; but if such be the miserable hypocrisy, or abject delusion, of one of the best of a party containing many men of talent and virtue, what are we to expect from many of the lowest of the same party, which contains such a proportion of stupid and ferocious profligacy?

HOGG'S ROYAL JUBILEE, &c.*

Nothing could exceed our delight on beholding, during the Royal Progress from Leith to Holyrood, the face of the Ettrick Shepherd. It rose before us on a sudden, an honest apparition, surmounted with clapping hands, and uttering, with true pastoral vigour, a torrent of loyal huzzas. We never saw him so kenspeckle before; and he seemed to give a poetical character to the mass to which he happened to adhere. "Hollo, Hogg—hollo!" we vociferated at least fifty times, but our voice was drowned in the sea of sound. His keen grey eyes met ours, and his sagacious nose was pointed directly towards us; but his mind was in the highest heaven of invention, and he saw us not, though almost staring us out of countenance. When he first caught a sight of the King, we verily thought he would have leapt off the platform, over the heads of five hundred people, into the King's coach. We stood prepared to intercept him in his flight; but turning our head towards our gracious and beloved monarch, when we looked again for the Shepherd, he was gone. He had vanished, like one of his own fairies, into the clement, or had gone into a booth for a pot of porter, and we saw no more of him during the day.

The Shepherd has returned to his shieling by sweet St Mary's Loch; and God bless him, and all that belong to him, while we regale our readers with a few of his quaint and spirited strains, from *THE ROYAL JUBILEE, OR A SCOTTISH MASK*.

The following are the *Dramatis Personæ*:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Queen of the Fairies, with attendant Elves.

Genius of the Ocean, with Sea-Nymphs.

Genius of the Gael, with Highland Spirits.

Genius of the West, with Spirits of Covenanters.

Genius of Holyrood, &c.

Archy Campbell, the King's Officer.

The scene is a romantic dell on Arthur's Seat, with a view of the Palace of Holyrood and Calton-hill. Bells, clarions, and various instruments of music, are heard at a distance, Echo repeating part of each strain. The Genius of the Palace, hearing all this din, is at a loss (somewhat simply, we think)

to conjecture what it means, and asks, "Why all this commotion on land and on ocean?" This question the Genius puts to Echo, a personage not famous, out of Ireland, for giving very satisfactory answers to queries at all puzzling; and Echo, by way of returning all the information in her power, "repeats some grand strains of distant music." The enlightened Genius, full of gratitude, replies—

Bless thee, old Echo! full high is thy merit,

Thou eyeless, aimless, bodiless spirit:
Thou cliff-born changeling without guide,
An ear and a tongue, and nothing beside.
A raven, this moment, thou croak'st in thy cave;

The next thou'rt a sounding breaking wave;

The next a maiden singing of love;
And the next a proud eagle yelling above:
A stormy wind, or a clarion that rings
In honour of heroes and mighty kings.

On second thoughts, however, the Genius discovers that Echo has not made him a whit wiser than before, and somewhat angrily demands—

O! hast thou neither voice nor spell,
Nor Fairy to send forth and tell,
Why all this clamour, tumult, and din,
My ancient palace halls within—
Where I have slumber'd, in listless mood,
Since the days of the Martyr, Charles the Good?

Forthwith, an invisible band of Scottish fairies begin singing within the bosom of Arthur's Seat, and thus flows their animated and poetical recitative:—

Words of sooth the Fairy sings:
The son of our ancient honoured Kings
Is come his fathers' home to see:—
The topmost stem of our royal tree,
That from dark shades its head appears,
God bless the son of a thousand years!
His foot's on our shore, on our mountains
his eyes,

Departed shades, arise, arise!
The royal presence set, you free,
This night be the Spirits' Jubilee!

From sea and from strand,
From lake and from land,
From forest and fountain,
And dark heathy mountain,
Come gather you, gather you, without delay,

For much is to do ere the break of day!
—Here comes the Genius of the Wave,
With the Sea-nymphs of her coral cave;

* *The Royal Jubilee, a Scottish Mask.* By the Ettrick Shepherd. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

I'll hide me behind the lady-fern,
The strains of the great deep to learn.

Then enter Oriel, the Genius of the Ocean, with Sea-nymphs,—while the cunning Fairies, couched behind the lady-fern, and the Genius of the Palace from some snug concealment, listen to their marine melodies. The Genius of the Stream says—

Oriel. Come hither, my maidens, and to me tell

If you became your stations well,
Through weltering wave and land-gale strong,
As the King of the Ocean came bounding along.

The first Sea-nymph seems to have lost her heart to the King, and expresses her affection very beautifully.

Well I knew the sacred charge,
And gave the ship to bound at large;
And lovely was her meteor sway,
As she rainbowed the waves on her polar way.

Old Ocean smiled through her silvery foam,

As she bore her King to his ancient dome.

And, O my Queen,
Had'st thou but seen,
When his eye first found the Ochels green,
How it beam'd with the heart's own mol-
lient dew,

As loud he called to his steersman true,
"Is yon the Land of the Clans I view?"

He turn'd it next on this very dell,
Round which the rocks fantastic swell;
On cased pile of ancient time,
And he started at each scene sublime.
And then it sought, the last of all,
The beauteous Mary's ancient Hall;
And the tear-dew fell as his thoughts did trace

The fate of the Stuarts' hapless race,—
The flower of the world that flourish'd there;

And of all her comely race so fair
The last and the loveliest too was gone,
And the Royal Wanderer roam'd alone.

The Sea-nymphs then sing a sea song, which is a little of a see-saw,—and after a recitative, in which all join, fly off "an hundred fathoms from the day." All this while, we beg leave to remind the Ettrick Shepherd, that the Genius of the Palace and the Scottish Fairies have been lying *perdue*, listening to the Sea-nymphs. This the Shepherd seems to have forgotten; but it is of very little consequence, either in a poetical or political point of view. Just as Oriel and his Sea-nymphs take their departure for the

Frith, the Queen of the Fairies arrives with her attendant elves—and asks of the Fairies, "what their game-some sports shall be during their joyful jubilee?" To her anger and astonishment, first, second, and third Fairy, utter a malison on the King.—The Fairy Queen pithily demands, "Cursed emmets! Why?" and fourth Fairy, stepping forward to elucidate the mysterious language of the sisterhood, sets all right by the following very poetical and musical explanation. There is to our ear something exceedingly delightful in the flow of the versification.

Fourth Fairy. Because we were banish'd
By him and his race,
And things called Knowledge, Truth, and Grace,

And sent away, on joyless wing,
In Lapland's dreary caves to sing;
Or through Missouri's wilds to go
With the beaver, the bear, and the buffalo;

Where, nor poetic gloom
Breathes from the turf-clad tomb,
Nor strain sublime floats on the twilight breeze;

O, when I think upon the Border Green,
Where, in old time, our moonlight dance
Hath been;

What desolate and dreary lands are these!

It appears from what the Fairy Queen says, that

His Royal foot, set on Scotia's shore,
Gives them licence to visit their haunts
Once more.

While singing songs in praise of the King, their music is hushed by the appearance of a

— hoary guest alone,
This breviate of ages gone;
This second-sighted paradigm,
Or ghost of Ossian he would seem

This intruder is the guardian Genius of the Gáil—who is at once struck with the dazzling beauty of the Fairy Queen, and exclaims, "What lovely stranger meets my eye?" The Fairy Queen declares her estate—and recalls to this "second-sighted paradigm," some of his prophetic intimations after the battle of Culloden.

Queen. Because that then, in uncouth rhyme,

You mumbled something of this time:
Of a tartan'd King that should appear,
The only stem of a house held dear,
Who should give loyalty its due,
And the honours of the Gáel renew.
This I derided, with wicked spleen,
And high the feud rose us between,

Till I raised some elves from out the heath,
To tickle your beard, and sooth your
wrath.

There had been strife some days before,
A bloody strife on northern shore,
Where your proud clans were forced to
yield.

And fly inglorious from the field ;
And saw their country, to their shame,
Wrapt in a flood of rolling flame.

Genius. No ; not to their shame,
Injurious dame !

I'll stake their honour's loftiest claim.

Upon that day,

When Albyn's sway

Was reft from the right hand away

And given the left,—when none stood fast

To help the young, the brave, the last

Of Stuart's line, my people then,

A remnant 'mid a world of men,

In peril stood. I joy to tell

For whom they rose, for whom they fell !

That day is past, as well it should ;

And one is come, I knew it would !

On which our names shall higher soar

Than e'er rose nation's fame before.

Our King is come, and claims our race,

In garb and lineament of face ;

And our lost titles for the right,

Burnish'd anew, shall shine more bright.

O might I to his ear impart

My people's loyalty of heart !

The Scottish Fairies within then
volunteer a song, to the air of " Killi-
krankie," the commencement of which
rather frets the Genius of the Gæil ;
but on the whole, the " second-sight-
ed paradigm" is pleased. Not to be
out-done in civility, he says,

Think'st thou, Queen of Fairy-dale,

To outvoice the tuneful Gæil ?

Oigh and Sriotheach, come, appear !

Molach Tanlaid, and Dhubhair ;

Maighdean-marr, come along,

Chant this dame a northern song.

Forthwith enter Mermaids with
Highland spirits (and we presume a
bagpiper) who sing to the air of " Mac-
gregor na Raura" this bold and spirited
strain—

To the pine of Lochaber

Due honours be given,

That girdles the earth,

And that blossoms to heaven :

Loud flourish the oran,

With pipe and with tabor,

To the tree of great Banchlo,

The lord of Lochaber.

Far flourish our stem,

And its honours rise prouder,

The stem of the Stuart,

And rose of the Tudor.

Ho urrim ! sing urrim

To the best and the latest !

What joy to the land

That the last is the greatest !

Ho urrim ! sing urrim

To the day that brought hither,

And the day that give birth

To our King and our Father !

And oft may this season

And scene back allure him

To the arms of his people !

Ho urrim ! sing urrim !

The Genius of the Gæil and the
Fairy Queen are now left alone, and
their situation is becoming critical,
when a " grey Highland Spirit shouts
down, from above,"

Oh ! master, master, whatever betide,

Here our heads we cannot hide ;

There are spirits in fern, in flower-cup,
and lin ;

Spirits without and spirits within ;

There are fairies, and brownies, and shades

Amazonian,

Of harper, and sharper, and old Camero-
nian,

Some small as a pigmy, some tall as a
steeples.

The spirits are all gone as mad as the
people !

It seems that the Borderland Elves
are playing the very devil in the air
above with this old grey Highland
spirit, pricking him with spider-legs,
and offering him various name-
indignities. The Genius of the
Gæil to set all to rights, bids him tip
them on their stave—

And then they shall sooth and embrace
thee more

Than thy old form was ever before.

The old grey gentleman clears his
voice, and gives it " in full swell with-
in," as follows :—

O rise, thou broad sun, o'er the fields of
the ocean,

Still brighter to-morrow than thou rose
to-day ;

Thou pole-star of life, and our father's de-
votion,

In glory ascend thy celestial way :

For, god of the day, if thou smilest on our
duty,

Commanding the dark clouds afar from
thy throne,

Thine eye shall behold such an iris of
beauty,

As bright eye of majesty never beam'd
on.

'Tis not in the bow of the cloud thou shalt
see it,

'Tis not in the cleft of thy own milky
way ;

Thy beam, on the rain-cloud, dazzling long
 be it,
 Thy path through the galaxy glorious
 for aye !
 But, Sun of the World, at dawn or at
 gloaming,
 Though splendid thy beauties, and all
 cherubin,
 To man they're outdusted, by eyes that
 are human,
 Enlightened by spirits immortal within.

Ascend in thy strength with thy gold shroud
 surrounding,
 Dispenser of happiness, radiance, and
 joy,
 As gladly we list for thy chariot wheels
 sounding,
 The tingle of heaven adown from the
 sky ;
 And thou shalt behold thine own earthly
 vicegerent
 Dispensing his blessings with smile so
 benign,
 Bestowed with that goodness and kindness
 inherent,
 That thou shalt rejoice at such emblem
 of thine.

We hope our Glasgow readers will
 not be offended with our next quota-
 tion.

Queen. Look, Highland shade,
 Along the glade,
 Wlier's this comes next to serenade,
 With stude severe
 And brow austere ?
 The very prince of churls is here.
 This froward guest,
 Of all the rest,
 Must be the Genius of the West—
 Hail, upright spirit !

The "Genius of the West," (like
 the young man of the West) strides
 by with great disdain, although at this
 early period of his approach, we are at
 a loss to observe any insult offered to
 him from any quarter. The follow-
 ing flight and fighting, are at once
 lofty and libellous.

Gillinour. No.—You, I ween, are vile
 sectarians,
 Scoffers or latitudinarians,
 I hold no communings with those.

Queen. Why comest thou here with look
 morose,
 In such a night of general glee,
 When bounden spirits are set free ?
 Comest thou against this royal guest
 To enter thy sublime protest,
 And, with some act of abjuration,
 Confound the spirits of the nation ?
 We know thy stubborn flock's misdeeds,
 And enmity 'gainst crowned heads.

Gillinour. Madam, thou art most wond-
 rous free !

Then, in return, take this from me ;—
 Thou art a fickle, false believer ;
 And he that told thee, a deceiver.
 Not crowns or sceptres we gainsay,
 But tyrant pride and despot sway ;
 And, let me tell you, and attest,
 Ye spirits of ungracious jest,
 That not a corner of our isle
 Has back'd the truth, with rank and file,
 As we have done ; still showing face
 For Brunswick's firm and faithful race.
 Therefore, beneath yon starry sheen,
 I claim the first place on the green,
 And, with my followers, to maintain
 The precedence on earthly plain.
 Then, grant us, without strife or cavil,
 To move the first in royal revel,
 Or, by John Welch ! though it be late,
 I'll make Drumclog of Arthur's seat.

Genius. Cot's mallaich ! sure the thing's
 possess'd !

This bully of the broken West,
 Would he oppose or stand before
 The matchless might of Donald More ?
 If so he dares, I'll let him see,
 Once more, the terrible Dundee :
 His phantom-steed once more shall paw ;
 Once more the claymore he shall draw,
 Then where will be your stern array ?
 I see your look, and hear you say,
 "Good-morrow, Ghosts, I must away
 Up to the cleuch to mourn and pray."

Queen. And, masters, shall it e'er be
 said

That my grey hose and marled plaid
 Must once give place, though but in jest,
 To the wild North, or canting West ?
 We, who for ages dared to stand
 The bulwark of our native land ;
 When, all unmoved, your tribes afar
 Scarce heard the rumours of the war,
 Then for your rights, through fire and
 flood,
 We soak'd the fells with foemen's blood.
 Give precedence. I claim the order
 For my broad bonnets of the Border !

While the Queen of the Fairies and
 the Genius of the West are about to
 strip and turn to, (betting, as with Ran-
 dal and Martin, 6 to 4 on the petticoat)
 who should come from the Frith of
 Forth as frothy as Rother himself, but
 old Oriel, the Genius of the Sea.

Enter ORIEL.

Oriel. What ! leave the guardians of the
 sea

The last in this great jubilee !
 Those who have guarded Britain's coast
 Against each proud aspiring host,
 And in whose surging mountain waves
 Her fierce invaders found their graves !
 E'er since you quaked at the bravado
 Of the invincible Armado

Unto this day, who kept you free?

I say—The Genius of the Sea!

The right hand's mine; to this you're bound,

I throw my pledge, and keep my ground.

Genius of the Gaeil. I'll not give in, by high Heaven's might;

McDonald always keeps the right.

Gillinour. Step forth, my host of saintly fame;

Show your fair faces without shame.

There seem now to be four combatants *perpet*, the Queen,—Gillinour, alias Genius of the West,—Oriel, alias Sea King, and the old Gaeil, Father of the Celtic Society. One ring, however, (a fairy one on Arthur's Seat) is sufficient for the set-to, for it is to be a battle royal. Just as they are putting themselves into attitude, a posse of ghosts of ancient Covenanters, headed by a famous *Benk* of old, leap into the ring, and the Genius of the West, Gillinour, (any relation of Gilliver, the famous English cock-feder?) finding himself well backed, exclaims—

These are the shades of men who rose
For Scotland's right, and dared oppose
Tyrannic sway with sword and pen,
'Gainst all the wrath of wicked men.
The nation's rights, sacred and civil,
These wrenched both from man and devil;
And with their blood, on fen and field,
Their holy testimonies seal'd.
Then brag not us with vain palavers,
And with the ghost of guilty clavers;
Or, by the sword of William Glend,
Bring spirits Lowland, spirits Highland,
And I'll disperse the bloody Neros
By these few souls of Westland heroes!
I stamp my claim before high heaven,
I write it with the dews of even,
(Blood of the skies here sprinkled down,
For now we have none of our own;)
That Westland spirits have the right
To marshal first in Sovereign's sight.
His is the righteous rule, for which
We ventured all, and suffer'd much;
Speak out, ye ghosts of drumly feature;
Dumbness was not your earthly nature.

The West-country ghosts are most ugly customers, and thus express their willingness to whip out the ring.

First Ghost.—We have strong proofs of mortal frame,

A gallant band that claims our name,

The Cameronians. For the faith

They'll scale you vagrants with their breath.

Second Ghost.—Our birthright we give up to none

For mess of pottage. Ours alone

It is. And now here's for the strife!

Third Ghost.—I'm ready to lay down my life!

This last notion of ghost third *laying down his life*, is bold, natural, original, and orthodox; yet he is not so courageous as he would give out, for even if he had laid down his life, he would have found himself not a whit worse off than formerly, and would have been at least as much of a ghost after as before his death.

Gillinour gives the word to set-to, and the collyshangy begins and terminates thus—

Gillinour.—The Bible be your target, then,

And wear it like Breadalbane's men.

(Or these bold rogues, the red McGregors, Spread on the arm with mystic figures,

Your swords be gleams of fiery levin,

Drawn streaming from the forge of heaven;

And through the moonlight of the hill.

O'er shade and shingle, rock and rill,

We'll drive this herd of haughty jeerers

Like silly sheep before their sheavers.

Genius of the Gaeil.—Rise, Highland shades, we'll then do so.

When yields McDonald, then shall I.

Queen.—Rise every fay and Border elf,
The land of Bruce will right itself.

(All the spirits enter.

(As they are in the act of springing on another, ARCHIE CAMPBELL enters, dazed with fatigue and dust. He runs through and through the crowd, pushing them aside.)

Archy.—Hold off. I say! Hold off! Hold off! Keep the peace, in the King's name. Hold off, you there!

Omnes.—Who are you, sir? who are you? who are you? &c. &c. &c.

To these repeated questions of "Omnes" Archy Campbell replies—

Archy.—Oh Cot! pe plessing you all; she pe te Guardian Genius of the High-street of Edinburgh, and has more nor enouch to pe tooing without coming out among the cliffs, and the crags, and the mounntains to pe contending with mad-caps. Cot's tann! is it not a pold matter that men and dheivils should all have gone mhad at the vhe same time. The shentles are gone mhad, and the phoor people are gone mhad; the wives are all gone mhad, and the wee, wee pairnies are mhaddest of all. But is it not an awsome thing that the very bogles of the hill should have risen out of the earth and gone mhad too? Keep the peace there, my ghostly masters. Sure, there never was a good shentleman peloved like this! Every living creature in the whole land, visible and invisible, is in commotion, contending who shall pe phendering him the most ghrandest homage, and who has the pest right and condescension of him. Cot pless us! what a hobbleshue, and a hurly-purly, with clans and com-

moners. And, among the rest, tere pe te prave and te ponny Campbells, with te P' on the shouter of te arm, wiulk shaws tere mhas-ter to pe no gheat scholar, for it should peen a C. Ooh, that she had them all here ! For of aither risings, this of the clans of pogles pe te worst. But it be petter to ferech fools than fight wi' them. Come, my prave friends, tere shall none of you be either first or last, for you shall just form a round robin about our mhas-ter and our King, and pe a creat, and a strong, and a mighty pulwark about him, when the ee of man can neither pe seeing te one nor te other. Come, I will form you in a ring, and you shall pe tancing of a meenoway, and singing te first shgentleman of te whole world to his good sleep.

The Queen Fairy, Genius of the Gaël, Gillinour and Oriel, with all their Elves and Fairies, and Seaynymphs, and ghosts of Covenanters, then " tread softly in a circle and sing," and Archy Campbell, Town Officer, is so pleased with their singing, both words and music, that instead of taking them to the Police-office, and threatening them with the name of the new superintendant Captain Robertson, he pats Oriel on the back, chucks the Fairy Queen under the chin, takes a sneeshing from the mull of the old Gaël, and shakes the Genius of the West by the hand till the blood springs from his finger ends.

Archy Campbell.—Now scale a' your ways, like good pairs, and we're muckle oplied to you for your good intentions. Rule away on the swirl o' the wind there, or mak horses o' the wee windlestraes, and scauper off like as mony fire-flaughts ; or ye may climb up your lang ledders, made o' the peams o' the moon ; but, in the King's name, I dismiss ye. Gude heavens ! Iana if an awesome thing that the very teils and hogles are come out o' the moudiewort holes to kick up sic a stour on this great occasion !

(*Exeunt all the Spirits, in different directions. AUCRY looks for a while after them, and then goes off, singing*)

Hersel be Heclant sheuthenan,
Pe auld as Pottal priggs, man, &c.

Do not our friends feel with us, that the Royal Jubilee is a very spirited performance, and highly creditable to the worthy Shepherd's talents and genius ? It is plainly a mere *jeu d'esprit*, and when an absurdity comes into his head, he has satisfaction in venting it in verse. He is evidently slightly insane through the whole poem, as in duty bound on such an occasion ; for it would have been most monstrous and

unnatural for a pastoral poet from Ettrick Forest to have kept his wits when writing a Scottish Masque, *on the spot*, to celebrate his King's Visit to the metropolis of his native land. Accordingly, our Shepherd is like a man in a dream. He questions the propriety of nothing that occurs ;—when a Fairy trundles like a toad out of a block of freestone, James feels no manner of surprise ;—when a Seaynymph plays the part of a furnace-man to the engine of a steam-boat, it is all perfectly in character ;—and when Archy Campbell takes hold of Gillinour, the Genius of the West, by the collar, or cuff of the neck, as he would do a Glasgow pickpocket from the Gorbals, he seems to the bard to be labouring in his vocation, at a salary of £100 a-year. This straight-forward, unhesitating, unquestioning, and matter-of-fact-looking mode of proceeding throughout the whole Mask, communicates to the reader something of the wild spirit of the writer ; and really any critic who could soberly sit down to point out the defects of this composition, ought to sit down to one solitary half-raw kidney, half an old potato with a holey jacket, and a bottle of farthing froth.

In the verses which we have quoted, whimsical and absurd as many of them are, there is much that denotes the true poet. May we venture to hope, that the King's eye may be directed from them towards another work of the Ettrick Shepherd's, the Queen's Wake ? That is, indeed, a work of genius, and proves the Ettrick Shepherd to be, beyond all doubt, the most original poet whom Scotland has produced from among the people, since the death of Burns.

A good deal of verse kept floating about during his Majesty's Visit, and most of it seemed to us extremely good. Yet we frankly confess, that at the time we were but indifferent judges. We were, and still are, (*ride the Sorrows of the Stot*) in such perfect good humour with all about us, that Macvey Napier himself seemed to us as great a man as Lord Bacon, and Willison Glass another Milton.—We got a great many of these fugitive pieces off by heart, without knowing it, and fear we shall never be able to forget them again ; and as probably most of our juvenile readers are in the same predicament, we need not bore

them with "Carle, now the King's come"—old Crabbe's "Vision"—and "The peak of yon mountain is shining in light," all of which are excellent of their kind. Who wrote the following, "Hirdum, dirdum, and sic din?"

KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

THE NEWS.

SONG.—Tune, "Shirra Muir."

O cam' ye east, or cam' ye west,
Or bring ye news to me, man?
Or were ye at the Pier o' Leith,
Or did the landin' see, man?
I saw the fleet come up the Firth,
Heard Geordie hail'd wi' joyfu' mirth,
'Mang nobles rank'd by bluid and birth,
And saw him land on Scotland's strand—
By ancient hand, ta'en by the hand,
And met wi' welcomes three, man!

They say a Scottish Minstrel cam',
And shook his han' right fain, man;
Gied him "A Ladies' Gift," and cried,
You're welcome to your ain, man.
Then fort and fleet that near him stood,
Wi' guns rais'd up a racket loud,
And Castle-hill an' Holyrood,
Wi' unco bang, the news along,
In thunder rang, the hills amang,
Till Salisbury roar'd, Amen, man!

O had ye seen him come along,
Wi' a' his nobles gay, man,
Whilst welcome looks, and ladies' smiles,
Him lightit up the way man;
Auld Scotland's doughty barons prest
Their blades, that lang had lain at rest,
And marshall'd up the Royal host—
Whilst trumpet soun', and drum croon,
Were like to droon the life o' noon,
Frae Forth unto the Tay, man!

The Highlan' clans, in tartan sheen,
Were buskit unco bra', man;
Hersel', for plume, had heather bloom.
An' "Scotland's flower" an' a', man.
Auld Reekie sidgin' sat aboon,
And sent her sons in thousands down,
To welcome Geordie to her town—
An' say, "Though foes should pu' his
rose,
He'd aye get brose, and ne'er shou'd lose
Her for his hame an' a', man!"

Then down to ancient Holyrood,
Wha hail'd the happy day, man,
They've ta'en the King, whare lang had
stood
Auld Scotlan's regal sway, man—
Although her hearth has lang been cauld,
And wa's and roof are growin' auld,
A blink o' him has made her bauld—
A Royal Court—a gay resort—
Whare kingly sport—and a' that sort
O' daffin's night an' day, man!

Lang life unto our lawfu' King,
We'll aye his rights maintain, man!
And while he stays 'mang Scotia's hills,
He'll aye be wi' his ain, man.
There's no a man in a' the lan',
But wha wad see his heart an' han',
And pleasure him wi' best they can—
For a' do swear they'll keep him here,
For ae ha'f year, or may be mair,
If he will but remain, man!

We shall here reprint some stanzas which we ourselves have been unable to commit to memory, do what we could; neither are we sure that we altogether understand them; but we frequently read them, and they always, on perusal, seem to us elegant, sonorous, spirited, and solemn—so here they are.

STANZAS FOR THE KING'S LANDING.

I.

THE eagle screams upon Beinn More,
The wild deer bounds on Clava Hill—
Step boldly, King, on Albany's shore,
Son of her Lords, she greets thee well.
The voice that hath been silent long,
Awakes to harpinger thy path;
Once more she weaves the ancestral song,
Once more 'tis "RICH OF BRATH."

II.

From grey Dun Edin's Castle crest,
Float, float, thou Royal Banner-wad,
Gleam, gleam, thou more radiant than the rest,
Dear emblem of old Albany's pride!
Glow, ruddy in the face of yore,
It was thy word, on fields of wrath,
To brighten 'midst the knalling roar
Of Canmore's "RICH OF BRATH."

III.

Beam, beam, as when our hero's cry
Dissolv'd thy slumber of despair,
And rain'd thee, sunlike, from our sky,
The cloud of slavery to share.
Ay—as from out the dark Torwood,
The stranger saw thy blazon shine,
When Wallace step'd the folds in blood,
And flung them from the pine.

IV.

High sign! as when the coming galley
Of Bruce display'd thee o'er the prow,
And on indignant hill and valley,
Roused Carrick-spear and Arran bow.
Beam now;—or as, when calm and stern
He fix'd thee in yon sacred stone,
Unslung the mace for Bannockburn,
And bade the trump be blown.

V.

No! sacred symbol, float as free—
As bright be thy majestic glance,—
But gentle all thy splendour be;
No terror tinge the cognizance!

Beam softly, star of chivalry,

As when proud Windsor's exile* came
To bless, on Scottish tower and tree,
The welcome of thy flame.

VI.

Or beam, (but bane with worse omen,) 

As when the lilied bark drew nigh,
And courteous knights and stalwart yeomen
Knelt here—even *here*—neath Mary's
eye.

The feudal rage, the zealot gloom,
That quench'd the day of that fair morn,
Lie chain'd together in the tomb
Of unrelenting scorn.

VII.

Another dawn, I scarce may name,
Saw thee, for princely greetings, glow;
In evil hour a Wanderer came,†
For once, thou wert the sign of woe:
Yet then—even then—there was no shame
To wipe the stain of tears and blood,
And generous memory mourns to blame
The *others* of the good.

VIII.

Thou smilest from Dun Edin's brow,
Thou openest of his Fathers—

As we are paid twenty guineas per sheet, extracts included, we think it
proper to publish the following excellent new song.

THE CHIEF AND HIS TAIL.

*Excellent New Song, (by a Person of QUALITY,) recommended to be sung
by all loyal Scotsmen.*

Come fill up your glasses.—Here's "God bless the King!"
This is the way in Scotland to drink as we feel;
We can never go wrong when the heart has its sting,
So—here's to his health, from his head to his heel!"

We have heard of him long, but we've seen him at last,
And as Monarch we served, we now love him as Man;
So care from our brows with our bonnets we'll cast,
Long life to the Brunswick, the head of the Clan!

We have faults and have follies, but none of the heart,
We have friends, but his presence shall bid them be o'er;
And, till for his honour our King bids them start,
In their scabbards shall slumber the dirk and claymore.

Then, sons of the mountain, and sons of the vale,
Come down from the roar of the forest and flood;
And whether the tartan is purple or pale,
Be brothers in spirit as brothers in blood.

Here are men come to meet you, the pride of the world,
That for mankind have triumph'd on sea and on shore,
That their wrath, like the thunder, on tyranny hurl'd,
Nor paused, till the Evil of Earth was no more.

Here's the Southron, with dignity staup'd on his brow,
A hero in soul, as a hero in form,
Grand, tranquil, and gentle, but, rouse him, he'll show
What was ocean in calm, will be ocean in storm.

Nor tears nor blood shall stain thee now,—
No gloom around thy blazon gathers.
From Saxon firm and fiery Gael,
From moor and mart, from cot and hall,
One voice—one heart—goes forth, to hail
The King—the Sire of All!

IX.

Though with the Scottish stream he met
The blood of Kings that were not mine,
Though D'Esté and Plantagenet
Have blended with The Bruce's line,
The spirit of departed time
Is in the song that meets thy path,
And lifts once more in Albyn's clime
The shout of "RIGH GU BRATH."

X.

The crown that circled Bruce's helm,
Once more the Douglas' hand shall raise;
The sword that rescued Bruce's realm
Be guarded by the De la Hayes.
The children of the heath and yew
Come harness'd down from glen and
strath,
Plant o'er their crests the White and Blue,
And swell the "RIGH GU BRATH."

* James I.

† Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

And here comes the light-hearted Son of the West,
That in days of your agony fought by your side ;
The eagle sent forth from your own mountain nest,
But that rushed to your summons through tempest and tide.

Then, Scots, fill your bumpers, both Saxon and Gael ;
Let the pipers strike up till they make the roofs ring,
In chorus to Geordie, the chief, and his Tail,
Huzza—four times four—“ Here’s the Kirk and the King !”

But now we shall present our readers with a poem which will be read with pleasure a thousand years hence. We are sorry to say that it was not sent as a contribution to our Magazine, nor have we the slightest suspicion who may be the author. It appeared

before our eyes in the *Morning Post* ; and we hope that the respectable editor of that paper will pardon us for adorning with it our pages. It is a noble composition, and breathes both of Burns and Byron.

FERGUSON AND BURNS ; OR THE POET’S REVERIE.

’Tis solemn night—the weary City sleeps,
While pale abroad the feverish Poet strays :
Exulting now, and now deprest he weeps,
Still spider like upon himself he preys.

With listless step, scarce conscious where he roams,
The thinking dreamer wastes the hours of rest ;
Now drops the eye on shadowy towers and domes,
As lone he muses on the Calton’s crest.

No voice is heard, except the lulling sound
Of Forth’s sea-billows rolling faint and slow :
While cloudless skies, like mirrors ranged around,
Seem to reflect the clustering lamps below.

When lo, there seems, array’d in rude attire,
A form arising, awkward and uncouth ;
On which descends a soul of heavenly fire,
Then shines the figure in eternal youth.

On it his eye the living Poet turns ;
He shrinks to nought, yet glories as he looks ;
Some instinct in him whispers, There stands BURNS ;
The bee of nature, not the moth of books.

The mien is proud, but pensive seems his mood,
Pale, pale the cheek, by griefs and care destroy’d ;
His tearful eye alights on Holyrood,
He starts, exults, and strides along o’erjoy’d ;

Till from the rock he casts a glance below,
Taught by the tablet which in life he rear’d :
“ *Puir FERGUSON !*” he sigh’d, “ *puir ROB !*” when, lo !
The turf roll’d back, and FERGUSON appear’d.

To others arms th’ immortal spirits rush,
Alike their feelings, failings, and desires,
They climb the crags—along the steep they brush,
Then sitting down, thus strike their native lyres.

BURNS.

I’m thinking ROB ye’re come like me,
To snuff the caller air a wee,
Yer house, like mine, I fancy’s sma’,
Which maks the breath there ill to draw.
Great changes here sin’ ninety-six
Whan aff I pack’d frae Doune to Styx ;

Rare on-gauns here sin’ seventy-four,
Whan death sum’d up yer lawen score.
Now a’ the Kintra’s ta’en the bees,
An’ skelps to town and gars it bleeze ;
They rin, shout, sweat, address, and kneel ;
Kiss, feast, drink, dance, and play the De’il.

FERGUSSON.

Fine doings, true—what glorious streets,
Lawns, gardens, villas, docks, and fleets !
What Kintra's this, what City's that,
Which sits as auncient Athens sat ?
I'm daft, or dream, or yonder stand
Auld Reekie and her castle grand.
There's ANTHUR's seat, by a' that's good ;
Beneath the Craigs there's Holyrood ;
An' lighted up, an' guards I see,
An' tartans too, I'm crazed wi' glee.
At length has CHARLIE got his ain—
God bless the STUART and his reign !

BURNS.

I've roos'd the STUART in my time,
I pitied them—was that a crime ?
My fathers for their fathers bled,
Sae for the son the tear I shed ;
But now a KING the throne possesses,
Whaun ilka honest Briton blesses.
The son o' him wha in our day
Held upright though divided way.
Now India's ours, ower that domain
A countless people bless his reign ;
Among the far Atlantic Isles
The slave enfranchised by him smiles,
The foes o' England owe to him
Protection and their diadem ;
To him ilk State o' Europe owes
Deliverance frae the warst of foes.
That warst o' tyrants to him flew,
An' own'd the noblest foe he knew.
Nae king that's ruled the triple kingdom
In sterling glory ever ding'd him ;
An' now Auld Reekie in his presence
In Holyrood pays glad obeisance.

FERGUSSON.

Ye scorn'd to flatter whan in breath,
An' daurna flatter after death ;
Yer independent stamach scorn'd
T' adorn what worth had not adorn'd,
To gild the brass o' human mould,
To represent its solid gold,
Plat vices base and things abhorrent,
An' by the surgery mak them current ;
Strike up then, friend, ' God save the King,'
Wha taks the opprest beneath his wing,
Beats down the Tyrant reigns for ither,
A King like this maks nations brithers.
I used to sing the thistle springs,
In domicile o' auncient Kings,
But now, Auld Reekie, " cock yer fud,"
The KING's come hame, yer bairns rin
wud ;
Lang wish'd and look'd for now is come,
An' a' the bink is in a burn ;
Whan Scotland likes, her likes are strang,
Whan Scotland hates, her hates are lang ;
I ken her weel, gin she deserve it,
He'll tak her favour and preserve it.

BURNS.

The favour's gain'd and fairly won,
But Scotland soon maun lose her Sun,

To Southron lands he backwards glides,
But still his influence here resides ;
Though distant, yet wi' radiance mild,
His beams will gild our mountains wild,
Pierce our dun glens, illumine our lands,
An' warm their patriotic bands.
Ye slept the sleep while nightly I
Cam' forth wi' keen inquiring eye,
Aft mingling viewless in the joys
O' rare Auld Reekie's rantin boys ;
Aft wishing, wearying to be man
T' express the thoughts that through me
ran ;

To vent the tide that boil'd alang ;
And steaming rose in floods o' sang,
To paint the MONARCH moor'd at Leith :
His hat first deck'd wi' Scotia's heath,
The cross o' Scotland on his breast ;
O be that honour'd emblem blest !
My Kintra's daughters nobly done,
To send sic gift by sic a son ;
To paint the barge approach the pier,
Re-echo Scotland's welcome cheer,
As on the shore her KING returns,
The warmth that in her welcome burns.
See sailors on their yards and booms,
Doors, windows, roofs, where beauty
blooms,

'Mid gaudy streamers, flags, and plumes,
Steeds prance, pipes skirl, claymores are
flashing,

Banners waving, cannons crashing ;
Drums are rolling, trumpets sounding ;
Bands are playing, hearts are bounding ;
Plaided archers—tartan'd Celts,
Grand dragoons, and clans in kilts :
Gorgeous Heralds, Courtiers gay,
Nobles swell the proud array.

The Royal Carriage a' escorting,
'Transported a', and a' transporting ;
Respect an' order round about,
An' meaning in the meanest shout.

I sigh'd to paint the scene when first
On Royal een Auld Reekie burst,
When winding eastward frae the Square,
Whole myriads seem'd built up in air ;
The noblest pyramid, I ween,
That ever blest a MONARCH's een :
When he, o'ercome, wi' hat in hand,
Rose up, exclaimed, " My God, 'tis grand !"
And cheer'd his people, 'twas a time
Ennobling, brilliant, and sublime.
The hill arose, return'd the cheer
In thunders on the MONARCH's ear ;
The tear stood globing in his ee,
I'll swear he felt like you or me.

I yearn'd to paint that Chief o' spleen-
dours,

A King amid his best defenders ;
A people loyal, faithful, free,
Who love alike the glorious three—
Their Kintra, King, and Liberty !
The STUART Tartan round him flowing,
Our ain Regalia on him glowing,
The loveliest o' God's lovely race
Before him bent in blushing grace ;

The gems o' hame by lang report,
 Now brilliants in a brilliant court ;
 To paint him on Dun Edin's crest,
 The cannon thund'ring east and west,
 The rocks re-echoing, 'raigs rebounding,
 The Calton roaring, Roads resounding ;
 The mountains round, the town beneath,
 The Forth beyond, and hills o' heath.
 Surprise and pleasure shew the man,
 The KING is dropt, his hat's in han',
 'Tis waved in air, and fired wi' zeal,
 Ten thousand cheer and wish him weel.
 He's charm'd with a' the crowd ; they bizz ;
 He's touch'd the chord that maks them his.

But stop, I smell the mornin' breeze,
 An' I maun aff to far Dumfries.
 I pined neglected—sorrow'd, starved,
 But what o' that, my tombstone's carved.

FERGUSON.

Ah, BURNS, farewell—I wail yer doon,
 But envy not yer splendid tomb :
 Mair honour'd I by yon grey stane ;
 Behold the trophy, 'tis yer ain.

C. B.

We know of no living author who may not be proud of these verses. They are written, certainly, by a native of Scotland ; but none of Scotland's known poets, we think, is the man. He is, however, be he who he may, a poet of power—and we hope his voice will not be silent.

LETTER FROM A GOTH.

Brechin, Sept. 14, 1822.

DEAR MR NORTH,

YOUR incessant dunning letters for contributions begin, to tell you the plain truth, to be mighty disgusting. And such letters too ! so short, so scrawly, so confused, so absolutely without head or tail,—upon my word I wonder at your assurance, in supposing but for a moment that a man of my standing would be entrapped in such an unrespectful manner. But besides, good Editor, you tell me your next Number is to be all about the King's visit, forsooth, and yet you want me, who was not within fifty miles of Edinburgh all the while, to help you out with its manufacture. You might as well call on a Glasgow Baillie to assist you in a number about the Pyramids of Egypt, or the Temples of Magna Græcia.

I have read the pamphlets, papers, books, and slips, you have been so kind as to send us. Oliver and Boyd's affair is well done, considering the species, and I shall bind it up hereafter as a record of these transactions. But you are wofully mistaken in imagining that I am to be quite pleased with all the matters I have read of therein.

I confess that I am most sincerely pleased with the only important part. The reception of the King has, indeed, been worthy of him, and worthy of old Scotland, and it must have been witnessed, and it must even be remembered, by THE WHIGS with feelings of the most bitter description. Good heavens ! I hope that their cry of disappointment may run over ! His R. H. of Sussex will yet visit them, as

they themselves announced he was to do, in their newspapers some time ago. In that case I shall certainly come to Edinburgh ; for nothing does me so much good as the sight of their feeble faces, under the influence of certain feelings, which I shall not trouble you with naming or numbering.

I have been exceedingly amused with these mad epistles from Glengarry, in the Observer. What a valuable contributor he must be to the newspaper he patronizes ! Upon my word, Mr North, the people, whoever they were, that suffered the Highlanders to come so far forwards during the Royal Visit, have just met with the return they deserved. I have a great respect for the Highlanders when they are kept in their own place ; but on my soul, I cannot say whether I am most inclined to laugh, or be angry, when I cast my eyes over all these accounts, and see the absurd precedence they seem to have been assuming in the capital of Scotland. If old Pitkerton had happened to be among you, it would assuredly have been the death of him.

Seriously, what could you all mean by this tartan mania ? I trouble you to reflect for a moment on the real state of things, and then ask of yourself if anything could be more childish, helplessly unworthy of Scotland, than such a system, such a deliberate system, of humbug and masquerade, at such a time, and in such a place. When I read for the first time in the papers, that Sir Walter Scott had gone up to the Castle of Edinburgh in a

coach full of Highland chiefs, they and we all alike plaided and kilted, I swear to you, I thought some of your own merry class had been playing pranks upon the poor Editor. A Scott in tartan! Good gracious! what would any of the old Barons of Branksome have thought, had one of their clansmen acted so in the days of other years? Wat of Harden would have turned upon his heel!—William of Deloraine would have burst into a horse-laugh.—But you will say he is the Bard of all Scotland, and whatever is Scotch is his. I am the last that would feel inclined to dispute this.—But what will you say for his Grace of Hamilton and Brandon? God know, he is not a poet (more than an orator.) And what demon could have tempted him to dis-array his shanks in this most barbarous fashion? He is Duke of Hamilton, but he is also Marquis of Douglas and Earl of Angus.*—Is it as a Hamilton, or as a Douglas, that he assumes the garb of the Gael? The Hamiltons are a Norman race. Their ancestor was a cleverish fellow who came out of *England*, and contrived to get some lands in the west of Scotland about 500 years ago, but not one of the line ever had a foot in the Highlands, except the island of Arran. If Sir William Curtis were to fall in love with herrings, and buy one of the Hebrides to-morrow, he might just as fitly style himself a Highland chief. But the Duke's blood is *Douglas*, and old Bell-the-Cat was his progenitor. I wish old Archibald could have risen from his grave for a day or two, just to see his descendant garbed like a bare-legged kene, and to hear him speechifying like a COCKNEY WHIGGLING! The noble representative of the house of Angus would certainly have turned his tail as nimbly as if he had smelt a radical mob!

The fact is, that no Scotch Prince, (except the Chevalier,) ever wore tartan in Holyrood before George IV. himself. Any of the Jameses would just as soon have thought of holding a court in his bed-gown! It was never the dress of Scotland, or of the Scottish court. Go into the mansion of the Duke of Argyll, or of any other great Highland chief, and find, if you can, a single family portrait representing this dress!

No such thing. Even these real Highlanders were not Macallummores, and Camerfacs, and so forth, when they came down into the Low Country. There, sir, they were Scottish noblemen, bearing *Gothic* titles of Earl or Baron, and drest like the others who stood by their side in presence of their Sovereign. They are always painted in armour, or else in the common peaceful fashion of the time—*NILVER IN TARTANS*.

The fact is, moreover, that in spite of all Colonel David Stewart (who, by the way, being a Stuart, is no more a Gael than I am) can allege, the dress which cut such a flourish among you in the streets of Edinburgh, is nothing but a fanciful and a very modern invention. The rough Highlanders, two or three hundred years ago, could as soon have made Genoa velvet or Arras tapestry, as design and execute all these minute and dazzlingly intermingled patterns of stripe and check. They wore the cloth that was woven and dyed by their own wives and daughters—and who can fancy that these were up to all those intricacies which now demand the utmost skill of Paisley and Glasgow manufacture? Accordingly, the Highland Clans were never distinguished—and in our books of history there is no trace nor hint of their race ever having been so—by the pattern of their tartans; but *always* by the badge they carried in their bonnets, of heath, box, holly, and so forth. The gentlemen among them wore plate and mail when they could procure it, like other gentlemen of the period—these common fellows, to be sure, were half-naked barbarians, with a web of rusty cloth wrapt round their bodies, a target of bull's hide, a dagger, and a pair of brogues.

What is the dress worn by any one of the gentlemen who figured at Holyrood? It consists of a JACKET, in the first place—that is to say, of a common COAT, (a thing which England borrowed about 200 years ago from France,) with the skirts shortened—a *philibeg*, which we all know was invented by an English officer not quite seventy years ago, and a shoulder plaid. There is nothing really Gaelic here, but the last named article. The belted plaid (which I see it said some few appear-

* We doubt this. Lord Douglas claims that ancient title, and we think with right. But the House of Lords must decide the matter. C. N.

ed in) is a shade better, but no more. Then, as for the buttons of precious stones, the fine shoe-buckles, &c. &c. &c. why, really it is too much to expect any body to believe that these are inherited from a wild race of hunters and herdsmen. I, for one, used always to think it a good joke to see John Kemble act Macbeth in a kilt of the 42d tartan—but after this, what shall we expect? I suppose the next thing will be to equip the honest Scots Greys in Highland bonnets, and give them riding cloaks made of their colonel's tartan—for a tartan he also no doubt must have, being a Steuart, and indeed a Scion of the House of Allanton!

Prince Charles Stuart assumed the tartan out of compliment to the army he led, which consisted almost entirely of Highlanders. But his paternal ancestors were *Lowlanders*—their original patrimony was *Renfrew*—and, I venture to say, he was the very first of all the race that ever wore any such dress. Tartan, to be sure, is a thing only found in Scotland, and, therefore, *foreigners* have been sometimes led into the blunder of supposing, that over all Scotland tartan was (or is) the national dress. I have seen a print of the Battle of Chevy Chase, representing Douglas and Montgomery, and so forth, all plaided and kilted. I have also seen more recent paintings, by Turner and others, representing the scenery of Lothian, with groups of tartan-clad figures. But it was reserved for the present time to see us, the true Scotchmen, copying these things which we all know, and always did know, to be foolish blunders, and transferring to the affairs of real life the fantastic fopperies which only existed before on the stage and on the canvass.

Who, after all, are the Highlanders? Are they the Scottish nation? Is their country Scotland? Is their language the Scottish language? Is their literature (forgive the absurdity) the Scottish literature? Is their history the Scottish history? No such thing.

The Highlanders, those who really ought to be called by that name, are the *Gael*, the original Celtic inhabitants of the soil of Scotland, and long centuries ago driven from the plains and the fertile valleys of the land (as their kindred tribes were out of Eng-

land into Wales) into those mountainous and desert tracts where their Celtic dialect still lingers. They are of the same race with those who still speak dialects akin to theirs in Wales, among the bogs of Ireland, in Brittany, in Biscay, and elsewhere. They are the descendants of those very *Celts* who were everywhere conquered by, and driven like sheep before, those *Gothic* invaders, from whom we, THE SCOTTISH NATION, the English nation, the French nation, and the Spanish nation, are all alike sprung. But who ever heard before now of the conquerors piquing themselves upon paltry imitation of the poor relics of the original customs of the conquered? Who ever heard of the French Kings, the sons of the Franks, aping the Britons—or of the Spanish Kings, the sons of the Visigoths, aping their Basquish vassals, or of the English Kings making Taffies of themselves? No doubt we have all heard of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex sporting a kilt at a tavern dinner often enough. But *there*, if I may be permitted to say so, *there* the matter might conveniently have rested.

Not only are the Highland Gael *not* the Scottish nation, but even their own chiefs are in very few instances of the same blood with themselves. The Duke of Gordon is proprietor of more land in the Highlands than any other individual. But Gordon and Huntly are the names of two places on the border of Scotland; and his Grace is no more a Gael than George IV. himself. His family are a Gothic family from Berwickshire; and whom did they succeed in the Highlands?—Why, no family of *Mac's*, but the Cummings, the *de Comines*, to be sure, a Norman race of chivalrous barons, who had long before their time subjected all Lochaber and Badenoch to their arms. The Sutherlands are the descendants of the CATI, a German tribe—and so is all the clan Chattan. The names of St Clair, de la Haye, Fraser, (de la Friselle) and many others, speak for themselves. MACLEOD is the representative of a Norman Sea-king—witness his family names to this day, TORQUIL, NORMAN, and so forth. I have no doubt all the coast chiefs might be traced to similar ancestry; for in those days, where was the Celtic race that could make any resistance against either a

Norman galleys, or a handful of Gothic spears? Even Campbell (de Campo Bello) is in all probability of Norman blood. The Murrays, the Drummonds, most certainly are so; as for the Mackenzies, they are, according to their own story, Irishmen and Fitz-Geralds—and the Fitz-Geralds, according to their own story, are Normans! Lord Macdonald, Clanronald, and Glegarry, are indeed, I believe, of Gaelic descent, and I wish them much joy of it. Which of them is the true chief, nobody knows—and nobody cares much about the matter. Most assuredly *tantas componere lites* is not within the province of any body but a Highlander.

And after all, who are the Highlanders that have done such feats either in arts or in arms, as to entitle them to lend a garb, or any thing else in the shape of a distinction, to the Scottish people? Was Bruce a Highlander? or Wallace? or James I.? or Sir James Douglas? or any of his swarthy line? Was Montrose a Highlander? or Dundee?—or, to come lower down, was Abercrombie, or Moore? or is Hope-town, or Lynedoch? Where is the historian, the poet, the sage, for whom we have to thank the Celts? No, we are a Gothic people, we speak a Gothic tongue; and we have no more to do with plaids and kilts than the English have to do with the leeks of Plinlimmon.

Do not imagine, however, that I have any wish to run down either the Highland race or their garb. Both are good in their way—the latter superb. Indeed, but for this simple circumstance, that the dress is a handsome one, who, I should like to know, would ever have been in it on the street of any Christian city in the nineteenth century?

The Highlanders, whatever their remote ancestors were, are a loyal, a brave, and eminently respectable race; but they are a mere fraction of our population, as their country is a mere skirt of our territory. And what I object to is, not their wearing their own dress wherever they please, and as they please, but the affectation of their dress by us. The dress should go along with the language; and if you will, the pipes (though even these are but a novelty, after all.) But the Scottish nation, a Gothic race, who have time out of mind been ruled by Gothic

Princes, whose political institutions are all of Gothic origin, who have nothing whatever to do with the Gaelic language and manners, have surely enough to be proud of without borrowing the kilts and dirks of these mountaineers.

As for the Celtic Society, I think Glegarry has behaved most absurdly as to that affair, if the accounts in the newspapers are to be relied on. But the notion of any given club of private individuals being selected to guard the Regatta of Scotland, in preference to the regular forces of his Majesty's empire, appears to me, I must fairly confess it, not a little queer. And this, too, a club instituted anno 1820! The Knight Marischall of Scotland is not an officer I am at all acquainted with in any of our ancient Scottish records. I believe there was such a person, (an inferior sort of functionary) in the time of James II. of England, but not farther back. But I take it for granted Sir Alexander Keith was permitted to take so prominent a part on this occasion, in virtue of his descent from the old Earls Marischall, whose title became forfeited in 1715—and certainly it would have afforded me very great pleasure to hear of him not only as exerting all the functions, but as once more invested with all the honours so long hereditary in that illustrious lineage. But I must say, that the idea of the Celtic club taking the place of regular regiments, *quæ* the guard *pro tempore* of Sir Alexander Keith, seems indeed a very high one! Could not the Knight Marischall have sent for a troop of the Scots Greys, or a company of the 42d? In such hands, I take leave to think, the Regatta would have been quite as safe; and I also take leave to think, that they, in times of old, were more used to be guarded by Scottish soldiers, than by masquerading bonvivants of Auld Reekie, "all plaided and plumed" for the nonce!

But what was it that made Glegarry, himself a member, as it appears, of the Celtic club, take up the cudgels so fiercely against them? Well as you and I may be entitled to smile at the Lowlanders who figured among them, surely a Highlander like Glegarry should have been very proud of the compliment their condescending kiltification paid to him and his brother Gael. And if, as a writer in the Observer says, it be really true

that he did not disdain to swell his own train at Holyrood with a recruit from Yorkshire: assuredly the kiltification of Lowland Scots was nothing for him to chuckle at. I own, when I read his angry diatribe, and saw how gravely he talked about the "thirteen gentlemen forming his *personal escort* at Holyrood," I was a little inclined to smile. The Duke of Argyll, I see, came to Holyrood without any *personal escort*; though I fancy he could have easily raised one (had he chosen) of thirteen hundred gentlemen, without having recourse to Yorkshire. Seriously, is it not a little odd to hear of a simple Scottish commoner going into his King's presence-chamber at this time of day with a "*personal escort* of thirteen gentlemen." I have my doubts whether Glengarry's ancestor would have ventured on such state at the court of James of the Fiery Face. But here to see Glengarry with his thirteen gentlemen, and Macallummore *solus*, is certainly strange enough, to say the least of it. And I for one cannot help thinking, that gentlemen holding commissions in his Majesty's service, might have as properly worn the prescribed uniform of their military ranks at the levee of the Sovereign who pays them, as the badge of their antediluvian fealty to the chief of a Celtic sept. But, to be sure, as I have already hinted, the fault was not with the *HOWLANDERS*. No, they did quite right; since Lowlanders were foolish enough to strut in kilts, Highlanders were quite entitled to deem themselves the cocks of the walk. I own I never saw a body of them without thinking of one of Sir Alexander Boswell's most capital songs—

"There's the Grants o' Rothiemurchus,
Every ane his sword and dirk has,
Every ane as proud's a Tuxie is,

Fum! feedle! fa! fum!

"There's the Grants o' Tullochgorum,
Wi' their pipers gait before 'em,
Bred the mitches are that bore 'em,

Fum! feedle! fa! fum!!!

I hope you will print all this Glengarry, or rather this Celtic controversy, in your Magazine. Now that the momentary mania is cooled, every body will be excessively amused with such a mighty pother about nothings. And I think if you were to send me the paper that was published last year at Glasgow about the dispute between Glengarry and Clanreald, I could

make a rather comical review of it for you. But after all, you had better get your friend old Pinky to touch them up. I believe he is still in Paris.

This new number of the Edinburgh Review is rather a dull one to my mind. The article on Walpole's Memoirs is a poor affair, and smells strongly of the manufacture of Holland House. So does, by the way, the article on O'Meara. He had praised and passed an article in an old number of the Blue and Yellow, as coming "from the classical pen of John Allan, Esq.," and here he is paid in kind. My impression is, that Mr O'Meara does not wilfully mis-state Buonaparte's sayings. But this is all the praise I can allow his book. He is the most dull and stupid fellow with a pen in his fist that one could desire to fall in with. And really the sort of delishious worshipping of the remains of imperial greatness about Buonaparte, is quite diverting, in juxtaposition with the radical ravings in which good Mr O'Meara indulges himself. There are some things in his work quite detestable. One passage about Prince Leopold and his mother would have been suppressed had the doctor been possessed of one atom of feeling. As it is, I wonder the Edinburgh critic did not quote it.

It is delightful to see how Buonaparte-hated, and how the Whigs hate, the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon says he is an "*Esprit borné*;" and Jeffrey's Balaam-monger echoes the sentiment with the most chuckling satisfaction. I dare say the same sentiment was still more distinctly asserted, however, in the famous prophetic sheet cancelled the day after the news of Waterloo. The air of impertinent importance with which they usher in their own old cant about "the liberal party all over Europe," &c. would provoke a smile, if it did not make one seriously sorry to find a man like Mr Jeffrey trundling himself so absurdly into the mire. There is some detestable jeering about the late Marquis of Londonderry scattered up and down the Number.—These fellows would have joined the band of screaming ragamuffins at the gate of Westminster Abbey—if they durst.

What a piece of humbug to be analysing *Nos. 1.* at this time of day. 'Tis, besides, one of the poorest critiques Jeffrey ever put through his fingers.

In the article on the Constitutional Association, there are some very sensible remarks about the present state of the Law of Libel. Thus—

"The definition given of LIBEL by Mr Bentham is hardly an exaggeration: viz. 'Any thing which any body at any time may be pleased to dislike for any reason.' Again—

"It cannot be denied, that men are apt, both as judges and jurors, when coolly deciding in a court of justice, to take offence at expressions, which, as ordinary readers, they never would have blamed. The judge comments upon the vehement words; and the jury, recollecting the oath they are under, bewildered by the vagueness of the law, not permitted to seek for all the light which might be derived from investigating the truth or falsehood of the matter before them," &c. Again—

"It has thus become a much more important question, whether any given publication shall be prosecuted or not, than whether it is libellous or not; And we will venture to say, that an indiscriminate, or even a very free use of the powers of prosecution, would speedily produce one of two consequences; either all political discussion would be put down, or all libellers would be acquitted as a matter of course, and the law of libel would cease to exist."

Again, in speaking of a certain Attorney-General of England, whom they are abusing *mordicus*, they say,

"His caprice was equal to his severity; he would prosecute the man who copied a passage, and let the original publisher go free."

Now, do not these passages reflect a fine light upon "some passages" in the history of these same Edinburgh Whigs? Have they not been continu-

ally, in their style of attack upon your Magazine, furnishing the most brilliant illustration of old Jeremy's definition above quoted? Have they not been stirring hand and foot, stock and stone, here and elsewhere, to turn to their own advantage the circumstances so well described in the paragraph immediately below about judges and juries? Have not they, the clerics out about freedom, been the very people to strive, in every possible way, to bring the law of libel into the predicament hinted at in paragraph the third?

Finally, did not Mr Leslie prosecute Mr Blackwood the other day, and was not Mr Jeffrey his counsel, and did not Mr Leslie get some small damages of Mr Blackwood for "*copying a passage*," and all the time "*let the original publishers*, (Dr Brewster and Professor Jamieson) go free?"

There is a clever enough attack on the Constitutional Association for carrying on libel prosecutions at the expense of a *clubbed fund*. Now, I happen to know, that a certain Whig gentleman in Edinburgh was applied to, only three years ago, to subscribe to a fund for prosecuting Mr Blackwood. Being a gentleman, (though a Whig) he of course declined.

By far the best thing, at least the most arousing, in the number, is the little article on Insects. The effect of their enumeration of our invisible enemies was such, that I absolutely began, while reading the paper, to feel almost as itchy in my seat, as if I myself had been a kilted Celt, with a proper personal escort, in place of "a man with a purse in my pocket, and breeks to my hinderend;" or, in other words, your very obedient and humble servant.

A GOTH.

GLENGARRY VERSUS THE CELTIC SOCIETY.

In the preceding article, some allusion is made to a row between a celebrated Chieftain and an illustrious Society, which it may not be amiss to give a short account of, as it seems to us, in the language of our good friend Pierce Egan, "to pourtray a striking feature during the Royal Visit." Be it known, then, to all men, by these presents, that, Anno Domini 1920, there was instituted at Edinburgh, the CELTIC SOCIETY. "The first object of the Society, (we quote their Regula-

tions) shall be to promote the general use of the ancient Highland dress in the Highlands of Scotland. Its views to be afterwards extended, as circumstances may admit, to other objects connected with the preservation of the characteristics of the Highlanders." This is plain as a pike-staff. And regulation 8th is, "That at these meetings, the members shall be dressed in the ancient costume of the Highlands of Scotland. Each member, if of any Clan, in its particular tartan. Officers,

naval and military, shall be entitled to attend in uniform."

From these, and other regulations, it appears that the prime object of this Society is to encourage the kilt; and that, after seeing the "hinder ends" of the Highlanders rescued from the encroaching tyranny of breeches, they hope to extend their philanthropic views to other plans, physical, moral, and intellectual; which, until their prime object is accomplished, seems to them visionary and impracticable.

We scarcely think ourselves qualified to give a public and decided opinion respecting this, the first great object of the Celtic Society. We never, at any period of our life, sported the kilt, even at a masquerade. Our fidelity to breeches has been unquestioned; and these, during a period of nearly sixty years, (for we were breeched at eighteen months) we have worn of every imaginable form and colour. In any argument, therefore, in the case of kilts *versus* breeches, we wish to be understood to deliver our sentiments with the utmost modesty, our experience being all on one side; yet still, conjecture is open to us—imagination may supply the place of memory—and it is kindly given to us, to walk in dreams of ideal liberty over moss, muir, and mountain, free altogether from our present incumbrances, enjoying every breeze that blows, and glorying in our display of muscularity and vigour. But alas! alas! a crutch and a kilt would look ill together—so "breeches for ever!" is our slogan, or war-cry.

Why, then, we ask, should a Society be instituted for the suppression of breeches in the Highlands of Scotland? Cannot the kilt maintain its own ground? Or is not a biting north wind—a shower of sleet—or a frost that can freeze anything but Loch-Ness—a more powerful argument than any that can be disseminated in printed circulars? If the Highlanders are giving way to the superior comfort and accommodation of breeches, is it consistent with the principles of political economy to offer a premium on kilts, and thus absolutely strip off the breeches from a Highlandman in operation hitherto foolishly supposed impossible? It is in vain to struggle against the spirit of the age. The Celt may struggle against it for a while longer, as he has done

for some centuries, but into breeches must his thighs go at last. This Society, we prophesy, will, in less than a hundred years, relinquish "their first object;" and the records and rules of their present life will then be perused with a singular emotion by presidents, vice-presidents, and committees of management, with buttons at their knees, and otherwise dressed in Christian habiliments.

It is to us quite plain, that, waving the kilt altogether, that is, the question of the kilt—it will be laid aside, or it will be worn by the Highlanders, just as they feel themselves disposed; and that to encourage, or discourage it, is equally out of the power of the Celtic Society. The Caledonian Canal, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, Steamboat Navigation, and this Magazine, will, at no very distant period, introduce civilization into the Highlands of Scotland. And we have little doubt, that before the publication of our 999th Number, so prevalent will breeches be in that country, that the very married women will shew their attachment to what will then be the national dress, by occasionally wearing them, after the fashion of their fair sisters in the Lowlands. For be it remembered, that while the elements of knowledge are increased, the elements of nature remain pretty much the same; and is it conceivable that the Highlanders, when enlightened and civilized by means of those powerful agents enumerated above, will continue to expose their extremities to blasts more searching than excisemen? Impossible. Breeches will triumph.

Here the reader may perhaps, in the warmth of our discussion, ask us, if it would not be right to institute a society for the encouragement of breeches in the Highlands of Scotland, as a counterpoise to the fatal influence of the Celtic Society? No. Things will find their own level. There is no call for any such association. It would do more harm than good. Celts might be enticed into breeches, who would afterwards turn renegades and apostates; and many would adhere to kilts out of spite to the Breech Society. We might see the flames of a civil war.

We have not time to pursue this subject now, but we may ask, if it can be supposed to be a matter of pure indifference to a man whether he wears

kilts or breeches? We mean, can the same man, without danger of distraction or death, wear kilts one part of the year, and during another part of the earth's revolution round the sun, breeches? By wearing kilts, does not a Celt make the skin of his legs and thighs about as thick and callous as so much tanned leather? Such a personage appears to have no need even of a kilt; for he looks as if clothed in the hide of a wild animal, with the hairy side outwards. Now, suppose such a Chieftain forcibly immersing himself into the streights of a pair of breeches. What misery! Witness the indigenous or Celtic savages of New-Holland. They will wear breeches, when detained among the colonists, with astonishing fortitude. But the moment they make their escape into the wild country, off go the breeches to a man. When, therefore, a Highland Chief, uninured to breeches, makes a descent upon the lower parts of Scotland, his own lower parts—must be—in torment. Breeches, it will be observed, are the national dress of the Lowlands—and there is the rub. But our argument (against kilts, we believe) assumes another shape, when instead of considering the sufferings of the Highlander descending into the Lowlands, we turn a tender eye on him who has become a Lowlander ascending into the Highlands. He has worn breeches for ten months of the year. “Nevertheless, his thighs are not hairy;” and now, on a visit to his progenitors, he must wear kilts. Every blast is like a bunch of nettles—and he would give ten pounds for a pair of breeches not worth nine shillings. It is fifty to one that he catches his death of cold. Is it any consolation to him in his last moments that he has died of the tartan-ague? That he has been killed by a kilt, and perishes in the cause of the Celtic Society? In short, take a Celt of another class, namely, a sheltie, and on driving him down to Edinburgh, clap him, with his long hair over his eyes, and his brown ragged hide, into a crowded stew-pan of a livery-stable, and cover him with horse-cloths two inches deep,—would he eat his corn? On the contrary, he would stand drenched in Celtic sweat, till he sank down the skeleton of a sheltie. In like manner, take a horse (even of Celtic pedigree)

out of a hot livery-stable, to which he has been long accustomed, strip him of his clothing, and turn him out into a Perthshire pasture, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and he will never be sold any more at Mr. Wordsworth's Repository. The cases are in point.

If, therefore, the kilt is to be encouraged in the Highlands, we seriously think, and shall say so on a jury, that the Celtic Society must be held answerable for the death of many worthy members of Society at large. Gentlemen who derive their birth from the Highlands, derive their breeding, and for the most part their bread, from the Lowlands. Breeches are their daily wear. Must they, on paying a visit of filial affection to the huts of Lochaber and Badenoch, exclaim—

“Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye—
Thy steps I follow with my bottom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.”

Such would be the inevitable result of the success of the Celtic Society in promoting their first great object. Such success would be fatal to itself. For the kilt would be superseded by the shroud; and the cry would not be for tartan, but for thighs to wear it. The flower of the Celtic youth are at present writers in Edinburgh and Glasgow; and if they lay aside their breeches, their Agency is at an end, and they are Doers no more.

Such, then, seeming to us to be the “scope and tendency” of the Celtic Society, we could not conscientiously join it; but if, in consequence of what we have now said, the Society gives up its “first object,” and leaves kilts or breeches equally open to all men, then shall we join it with pleasure, and co-operate in all their great national designs.

During our King's most gracious visit, the Celtic Society made a very distinguished appearance—and we were glad to see it. Some excessively ugly customers are among them, no doubt; and of that kind of ugliness most offensive in a pageant—mean, shaggy, town ugliness, vain, and vulgar, with overhanging ankles, plain soles, and little pot-bellies. That was bad. But, on the whole, the effect was good—and Sir Alexander Keith, know-

ing that tartan was to be in vogue at the processions, did right to have a Celtic body-guard, since he chose it. The Celtic Society, too, had just as good a right to occupy any place in any procession, as any other number of given men, as long as no interference took place with hereditary or statutory privileges. No man in tartan had any absolute right to be there at all.

When, therefore, A. R. Macdonell, Esq. of Glengarry, (a large but unproductive property in the Highlands,) comes forward on his high horse, as if he would ride over all the old women and children of the metropolis; and talks about his station being "on the right," and all manner of nonsense of that sort, people begin to ask what has brought him from Loch Oich. He is a Highland gentleman, or Chief, as he calls himself, so let him put on his Tail, or personal escort, and strut about as proud as a piper or a bubbly-jock. But we have just as good a right as he has to sport a Tail; and confound us, if we do not, next time the King comes. He has published a list, we think, of part of his Tail. Our intended Tail shall consist of Odoherly—Tickler—Lauerwinkler—Buller—Seward—Blackwood—Hogg, and Dr Parr. We will switch away with it, like a lion as we are, and it shall be as stiff and briety as that of Mac-Mhic-Alastair himself.

Glengarry falls foul of the Celtic Society. Why? He is a member of that Society, and one of the Committee of Management; and it was excessively improper to hold up to ridicule any body of men. People don't like being laughed at—we have long observed that; and one reason why we are so universally beloved is, that we laugh at nobody. With so sarcastic a writer as Glengarry, we cannot therefore be supposed to sympathise; yet in justice to him, we must give a few extracts from his epistles in the Observer.

"This, Sir, the right of the Scottish army, and of the whole Highland clans, was the uninterrupted position of the clan Macdonell, from the ever-memorable battle of Bannockburn, down to that of Culloden, where no other chief was in the field; and on which occasion, as a solitary instance to the contrary, Lord George Murray ordered the Atholl Murrays to occupy the right flank as found from Lochet's

spirited answer, at the head of his brave Camerons, that he refused the right, "as being the hereditary birth-right of the Macdonell, Agus Clann-do-Nuill," on every occasion sufficiently great to call forth "Claidh agus Breachdan."

The Duke of Argyll, in command of the Breadalbane Campbells, (commanded personally and appropriately by Lord Glenorchy, in the martial garb of his noble ancestors, the bitted plaid) which none wore more correctly than his chief, the Duke; under whose orders were likewise marshalled there, for the first time (so far as ever I heard), the Macgregors, headed in the absence of Sir Evan Murray Macgregor, Bart. by the youthful son and heir of that accomplished and distinguished chieftain. The Drummonds of Perth, commanded (if I mistake not) by Mr Macintyre, a true Highlander and very respectable gentleman, though not exactly in his place. The Sutherland Highlanders, commanded by the Honourable Major Alexander Mackay, brother to Lord Reay, and consequently no Sutherland; but "Ard Tanuister" to the Stirling Highland clan of Mackay. Thus certainly was something new, and not very gratifying to the native feeling of those clans, nor to such portions of them as were so mustered. But the noblest national honour was at stake, and kept all quiet, overcoming every selfish and personal idea of minor consideration; for under no other circumstances, in my humble opinion, would the clans Drummond and Sutherland have suffered Englishmen (whatever their rank might be among the peers of South Britain) to assume the place of their ancient chiefs. And for my own part, I feel equally certain that, at no prior period, either the Macgregors, the Sutherlands, or the Drummonds, mustered in the field under a McCallum Mhore, so this *rust* could not on any future occasion be carried into effect. The policy of the Campbells and the clans, it is undeniable, run always in a diametrically contrary direction; and while at Blairfinnair, the Breadalbane Campbells, led by Campbell of Glenfalloch, joined the clans, by order of Lord Breadalbane, "McCallum Mhic Mhuachy," (to whom alone they look for orders to the hour of trial) yet McCallum Mhore's command that day was high in the army opposed to Highlanders, and consisted of the Argyllshire Campbells, and "Sightaran Dhearg," or red coats.

What makes me fully master of this subject, is, that my great-grandfather "Alastair Dubh," the Glengarry of his day, commanded personally the Highland army in that battle, supporting the Stuart's cause (I do not blush to tell it,) while Argyll was in the chief command on the opposite side; my ancestor at the head of all

the clan Macdonnell and Macdonald, for all of them till the 45 and 6 maintained what they conceived to be their honour unsullied; and preferred adhering to what they conceived (however misguided) to be their true allegiance, disregarding alike every species of alluring offer and threat of ruin with which their truly national firmness and loyalty were assailed in every possible manner of way; and against which no character in Europe, but that of the Scots Highlanders, was ever found to be proof. In following up my remarks on the singular events of the day (so far only as regards Highlanders, and those who affected on this occasion to pass for such,) I cannot pass over that non-descript convention of any thing rather than Highlanders, the Celtic Society; an incongruous assemblage of all ranks, that have no one common bond of union among them. They neither speak the language, nor know how to put on correctly the garb of the "Gael;" and yet, without possessing the blood, or the manly frame of that interesting race, or any other ostensible cause whatever, they barefacedly masked themselves in the Highland garb, and, trusting to the cloak of this assumed character, in their tartans and with eagle plume in their bonnets, the distinctive mark of the chieftain of old! This novel and non-descript body, stopping at nothing which could be accomplished by a brazen effrontery, and those borrowed plumes, (of which, as in the fable of the daw, they are about to be stripped) unwarrantably pushed itself forward under those false colours. 1st, To the charge of the Regalia of Scotland, over which, for a few days, they mounted guard, like private soldiers, (of not a very soldierly cast;) 2dly, They presented themselves to the King, in numbers, at the levee at Holyrood; and, 3dly, They took up a position on the sands of Portobello, among the Highlanders, whom his Majesty was most graciously pleased to express a desire of seeing upon that ground on the day of the review. Lastly, I have been told (though I do not positively know it, as I kept myself and my friends quite aloof from them,) that they contrived to draw lots with the representatives of the four Highland clans, subject that day to the Duke of Argyll's orders, for their place among them. If this really happened, it was carrying the farce too far, as upon this, and the having had a temporary charge of the Regalia of Scotland, they may, in their modesty, at some future time, lay claim to a right to these honours, in conjunction with those to whom that right especially belongs. Though there are a few respectable names at the top of their list, following the Marquis of Huntly's, as preses, none of whom will, I feel confident, be in the smallest degree offended at my speaking out my real and undisguised sentiments;

and having been allotted by the respectability of their President and four Vice-Presidents' names, as given in the first newspaper report after their institution; four of which five were members of the Society of true Highlanders, and the fifth, the pride of his country, with whom we would all delight to associate, though the Highlands could not claim him for a mountaineer, either by birth or hereditary male descent; and though, consequently, he was inadmissible (from the strict rules of the society,) as a member of our truly Highland fraternity—I say, under such influence as invariably attaches to names like those, and without further inquiry, I sent up my name to their Secretary, to whom I was likewise a stranger at that time, as well as to the most every man besides who composed the Celtic Society. And the first notice I had of my enrolment, was a notification from my Edinburgh agent, "that he had been called on for, and had paid the fees of admission."

I dined one day with them since, and I never saw so much tarian before, in my life, with so little Highland material. The day went off pleasantly, to be sure, but how could it do otherwise to any man seated on one hand of Sir Walter Scott in the chair, who had another Highland chieftain on his other hand? Still, not being dazzled by outward show alone, I take this opportunity of withdrawing my name publicly from this mixed society, for the reasons already assigned. There may be some very good and respectable men amongst them, but their general appearance is assumed and fictitious, and they have no right to arrogate the national character or dress of Highlanders, against the continuance of which liberty, so mortifying to the feelings of all real Highlanders, I for one, formally protest. And I hope my countrymen on the south side of the Grampians will not think I have done so prematurely, when I mention, that I have been much disgusted, repeatedly, by seeing both the belted plaid and the shoulder plaid, disfigured and caricatured by the members of that Society in public, who wear improperly (very likely through ignorance,) and in many instances bedaubed with silver or gold lace, like what footmen wear occasionally on their liveries, but quite different from the ancient and warlike garb of Celtic mountaineer races. I believe there are some broken Highlanders on their list, belonging to almost every clan in the Highlands, *even not excepted*. I have seen a scullion, a Jew—son to the vendor of the Balm of Gilead, and some other foreigners equally preposterous, appear in the George's Street Assembly Rooms, with scarfs almost down to their heels, in the same night, when was a year, but they withdrew themselves quietly and sensibly, on getting a hint

March 25th 1846, when, amidst company, I had the pleasure to make acquaintance with the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. And most people have heard of the distinguished character of another of these Celtic noblemen, James Macdonald, an the Duke of Devonshire, the well-known Secretary of the Society, a gentleman of the Celtic Society, who was standing off in front of the Palace, in the following words:— "Do you call yourself a Highlander?" "Yes, Sir," said I. "You don't mean to say that, do you?" Mr. Macdonald, "If I should not, Sir, I have seen you, some twenty years ago, a singing-boy in the choir of St. Dunstons in England." This remark put the Celtic gentleman quite out, and raised a general laugh against him. It turned out to be Mr. Macdonald, the singing-master of the choir, who, as a true Highlander, is certainly no Highlander!

Amidst the monopoly of every thing they could pick up from any quarter, to add to the effect of their appearance as Highlanders, they took into their pay two good-looking men of considerable execution upon the Highland bagpipes, one a Mackenzie, sister to young Davidson of Tulloch; and the other a Mackay, sister to Mr. Macdonald of Castle Tyrone, in Wicklow, proprietors of Ardsay, &c. in Inverness-shire; both of whom they retained as pipers (representatives of their Society, during his Majesty's visit to Scotland. And Mr. Mackenzie, then secretary to the Society, whose influence with his naturally was considerable, did not think to cause the said John-Robert Mackenzie stand to Mr. Dighton, a London artist, still abashed by that gentleman's title "piper to the Celtic Society;" and Mackenzie, who is a retired rebel and a rebel, and professionally a misanthropic painter, instead of continuing their's grace, long used by him as the badge of his clan, has recently, on the authority, as he told me, of some Macdonald in Kilmory, who, he says, had seen the late Macfarlane one holly, the badge of the House, thus immortal; on the standard of which ancient and great men, the Mackenzies had succeeded to their rank and extensive family inheritance in Ross-shire; this I remarked, to that gentleman, (the first morning I saw it in his house), and after having challenged it to the pipe, was no more why, upon such groundless pretensions, he or his late chief (as he so long) should assume the badge of that clan, which he had as such for centuries. The said Mr. Macdonald, crossed the Atlantic, on Kenneth Macdonald Mackenzie, the son of Kenneth, and his first wife, sister of the Earl of Argyll, who is a Kilmory. But these are mere speculations to the Celtic Society have not stopped; they have not

and the "Clann-do-Naill," as it were, into separate clans, founding upon the different shades of spelling their names in English. As to Gaelic there is no difference; and with a bellman never heard of before, they seemed to give one kind of heath or heather to one family at least of that clan, and another to another's; nay, they allege songs, and many other unheard-of badges, to be the distinctive mark of many of the upper clans, who have derived their origin from the ancient sovereign house of the Isles; while, in fact, every clan emanating from that stock, since the days of Somers-Id, who married the daughter and heiress of Olave or Olave, the swarthy King of Man; whose son, Reginald, ancestor of the Mackenzies, and "Dhugall," ancestor of the Mackenzies, on being sent, by their royal father, (as the head of separate and distinct commands,) to assist their mother's kin, the Norwegians, against the Danes, by orders of Reginald, first put further in their banners, in order to distinguish themselves from the Danes when they should be engaged in close action; that is, (laymore and helmet, target and durk; when of course it follows, that he who lost the heather from his banner, was most likely next to lose his life; that being the only distinctive mark between a man and friend.

This supposition may be deemed acute by some, who are not aware, that when his Majesty was first expected to visit Scotland, previous to the report dying off, under the impression that the King intended to make an extensive continental tour, I wrote my sentiments undignifiedly to most of the few noblemen and gentlemen, who, like myself, then stood upon the list of the Celtic Society, as well as that of the true Highlanders, explaining my disapprobation of the measures adopted by the body, so improperly assuming our national dress; I have not, therefore, any hesitation to remark, as I have now done, since no gentler hint was sufficient to restrain them, having observed to all with whom I corresponded upon that subject, that it was impossible for true Highlanders to associate with such a body or convention of people, open to all nations, and to all religions; and, as their example of assuming the dress is frequently followed, upon Wednesdays, by many of the shop boys in Edinburgh, not calculated to add either dignity or decency to the garb of the Gael, the law must now be strictly drawn, otherwise the national character of the Highlander must be tarnished, nay, demolished in such hands.

A. R. N. MACDONELL.

We really cannot help admiring Glengarry a good deal. He looks the Chief; and we have been told that he possesses many of the good qualities of the Chief. But he must not bran-

dish his 'Tall so unnecessarily; and he ought to remember that other people have Tails as well as himself, though not so ostentatiously protruded. Neither ought he to mention people's names at this rate. It is not, we believe, true, that any Jew, who is not a Celt, belongs to the Society. As to Mulattoes, what is to hinder a Mulattoe from having plenty of Highland blood in his veins. Many Celts are in the Windward and Leeward Islands; and their progeny, we hold, though sprung perhaps by the mother's side, from the royal line of Congo or Dahomey, are entitled to join the Celtic Society. Does Glengarry suppose that the late Laird of Macnab had not a single Mulatto among all his offspring? But not to insist on what is so obvious, Glengarry forgot himself in that anecdote about our good friend Terence Magrath. It was pitiful and paltry in a Highland chief so to insult an inoffensive and respectable man. He ought to have known that Mr T. Magrath had too much sense to be rude to any gentleman on guard before the gate of the King's palace; and that, had he done so, any gentleman so insulted would have shown a Bow-street officer the point of his bayonet, or the edge of his claymore. The anecdote is silly and untrue. Mr Magrath, with singular mildness and modesty, contradicted it in the newspaper, telling the public that he was not on guard at the Palace at all. Glengarry, therefore, ought to be ashamed of himself for such vill and vulgar gossiping, and, Highland chief as he is, ought to beg publicly Mr Magrath's pardon. He ought also to recollect, that a man may be seen by police officers in a situation really disgraceful, which that of Mr Magrath's was not; and that the choir of a cathedral is a pleasanter place than the bar of the High Court of Justiciary. With respect to Captain M'Kenzie, whose name Glengarry makes use of so unwarrantably, he is a soldier, not a singing master, and not likely to heed the cry of "Beware the Bear." This the event has shewed.

But the whole Celtic Society bristled like a field at harvest-home. Glengarry was quite mistaken in supposing that they could not talk Gaelic. Of all languages that is the most formidable in the spluttering mouth of an angry man. Forthwith there was no talk but of expulsion and with many

of decapitation. We would not have been in Glengarry's brogues for the profits of a whole Number. Pistols and claymores, daggers and dirks, and knives and kimes, were all furlishing up, and the hairy pouch of every member of the Celtic Society curled for very ire. Red faces and fiery eyes were seen hurrying to and fro on street and square, sometimes solitary and sullenly savage, at others social in grinning groups mutually whetting up to execrating and exterminating exasperation. Where, in God's name, we thought, is the unfortunate Glengarry? He must be swallowed alive now, for the Bulls of Bashan are all roaring against him, and will toss and tear him to pieces like a red rag. But softly—Glengarry has been at Aberdeen, and on his return, instead of insuring his life, comes forward with the following manifesto.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH OBSERVER.

Saturday Evening.

SIR,—Glengarry was much amused upon his return from Aberdeen to-day, by reading in this day's Observer, "that a requisition has been sent to the Secretary of the Celtic Society," &c. &c., for a purpose worthy of one of the many nationalities which belong to an assemblage such as theirs—a modern convention open to people of all nations, and of all religious tenets, Jew as well as Christian. Their proposed plan, however, is not calculated to shake the nerves of a Highlander, more than their assumption of his native garb, (thereby burlesqued and degraded,) is to condiliate his justly injured feelings; but the former is as laughable as the latter is contemptible, and unjustifiable in the sight of every unbiassed man upon earth. Scan not the danger to an eagle against whom some Celtic members ordered a gun to be charged, imagining themselves, (from dreams of Celtic importance, to be something terrible, ha! ha! ha!) on seeing that "proud bird of the mountain" spurn the low mossy crag on which he had temporarily perched, and soar above the Grouppians, into the firmament of Heaven!—roused from his peaceful position, by their presumptuous approach, decked in plumes, (which had one by one either dropped from his wings or his tail at mauling time, or which had been wafted by the wind from the stupendous rock, where he reared his eagle's in safety, to which they have no legitimate right; and which within demarcation of Caledonia's unconquered barrier, as indeed in the breast of every discriminating patriot of Scotland, acquainted with the pe-

cular characteristics of the Gael) could answer no other end, in their assumed bonnet, than the many bells, which bedecked the vassal fools of their chiefs in the days of yore.

The Celtic Society had better leave my plaid alone, as it hitherto is "Sans tache"; otherwise it may prove of too rough and Highlandish a texture for their delicate fingers. I would not have meddled with any of them, so long as they left me and my Highlanders to stand or fall by the merit or demerit of our own act; but as long as I carry a St Andrew about me, in the warlike garb of my ancestors, I shall not be bearded by the best man among them, who may choose to put himself forward as their champion, *propria persona*. Though I do not think it worth while to ask (as I undervalue that frothy effusion, proceeding from such authority) who suggested the motion of which I am thus generously apprised; but at the same time, *anousin-like*, stabbed at me from behind a curtain, by calling my statement "misrepresentations," and aspersing my open, and, at least, manly conduct, with the term of "malignant jealousy," an epithet I entirely disdain, as having no place in my mind, and which I therefore resort indignantly to its author, as *his* vile and truly appropriate badge; and far more suitable to the Celtic Society, or at least to such of them, as authorised the paragraph to which I now reply; both for myself and my brethren, the pure and unsophisticated sons of "the land, of glens, and hills, and warriors," to use a toast often drunk by the Celtic Society, *in their hours of conviviality*, and therefore meant only, perhaps, *from the teeth outwards*, to deceive us, by empty sounds; as they imagined, with little knowledge of the true Highland character, they had already done, by the assumption, *without consent*, of our natural garb! But though, in their ignorance of the Highland Laddie, they may have been misled by Bailie Jarvie's humorous expression, "That no man wi' brooks on his hinder end, or money in his pouch, wad be safe among thae Highland savages," let me assure the author of the paragraph in question, that I still have as many "Dugald Boddies" as will inform me who shall rise to make that motion, and by whom it shall be seconded at the meeting so called; that is, if such a meeting shall actually take place, which I by no means believe; and if such motion shall be made and seconded, I think it due, in return to the candour of those who gave such authority, to inform them, that one of the (the Macdonell's supporters) might be roused into rage sufficient to

MAC-NUIC ALASTAIR.

we trembled for the Celtic Society.—Glengarry will make unced meat of them all; and many a writer's apprentice will weep the day he laid aside his breeches! What were our fears for our dear Omai! Is he never to see Otaheite more? What will King Pourcee say? and what will become of Morton's red waggon? Spare, O spare the gentle Omai, was our prayer.—But lo, and behold, Omai appeared before us in the Sanctum, and said, "Man of peace—one of the long-tailed chieftains threatens to cut off the head of me, Omai, because that I marched with the pettiest men, being only Omai the son of the son of Omai the traveller. But I, Omai, am a chief in my own country, and have a long tail there; and I have slain many men in battle, fighting for my own king, King Pourcee. And I, Omai, will carry my head back to Otaheite, upon the shoulders of me, Omai; and I will M'Alastair with my war-club." Our fears now were for the island of Otaheite; and we determined to bind over Omai to keep the peace. Accordingly, we took our crutch, and hobbled over to the Sheriff, and before night had Omai bound over not to kill Glengarry, under a justiciary warrant, and a penalty of L.5000. We had great difficulty in getting Omai to understand the meaning of this measure. At first he was rather obstreperous; but finally he acknowledged the propriety of peace, and deposited his war-club in the Sanctum by the side of another of no contemptible dimensions, which had seen service in its day, and now stands in dignified repose, (*otium cum dignitate*) in a corner, with a small silver plate, on which is inscribed the day of that great battle, when our Publisher played the part of a Percy.

Having thus saved Glengarry from the wrath of Me-Omai, we left the rest to the sonsy Sheriff of Edinburgh.—That gentleman is, it appears, Controller of the Press, with, we presume, as the office can be no sinecure, a salary of L.1000 a-year. He interdicted by his caveat the editors of the Edinburgh newspapers from admitting into their columns any thing farther about the Glengarry controversy. Before his kind and thoughtful interference, however, the two following letters had appeared, which are entitled to a place in this Magazine:—

tables were turned—and now

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH OBSERVER.

SIR,—Any individual who wantonly thrusts himself forward into public notice, by making an unprovoked attack upon a whole Society of gentlemen, not only deserves, but really invites public discussion respecting himself. This was done in a letter published in your papers of the 2d and 5th instant, by Mr M'Donnell of Glenagarry against the Celtic Society.

As a member of that body, I have an undoubted right to recriminate, by making observations upon Mr M'Donnell's public acts as a Highlander; but the task would be ungenerous, and I entertain so great a degree of respect for many of his relatives, as to induce me, *for the present*, to decline it.

I shall, therefore, in this communication, confine my observations to the causes which could lead Mr M'Donnell to give vent to such outrageous expressions, as he has thought it proper to indulge in, against the Celtic Society, and shall, in conclusion, make public one simple statement, which will at once shew which party has the the most "bare-faced effrontery."

The first public occasion on which the Celtic Society was called upon to act, by the *Knight Marshal of Scotland*, was in that interesting ceremony when the Regalia of Scotland were removed from the Castle to the Palace of Holyrood, immediately before the arrival of his Majesty in this city, when the clan Macgregor, under the personal command of Sir Evan M. Macgregor, their brave and distinguished chief, co-operated—whom, by the bye, I may take the liberty to recommend as a pattern to all Highland chieftains. Mr M'Donnell of Glenagarry, in tartan, the only person mounted on horseback, joined the Celtic Society, and placed himself at the head of the column, when marching to the Mound—and after we were formed in the order of the procession, Mr M'Donnell was riding about at the right of the whole, where I was stationed, as if he wished to be taken as the commander. He was forced to withdraw, and to go to the rear, by Macdougall, younger of Macdougall, a captain in the royal navy, who commanded the second division of the Celts that day; Mr M'Donnell was so offended, that he afterwards told Captain M'Dougall, that he might expect to hear from him, which *hearing* never has taken place.

The piper, who is mentioned by Mr M'Donnell, roundly asserts that after he was hired by the Celtic Society, Mr M'Donnell wished him to break his engagement, and absolutely offered him double the sum to join *his* tail. It deserves to be mentioned, for the honour of a Highlander, that the

piper indignantly refused the bribe. I have no wish to inquire into the private reasons which could have induced Mr M'Donnell to draw forward Captain M'Kenzie's name in the indelicate style he adopted in his letter. I heard it accounted for, at a meeting of gentlemen, a few days ago, as arising out of an affray which took place between that gentleman and Mr M'Donnell some time ago at Fort-William—the history of which Mr M'Donnell is bound to give to the public.

Mr M'Donnell abuses the Society for having members who are not Highlanders, which comes very badly from one, who, I am told, had a Yorkshire-man, dressed up as a Highlander, in his own tail, on the occasion of his Majesty's visit. Mr M'Donnell finds fault with gentlemen of the Society, for presenting themselves in numbers to his Majesty, in the Highland garb; I am confident no one really did so who had not a right, from his rank in society, to attend the levee. But what did Mr M'Donnell do? Why, he forced himself into the royal presence, in dirty boots and spurs, on the day of his Majesty's arrival at Holyrood, when the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh were presenting the address, and where *ever* he had no right to enter. I am, &c.

A CELT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH OBSERVER.

SIR,—I request that you will, as soon as possible, insert the following reply to certain observations contained in an article published in your paper of last Thursday, under the signature of A. R. Macdonnell.

1. It is not true that I caused John Bain M'Kenzie stand to Mr Dighton, till sketched by that gentleman, "*as piper to the Celtic Society*."

2. I wear the holly in my bonnet, as the proper badge of my clan, and shall continue to wear it, notwithstanding Mr A. R. Macdonnell's pretensions. For doing so, I have the authority, not only of the Macraes of Kintail, the contemporaries of the M'Kenzies in their settlement in that country, and firm adherents ever since, but that also of persons whose researches into the manners and customs of the Gael, entitle their *dicta* to implicit deference.*

3. That I am a half-pay lieutenant is true; I can add, however, that *my* retirement from the service, whether it shall prove temporary or permanent, leaves no stain on my character. True it is, also, that to eke out the slender means of subsistence which my half-pay, and the wreck of the estate of my forefathers afford, I now practise, as a profession, an art, which from my early youth I cultivated as an amusement with much ardour, however

* See Colonel Stewart's Sketches of the Manners, &c. of the Highlanders, Vol. II. App. p. x.

little success—that of miniature painting. But what concern has Mr A. Rn. McDonnell with my occupations?

One word as to the Celtic Society, not in answer to Mr A. Rn. Macdonnell's statement, but to prevent any misapprehension on the part of your readers regarding the nature and objects of that institution.

The Society was instituted on my suggestion in January 1820, and was neither intended to be, nor ever represented as a society of Highlanders. Sir Walter Scott was an original member, and one of the four first appointed vice-presidents. The honourable General Leslie Cunningham, Mr Urquhart of Blyth, advocate, and other gentlemen quite unconnected with the Highlands, were members of the first committee of management. A statement of the objects and rules of the Society was prepared and printed at its commencement, and a copy of that statement has been regularly sent to every member on his admission. By the second article it is declared, "that the *first* object of the Society shall be to promote the general use of the ancient Highland dress in the *Highlands of Scotland*;" and as a measure tending to promote that object, it is by a subsequent article declared, that at the annual general meetings, "the members shall be dressed in the ancient costume of the Highlanders of Scotland; each member, *if of any clan*, in its particular tartan." The Society is therefore open to every gentleman whose heart "warms to the tartan," of whatever kindred, country, or religion. I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

WM McKENZIE,

Lieut. H. P. 72d regt. and Capt. Inverness Militia.

Edinburgh, 6th September, 1822.

Such is the termination (for the present) of this controversy. Omai and Glengarry are both bound over to keep the peace. Omai returns to Otaheite in a few weeks; so if Glengarry wishes to try a claymore against a club, he must take a voyage to the South-sea, and kiss hands at the first levee held by King Pourcee.

Now what is all this row about, will any well-informed person tell us? If Glengarry, Captain Mackenzie, and the Celts, were strictly examined "on the merits," we engage to plant them all three, by half a dozen questions. Yet, we never saw a body of Highlanders passing by with their pipes, however small, that we did not feel that persons so proud and puffy were looking about for a quarrel. Never saw we pride so personified, as by some of

those kilted savages. Each man looked as if "her minnel" were at once King and Procession; and small, hairy, awkward squads, went bunning along most waspishly with their swords like stings ready for insertion. Most of them are little heather-legged bodices, of whom it would be a pity to be much afraid; but now and then a giant rises up among them, that makes one tremble from top to toe. Thank God, they are now nearly all out of town, and that a well-meaning man in breeches can walk to see a newspaper without danger of being devoured. Here and there, a bonnet, with its eagle-feather, still speaks of the hills; but the Chieftains have cut off their tails, and are seen walking arm-in-arm with persons who never had any to cut off; scarcely discernible from ordinary men. But, to be sure, when one recollects that two or three kilted Highland regiments, a day or two after being cut to pieces at Quatre Bras, won the battle of Waterloo, no wonder Highlanders are proud. Indeed, they have won all the great battles that have been fought in modern times—and seem not only invincible, but immortal.

We are lovers of peace; so listen to our words. Glengarry!—you are, we verily believe, an honest fellow; and your family is as old as Ben-Nevis.—Your Tail is longer than the Tails of the children of Lowland men. Let your Tail, and your sword, and your pen, all lie at rest.—Celtic Society! You are a set of right ravenous chaps, and not to be trusted in a tripe-shop. Let the Highlanders do with their hinder-ends as they chuse; and be assured, that an association to encourage kilts is laughable to the widest extent of the human mouth. Dine together, drink together, talk Erse together, guard the Knight Marshal—or the Regalia—or the King. Glengarry and the Celtic Society, shake hands and be friends.—Why should you remember what every body else will have forgotten in a fortnight? Shake hands—we repeat—and next Number we shall have an "elegant article" entitled, "RECONCILIATION BETWEEN GLENGARRY AND THE CELTIC SOCIETY," which will make you clasp your kilted hips with joy, and place on the list of honorary members,

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. VI.

ACT I.

*Scene, Back Parlour—Cold Supper just set.**Maunt Mr AMBROSE solus.*

MR AMBROSE.

I think it will do. That plate of lobsters is a little too near the edge. Softly, softly, the round of beef casts too deep a shadow over these pickles. There—that is right. Old Kit will be unable to criticise—

Enter Mr NORTH.

MR NORTH.

Old Kit! will be unable to criticise!!—Why, upon my honour, Mr Ambrose, you are rather irreverent in your lingo.

MR AMBROSE. (*much confused.*)

I really, sir, had not the least idea you were at hand. You know, sir, with what profound respect—

MR NORTH.

Come, Ambrose, put down the pots of porter. The King has left the Theatre, and we shall be all here in a few seconds. I made my escape from the Manager's box, just before the row and the rush began. Hark! that is the clank of the Adjutant.

Enter ODOHERTY, TICKLER, SEWARD, BULLER, HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN, and Mr BLACKWOOD.

ODOHERTY.

Allow me, my dear North, to introduce to you my friend, the Chief of the Clan—

MR NORTH.

No need of a name. I know him by his Father's face.—Sir, I will love you for the sake of as noble a Gael as ever slaughtered a Sassenach. Sit down, sir, if you please.—(*Highland Chieftain sits down at Mr North's right hand.*)

MR SEWARD.

Well, did not he look every inch a King, this evening? A King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, ought, if possible, to be a man worth looking at. His subjects expect it, and it is but reasonable they should.

MR NORTH.

Fame does no more than justice to his bow. It is most princely—so—or rather so. Is that like him?

ODOHERTY.

No more than a hop-pole is like a palm-tree, or the Editor of the Edinburgh Review like him of Blackwood's Magazine. The King's bow shews him to be a man of genius; for, mark me, he has no model to go by. He must not bow like the Duke of Argyll, or Lord Fife, well as they bow, but like a King. And he does so. The King is a man of genius.

MR BLACKWOOD.

Do you think, sirs, that the King would become a contributor to the Magazine? I have sent his Majesty a set splendidly bound, by—

MR NORTH.

Hush, Ebony, leave that to me. You must not interfere with the Editorial department.

MR BULLER.

What do you Scotch mean by calling yourselves a grave people; and by saying that you are not, like the Irish, absurd in the expression of your loyalty? I never heard such thunder in a Theatre before.

ODOHERTY.

I would have given twenty ten-pennies that some of the young ladies in the pit had remembered that a pocket handkerchief should not be used longer than a couple of days. Some of the literary gentlemen too, shewed snuffy signals. But the *coup d'ail* was imposing.

BULLER.

I hate all invidious national distinctions. Let every people had their King in their own way.

ODOHERTY.

To be sure they should. But then the Scotch are "a nation of Gentlemen;" and the Irish "a nation of ragamuffins;" and the English a "nation of shopkeepers." How then?

MR NORTH.

His Majesty knows better than to satirize us. We are not a nation of gentlemen—thank God;—but the greater part of our population is vulgar, intelligent, high-checked, raw-boned, and religious.

MR SEWARD.

I could not help smiling, when I looked across the pit and along the boxes this evening, at the compliment towards yourselves as a nation, which some self-sufficient soul put into his Majesty's mouth. I never saw a more vulgar pit in my life. The women looked as if—

ODOHERTY.

One and all of them could have kissed the King. But, Seward, my boy, you are mistaken in calling the pit vulgar. Your taste has been vitiated, Seward, by Oxford milliners, and—

MR NORTH.

The conversation is wandering. (*Turning to the Chieftain.*) I saw you talking to the Thane in the Theatre. Would to Heaven you had brought him here!

CHIEFTAIN.

He is gone to Dalkeith, or he would have come.

MR NORTH.

How popular the Thane is all over Scotland. Depend upon it, Gentlemen, that the best man is, in general, the most popular. Nothing but generosity and goodness will make peasants love peers.

MR BLACKWOOD.

His Lordship never comes to town without calling at the shop.

Enter Mr AMBROSE and Watters, with rizzard haddocks, cat of warm salmon, muirfowl, and haggis.

MR TICKLER.

Adjutant, I will drink a pot of porter with you—THE KING,—(three times three—*surgunt omnes*)—Hurra, hurra, hurra—Hurra, hurra, hurra—Hurra, hurra, hurra! (*Conticue omnes.*)

MR NORTH.

Odoherly, be pleased to act as croupier.

ODOHERTY.

More porter.

MR TICKLER.

Did you see how the whole pit fixed its face on the King's—till the play began? It was grand, North. His eye met that loyal "glower" with mild and dignified composure. The King, North, was happy. I'll swear he was. He saw that he had our hearts. Every note of "God save the King" went dirling through my very soul-strings. I'm as hoarse as a howlet.

MR NORTH.

I think the people feel proud of their King. As he past the platform where I stood, on his entrance into Edinburgh, I heard a countryman say to his neighbour,—“Look, Jock; look, Jock,—isna he an honest-looking chiel? Gude faith, Jock, he's just like my ain father.”

MR SEWARD.

Curse the Radicals! A King must abhor even a single hiss from the vilest of his subjects. The King, Mr North, is with us as popular a King as ever reigned in England. He has only to shew himself oftener, and—

MR BULLER.

I have seen the King in public often; but I never saw him insulted except in the Newspapers. The “Scotsman in London” is a common character.

ODOHERTY.

Mr Seward, a little haggies. See “its hurdies like twa distant hills.”

What are hurdles?

MR SEWARD.

See Dr Jamieson.

MR TICKLER.

CHIEFTAIN.

Mr North, I am delighted. I hope I may say so without flattery. I never drank better Glenlivet.—Why, gentlemen, not come and pay me a visit this autumn? No occasion for a tent. I am a bachelor, and have few children.

ODOHERTY.

Settled.—Name your day.

CHIEFTAIN.

14th of September. I cannot be home sooner. Is it a promise?

ONES.

14th of September. WE SWEAR!!

ODOHERTY.

Well done, old Mole, in the cellarage.—Hamlet—See Shakespeare.

Enter MR AMBROSE.

Mr North, a communication.

MR TICKLER.

Read—read.

MR NORTH.

I cannot say I am quite able to do so. My eyes are a little hazy or so. But there is the letter, Tickler.—Up with it.

MR TICKLER (*reads*.)

De'il tak the kilts! For fifty year, nae honest son o' Reikie's
Wad ever think to walk the streets, denuded o' his breebies.
And ony kilted drover lad, wi' kyloes or a letter,
Was pitied, or was glower'd at, "Puir chiel he kens nae better;"
And apple-wives look'd sidelins, and thocht he came to steal or beg,
Whene'er they saw a callant wi' his hurdles in a philabeg.
And even chiefs o' clans themselves, whene'er they ran to towns, man,
Were fain to clothe their hairy knees in breeks, or pantaloons, man.
But now! Lord bless your soul! there's no a Lowland writer laddie
Can wheedle a pund note or twa frae his auld canker'd daddie,
But aff he sets, (though born betwixt St Leonard's and Drumsheugh) an
He fits himsel' wi' bannet, plaid, and hose, and kilt, and spleuchan.
Ye've ken the cause o' a' the steer;—the Heeland Dhuine Wassals
Began to tire o' wearin' breeks whene'er they left their castles;
So they coax'd the honest citizens to join in a convention
To tak' the corduroy from off the pairt I daurna mention;
That, like the tod that tint his tail, they mightna cause detision,
And find their faces in a flame, while elsewhere they were freezin.—
The town's-lads snappit at the plan, and thus began the Celtic,
A medley strange frae every land, frae off the shores o' Baltic;
Frae England, Ireland, Scotland; Border lairds and ancient British,
There were Dutchmen, Danes, and Portuguese, and French and Oiaheitchish;
And a' professions, frae the lad that's only just apprenticed,
To the great hero of the west—e'en Doctor Scott the Dentist—
And they wad dine, and drink, and strut, as big's Maccallum More, sir.
And skraigh attempts at Gaelic words, until their throats were sore, sir.
An' a' was canny for a while, for these were still their gay days,
An' a' could lend a hand to pay for balls gi'en to the ladies;
And there they danc'd the Highland fling, and kick'd their kilts and toes up,
Tho' whiles their ruler-shapit legs refused to keep their hose up.
But when the pawky Highland lairds had fairly set the fashion,
Up gets an angry Chief o' Chiefs in a prodigious passion:
"Fat Teil hae you to do wi' kilts, gae wa' and get your claes on,
Get out, ye nasty Lowland poys, and put your preeks and stays on;
Ye shanna wear your claes like me, I look on you as fermin,
Ye hae nae mair o' Highland pluid than if ye were a Cheraman."*

* German.

This sets them up, "Chairman indeed! Ye never sall be ours, sir! Except it be to carry us when we go out of doors, sir! Like ithers o' your kintra men." And thus they flyte thegither, And haud the hail town in a steer, expellin' ane anither. And how the bus'ness is to end, is mair than I can tell, sir, Indeed it seems to fickle and perplex the Sherriff's sell, sir; But this I ken, that folk that's wise think they moun be nee witches, Wha ever let a Highland kerna entice them out o' breeches.

HIGHLAND CHIEF.

Come, gentlemen, if you please, I will propose a toast,—*"Glengarry!"* His Majesty would not have sent the message he did to the Chiefs, if he had not been pleased with them and their Highlanders.

OMNES.

Glengarry. Hurra, hurra, hurra!

ODOHERTY.

What does *Glengarry* mean, by saying that few members of the Celtic Society could shoot an eagle? It is easier, a damned deal easier, to shoot an eagle than a peacock. But the easiest way of any is to knock an eagle down with a shillala.

MR SEWARD.

Do you shy the shillala at his head from a distance?

ODOHERTY.

No. I refer to the Chieftain. You must walk slowly up to him at the rate of about four miles an hour, (Townsend, the pedestrian, would do it half backwards and half forwards,) and hit him over the periwig with your sapling.

CHIEFTAIN.

Perfectly true. When an eagle has cat a sheep or a roc, he sits as heavy as a Dutchman—cannot take wing—and you may bag him alive if you chuse. The shepherds often fling their plaids over him. But let him take wing, and he darkens the sun-disk like an eclipse.

MR BLACKWOOD.

I beg your pardon, sir, but I should wish much to have a sound, sensible Article on the State of the Highlands of Scotland. I suspect there is much misrepresentation as to the alleged cruelty and impolicy of large farms. Dog on it, will any man tell me, sir, that—

CHIEFTAIN.

Mr Blackwood, I wish I could write an article of the kind you mention. You are a gentleman of liberal sentiments. In twenty years the Highlands will be happier than they ever have been since the days of Ossian. Lowland Lairds have no right to abuse us for departing from the savage state.

MR BLACKWOOD.

Could you let us have it for next Number, sir? We stand in need of such articles prodigiously—sound, sensible, statistical articles, full of useful information. We have wit, fun, fancy, feeling, and all that sort of thing in abundance, but we are short of useful information. We want facts—a Number now and then, with less fun and more facts, would take, and promote the sale with dull people. Yes, it is a fact, that we want facts.

ODOHERTY.

Damn your Magazine, Ebony! You gave Napoleon no rest at St Helena till he became a contributor. You are beginning to send sly hints to the King. And here we have you smelling as strong of the shop as a bale of brown paper, dunning the Chieftain the very first time he has come among us.

MR SEWARD.

Chieftain, you mentioned Ossian—may I ask if his Poems are authentic?

CHIEFTAIN.

As authentic as the heather and the hail on our misty mountains.

MR SEWARD.

Wordsworth the poet says, that in Ossian's Poems, every thing is looked at as if it were one, but that nothing in nature is so looked at by a great poet. Therefore, Ossian's poetry is bad, and written by Macpherson.

CHIEFTAIN.

I have not the pleasure of being familiar with Mr Wordsworth's name or

writings. Neither do I understand one syllable of what you have now said. Ossian's poetry is not bad. Did the gentleman you speak of ever see a lake or a mountain?

BULLER.

He lives on the banks of a tarn about a mile round about.

CHIEFTAIN.

I am sorry for him.

MR NORTH.

He also says, if I recollect rightly, that Ossian speaks of car-borne chiefs in Morven—but that Morven is inaccessible to cars.

ODOHERTY.

So it is to jaunting cars. Wordsworth was in a sort of mongrel shandry-dan, a cross between a gig and a tax-cart; and no wonder he was shy of Morven. But unless he had been a most ignorant person indeed, (all poets are ignorant,) he would have known that there are cars in Morven to this day.

CHIEFTAIN.

There are—and scientifically constructed, though of old date. I have seen the Highlanders coming down the steep and rocky hills with them, full of peats, with a rapidity that would have pleased Fingal himself. Besides, there are many straths and level places in Morven.

MR NORTH.

Pray, were not all the Highlands once called "Morven?"

CHIEFTAIN.

They were, not unfrequently, nor by a few.

ODOHERTY.

So goes the flummery of the water-drinking laker about Ossian,—the bard who brewed his own whisky, and drank like a whale.

MR TICKLER.

Tell Wordsworth to let other people's poetry alone, from Ossian to Pope, and make his own a little better. Who prefers Alice Fell to Malvina? or Peter Bell to Abeldar? Oh! that the English lakes were all connected by canal! A few steam-boats from Glasgow would soon blow up their poetry. Wisby-washy stuff indeed!

MR NORTH.

Our conversation, gentlemen, is degenerating into literature. I will fine the first of you that rattles in a bumper.

ODOHERTY.

The Paradise Lost of Milton has ever ~~sp~~—

MR TICKLER.

He blabs for a bumper. But in with the salt.

MR BLACKWOOD.

One of the great merits of *The Magazine* is, that it has less literature—

ODOHERTY.

Than libels.

MR BLACKWOOD, (*rising*.)

Mr Odoherly, I have lately seen you walking on all occasions with the enemy? Did you review O'Meara in the Edinburgh?

ODOHERTY.

No, no, my good fellow; they throw out their bait, but I wont nibble.

MR BLACKWOOD.

All I know is, that it is at once more honourable and more lucrative to write in our *Maga*, than in any other existing work.

MR TICKLER, (*ringing the bell*.)

What cackling, as of geese, is that we hear through the partition?—Mr Ambrose, remove that side-board, and throw open these folding-doors.

MR AMBROSE.

There is a small party in the next room, Mr Tickler.

MR TICKLER.

I want to count them. (*Side-board is removed, and doors flung open.*)

Scene II.

ODOHERTY.

Whigs—Whigs—a nest of Whigs. A conspiracy against our Lord the King. How do you, Mr Bunting?

MR BUNTING.

I scarcely understand this, Mr Odohertry. But, during the King's Visit, all party distinctions should be forgotten. I hope you did not cry, Whigs, Whigs, Whigs, offensively.

MR NORTH.

Young gentlemen, we have been all Whigs in our day. It is a disease of the constitution. Will you and your friends join our table? Help Mr Bunting to some haggis.

BULLER.

This is a formidable coalition. It is as bad as Mr Fox joining Lord North.

MR BLACKWOOD.

Mr Bunting, I seldom see you or any of your friends about the shop now-a-days. I hope, now that the King comes to see us, you will step up the front-steps.—*(Aside, to Mr Bunting in a whisper.)* Are not these three of the seven young men?

MR BUNTING.

I was glad to see the King, and I trust he will not be misinformed of our sentiments towards him. I respect him as the chief magistrate.

MR TICKLER.

That is infernal nonsense, Master Bunting, begging your pardon. Have you no feeling, no fancy, no imagination, Master Bunting. Your heart ought to leap at the word King, as at the sound of a trumpet. Chief magistrate!—humbug. Do you love your own father, because he was once Provost of Crail? No, no, Master Bunting—that won't pass at Ambrose's.

YOUNG MAN.

I hope that the King's Visit will be productive of some substantial and lasting benefit to this portion of the united empire.

MR NORTH.

What do you mean? Mention what ought to be done, and I will give a hint to Mr Peel.

YOUNG MAN.

In my opinion the question of borough reform——

ODOHERTY.

Sheep's head or trotters, sir?

MR BUNTING.

Unless his Majesty's ministers assist the Greeks, and ransom the young women ravished from their native Scio into Turkish harems, the inhabitants of modern Athens will——

ODOHERTY.

What will they do?—But I agree with you, Mr Bunting, in thinking the Greek girls deucedly handsome. Were you ever in Scio?

MR BUNTING.

No. But I attended a meeting to other day, at which the affairs in general of Greece were admirably discussed. And are we to countenance rape, robbery, and murder?

ODOHERTY.

Why, I don't know. As an Irishman, I am scarcely entitled to answer in the negative. But what has all this blarney to do with King George the Fourth's Visit to Scotland?

MR BLACKWOOD.

I will be very happy to give Mr Bunting, or any of his Whig friends, five guineas for an article of moderate size, containing a few facts about the Greeks. Pray, Mr Bunting, what may be the population of the isle of Scio?

MR BUNTING *(after a pause.)*

Well—well—I shall not push the conversation any farther in that direction. The haggis is most excellent. Mr North, may I have the honour to pledge you in a pot of porter?

ODOHERTY, (*ringing the bell.*)Pipes. (*They are brought in.*)

MR TICKLER.

No spitting-boxes. They are filthy.

MR NORTH.

Where art thou, Odohertry? I discern thee not through this dense cloud of smoke.

ODOHERTY,

We may all come and go without being missed. I have an appointment at one o'clock.

Voice, as of one of the Young Men.

I have just been perusing the fresh number of the Edinburgh Review. I scarcely think that the Duke of Wellington will go to the Congress—after it.

MR TICKLER.

Has Frank Jeffrey stultified the Duke of Wellington?

*Voice, as of one of the Young Men.*Bonaparte, Benjamin Constant, Madame de Staël, John Allan, Esq. Sir James Macintosh, and Jeffrey himself, all think him *un homme borné*.

MR SEWARD.

Pray, sir,—I beg your pardon, but I do not see you very distinctly; what do they mean by *un homme borné*? How do you translate the words?*Voice, as of one of the Young Men.*

I am no French scholar; but it sounds like French. It is an epithet of opprobrium. The precise meaning is of no consequence to our argument.

ODOHERTY.

Oh! the Duke of Wellington is an ass! What a pity!—Who is that sick in that corner?—Waiter, waiter. Throw open the window—down pipes, till it clears off a little. Soho! it is my eloquent young Man of the Mist?—Carry him out, Ambrose—there he is *un homme borné*.

MR BUNTING.

We, all of us, hate smoking. But, Mr North—gentlemen—good night.

(Exeunt Mr BUNTING and the Young Men.)

MR BULLER.

Are these a fair specimen of your young Edinburgh Whigs?

MR NORTH.

I fear they are. Their feebleness quite distresses us. Jeffrey himself, I am told, is unhappy about it.—What am I doing? lighting my pipe with an article that I have not read. There, (flinging it over to Buller) read it aloud for the general edification and delight.

BULLER reads.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

From an occasional Contributor, living at Cape Clear, who was applied to for an article about the King in Edinburgh.

1.

Chief of scribblers! Wondrous Editor!

Why d'yc seek assistance here?

Little you'd gain of praise, or credit, or

Any thing else by me, my dear.

Those who, like Boreas,

Greeted uproarious,

Visit so glorious, loudly should sing,

How Miss Edina,

Looking so fine-a,

Smart and divine-a, welcomed the King.

2.

One would think it only rational,

That you had poets there on the spot:

Stir up your own Bard truly national,

First of all Minstrels, Sir Walter Scott:

High o'er Fahrenheit,
Our hearts *are* in heat,
When that Baronet thrums the string.
Can he refuse us
Aid from his Muses?
No, no, he chuses to welcome the King.

3.

Have you not there, too, Crabbe the veteran?
Ask that old poet to do the job.
For describing, shew me a better one,
Bailies or beggar-men, flunkies or mob:
Hubbub, bobbery,
Crowd and mobbery,
For all such jobbery he's the thing.
So then for a bard,
List the Borough Bard,
Being a thorough bard to welcome the King.

4.

Mr Croly, my brother Irishman,
Was there with you, as I am told;
He, I think, could give you a flourish, man,
In verses bright of gems and gold.
Soho, Cataline!
Prime hand at a line!
Haste, and rattle in your verse to bring;
Singing so gorgeous,
How knight and burgess,
Throng'd round Great Georgius, welcomed the King.

Then, there's another to do it cleverly,
He, the great poet, who writes in prose;
Sure I mean the Author of Waverley,
Whoe'er he be, if any one knows.
Truce to Peveril!
There are several
People who never will miss the thing,
If he will vapour
On hot-press'd paper,
And cut a caper to welcome the King.

6.

Or ask Wilson, the grave and serious
Poet, who sung of the Palmy Isle;
Or the sweet fellow who wrote Valerius
(Pray, what's his name?) would do it in style.
Could you get once
Some of these great ones,
Tender or sweet ones, for you to sing,
We'd think the lasses
Had left Parnassus,
To sing trebles and basses, to welcome the King.

MR SEWARD.

I have had enough of "tobacco réek." O for a gulp of fresh air!

CHIEFTAIN.

The barge of the Duke of Athol is now lying near the Chain Pier? It is under my orders. Might I propose a water-party? I can have her manned with ten oars in ten minutes.

MR NORTH.

With all my heart. I am fond of aquatics.

Omnes (crowding round the Editor.)

Take my box-coat—No, no, my cloak—here is my wrap rascal. The my Barcelona round your neat neck. Ring for a coach and six.

(Exeunt Mr NORTH, leaning on the arm of the Highland Chief—and Mr AMBROSE with a flaming branch of wax-lights in each hand.)

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Duke of Athole's Barge off the Chain Pier, Newhaven.

CHIEFTAIN.

She pulls ten oars. Mr North, will you take the helm? I ask no better Palinurus.

MR NORTH.

I am but a fresh-water sailor; yet in my day I have sailed a few thousand leagues. Byron says he has swam more leagues than all the living poets of Britain have sailed, with one or two exceptions. Had he said the living critics, he had grossly erred.

ODOHERTY.

Coxswain, give North the tiller. Now, lads, down with your oars—splash—splash. Are we all on board?

OMNES.

All—all—all—pull away.

MR NORTH.

For the King's yacht. Beautifully feathered! Remember whom you have on board.

BULLER.

Seward! this beats Brazen-nose. Yet I wish one of old Davis' wherries were here, to shew how an arrow whizzes from a bow.

MR NORTH.

Seward—Buller, behold the Queen of the North! What think you of the Castle, with the crescent moon hung over her for a banner? The city lights are not afraid to confront the stars. I hope Arthur's Ghost is on his mountain-throne to-night. Yonder goes a fire-balloon. See how the stationary stars mock that transient flight of rockets. Yonder crown of gas-light burns brightly to-night,—now it is half veiled in cloud-drapery,—now it is gone. Hurra! Again it blazes forth, and tinges Nelson's Pillar with its ruddy splendour.

ODOHERTY.

By the powers, North, you are poetical!

MR TICKLER.

< Nelson's Pillar—ay—may it stand there for ever! Did they not talk of pulling it down for the Parthenon? *He* held it up. Pull down a Monument to the greatest of all British admirals! Fire—tic.

MR BULLER.

We Englishmen thought the proposal an odd one. But the Pillar, it was said, was in bad taste, and disfigured the modern Athens.

MR NORTH.

It is in bad taste. What then? Are monuments to the illustrious dead to lie at the mercy of Dilletanti? But, as Mr Tickler said, *we* preserved that Monument.

MR SEWARD.

I admire the Parthenon. Most of you will recollect my prize poem on that subject. I am glad the foundation-stone has been laid.

MR NORTH.

So am I. Let Scotland shew now that she has liberality as well as taste, and not suffer the walls to be dilapidated by time before they have been raised to their perfect height.

ODOHERTY.

The Parthenon will be an elegant testimonial. Is it not, too, a national testimonial? Why then should not the Scottish nation pay the masons? Why sue for Parliamentary grants? Are you not "a nation of Gentlemen?" Put your hands then into your breeches-pockets, (I beg your pardon, Chieftain,) and pay for what you build.

MR TICKLER.

The Standard-Bearer speaks nobly. We admire the Parthenon. We resolve to build it. We call ourselves Athenians, and then implore Parliament to pay the piper. Poor devils! we ought to be ashamed of ourselves.

MR BULLER.

Mr Odoherty, I agree with you. A rich nation does well to be magnificent. Up with towers, temples, baths, porticos, and what not; but for one nation to build splendid structures, and then call on another for their praises and their purses, is, in my opinion, not exactly after the fashion of the Athenians.

MR BLACKWOOD.

I have no objection to publish an additional Number any month in behoof of the Parthenon. I think Mr Linning deserves the highest praise for his zeal and perseverance.

ODOHERTY.

And I hope you will also publish an additional Number the month following for behoof of the Foundling Hospital, Dublin, which is generally overstocked. There is not milk for half the brats.

MR NORTH.

Shall I steer under her stern, or across her bows?

COXSWAIN.

Under her great clumsy stern, and be damned to her—Jung-frau! Dung-cart! She can't keep her backside out of the water.

MR SEWARD.

Whom are you speaking of? Not a female, I hope.

ODOHERTY.

Sir William Curtis's yacht—a female, to be sure. Look, you may read her name on her bottom by moonlight.

MR BLACKWOOD.

How many guns does she carry?

COXSWAIN.

Twenty stew-pans.

CHIEFTAIN.

Lord bless the worthy Baronet, however; he wins the hearts of us Highlanders by mounting a kilt. I hope he will wear it occasionally in Guildhall. I believe he is an honorary member of the Celtic Society.

MR SEWARD.

Are turtles ever caught on the coast of Scotland?

CHIEFTAIN.

Occasionally—but they are found in greatest numbers in the inland lochs. They were originally fresh-water fish.

MR SEWARD.

You surprise me. Have these inland lochs no communication with the sea?

CHIEFTAIN.

Many of them only by means of torrents precipitous, several miles high, and inaccessible, I suspect, to turtles.

COXSWAIN.

Old gentleman, helm-a-lee, or we run foul of that hawser. Helm-a-lee, old gentleman, helm-a-lee, or we all take our grog in Davy's locker.

MR BLACKWOOD.

Dog on it, Mr North, you would steer, and you would steer, and a pretty kettle of fish you are making of it—I wish I were safe at Newington! These boating expeditions never answer. My brother Thomas told me not to—

COXSWAIN.

All's well.—Unship oars.

SCENE II.

State-cabin Royal Yacht.

MR NORTH.

Admirable simplicity! nothing gorgeous and gawdy,—one feels at sea in such a cabin as this. The King, who designed it, knows the spirit of the British navy.

MR TICKLER.

No broad glittering gilding ; there is no smell of gingerbread ; one can think of grog and sea-biscuit. A man might be sick in squally weather here, without fear of the furniture.

ODOHERTY.

Would it not be a pretty pastime to spend a honey-moon now and then in such a floating heaven as this ? Calm weather and a clear conscience, soft sofa, liberty and love.

DUILER.

Nay, confound it, the prettiest girl looks forbidding when she is squeamish. The dim orange hue of sea-sickness is an antidote to all foolish fondness.—Terra firma for me.

TICKLER.

Unquestionably. I gave Mrs Tickler, a few days after our union, a voyage on the New Canal. The track-boat of this Cut was appropriately called *The Lady of the Lake*. We were hauled along, at the rate of three miles an hour, by a couple of horses, "lean, and lank, and brown, as is the ribbed sea-sand." Yet, even then, Mrs Tickler felt queer, and we had to disembargo before changing cattle.

THE ADJUTANT.

One may travel now for twenty pounds all over Great Britain. Go it toe and heel in cool weather—take a lift occasionally in cart, buggy, or shandry-dan, by the side of a fat farmer—tip the guard of Heavies a sly wink, and get up behind in the basket, thirty miles for a couple of shillings ; now for a cheap circuitous cut by a canal, when you live cheap with the chaw-bacons, and see a fine flat country—into a steam-boat before the mast, and smoke it away fifty leagues for six and eight pence—*à cap*—and in about six weeks you return to your wife and family, with a perfect geographical and hydrographical knowledge of this Island, and with a five pound note, out of the twenty, for a nest-egg.

MR BLACKWOOD.

That looks all very well upon paper.

ODOHERTY.

On paper, Mr Blackwood !

MR BLACKWOOD.

I say it is a mere theory, and cannot be reduced to practice. I cannot go to London, stay a fortnight, see my friends, and return, under fifty guineas.

ODOHERTY.

But then you indulge in luxuries, extraneous expenses—works of supererogation.

MR BLACKWOOD.

Not at all, Adjutant. To be sure hunting costs a good deal.

DUILER.

Hunting !—Are you a sportsman ? Do you join the Surrey ? and conspire with your friend, Leigh Hunt, to worry hares in the dog-days ?

MR BLACKWOOD.

No, no. It is hunting contributors. For example, I hear of a clever young man having been at a tea-and-turn-out in the city. I lay on a few idle dogs to scent him out—I trace him to Temple Bar—there he is lost, and the chase may be repeated for several days before we secure him. Then I have to dinner him divers times, and, before leaving town, to advance money on his articles. Perhaps I never hear more of him, till I read the identical article, promised and paid for, in the London or New Monthly.

ODOHERTY.

There is a melancholy want of principle indeed among literary men. Nobody will accuse me of being straight-laced ; but while the love-fit lasts, I am true as steel to one mistress and to one Magazine. I look upon an attachment to either, quite as an affair of the heart. When mutually tired of each other, then part with a kiss, a squeeze of the hand, a curtsy, and a bow. But no infidelity during the attachment. What sort of a heart can that man have, who, while he is openly living with the New Monthly, insidiously pays his addresses to the modest and too unsuspecting *Maga* ? It is a shocking system of

promiscuous Cockney concubinage, that must at no distant period vitiate the taste, harden the sensibility, vulgarize the manners, and deprave the morals of the people of Great Britain. It ought to be put down.

BULLER.

Do you seriously opine, Mr North, that much money is made by periodical literature in London?

MR NORTH.

Assuredly not. There is little available talent there. The really good men are all over head and ears in wigs and work. There do not seem to be above a dozen idlers in all London who can get up a decent article; these are all known, and their intellects are measured as exactly as their bodies by a tailor;—each man has his measure lying at Colburn's, &c. and is paid accordingly. When a spare young man quarrels with one employer, he attempts another; but his wares are known in the market, and "he drags at each remove a heavier chain."

ODOHIRTU.

The contributors are all as well known as the pugilists—height, weight, length, bottom, and science. Mr F. can hit hard, but is a cur, like Jack the butcher. Mr R. can spar prettily, like Williams the swell, with the gloves, but can neither give nor take with the naked mauleys. Mr T. is like the Birmingham Youth, and "falls off unaccountably." And Mr — is a palpable cross—fights booty, and it ends in a wrangle or a draw.

MR BLACKWOOD.

Dog on it, Adjutant, why don't you give us some more Boxiana articles?

ODOHIRTU.

I do not wish to interfere with old — in the "Fancy Gazette." He is a run one to go—a most pawky and prophetic pugilist. He knows the whole business of the ring better than any man alive, and writes scholastically and like a gemman; but he was rather out there about Barlow and Josh. Hudson. Ebony, you should exchange Magazines. The prime object of the "Fancy Gazette" is to kick curs and crosses out of the ring. It is full of the true English spirit. Why, I gave a few Numbers of it to my friend the Rev. Dr Wedrow, who was once, as you know, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, and nothing would satisfy the old divine but a couple of pairs of gloves. I sent them out from Christie's; and on my next visit, there were he and Saunders Howie, one of his elders, ruffianing it away like old Tom Owen and Mendoza. "That's a chatterer," quoth the elder, as I entered the study, he having hit Wedrow on his box of ivories. "There's a floover," responded the ex-Moderator, and straightway the Covenanter was on the carpet.

CHIEFTAIN.

Is not this a somewhat singular conversation for the state-cabin of our most gracious Sovereign's yacht?

ODOHIRTU.

Not at all. I saw Randal welt Macarthy in a room about this size, and Jack Scroggins serve out Holt—

MR SEWARD.

Where is North? I hope he has not leapt out of the cabin window.

OMNES, (*rising from the King's sofa.*)

North—North—Editor—Christopher—Kit,—where the devil are you?

MR NORTH, (*from within his Majesty's bed-room.*)

Come hither, my dear boys, and behold your father reposing on the bed of royalty!

(*They all rush in.*)

BULLER.

Behold him lying alive in state! Let us kneel down by the bed-side.

(*They all kneel down.*)

OMNES.

Hail, King of Editors! Long mayest thou reign over us, thy faithful subjects. *Salve, Pater!*

MR NORTH.

Oh! my children, little do you know what a weary weight is in a crown!

Alas, for us Monarchs ! Oh ! that I could fall asleep, and never more awake ! Posterity will do me justice.

MR BLACKWOOD (*in tears.*)

Oh ! my good sir—my good sir—it is quite a mistake, I assure you—every living soul loves and admires you. You must not talk of dying, sir—(*handing over the gem to Mr North*)—The world can ill spare you at this crisis.—Here is Canning, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. With yourself, in the Home Department, things will go on gloriously ; and I calculate on 1000 additional subscribers to our next Number.

ODOHERTY.

Let me smooth his pillow.

MR NORTH.

How many of my poorest subjects are now asleep !

CHIEFTAIN (*aside to Mr Tickler.*)

Is he subject to moody fits of this kind ? Is he liable to the blue devils ?

MR TICKLER.

Only to printer's devils, Chieftain ; but let him alone for a few minutes.—Strong imagination is working within him, as he lies on the King's couch.—See, he is recovering—what a grey piercing eye the old cook turns up ! He is game to the back-bone.

MR NORTH.

Would I had a bowl of punch-royal !

YOUNG MIDSHPMAN.

That you shall have, Mr North, in the twinkling of a bed-post. We drink nothing else on board, on a trip of this kind.—Hollo, Jenkins, bring the crater. (*Enter Jenkins with punch-royal.*) We call this the crater.

MR NORTH (*drinks.*)

Punch-royal indeed !

ODOHERTY.

Fair play is a jewel, North. Leave a cheerer to the Chieftain.

MR NORTH (*rising.*)

Gentlemen, let us re-embark. My soul is full.—Adjutant, lend me your arm up the gang-way. Kings lie on down—but, oh, oh, oh !

(*Striking his forehead.*)

MR BLACKWOOD.

This will end in an article.

SCENE III.

The Deck of Mr Smith's Cutter, the Orion.

CHIEFTAIN.

Bargemen, there are five guineas for you to drink the King's health, from Mr North and his friends.

BARGEMEN.

KIT and the KING ! Huza—North for ever !

MR SEWARD.

Let us beat up the Frith ; the breeze is freshening. I only wish the worthy Commander had been on board—He can lay a bowsprit in the wind's eye with any man that ever touched a tiller.

ODOHERTY.

Where the devil is the moon ? Well tumbled porpus.—A sea-mew—lend me a musket. There, madam, some pepper for your tail—roundabouts like a whirligig—up like an arrow—and then off “right slick away,” and down upon the billow, safe and sound, as dapper as a daisy. I always miss, except with single ball. I recollect killing Corney Macguire at the first fire, like wink-ing, and hardly ever an aim at all at all.

MR BULLER.

She will lie nearer the wind, Seward,—thercabouts—thercabouts—her mainsail has the true Ransay-cut.—She looks quite snakish.

ODOHERTY.

Put her about. The breeze is snoring from the kingdom of Fife. See now, Seward, that you don't let her miss stays. She goes round within her own length as on a pivot.—Well done, Orion !

MR TICKLER.

I vote we set off for the Western Isles.

ODOHERTY.

I have too much regard for Mrs Tickler to allow her husband to leave her in her present interesting situation. Besides, it would not be civil to the absent commander of the cutter, to overpower the crew, and carry her off, like pirates.

MR SEWARD.

Demme—there's a schooner, about our own tonnage, beating up in ballast to Allon for table beer—let us race her. I will lay the Orion on her quarter. There, lads—all tight—now she feels it—gunwale in—grand bearings—I could steer her with my little finger.—We are eating him out of the wind.

ODOHERTY, (*through his hands as a speaking trumpet.*)

Whither bound?—What cargo?—Timber and fruit, staves and potatoes? Son of a sea-cow, you are drifting to leeward.

MR NORTH.

I have been glancing over O'Meara. Buonaparte's tone, when speaking of the intended invasion of this country, did not a little amuse me. He laid his account with conquering Great Britain.

MR BULLER.

Great insolence. Did his troops conquer divided and degenerate Spain? The British nation would have trampled him under foot. O'Meara records his ravings, as if he went along with them. I hate the French for snivelling so through their noses. No nasal nation could conquer a great guttural people.

MR NORTH.

Good. It is quite laughable to hear him telling the surgeon what he intended to have done with the Bank of England, and what sort of a constitution he had cut and dried for us.

ODOHERTY.

Buonaparte says sincerely, that Wellington *could not* have left the field of battle, if he had been defeated at Waterloo. Does he mean, that his position was a bad one, in case of retreat? I ask, was his own a good one? Was not his army cut to pieces as it fled?

MR TICKLER.

Odoherity, did you read t'other day, in the newspapers, of a Liverpool barber shaving eighty chins, in a workmanlike style, within the hour?

ODOHERTY.

I did; but a Manchester shaver has since done a hundred.

MR TICKLER.

It must have been a serious affair for the last score of shavers. When the betting became loud, 6 to 4 on time, I am surprised the barber got his patients to sit.

MR NORTH.

Was he allowed to draw blood?

ODOHERTY.

Only from pimples. I like these sort of bets. They encourage the useful arts. I won a cool hundred last winter, as you may have heard, by eating a thousand eggs in a thousand hours.

MR TICKLER.

Hard or soft?

ODOHERTY.

Both—raw, roasted, and poached. It was a sickening business. I ate a few rotten ones, for the sake of variety.

CHIEFTAIN.

One of my tail drank a thousand glasses of whisky in a thousand hours; and we had great difficulty in keeping him to a single glass an hour. He did it without turning a hair.

MR NORTH.

Shall we take a look at the Dollar Academy?

MR TICKLER.

Tenant's in town; he dined with me last week. I have a copy of Auster

Fair in my pocket. I took it to Holland with me on my last trip, and read it in the Zuyder Zee. It is a fine thing, North, full of life, and glee, and glamour. So is Don Juan.

MR NORTH.

I shall not permit any more poetry to be published before the year 1830, except by fresh ones. The known hands are all stale. Poetry is the language of passion. But no strong deep passion is in the mind of the age. If it be, where? Henceforth I patronize prose.

MR TICKLER.

So does Mr Blackwood. Confound him, he is inundating the public. I wish to God Galt was dead!

MR BLACKWOOD.

You are so fond of saying strong things. Gracious me! before he has finished the Lairds of Grippy?

MR TICKLER.

Well, well, let him live till then, and then die. Yet better is a soil, like that of Scotland, that produces a good, strong, rough, coarse crop, than the meagre and mangy barrenness of England.

MR SEWARD.

Buller, take the helm.—The meagre and mangy barrenness of England! Do you speak, sir, of the soil or the soul of England? You Scotch do wonders both in agriculture and education; but you cannot contend against climate.

MR NORTH.

Come, come—you don't thoroughly understand Tickler yet. But the moon is sunk, the stars are paling their ineffectual fires,—and, what is worse, the tide is ebbing. So let us put about, and back to the Chain Pier. Or shall we make a descent on the coast? See, we are off Hopetoun House.

ODONERTY.

Hark! the sound of the fiddle from that snug farm-house, amidst a grove of trees! Pity they should be Scotch firs,—a damnable tree, and a grove of them is too bad. Let us land.

BOATSWAIN.

The water is deep close to the water-edge. Down helm, master. There, her gunwale is on the granite!

(*Mr NORTH leaps out, followed by the Standard Bearer, Chieftain, &c.; and the Orion, her sails soon filling, wears, and goes down the Frith, goose-winged, before the wind.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Kitchen of the Farm-house of Girnaway. Gudeman in his arm-chair, by the ingle—Mr NORTH on his right hand—Gudewife, in her arm-chair, opposite—ODONERTY on her right—Lads and Lasses all round.

Reel of Tullochgorum.

GUDEMAN.

Ma faith, but the Highlander handles his heels weel. You were saying he is a Chieftain—Has he his tail in the town wi' him?

MR NORTH.

He has a tail twenty gentlemen long.

GUDEMAN.

I'm thinkin' it wad be nae jeest to cast saut on his tail. He's a proud, fierce-lookin' fellow. He's bringing the red into Meg's face yonner, with his kilt flaff flaff afore her, wi' that great rough pouch. Hear till him, hoo he's snappin' his fingers, and crying out, just wi' perfect wudness. The fiver o' his young Hieland bluid wunna let him rest. Safe us! look at him whirlin' Meg about like a tee-totum.

GUDWIFE.

Gudeman, this gentleman here, he is an Irishier, is prigg'in' on me to tak the floor. I fin' as gin I couldna refuse him.

GUEDEMAN.

Do as thou likes, Tibbie, thou'rt auld enough to take care o' thyself.

MR BLACKWOOD (*to a pretty young Girl in a white gown and pink ribbons.*)

My dear, it's to be a foursome reel. May I have the pleasure of standing before you. Fiddlers, play "I'll gang nae mair to yon town,"—it's the King's favourite.

CHIEFTAIN (*to his Partner, after a kiss.*)

Let me hand you to the dresser.

MEG.

I'm a' in a drench o' sweat, see it's just pooran down. My sark's as wat's muck.

CHIEFTAIN.

You had better step out to the door for a few minutes, and take the benefit of the fresh air.

MEG.

Wi' a' my heart, sir.

(*Exeunt Chieftain and Meg.*)

ODOHERTY.

Madam, you cannot go wrong, it is just the eight figure—so—8. Jig, or common time?

GUEDEWIFE.

Oh! Jig—jig.

(*A Foursome Reel by the Standard-bearer, the Gudewife, Mr Blackwood, and Maiden.*)

GUEDEMAN.

Mr North, you hae brocht a band o' rare swankies wi' you. I'm thinking, you're no sae auld's you look like.

MR NORTH.

I'm quite a young man, just the age of the King, God bless him. I hope we'll both live thirty years yet.

MR TICKLER, (*to Mr North.*)

Look how busy Buller is yonder in the corner, at the end o' the kitchen dresser.

MR NORTH.

Laird, the gudewife foots it away with admirable agility. I never saw a reel better danced in my life.

GUEDEMAN.

She's a gay canny body; see hoo the jade pits her twa neives to the sides o' her, and hauds up her chin wi' a prie-my-mou sort o' a cock.—Tibby, ye juk, the ce o' your auld gudeman's on you.—What ca' ye that lang land-louper that's wallopping afore her? said you, the Stawner-bearer? Is he a Flag-Staff-Lieutenant on half pay?

MR TICKLER.

Fiddler, my boy, you with that infernal squint, I beg your pardon, with the slight cast of your eye, will you lend me your fiddle for a few seconds?

(*Takes the fiddle, and plays with prodigious hurr.*)

GUEDEWIFE.

Stap him—stap him, that's no the same tune. I canna keep the step. That's Maggy Lauder he's strumming at; they're playing different tunes.

(*Dance is stopped.*)

MR BLACKWOOD.

I beg your pardon, Mr Tickler; but you have put us all out; I was just beginning to get into the way of it.

MR TICKLER.

Come, I volunteer a solo. The Bush aboon Traquair.

(*Plays.*)

ODOHERTY.

The Hen's March, by jingo.

ONE FIDDLER (*to another.*)

He fingers bonny, bonny, but he has a cramp bow-hand. He's shouter-bun'. I like to see the bow gaun like a flail buck and forward.

GUEDEWIFE.

Mr Odoherty, sit down aside me again, and let's hear something about the King.

ODOHERTY.

Mrs Girnaway, you are quite a woman to please the King—fat, fair, and forty. And I assure you, that the King is quite a man to please any woman. The expression of the under part of his face is particularly pleasing; his mouth, madam, is not unlike your own, especially when you both smile.

GUDEWIFE.

Do you hear that, gudeman? Mr Odoctorme says, that I am like the King about the mouth, when I smile.

GUDEMAN.

When you smile, gudewife? Whan's that? Your mouth, ony time I see't, is either wide open, wi' a' its buck-teeth in a guffaw, or as fast as a vice, in a dour fit of the sourocks.

MR NORTH.

May I ask, sir, who is that maiden with the silken snood, whose conversation is now enjoyed by my young friend, Mr Buller of Brazen-nose?

GUDEMAN.

That's our auldest dochter, Girzzy Girnaway; she'll be out o' her teens by Halloween; and she's as gude's she's bonny, sir,—she never gied her parents an ill word, nor a sair heart.

MR NORTH.

The dancing is kept up with wonderful spirit, and you and I now have all the conversation to ourselves.—A country-dance, I declare! See, the gudewife, sir, is coming over to join us. We shall just have a three-handed crack.

GUDEWIFE.

Ae reel's enough for me. My daft days are ower; but I couldna thole his fleeching—that ane you ca' the Adjutant. Look at yon lang deevil how he is gaun down the middle wi' Mysie below his oxter. Ca' ye him Tickler? Hech, sirs, but he's well named. He's kittlin her a' the way down.

MR NORTH.

There is much happiness, Laird, now before us. My heart enjoys their homely hilarity. We must take human life as we find it.

GUDEMAN.

What for did ye say that Mr Buller had a brazen nose? I think him a very douce, quate, blate callan, an' less o' the brass nose than ony single ane o' your forbears.

MR NORTH.

He belongs to an English college called Brazen-nose.

GUDEMAN.

Na, na, Mr North, that'll no gang down with Gibby Girnaway. An English college called Brazen-nose! Na, na.

GUDEWIFE.

He's gane fain on our Girzzy. But he can mean nae ill. He wadna be a man, to come down frae England and say aught amiss to our bairn. Oh! Gibby, but he's a neat dancer, and has sma' sma' ankles, but gude strong calves. I thoct the English had been a' wee bit fat bodies. Aiblins his mither may hae been frae Scotland.

MR NORTH.

Laird Girnaway, I fear the times are extremely bad.

GUDEMAN.

They are so. But if the landlords will let down their rents, and indeed they must, and if the crops are as good next year as they are this, and if, and if, and if—then, Mr North, I say the times will not be bad. They will be better for poor people than I ever remember them. And let rich people take care of themselves.

MR NORTH.

Can the landlords afford to do so? Will it not ruin them?

GUDEMAN.

I cannot tell what they can afford, or who may be ruined. But what I say must happen; and the warld will not be warse off than before. They must draw less, and spend less. That's the hail affair.

GUDEWIFE.

I'm a wee dull o' hearing, and thae fiddles mak sic a din—and there is sic

a hirdum dirdum on the floor, I canna hear either my gudeman or you, sir. But I'm awa' into the spence to mak some plotty, and baste the guse. [Exit.

MR NORTH.

It does my heart good to see such a scene as this. I hope our dancers are all loyal subjects. Or do they care nothing about their King?

GUDEMAN.

I daresay, sir, not ane o' them is thinking o' his Majesty at this minute.—But why should they? a time for a' things. But they've been maist o' them in to Embro', to hae a keek o' him. There's no a chiel on the floor that wadna fecht for the King till his heart's blood flooded the grass aneath his tottering feet.

MR NORTH.

Have you any sons, Mr Girnaway?

GUDEMAN.

Twa—that's ane o' them, the big chiel wi' the curly pow clapping his hauns, and the ither is a schoolmaster in Ayrshire—a douce laddie, that may ae day be a minister. Davie there is a yoonan, and a fearfu' fallow with the sword. And then he wad ride the Deevil himsel'.

MR NORTH.

Have you yourself seen his Majesty, Mr Girnaway?

GUDEMAN.

Not yet; but I will see him, God willing, when he takes his leave o' his ain Scotland, frae Hopetoun-house. The auld royal bluid o' Scotland, I ken, is in his veins; and there is something, sir, in the thocht o' far-back times that's grand and fearsome, and suits the head o' a crowned Monarch. The folk in this parish dinna respect me the less, that I am ane o' the Girnaways, whose family has lived here for generations and generations; and it maun be just the same wi' a King, whose ancestors hae lang ruled the land. If we hae a feeling o' sic a thing, sae maun he; and Davie said, "O, father, but he was a proud man when he looked up to the Calton, and down on auld Holyrood. I couldna help greeting."

MR NORTH.

I trust, Mr Girnaway, that your enlightened sentiments are general.

GUDEMAN.

Wha doubts't? Now and then, ye hear a daver'd body telling ye that the King is just like ither men; and that Kings care naething for pair people; and that the twa Houses o' Parliament should haud him in wi' baith snaffle and curb; but that doctrine docsna gang down just the now; and the very women-folk, who, in a general way, are rather sillyish, you ken, laugh at it, and praise the King up to the very ee-brces.

MR NORTH.

Never beheld I so much mirth, happiness, and innocence. I have often thought, Mr Girnaway, of becoming a farmer in the evening of life.

GUDEMAN.

There's mirth enough and happiness enough, and, as the world goes, innocence enough, too, on the floor, Mr North. But you maunna deceive yoursel' wi' fine words. Mirth isna for every day in the year; and we are often a' sulky and dour, and at times raging like tigers. Happiness is a kittle verb to conjugate, as our dominie says; and as to innocence, while lads and lasses are lads and lasses, there'll be baith sin and sorrow. But there's ae thing, sir, keepit sacred amang us, and that is religion, Mr North. We attend the kirk, and we read the Bible.

MR NORTH.

I hope, Mr Girnaway, that when you come to Edinburgh, you will take pot-luck with me.

GUDEMAN.

Dinna say me ony mair, sir; call me just Girnaway. I'll do't. Now, sir, may I ask, cannily, what trade ye may be when you are at hame?

MR NORTH.

I am Editor o' Blackwood's Magazine, of which you may have heard.

GUDEMAN.

Gude safe us! are you a loupin', livin', flesh and bluid man, with real rudi-

ments and a wooden crutch, just as gien out in that ance-a-month peerioddical? Whan will wonders cease? Gies your haun. Come awa' into the spence; the wife maun hae made the plotty by this time. Come into the spence.—Come awa—come awa. This is maist as gude's a visit frae the King himself. (*Exeunt NORTH and GIRNAWAY into the Spence.*)

SCENE II.

*The Spence.*GUDEWIFE (*sola.*)

It's no every ane can set down a bit supper like Tibbie Girnaway. Had that guse been langer on the stubble, he might hae been a hantle fatter about the doup. But he'll do as he is, wi' the apple sauce.

Enter GIRNAWAY and NORTH.

GIRNAWAY.

Gudewife, you ken that buik our son sends us every month, wi' the fae of Geordie Buchanan on't.—Would ye believe that we hae under our roof-tree the very lads that write it. Here's the cock o' the company, Mr North himself.

GUDEWIFE.

I jaloused something wonderfu', whene'er I saw the face of him, and that Adjutant ane. Siccan a buik I never read afore. It gars ane laugh, they canna tell how; and a' the time ye ken what ye're reading is serious, too—Naething ill m't, but a' gude—supporting the kintra, and the King, and the kirk.

GIRNAWAY.

Mr North, I hae not much time to read, but I like fine to put my spees on to a sensible or droll buik, and your Magazine is baith. I'm a friend to general education.

MR NORTH.

Girnaway, do you think that there are many profane or seditious books hawked about the country? It seems to be the opinion of the General Assembly.

GIRNAWAY.

'Deed, sir, I can only speak o' my ain experience. Doubtless, there are some, but no great feck; and I hae seen my ain weans and servants, after glowering at them a while on the dresser or the bunker, fling them frae them, like rowans, and neist time I see them it's on the midden. Hawkers come nair speed wi' ribbons, and shears, and knives, and bits o' funny ballads, than profanity and sedition. But the General Assembly should ken best.

GUDEWIFE.

Now, ma man, Gibbie, the guse is getting cauld. I maun invect the lave o' them in. The fiddles and the skirling is baith quite.

(*Exit the Gudewife, and enters with the STANDARD-BEARER, CHIEFTAIN, BULLER, SLWARD, TICKLER, and MR BLACKWOOD.*)

MR NORTH.

Might I take the liberty of requesting the pleasure of your daughter's company, maam. Mr Buller will go for his partner. (*BULLER darts off.*)

GUDEWIFE.

I like to see my bairns respecked, sir, and Grace can show her face ony where, —sae can her cousin Mysie.—(*TICKLER darts off.*) And her friend, Miss Susy, the only dochter o' the Antiburgher minister, wha was dancing wi' Mr Blackwood.—(*MR BLACKWOOD darts off.*) And Meg herself, though she hasna ta'en on muckle o' a polish, sin' she came from about Glasgow, is a decent hizzie.—(*CHIEFTAIN darts off.*) Yon bit white-faced lassie, wi' the jimp waist, and genteel carriage, is the butcher's only bairn, and a great heiress.—(*SLWARD darts off.*) Preserve us, are they a' coming to soop? Weel, weel, we maun sit close. Where's Mr Odacternie?

ADJUTANT.

Here, maam. (*Gudemane says grace, and the Company fall to.*)

GUDEWIFE.

I fear, ~~Mr~~ Adjutant, that you flu' that spawl o' the gusy rather teach?

ODOHERTY.

As tender as a chicken, I assure you, ma'am. If it were as tough as timber, I care not. I never made a better supper in my life, than I did one night in Spain, on the tail of an old French artillery horse.—It was short, but sweet.

GUDEWIFE.

Let me lay sum mair rumble-to-thumps on your plate, Colonel Odoctermac. The tail o' a horse!—What some brave sodgers hac gone through in foreign parts, for our sakes at hame! I could greet to think on't.

MR NORTH.

Mrs Girnaway, I propose to drink the health of your absent son, Mr Gilbert Girnaway, student of divinity, and teacher at Torbolton.

GUEDEMAN.

He couldna leave his scholars, or he would hac been to Embro' to see the King, like the lave. I se drink the callan's health wi' richt good will.—“Here's our Gilbert.”—Hoots, Tibbie, you silly thing, what for are you greeting?

ODOHERTY.

“Oh! Beauty's tear is lovelier than her smile.” But, gentlemen, Miss Grace Girnaway will give us a song.—Mr Buller, will you prevail upon Miss Girnaway for a song—something plaintive and pathetic, if you please.

MISS GRACE sings.

Oh! white is thy bosom, and blue is thine eye,
The light is a tear, and the sound is a sigh!
Thy love is like friendship, thy friendship like love.
And that is the reason I call thee—my Dove.

Oh! sweet to my soul is the balm of thy breath,
As a dew-laden gale from the rich-blossom'd heath;
Can it be that all beauty doth fade in an hour?
Then let that be the reason I call thee—my Flower.

On the wide sea of life shines one unclouded light.
And still it burns softest and clearest by night;
But its lustre, though lovely, alas! is afar,
And that is the reason I call thee—my Star.

But the dove seeks her nest in the forest so green,
And the flower in its fragrance is fading unseen;
The star in its brightness the sea-mist will hide,
So come to my heart, while I call thee—my Bride.

GUEDEMAN.

She's no a taucht singer, our Grace; but neither is a lintwhite nor a laver-ock. Her father, Mr North, likes to hear her singing by the ingle—and he likes to hear her singing in the kirk.—Mr Buller, you English wienna like the hamely lilt o' a Scottish farmer's dachter?

MR BULLER.

Liveliness, modesty, cheerfulness, innocence, and beauty, Mr Girnaway, I hope can be felt by an English heart, loved and respected, wherever they smile before his eye, or melt upon his ear. “Your fair and good daughter's health and song—and may she long live to be a blessing and a pride to her parents.”

GUDEWIFE.

Ay, ay, a blessing, but no a pride. Pride's no for human creatures—but gratitude is; and we thank God, Gilbert and I, for naething mair than for gicing us weel-liked and dutiful bairns.

MR TICKLER.

If ever I saw a singing face in my life, it is that of my sweet Mysic's. My dear, will you sing, now that your fair cousin has broken the ice?

GUDEWIFE.

Will she sing? We'll gar her sing. We maun a' contribute.

MR BLACKWOOD (*starting*.)

We maun a' contribute! Whose voice was that promising an article?

GUDEWIFE.

I say, sir, we maun a' contribute. Mysie's gaun to gie you a sang. Aib-
lins it may get into print.—Come, Mysie, clear your pipes.

MISS MYSTIE.

Grace, let us sing THE SHEPHERDESSE AND THE SAILOR. I shall be the
Sailor this time.

SAILOR.

When lightning parts the thunder-cloud
That blackens all the sea,
And tempests rough through sail and shroud,
Even then I think on thee, Mary.

SHEPHERDESSE.

I wrap me in that keep-sake plaid,
And lie down 'inang the snaw;
While frozen are the tears I shed
For him that's far awa', Willy!

SAILOR.

We sail past mony a bonny isle,
Wi' inlands the shores are thrang;
Before my ee there's but ae snile,
Within my ear ae sang, Mary.

SHEPHERDESSE.

In kirk, on every Sabbath day,
For aye on the great deep
Unto my God I humbly pray—
And as I pray, I weep, Willy.

SAILOR.

The sands are bright wi' golden shells;
The groves wi' blossoms fair;
And I think upon the heather-bells
That deck thy glossy hair, Mary.

SHEPHERDESSE.

I read thy letters sent from far,
And aft I kiss thy name,
And ask my Maker, frae the war
If ever thou'lt come hame, Willy.

SAILOR.

What though your father's hut be lown
Aneath the green hill-side?
The ship that Willy sails in, blown
Like chaff by wind and tide, Mary?

SHEPHERDESSE.

Oh! weel I ken the raging sea,
And a' the stelfast land,
Are held, wi' specks like thee and me,
In the hollow of his hand, Willy.

SAILOR.

He sees thee sitting on the brac,
Me hanging on the mast;
And o'er us baith, in dew or spray,
His saving shield is cast, Mary.

(Song interrupted by loud cries of murder heard from the Kitchen, and a
crash of chairs, and tumbling of tables. Omnes rush out.)

SCENE III.

*The Kitchen.*SAUNDERS M'MURDO—*Smith.*

I'll no tak a blow frae the haun o' ony leevin' man.—Kate Craigie, I say, ma woman, tak awa your grips. He may be the Miller, but I awe him nae thirlage; and mak room, and I'll gie him the floor, like a sack o' his ain meal.

PATE MUTER.

He wud rug Kate aff my knee, so I gied him a clour on his harn-pap. I'm no for fechtin'. I haena fochten since Falkirk Tryst, when I brak the ribs o' that Hieland drover. Peace is best. But stan' back, Barniwin', or you may as weel rin into the fanners or the mill-wheel at ance.

DAVIE GIRNAWAY.

I'll hae nae fechtin' in my father's house.—Mysic, bring my sword.—Saunders M'Murdo, you're an unhappy man when you get a drap drink.—Lowsen his neckcloth, he's getting black i' the face.

MR NORTH.

Saunders M'Murdo, Pate Muter,—I speak to you both as a peace-maker. Why this outrage in the family of the Girnaways? Has party instigated this unbecoming, this shameful brawl? Party! and the King in Scotland? Smith, Miller, you are both honourable men. Your professions are indispensable. Without you, what is this agricultural parish? Will you shake hands, and be friends? I see you will. Advance towards each other like men. There, there. Go where I will, I am a peace-maker.

(Smith and Miller shake hands, and quiet is restored.)

GUDWIFE.

Weel, weel; little flunc's soonest mended. But I never saw a kirk yet without a fecht, sometimes half-a-dozen. After a storm comes a calm; ye may say that. There ye a' sit, every lad beside his lass, as dounce as gin the Gudeman were gaun to tak the Book. It's a curious world.

GUDMAN.

Haud your tongue, Tibbie. Bring ben the plotty and a' the spirits into the kitchen; and a' bad bluid shall be at an end, when ilka anc, lad and lass, wife and widow, drinks a glass to the King.

DAVIE GIRNAWAY.

Here's the plotty; put out the tables.—Thank ye, Mr Odoherty.—Tak tent ye dinna lane yourself, Mr North. Hooly and fairly—hooly and fairly.

(The tables are set out, and quichs and canps laid.)

GUDMAN.

Now Mr North, we're a' looking to you. Ye maun gie us twa or three words to the King's health. I canna speechify, but I can roar. And I'll do that wi' a vengeance at the hip, hip.—Fill a' your quichs till they're soonin' ower.

MR NORTH.

MR AND MRS GIRNAWAY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

We are now assembled round the table of a Scottish Yeoman, to drink to the health of his Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth. He is within about twelve miles, as the crow flies, of where we now stand. Is it not almost the same thing as if he were actually here, in this very room, standing there beside the altar himself, and with the light of that very fire shining upon his royal visage? I speak now to you, who have, most of you, seen the King. You saw him surrounded with hundreds of thousands of his shouting subjects, who had then but one great heart, whose looks were lightning, and whose voice was thunder. You had all heard, read, thought of your King. But he was to you but the image of a dream—a shadowy phantom on a far-off throne. Even then you were leal and loyal, as Scotsmen have ever been, who in peace prove their faith by the sweat of their brows, and in war by the blood of their hearts. Now, do not the elder among you feel like the brethren, and the younger like the children of your King? He has breathed our free northern air—he has felt our sun and our easterly haars upon his brows—he has heard our dialect—he has trod our soil—he has eaten our bread, and drunk our water—he has

hailed, and been hailed, by countless multitudes, on the ramparts of our unconquered citadel—and he has prayed to the God of his, and our fathers, in our ancient and holy temple. Therefore, by our pride, by our glory, and by our faith, do we now love great George our King. What if he had not known the character of the people over whom he reigned? Their patience—their fortitude—their courage—their unquaking confidence in their own right arms—and their sacred trust in God? What if he had trembled on his throne, and imagined in that terror that its foundations were shaken by that great earthquake that shook to pieces the powers on the Continent? We had then been lost. England, Scotland, would, at this hour, have been peopled by slaves.—Our harvests would not have been reaped, as they now are, by the hands of free men—the stack-yard would not have belonged to him who built it—we should not have been assembled round this ingle—nor would there have been on the earth these faces, fair and bright with beauty, intelligence, and virtue. The British monarchy would have been destroyed—equal liberties and equal laws abrogated, effaced, and obliterated, for ever—our parish schools and our kirks levelled with the dust, religion scorned, and education proscribed—the light of knowledge and of love equally extinguished, and darkness on the hearth, and on the altar. It was he, George the Fourth, who, under God, saved us and our country from such evils, and who has preserved to us, unscathed by the fire through which they have passed, our liberties and our laws. He saw into our hearts, and knew of what stuff they were made. He saw that to us death was nothing—but that disgrace and degradation was more than we could—more than we *would* bear. Toil, taxes, tears, and blood, were demanded of us, not by the voice of our own King, but by the voice of all our Kings and heroes speaking through him—by the voices of our own Wallace and our own Bruce. We fought, and we conquered—and we are free. Therefore, now let each maiden smile upon her friend or lover—fill your cups to the brim—join hands—take a kiss, my lads, if you will—**THE KING.**

Hip, hip, hip—hurra, hurra, hurra—Hip, hip, hip—hurra, hurra, hurra—Hip, hip, hip—hurra, hurra, hurra—Hip, hip, hip—hurra, hurra, hurra!

THE SMITH.

I was in the wrang, I was in the wrang—I acknowledge't. Gies your haun again, Miller. If ever need be, we'll fecht thegither, baith on ae side, for the King.

THE MILLER.

There's flour of speech for you. Gif he were but in Parliament, he would lay his flail about him till the chaff flew into the een o' the Opposition frae the threshing-floor.—Will ye stan' for the borough, Mr North? I'll secure you the brewer's vote o'er byc yonder; or would you pre'er the county? Ye'ae hae either for the asking.

MR NORTH.

My highest ambition, Mr Muter, is to retire into the rural shades, and become a farmer.

THE MILLER.

Come out, then, near the Ferry. Tak a lease frae Lord Hopetoun. I'll grin a' your meal, wheat, aits, and barley, for naething. A' the time you were speaking, I felt as if I could hae made a speech mysel. When you stopt, it was like the stopping of a band o' music on the street, when the sodgers are marching by. It was like the stopping o' the happer o' the mill.

GUDEWIFE.

Mysie, Girzzy, Meg, or some o' you, open the wunnock-shutters.

(*They do so.*)

MR NORTH.

A burst of day! The sun has been up for hours. What a bright and beautiful harvest morning! The sea is rolling in gold. See, there is the Orion beating up—close hauled. The best of friends must part.

(*The whole Party breaks up, and accompany NORTH, &c. to the Beach.*)

END OF ACT III.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXIX.

OCTOBER, 1822.

Vol. XII.

Contents.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF TIMOTHY TELL, SCHOOLMASTER OF BIRCH- ENDALE	395
Introduction	ib.
Chapter I.	398
Chapter II.	408
THE ROMAN WALL	409
MY GARDEN	412
LETTER OF A CATHOLIC LAYMAN TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. ON THE LAST LETTER OF THE PROTESTANT LAYMAN	414
THE ROUTE	427
LETTERS FROM ITALY. No. I.	429
No. II.	433
ON THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRESSES	436
MEMOIR OF ROSSINI THE COMPOSER	440
THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN. CHAPTER V.	448
NOTICE OF "THE JUSTICIARY OPERA," A JEU-D'ESPRIT OF THE HIGH- JINKS SCHOOL, IN A LETTER TO MR NORTH	455
BOXIANA. No. IX.	460
ANCIENT NATIONAL MELODIES. No. IV. THE GENTLEMEN OF ENG- LAND. AN EXCELLENT NEW WHIG SONG	466
THE GREEKS AND THE GREEK CAUSE	467
SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER. No. XI. THE FINALE	473
Will Webster	ib.
My Mother	474
My Aunts	475
Elder Jonathan	476
The Laird	477
GENS FROM THE ANTIQUE BY DAGLEY, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CROLY	478
HINTS TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN, IN A LETTER TO C. NORTH, ESQ.	482
THE KING'S VISIT. BY A LONDONER, BUT NO COCKNEY, (CONTINUED)	492
LETTER TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. INCLOSING FERGUSSON AND BURNS; OR, THE POET'S REVENGE. PART II.	497
ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION	500
WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION	501
MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS	507
MONTHLY REGISTER.	
APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.	513
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS	517

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VOL. XII.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF TIMOTHY TELL, SCHOOLMASTER OF BIRCHENDALE.

"Now afore Heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne."
SHAKESPEARE.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE ENLIGHTENED BRITISH PUBLIC.

WHEN the injured have borne more than it is their nature to endure patiently, a voice from within cries out for redress—its accents are at first perhaps low and feeble, but the still small voice will gradually swell into stentorian strength and fulness. Why is helplessness always the portion of these unhappy victims of the tyranny of the great ones of this life? Why should the Behemoth and the Leviathan sport for ever with the feelings of the smaller, though not less sensitive fry, whom they daily and pitilessly devour? Why should pride and arrogance for ever confound modest merit? Why should the taste of the modest many be controlled and brow-beaten by the pretending few? Why should talent in obscurity be for ever encompassed with toils and troubles, from which it is nearly impossible to emerge? And why should Timothy Tell conceal his grievous wrongs, and in silent anguish chew the cud of bitter mortification? Shall the humble though illuminated mind for ever crouch beneath the rod of its oppressor?—not but that I approve of castigation in its proper place,—therefore, as Solomon saith, (an immortal axiom!) spare not the rod,—so saith Timothy Tell, in whose veins run

some drops of that blood, which erst animated the scourge of the tyrants of Helvetia. I, too, will wield the rod of retribution upon the oppressors. I will chasten and reprove; though, peradventure, it may be impossible to improve them.

Gentle Reader! whosoever thou art, before whose eyes my pages are now displayed, thou shalt know my injuries: the tale of my griefs shall be unfolded to thee: and I despair not of finding in thee a sympathizing friend,—whether thou art of that stout sex, whose soul fires at the call of liberty; or whether of that softer one, whose heart, I believe, beats also at the sound—though its deeds in the glorious cause may have been confined to the extrication of the clamorous fly from the tangled mazes spread for it by its spinster-enemy. What avails it that the British Senate have dealt the death-blow to slavery on foreign shores? what boots it that the English press alone boasts of freedom, and that the humblest may illumine the world with their lucubrations, if they are to be at the mercy of these savage tyrants? But the arrows of my indignant vengeance shall fly at them. I will not only smite the apple of despotism, which these arrogant usurpers

proudly imagine they have plucked from the tree of knowledge, and placed on the head of our suffering offspring, but it shall pierce the very heart of the literary Geslers. When we have fitted out the little bark to which our darlings are committed, with all care and pains, that it may float down the broad stream of Time, how does our freedom avail us, if they are exposed to the depredations of these Pirates, whilst they wait for the soft breeze of fame to waft them into the harbour of Glory! The attacks of these Corsairs, are like that horrid insect of the North, which feeds only on the brains of its prey, whilst their insatiate maw seems only to become more greedy for a new repast. Are not these the Critics of our days? Dost thou not, sagacious Reader, descry in these traits the features of the ravenous Reviewer, who, like the Italian bravo, stabs in the dark, and, having plunged his dagger, hides himself from his writhing victim? Is this to be tamely borne? Shall we, the busy Bees of Literature, continue thus simply to suffer these Drones to feed on our honey? Worse than Drones indeed,—are they not rather Hornets, who, not content with seizing on the stores of our toil, sting to death those whose treasures have furnished them with a subsistence, which their own industry would never have acquired?

O, all ye Authors! ye suffering tribe—from the super-attic Scribbler of Grub Street, to the silken-sofaed Bard of the Saloon! I call upon you all to

aid me in this just warfare.—But should you not come to my assistance, I fear nothing, though I am about to contend with the powers of darkness—and though my enemies are invisible, and the numbers of their legion unknown, the righteousness of our cause shall be my panoply—and I will gird myself for the battle. The enemy may—and indeed have insinuated, that I am an ass!—be it so.—I will boldly meet my adversaries, and, like another Samson, by my potent jaw they shall be smitten and discomfited. With the quill of a goose will I put them down; I will thus scatter their leaves, albeit they may be as thick as those “which fell in Valombrosa,”—if not to the winds,—to the tobaccoists, pastry-cooks, and trunk-makers!

I have chosen your pages, enlightened Christopher, Beacon of British taste! as the surest and swiftest vehicle for the communication of my wrongs, from one end of the United Kingdom to the other. Under your generous patronage, neither “*shields of blue*,” nor “*yellow*,” nor “*suber olive*,” shall protect them from my fury. The public, witness of my victory, shall with abhorrence fly from the venomous foliage of this Uppas tree, which shall now experience an Autumn and a Winter which knows no return of Spring. Timothy shall tell the simple tale of his life, and of his griefs,—and this great catastrophe shall be accomplished.

CHAPTER I.

THE detail of a life like mine, though it has occupied no inconsiderable portion of the years of the last century, may, perhaps, make but a scanty figure in the page of history, so even and unvaried has been the general tenor of its way. The narrative, however, connected as it is with the subject of my grievances, is necessary to promote that great reform, which I am so anxious to bring to perfect consummation, and by which I hope to release the literary world from their present state of bondage. Be it known to you, then, gentle Reader, that I dwell in the simple and unsophisticated village of Birchendale, amid the wild scenery of romantic Cumberland; a spot far removed from the noisy haunts of men,

where, thanks to the pains I have bestowed on a numerous succession of generations, the inhabitants walk humbly in their several vocations, and peaceably with each other. Nor are they to be accounted an illiterate race,—for I have, with indefatigable industry, poured instruction into the ears of the rising youth, and enforced my lessons, with all the incentives to application, through every other avenue, by all the cogent arguments in my power, aided by that most precious Tree of my garden, which I may not unfitly style the Tree of Knowledge: for so it was termed somewhat facetiously by my cousin, poor Will Wince, when he once found me gathering a few sprigs from that venerated plant.

It was, I think, a happy hit—for certainly it has, of all the trees of the forest, the closest alliance with learning. Learning was never yet acquired without some pains on the part of the student—and I have taken especial care, that the first exception should not be made in the village school of Birchendale.

On the part of the instructor, the office is laborious enough. To train the minds of docile youth in the flowery paths of literature, may seem to some a pleasing task, and has a pretty sound in the delusive dreams of poetry. But he, on whom it has devolved to conduct the minds of a number of generations from the cradle of letters to the full growth of science, will have suffered many a wearisome hour. Full many a time has my head ached with the attempt to teach, and my arm been palsied with chastising some incorrigible spirit, in whom there was not sufficient congenial soil wherein to plant even a disyllable! How often have I in despair knocked two heads together, in which I had found it impossible to infuse a particle of the Rule of Three! It has frequently occurred to me, amid the incessant labours of my life, to think how dangerous an engine a village School-master might become in the hands of Power; so intimately acquainted as he must be with the quality and quantity of every individual's mind, the extent of every man's capacity, and the number of every man's ideas throughout his district. Accustomed to measure out their thoughts, and to drop in their quantum of knowledge, with what ease could I disseminate any opinions, however new or hurtful, even amongst those of my disciples who have long since emerged from my doors, in full possession of all I had to bestow. Such is the ascendancy which early habits of association retain over their minds, that even now, what I think, will be found precisely that which all the inhabitants of any village think; and in our evening club, where we meet and read the newspaper, (which is carefully selected by myself,) and where some one reads it aloud for the benefit of the rest, no one hazards a comment or a remark, till I have spoken; and then, amongst these minds moulded by my paternal care, I was never once shocked by the smallest shadow of dissent, much less by

the rude breath of contradiction.— Happily for my country, I have never been disposed to abuse my advantage; and while I live, I will answer for the steady loyalty and the orthodox principles of every individual within a wide circle round the village of Birchendale. But alas! while these expressions of honest pride are rising in my heart, and finding a vent in my pen, I forget the cruel affront which my long and hardly-earned reputation has sustained from the most merciless. . . . But I will not anticipate nor lose sight of my historic thread.

It may be, gentler Reader, that you have passed through the confines of our village; and if so, you have doubtless regarded with eyes of admiration, if not envy, the neat white house which stands 50 yards or thereabouts from the church, and next door to Mr Huffskin the saddler, my exceeding good and worthy neighbour. That house has owned me for its master these hundred half-years, that is to say, fifty long years. I was appointed head of that seminary at an early age by one of the kindest men that ever favoured a friendless youth, and also indirectly by the good offices of a patron of my father's, whose life he had saved in the field of battle. It was fortunate for us that the person to whom he rendered this important service was a nobleman of great power and large fortune, and also of a truly generous and grateful nature; for in no less than seven years after the affair happened, his Lordship's recollection of the transaction by which his gallant life had been saved, was so fresh, that after my father had written him a few letters on the subject of his kind offers of service in return for that trifling obligation, (and my father was esteemed to write in a very pure and classical style, and the gift is thought hereditary in our family) after my father, I say, had written several times to his noble patron, he one day received an intimation to call at the Squire's in our village without delay. My father was much loved and respected in our neighbourhood. His ancestors had emigrated from Switzerland; he had inherited the military spirit which those hardy mountaineers imbibe with their first breath, and withal a certain degree of simplicity, which they say belongs to the Swiss character, and which has ever distinguished our family. He had served his King and

country thirty years, and had been dangerously wounded in the action of ***** at the very moment of rescuing his gracious patron from the attack of three dastardly enemies, who fell upon him as he lay on the ground in a state of insensibility. He was, in consequence, disabled from military duty, and returned home to a wife and family, with health and strength indeed impaired, but with the sweet consciousness of having preserved a fellow-creature, and of having gained a friend for his family. I remember, even as if it were yesterday, I was just returned from the day-school, and I found, on entering the little parlour in which all the family were assembled, that some surprise had been excited, by the Squire's message requiring my father's attendance. It was well known by our neighbours that Lieutenant Tell was incapable of walking. He had lost his right arm, and was lame of one leg, though the other was as stout and durable as the best cork and his own skill could procure; for he was ingenious in all kinds of devices, and would have scorned to have been carried by another man's leg.

On entering the room, I was struck with an air of bustling importance and curiosity, very different from the placid look which usually beseeemed my mother's countenance. My father, too, puzzled me; he was sitting in a wooden chair of his own construction, and which he used to call his citadel. His strong leg was tattooing the floor to the time of the tune he was humming with an air of inexpressible drollery, and as I entered, he said—"Why, my lad, I have received marching orders; and I am going as fast as I can," added he, striking his wooden leg up and down very quickly. "When the commanding-officer gives the word, it is not for the Lieutenant to disobey."—"But, my dear Timothy," said my mother, interrupting, "what can the Squire have to say? I have been telling your father that he certainly did look more than once towards our pew last Sunday; and certainly, child, your sister Louisa did not look amiss in that hat which I had trimmed with the very ribbons you admired so much soon after we were married, love," said she, turning to her husband; and then continuing to me—"and, 'Tim, I know more of the ways of the world, child, than you, and I know that more odd

things than this happen every day."—"Than what, mother?" said I, rather confounded by so many ideas being presented to my mind at once. "It seems to me no odd thing that Louisa, who is a comely girl, should look well in new ribbons."—"Ah, 'Tim," cried my father, "you must read through that shelf of books of your mother's, over your head there, (I don't mean above your understanding boy,) before you'll hit on the notion that fills her head. Look at those volumes next to my tactics, some ten or dozen of them; I know their outsides well enough, though God forbid I should ever open one; many a time have I gone to my knapsack for a clean shirt, or my cordial drops, and I have laid hold of the Victim of Sensibility, or the Sorrows of Werter. Your mother calls it light reading, but I am sure it was always the heaviest part of my baggage."

At any other time, my mother would have been eloquent in the defence of her favourite studies; but she let it pass. "My dear," said she, "we forget that the Squire's man is waiting all this time. Come, Tim, do help to give a guess. I say the daughter of a brave soldier like your father is a match for a prince, and her father's deeds are a sufficient portion for her."—"I fear they won't buy her pines," said my father.—"I say, child, it would be a good match for the Squire, a very good match; and I must confess that I should, perhaps, feel contented; though, handsome as Louisa certainly is, she might look higher. I should not like to see her thrown away.—I often think, (and my poor mother sighed) how lucky it would have been had Louisa been grown up when your father saved Lord *****'s life! There is no saying—he might have taken a fancy to her. It would have been a fine thing had Providence thought fit—Indeed, I think, out of gratitude to your father, he might have fallen in love with his daughter."—"Indeed, a pity, my dear," said my father; "but there does not seem a little objection in the girl not being even born at the time."—"Well, but that does not signify, she is grown up now, and as like her dear father—but, however, if the Squire is as much in love as I sincerely believe"—"Psha," cried my father, a little impatiently, "you know,

Lucy, I have often begged you not to fill the girl's head with these romantic ideas. A Lord, indeed!" said he, (with an unusual expression of contempt on his features, and his temper apparently something ruffled.) "A Lord! I had much rather see her married to ****"

"Well, that is just what I have been saying," interrupted my mother, "and I shall make no objection to the Squire's proposals; for though he has not been sociable with us as yet, he is a pretty-looking, young man, and has been very regular at church the two last Sundays."—"You mistake me," said my father, "I was not going to say any such thing."—"Well, Timothy," said my mother, appealing to me, "what do you think about it?—why, how stupid you look, child!"—"I don't know, mother; I never could guess any thing in all my life. Had I better ask the servant?"—"Not for the world," said my mother, hastily; "do you think the Squire would disclose his passion for Louisa to a servant?"—"I tell you what, mother, I am thinking the Squire may wish to ask me to go shooting with him; he is often by himself, you know, and may want an agreeable companion." My father laughed, which confused me a little; and when I turned to my mother, she also treated the idea as absurd. "Well now, Tim," said my father, "instead of building castles and guessing here all day—quick march, my boy, and away in my steed, and tell the Squire, if he wants to see me, he must follow me into my fortress. You may say that Lieut. Tell has never paid a morning visit since we stormed the French camp on the morning of the ****."—"And don't be shy now, Tim," said my mother, "but hold up your head like your father's son. Come, make haste, and I will fetch your best hat."

No saying, she hurried me out of the room; but my father called me back, and said in a low voice, "Hark, boy, it has come into my head that the Squire may wish to do a civil thing by a neighbour, and would not be sorry, perhaps, to hear me talk over the old battles, which, perhaps, with the addition of a bottle of wine, and a good fire, is next to the pleasure of winning one; but mind, if he wants me, he must send his gig down for me; but d'ye see, boy, don't jump at the first offer. Let him speak it twice plainly, and don't blunder, but behave

yourself like a gentleman, lad; and now, quick march, and don't loiter." I accordingly hastened away, but found myself waylaid on the other side the door by my mother, who had a few last words for me also. "Now mind, child, should you perceive him to be shy and backward, as is the case with some young men—I can well remember your father, Tim, when he first spoke his mind to me in the arbour at my poor aunt's—but, however, Tim, mind what the Squire says, and don't interrupt in your blunt way, as you too often do your father and me. If you see him distress, throw in a word or two, as you suppose I should; or tell him, if he had rather speak to me at once, I shall be happy to see him to tea this evening; but, now, don't look too joyful, or anything of that sort, you know, child—I would not have him think it was any favour—but come, you might have been there and back by this time; you are always so slow." I had attempted to escape several times during my mother's speech, but she held me fast; I now disengaged myself, and had actually proceeded several paces, when she called after me, "Stay, Tim, mind and give our compliments,—Lieut. and Mrs. Tell's compliments, my dear." I thought it better to hear no more; so I ran on down the lane, but I soon settled into my usual contemplative pace; and finding too much to ruminate upon to admit of haste, I sat down on a bench by the road-side to arrange my thoughts, and to recover my breath.

I had received a crowd of new ideas into my brain, and it was not the work of a moment to reduce them into an orderly arrangement, and assign to each new-comer its proper position. First, there was my father's notion, my mother's notion, and my own notion; furthermore, there was the idea of calling at the Squire's, within whose doors I had never entered; and it was not without its terrors. I attached myself, firstly, to the latter consideration, and there came with it a certain misgiving, whether I was sufficiently smart in my appearance; therefore, taking off my coat and spreading it on my knees, I was struck with the new idea of its being a little old and rusty. And yet it had been first made when I left school, only four years before. I was certain, therefore, it could

not be old, and I set about brushing and shaking it as well as I could. I re-arranged my shoe-buckles, and smoothed my hair, and then walked on very slowly, deeply revolving in my mind the three plans, and trying to make up my mind which it was to be, as it was almost impossible for me to prepare proper answers on my part, for all three emergencies. *Imprimis*, I thought on the delights of a September morning; of my meeting the Squire at the Hall, arrayed, perhaps, in one of his shooting-jackets, armed with an old fowling-piece of my father's, and the dogs following us, which I had so often admired as they bounded past me in the fields. On the other hand, I reflected on the pride and pleasure of seeing my sister Louisa sitting in the Squire's pew at church, and all the servants in wedding favours, and all the rest of the things I had heard my mother talk of as accompanying a grand marriage; then my attention was forcibly drawn to my father's solution of the mystery, and I figured to myself the Squire asking me to drive the gig down for my father, and my driving him back to the Hall. This was an exhilarating idea, and touched me sensibly. I longed to drive, and to be dashing through the village; I was just arranging in my mind, whether I should be asked by the Squire to stay dinner along with my father, when it suddenly came into my mind, that if Louisa were to marry the Squire, all the other plans would follow of course. My father would be sent for constantly to the Hall, and I should drive him as certainly. I should no less certainly go out shooting with the Squire's dogs, not only that day, but every day that I liked. The moment this idea flashed on my mind, conviction followed—"Yes, my mother is right," cried I, "it must be so;" and I set off running as fast as I could; and the gates being now in sight, I reached the door quite out of breath; and in the hurry of my spirits I seized the bell, and pulled it with a violence that quite startled me, and which, I fear, seemed as though I imagined the expected degree of affinity already existed. However, the gay servant who hastened to answer my appalling summons, fortunately did not seem in the least displeased; on the contrary, he looked quite glad to see me, and smiled extremely the mo-

ment he saw me. I thought this was a good omen of what was going on in the parlour; for I had often heard my father say that servants generally know their master's plans as soon, or sooner, than they do themselves. This gave me courage; and I walked boldly into the parlour after the man, who still simpered and seemed to encourage me. On entering the room, I saw the Squire and the Parson of the parish sitting together. I made a low bow to each, and during that operation I had time to think to myself, "So, he has been opening his mind to the parson; well, that is likely enough, for he must speak to him about it before he can be married." The Squire, who was dressed in his shooting suit of dark-green velvet, was walking up and down the room, in what I am sure my mother would have called an agitation—looked surprised to see me, and said, "Oh, is it only you? I have been waiting this hour to see your father. So he doesn't chuse to come? Well, I suppose you will do as well, though I had rather have spoken to the old buck, and told him something that has been in my mind some time." He stopped; and I, thinking of my mother's injunctions, said, "Perhaps, sir, when you saw her at church—" "At church! No, man. It was her appearance in my woods several times in the last few weeks—just when the consequences were most fatal. I don't care about her being at church—she can do me no harm there—that's the parson's concern; but if I find her in my preserves—" "What!" cried I, "have you seen her in your wood?"—"Oh, oh, thought I, Miss Louisa, I suspect you know more of the matter than any of us—" "However," continued the Squire, "I shall speak more plainly about it to your father. Why didn't he come? I suppose he had some idea what I was going to say, and chose to keep off—Eh?" I hastened to assure him that neither of my parents would object to parting with her into such hands.—"Very well," said he, (looking pleased—for though I did not understand why, but he had appeared angry at first,) "then I'll send my servant down for her; and now I'll be off; my dogs have been waiting long enough. Mr Burton will take the trouble of talking to you about the other business." So saying, he jerked out of the room; and I heard with delight the

names of the dogs hallooed over and over again, and caught a sight of them through the spacious window skimming the fields. I stood unconsciously gazing at this delightful prospect, and anticipating, with inexpressible pleasure, the delights of the morrow's campaign. I was so much taken up with these contemplations, that I entirely forgot the presence of Mr Burton, who was surveying me very attentively. "I am very glad, sir," said he at length, when I turned round, "to see peace and harmony so easily restored between near neighbours. I was afraid, from what I had heard, that your father would have refused his consent."—"O, sir," cried I, "for that matter, my father will be as glad as my mother, though I must say my mother made the discovery, and had set her heart most upon it; and I'm sure it's too good a match to be found fault with any way. I hope you have no objections, sir."—"O, none in the world," replied Mr Burton, smiling; "I have no concern in it at all."—"Well, sir, but I hope you will put the last hand to it, however; and it won't be the worst couple you ever joined, I dare say."—"You are pleased to be facetious, I perceive," said Mr Burton, gravely; "I am glad to see my mediation is quite unnecessary. I understood she was a very fond, faithful creature, and that none of you would have parted with her for any consideration. I am glad it is otherwise; and that you think Mr Nettlewood's proposal reasonable."—"Why, sir, I don't pretend myself to understand these matters; but if the old folks are pleased, and nobody makes any objection, I warrant me Louisa won't; and for my part, I don't see what right any body has to say anything against it," for I began shrewdly to suspect that Mr B. had a mind to spoil sport.—"Well, sir," said he, "now, if you please, we will enter upon the other business."—"What next?" thought I. "Mr Nettlewood has just received a letter from Lord —, a distant relation of his, who now and then sends him commissions for sporting affairs, and so forth. He has mentioned your father's name, and has desired—but stay, here is the letter, which you may read, and it will inform you of all I know on the subject." The handwriting did not appear to me like a lord's, and I had some difficulty in ma-

king it out; but it was to the following effect:—

"DEAR NETTLEWOOD,

"Pray send me, as soon as you can, the pointer bitch of mine you have had in training for me, as I am badly off in that article, and shall want an addition to my team at the commencement of next month. I should be very glad if you could find me such another; and mind send them both as soon as possible, and be sure let a very trusty person attend them as far as —; and I will send a man to meet the escort, in whom I can confide. If it should be wet weather, don't let the dogs start till drier; and be sure don't chuse me an inferior animal to Clio. I don't know any thing more I have to say at present; so, with compliments from Lady ****, I remain, much yours,
S***** I*****.

"P. S.—I have been pestered lately by several letters from one Lieutenant Tell, who lives, I apprehend, very near you. He has not forgotten, it seems, that he once had the good luck to render me a slight service. I should wish to be out of his debt. Is there any employment in your neighbourhood that would suit him, or his family, which he says is large? Do you want a steward, or any thing in that way? If you should hear of any situation, I should be willing to recommend the Tells. You can consult Mr Burton. Pray desire your man to be very careful of the dogs on the road, and not to hurry them."

When I had finished the letter, the first idea that struck me, was what a deal of good fortune was coming upon us all at once. Then it occurred to me, that Lord *****'s memory did not appear to be so good as my father's. It scarcely seemed like the same story which I had once or twice heard him tell; but I thought his Lordship's faculties might have been a little injured by the shock which threw him from his horse. I had indeed hardly time to arrange all this in my head, (though my general impression was that of displeasure) for Mr Burton said, "Well, sir, what are you thinking of, may I ask?"—"Why, sir, I have been thinking of many things at the same time, which is what I seldom do. In the first place, so much good luck in one day almost turns my poor head. Then I dare

my Lord ***** is very honourable and good, and means to be very civil, and all that, but I think he need not have called it a slight service; but may be he did not care about his own life, and therefore didn't value the service that saved it. I know that's the way with a soldier; but I think he might remember, though to be sure he must have been sadly shaken, that my father is a gentleman, and would be above asking a favour where he had no claim; but his noble friend promised of his own accord to assist his children, (for my father will never ask any thing for himself,) and my mother has had some trouble to persuade him that it was being too proud not to claim such a promise."—"My good Mr Timothy," interrupted Mr Burton, "I should have a better chance of following your reasoning, if you would acquaint me with the facts to which you allude." I accordingly told him all I had ever heard on the subject. He expressed himself much pleased with my father's conduct; and drawing his chair nearer to me, he said, "I feel much interested in this affair, and as Mr Nettlewood has, according to Lord *****'s desire, consulted me on the subject, I should be very happy to be able to serve your family in any way. Mr Nettlewood will, I doubt not, co-operate in his relation's wishes, particularly, now things go on so smoothly between you."—"Why, yes, sir; and now I hope we shall have no occasion to trouble his Lordship; for my sister is very generous, and she will never let her parents want for any thing."

"And how will your sister be able to effect that?"—"Why, won't she have enough and to spare; her husband will be very rich, won't he?"—"That I cannot possibly tell, as I don't know whom she is to marry."

"—Why, Lord! sir, I'm sure I thought the Squire had been talking it over with you, as he mentioned it so freely before you; and I was in hopes you would tell me when it is to be; for my mother told me to be sure and bring all the particulars."—"I really do not comprehend you."—"Dear sir! how can you be so dull?—I beg your pardon—but you heard the Squire tell me that he was so much in love with my sister Louisa, and that he had met her in the wood, and that he would stand for her, I suppose, in his carriage."—"There certainly must be

some strange mistake between you."

"—O no, sir—no mistake at all—we all understand it perfectly. I seldom blunder, and I hope you will very soon understand it too, sir. I told the Squire my father and mother would give their consent; for indeed she saw through it ever since he looked so hard at Louisa in church last Sunday."—"I am sorry to see how much you have been deceived," said Mr Burton, as soon as he could speak; for I had run on till I was out of breath. "Allow me to tell you all I know about this perplexed affair. I heard Mr Nettlewood talking to you about a dog that has trespassed on his covers."—"A dog!" exclaimed I.—"Yes, a pointer of your father's, which has made several incursions into his preserves, and has annoyed him very much by worrying his game. He was extremely angry, and complained to me, (who happened to be by at the time,) and declared he would shoot her the next time he caught her there."

"—Shoot Fidel!" ejaculated I, horror-struck.—"Accordingly, he would have done it some days ago, but I succeeded in persuading him to desist from his intention; and, in the mean time, this letter arrived from Lord ***** , and he wishing, as you read, for a pointer like his own, the Squire wished your father to part with his dog, and he would send it off in a day or two. I understood you to say your father consented, and that it was a good match, and so on; which it might be for any thing I knew, for I had never noticed either of the dogs." All this time I had sat in open-mouthed astonishment; for indeed I had too much to understand to interrupt with a word. A crowd of ideas, each more direful than the other, rushed on my mind. The disappointment of our three plans—no match for Louisa—no visit for my father—no driving or shooting for myself—the decision to which I had exposed our whole family—and last, and not least dreadful, the image of poor Fidel dead at the Squire's feet, when my mother had anticipated him dying at Louisa's. The good clergyman, I fancy, saw my distress. He told me to think no more of it—that it was a mere mistake—that it would be set right in a moment, and that, if we were unwilling to part with the dog, it was only to prevent her being troublesome to neighbours.—

"Part with Fidel!" cried I; "my father would as soon lose his only remaining hand. Why, her mother was a puppy with him in Flanders, and was his faithful friend and companion when he had no other. He would as soon see one of his children want for bread as Fidel." My heart was now quite full, and I could not help unburthening the whole of my disappointment to Mr Burton, who sympathized kindly with my feelings, and recommended me to go home and apprise the family how things stood; but by no means to say any thing to irritate my father's mind on the subject of the dog, but simply to state the case, and leave it to his judgment. "I must beg leave," added he, "to be introduced to your father. Will you take the office upon you, if I call in my way home to-day?" I assured him we should be most happy to see him; and again thanking him, I took my hat and went out of the house with very different feelings from those with which I had entered it.

I had come within a hundred yards of our house, when I was surprised to see my father, who seldom came so far, sitting on the bench, where, in going to the Hall, I had stopped to adjust my habiliments. He beckoned me to sit by him. "Why, my boy, you are quite blown; you'd never do to charge up hill; but while you fetch your breath, I'll tell you what has happened to me in your absence.—Here's a love-letter," added he, smiling, "I've just received from the Squire; look, short and sweet—'This is to give notice,' &c. Why, does the man think I am another Nunrod—or what can he have in his head? He then told me, that, impatient to hear the result of my mission, he had strolled out towards the Hall to meet me on my return. Before he had gone far, he was met by a drove of cattle and sheep in the lane, to avoid which, he contrived, with some difficulty, to climb up the bank which overhung the road, and seated himself on a style which entered a little wood on one side, and on the other a fallow field, both of which belonged to the Squire. Fidel, my father's constant companion, lay close beside him, as if to defend him from the animals, should they have mounted the bank to assail him. She kept a sharp look-out, and now and then gave a short quick bark when

they approached her master's encampment. Suddenly a man came up and presented a paper to him, which he said was on the part of his master, Mr Nettlewood. He then took up Fidel, saying he had been desired to convey her to the Hall, according to my directions. My father, ignorant of what had passed, acquiesced; "and then," said he, "I descended into the lane, and sitting down here, I amused myself with decyphering the letter, which, to my infinite surprise, I found was a notice to my formidable sporting abilities to keep themselves off the Squire's premises, for fear, I suppose, that Lieutenant Tell should leave his last leg in a steel trap. By the Lord Harry! one would imagine I had a dozen pair of legs, and as many arms to waste, in levying war on the innocent things.—But come, boy, let me hear all about it—I suppose this is all in a neighbourly way, though I don't happen to understand it." I was puzzled how to begin; at last I said,—“Why, father, we have been all in the wrong; you, and my mother, and all. There's to be no gig, no marriage, no any thing; and he only wants you to give up Fidel, to send to Lord *****, as he's angry at her coming into his woods; but,” added I quickly, ~~for~~ I saw a scarlet flush coming over his face, “the Parson says, if you don't like it, there's no harm done.”—“But how did he come to have the impudence to send for my dog?”—“O, that was a mistake, too,” said I. “The Squire did not quite understand me, and I did not quite comprehend him; for I was thinking of one thing, and he of another; and so—” “Well, boy, I thought there would be some blunder—but let us make haste home, or your mother will be out of her wits with impatience.—So he never once expressed a wish to see me?”—“O no, father; but he had got a letter from Lord *****,” and then, very glad to quit the subject of my blunder, I repeated to him, word for word, the letter I had seen. What he thought I know not, for he said nothing; but I never saw him walk so fast as he did just then, and we reached the house and were in the parlour in a few minutes.—“Here, Lucy, my dear—here's plenty of news for you; your castle's blown up into the air—the Squire's in a passion, but 'tis not about Louisa, but Fidel, whom he means

either to shoot, or send off to Lord ***** in reward for her faithful services. 'I'm will tell you the rest; and if you understand it, or can make a love affair out of it, I shall give you credit indeed.' My mother looked thunderstruck, but she did not give up all hope, and turned to me with a faint inquiry, what my father meant. I told her the story, and expatiated principally on Lord *****'s letter, and all Mr Burton had said, thinking that the most comfortable point. But here I was disappointed—my mother was absolutely indignant. "And so this is all the return your father meets with for life and health exposed in the service of that ungrateful man?" And, quite overcome by her feelings, (in which I verily think her disappointment on Louisa's account was most predominant,) she burst into a flood of tears.

My father tenderly soothed her, saying, "I always cautioned you, my dearest Lucy, not to expect any thing from that quarter; I never did myself—and what is there in this, after all? have we really lost any thing since the morning when we were all cheerful and happy? or are we one farthing poorer than when we went to rest last night, and thanked God for all his mercies? We made some excellent plans, to be sure, and they have not been very successful; but what of that? we were unreasonable to expect such things; and we should learn instruction from the lesson. As to my friend, as you call him, it was always my secret belief he never would do anything for us; and it was only in compliance with your urgent entreaties that I wrote to him at all. I am glad it is so, for my part. I have never been accustomed to receive obligations; and I am afraid they would sit awkwardly upon me now. I should feel them heavier than this stoop in my shoulders.—Come, my Lucy, dry thy tears, and remember a soldier's wife should not be cast down by every trifle; think how often we have been puzzled where to get a morsel of bread; and have any of our children died of hunger yet? No, Lucy, let us trust in God, as we have always done, and on no lordlings of earth. At this moment a gentle tap was heard at the door, and in came Mr Burton, who introduced himself in a very polite and friendly manner to the family, and talked for some time

without alluding to the subject uppermost in our thoughts. He talked to the two boys, who were just returned from school, and took them upon his knee—and was so cheerful and agreeable, that my father resumed his usual spirits, and my mother her serenity; though I observed (when Louisa presently entered the room, with a healthy bloom on her cheeks), that a tear gathered in her eye, but she checked it; and we all began to be as happy as if nothing had occurred. "I beg your pardon, sir," said my father, suddenly, "I had forgot my poor prisoner. I must send a detachment of my forces to rescue Fidel.—Ring, my love; we must summon the garrison." Betty appeared. "Where's Tom?"—"Gone for the newspaper, sir, to Farmer Harris's."—"Well, the moment he comes back, send him to the Hall, with my compliments, and say there's been a mistake, and I won't part with my dog."

Mr Burton now entered on the subject, and succeeded in getting a promise from my father, that Fidel should be no trespasser, for the sake of good neighbourhood. "And now, sir," said Mr B., "pray tell me how I can promote your interests, with regard to settling your children in the world, which I suppose Lord ***** thinks the most agreeable mode of assistance he can offer."—"You are very good, sir," said my father, a little colour rising, "but I am not used to be troublesome to strangers. My wife, indeed, who has always a little snug castle of her own building, persuaded me to write to his Lordship; and as he has not troubled himself to answer my letter, I shall save myself any further concern. As it is, I am the less obliged, and perhaps, (for I am not without a spark of pride) all the happier."—"I beg pardon for mentioning the subject; but as I was commissioned to offer my agency, I was in hopes you would tell me your wishes, that I might report them to Lord ***** when I write."—"Indeed, sir, I have no wants, no wishes. I see your kindness, and am grateful; but I never will trouble Lord ***** for anything." My mother looked hurt, but said nothing. Mr B. dropped the subject; and talked of other things for a long time, in so pleasant a manner, that he quite won all our hearts. My mother brought out the best refreshments she had to offer; and the boys ran to fetch their

little store of apples. Mr Burton at length rose to withdraw, saying, "Mr Tell, you must not think you have seen the last of me; I shall be much disappointed if you do not allow me to be a frequent visitor here." My father and mother assured him of their joyful acquiescence, and our worthy friend took his leave; and on opening the door, in flew poor Fidel, who, brushing with the greatest impetuosity by Mr Burton, ran up to my father, and rearing herself up on her hind legs, looked in his face, in the most expressive manner, licked his hand,

and ran round the room to every body, as if to ascertain that all her friends were there. "What! my poor Fidel," said my father, "dost thou like thy old master's cottage better than the great house?" The faithful creature made no reply, but by licking my father's face; and I am not certain that she did not wipe away a tear, which my father would have been shocked to think I saw glistening in his eye.—Mr Burton looked quite touched, and waving his hand to us all, he withdrew.

CHAPTER II.

As I am particularly anxious that my dealings with a liberal public shall be fair and open, and that no mystery shall be attached to the circumstances of my life and calling, I shall beg permission to state to my reader how I came to chuse a walk in life so different from that of my father's, and how I became invested with the important office I have sustained for so many years.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of our new friend Mr Burton; he laboured indefatigably, (unknown to us,) to promote our interest with Lord ****, whom we found means to influence much farther than we could have hoped. Mr Burton one day asked me if I was at all inclined to follow my father's profession; I thanked him, and told him, that though I admired the profession of arms very much, and was as ready to fight in a good cause as any body, "yet I can't say, sir," added I, "that I feel just at this moment as if I should like to step up to a Frenchman and cut his throat, knowing nothing of him before hand, you know, sir; it seems to go against me, as if it was something barbarous. I often look at my father, and think what it has brought him to; indeed, sir, I should prefer getting my bread in any other way."—"Altogether, then, you incline to being a man of peace."—"Indeed I should, sir, if I knew what to chuse.—I should prefer being like yourself; but I have no learning, and know not what to think of."—"I began the world, Timothy, with nothing but a tolerable education, which my father gave me, though he could ill afford it. He died poor, and left me to struggle through life as I could. But

I have always been grateful to him for the best blessing a father can bestow; and I would not now exchange my lot with any one, nor barter the remembrance of my past difficulties, for the hope of a better living than that I possess.—But what must we think of for you?—glory seems to have but little charm for you."—"Why, sir, I think very little glory ever comes to the poor man's share. The brave subaltern is left on the field of battle, with little notice, except being included in the list of killed and wounded, while his superior officer's merits are trumpeted forth in the gazette. I have heard my father say, that Lord ***** was mentioned in the paper as having conducted himself with great gallantry; and I know my father was never mentioned, though his bravery is recorded in very plain characters in his own person."—"Well, Timothy, I don't wish to press the service upon you; for I think there should be a very decided appetite for war to render it palatable, which I certainly never discerned in you. You seem fond of books; and though your education may have been neglected, you may even now redeem the time; and if you will follow diligently the instructions I shall be happy to give you, you may in no very long time be fit for an office, which I should much like to see in your hands. I am founding a school, which is much wanted in these parts, and if you like to become its superintendent, I will answer for your qualifications; and you will find the undertaking, I trust, repay you for your trouble, and answer your just expectations." I was charmed with this friendly advice; and the consent of my parents being

gained, I applied myself regularly to the course of study pointed out to me by my benefactor, whom I attended daily in his study, and in a few years, when his plan was complete and ripe for execution, I was established in the new Seminary, of which I became head master.

In that honourable and important office have I continued to this day ; and if it is permitted to any man to boast of not having lived in vain, I think verily that man is the master of the village School of Birchendale. There the ingenuous youth is initiated in the simple and useful arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. And the attainment of a perfect knowledge of the great rule of life, as it is laid down in the Scriptures, formed the leading feature in the plan of instruction laid down by the worthy Mr Burton. From this haven of life, which has sheltered me for so many years, I have looked on the more adventurous career of the rest of my family ; and their untimely termination has more than ever endeared to me this spot, where I have found peace and safety. Owing to the exertions of Mr Burton, my father received pressing offers of service from Lord ****, and he was at last prevailed on to allow my two brothers, on the strength of these promises, to enter the profession for which they both eagerly panted. One chose the army, the other the sister service. They went to London, from whence they were to take their different destinations. It was a tearful day when they departed, each for his different career. I went with them as far as Carlisle, which was seven miles distant ; and, as I had never (in my memory,) been so far before, I was bewildered at the idea of the long journey they had to encounter. They talked rapturously of their uniforms, and often called upon me to decide between the respective merits of the blue and the red. I saw them to the door of the coach, which was to bear them away, perhaps for ever. At length all was ready ; they seized my hand, (I can see their ruddy faces now,) and bade me farewell, over and over again. I could not speak.—“Come, Tim, don’t be cast down ; I shall come back in a few years from India, with a fortune for you all.”—“And I shall have lots of prize-money,” said the youngest, “and shall return a captain at least ; and mother

and Louisa shall be as gay as larks ; and our dear father—take care of him,—and so good bye, good bye ;” and they sprang into the coach. I stood gazing after them as long as I could hear the sound of the wheels, and people passing and repassing gave me many a pitiless shove. At last, recollecting myself, I hastily wiped my eyes, and turned my back on the road they were pursuing, with such an aching heart as I shall never forget ; and when I reflected on the distance that separated us, and which was increasing in a double degree by every step I took homewards, I felt so wretched, that I involuntarily turned and went some distance in the other direction ; but I soon felt how useless it was, and I hastened home to find consolation in comforting my parents. Every foot of ground reminded me dearly of the companions I had just quitted. Some boyish frolic, some droll remark, haunted me at every step ; I sighed heavily as I thought when their jocund spirits and merry tongues would again enliven our silent dwelling ! Poor lads ! I never saw them more ! and, even at this distance of time, I can feel the sensation of sorrow which their untimely fate produced in us all. The eldest went out to India as a cadet, and soon rose to the rank of lieutenant, and distinguished himself very much in his profession. He perished in an engagement at an early age ; and all the consolation we had, was to see his death recorded in the Gazette, and his name mentioned with honour. The other made a short but brilliant career in his line. While yet a midshipman, he acquitted himself so well in the command of some boats intrusted to him, that he was recommended for promotion, and was made first lieutenant of a frigate, on board which he bravely fought, and fell in an action with two French vessels, both of which were taken in the end. Absence and long years of separation had not weakened the tie of affection which had bound us from our cradles ; and bitterly did my mother lament their untimely fate. But my father comforted her as usual ; and declared he felt happy to think his children had sunk to rest in the bed of glory. I was now the only remaining prop of our house, my sister Louisa having been long since married and settled abroad with her husband, an officer in the army. I had the comfort of seeing my parents,

in a good old age, as happy as constancy, affection, and competence, could make them. When they paid the debt of nature, and I had seen their last relics laid in the silent grave, I felt a solitary and isolated being in the midst of the world. But I was not thus long alone, for, a few years after, my poor sister returned to me a widow, with one little girl, whom she bequeathed to me upon her death-bed, entreating me to supply the loss of parents to her. I undertook the office, and have endeavoured to fulfil it to the utmost of my power. Poor young thing! she is now near forty, and has been exposed to few of this world's hardships. Indeed I have carefully avoided putting her in the way of them, as I am sure she must prefer living safely with me to encountering the dangers and difficulties which her poor mother and grandmother encountered in their matrimonial ventures. Living all her life in this sequestered spot, she has run no risk as yet of meeting with young officers, or indeed any young men: She is now old enough to judge for herself, and can chuse whichever state she thinks most proper for her happiness. In the meanwhile, she has been of inestimable advantage to me, in superintending the concerns of my house and school, and I am glad to give this public testimony to her merits. I have lived more than half a century in this spot, and have never left it, but on a late occasion, which I shall presently detail. One of my severest trials was the loss of my benefactor, the excellent Mr Burton. Twenty years ago the parish mourned the loss of their beloved vicar; there was not a cottager near him that did not love him, nor a rich man that did not respect him. He was a true follower of the gospel; he loved the creed he taught, and shewed, by his conduct, how lovely must be that religion which dictated actions like his. He was the builder up of the prosperity of my house; and without him, I had wandered through the world without a guide or friend; without him, I had never been able to rise to the honourable distinction which I seek, in the praise which I trust the world and posterity will bestow on my present undertaking. Excellent man! it seems to me that his spirit looks on whilst I write, and applauds the exertion of my mite of talents in endeavouring to restore literature and its

oppressed professors to freedom.

Some of my friends frequently testified their surprise that I had not long since exchanged my single state, for the more cheering lot of matrimony. Indeed I am surprised, perhaps, myself, when I consider how flourishing were my circumstances, and how much my occupation seemed to need a partner of my cares, that I never took it into my head to marry. It certainly was not for want of thinking of it, for it was frequently suggested to me by many of my best friends, especially those of my neighbours who had families, and who knew experimentally the advantages of that state, and who often, in the warmth of friendship, spoke with enthusiasm of the comforts of that blessed estate, of the peculiar felicity to be derived from children, more especially daughters, when they were as good and dutiful as, they thanked Heaven, theirs were. And, indeed, I think their kind friendship for me would almost have induced them to forego one of these domestic comforts, if I had had the heart to propose so cruel a robbery to them. But I know not how it was—I always thought it would be time enough; and, buried as I was in scholastic duties, I had little or no leisure to take any decided steps. In the course of my summer evening walks, indeed, I have pondered it, and maturely considered whether the injunction given at the new-modelling of the earth, after the deluge, to the rescued patriarch, to be fruitful and multiply, is, or is not, imperative upon mankind in these our days, when I am informed the state of our population does not demand any express interference in its favour. Every evening (in the summer), it was my custom, when the class was dismissed, and the school-room locked, to go my accustomed round through the outskirts of the village, up the wood which overhung it, and at the top of which was a rustic seat overgrown with moss, which commanded a sweet prospect of the village, and of the little stream which meandered below it.

From this distance I could hear the hum of merry voices happily released from the cares of the day, and the toils of learning. I could distinguish each well-known voice—albeit in a very different key from that which each lit-

the trembler assumed in the presence of his master. I often saw some swimming walnut boats, others leaping the narrow boundary, or flying the soaring kite. I used (I will confess) to enjoy thus silently this prospect, though little did they think their pastimes amused their grave master. Indeed it behoved my dignity and their well-being, that they should not suspect it; and, in order, the better to maintain their awe of my office, I seldom or ever permitted them to behold my person at any other time than when armed with the terrors of magisterial authority, within my academy. Familiarity, they say, breeds contempt; and I was resolved to incur no risk. In compliance therefore with this policy, when the season arrived which led the youngsters up the mazes of the wood, to gather nuts, and their jocund voices announced their near my favourite seat, I always vanished swiftly, and left the spot open to their gambols. In these walks, I own, I have often ruminated on marriage; and I know not how frequently it has happened, when I have been plunged in reverie on the subject, that the Miss Fairfields and Miss Markloves have come up the wood, and, seeing me on my accustomed seat, have come towards me, just as I was running over in my head which of all the families in my neighbourhood would best supply me with a wife. But I never could conquer a certain timidity which stood in my way on all these emergencies; and I always rose, and fearing I should disturb them, never got farther than a profound bow to all, and wishing them a good evening. And yet they often entreated me to remain. Miss Marklove, indeed, would assure me, that she had no idea I was walking that way, or she would not have come, for the world, to disturb me. Miss Fairfield would beg me to stay, saying there was plenty of room for all; but such was my shyness, that I never could avail myself of the opportunity of cultivating their acquaintance.

I still continued to ruminate on this subject, and resolved the very next opportunity to consult my cousin, Will Wince, who came regularly to see me once a-quarter. He is the only male relation I have left; and as he well knows my intention to make him joint-heir with my niece, I have every right to his friendship and good counsel, which I have always sought on every

emergency; and in an affair of delicacy and importance like the present, a judicious and disinterested friend was invaluable. Besides, Will was a married man, and knew much of the world; had been several times to London, and could argue with considerable dexterity. I have often seen him put the curate fairly down; and one day—but I must not tell every thing, and will therefore proceed straight on.

I was sitting one afternoon in the arbour at the bottom of my garden, in deep cogitation on this momentous subject, and nicely weighing the merits of matrimony against celibacy, and was about to draw the balance, when Will Wince trotted by. I easily recognized the sound of the old poney on three legs as he came by my inclosure, and I well knew the increased pace, and the short attempt at a canter that always announced Will's arrival at my door. I was glad to see him at this conjuncture, for I was in the habit of communicating to him any new idea, or approaching change, which was always appalling to my feelings. He came out to join me, and, struck with my pensive air, inquired what ailed me.—“Will,” said I, “I have need of a friend like you, on the present occasion. You well know my mind is at times troubled with scruples respecting the state of life in which I continue to dwell. I know not, whether, holding as I do one of the first and most important offices in our district, and filling a prominent post in the society at Birchendale, and my example being consequently of great moment, I know not, if it be fitting in me to espouse the state of celibacy, then by giving occasion to an opinion that I hold that state to be the proper state of man. I would willingly be resolved; for time steals on apace, and will decide the question in all probability before I have balanced the account.”—“Heaven forbid!” ejaculated poor Will. “Come, cousin,” added I, “give me your opinion, which is in the best road to heaven, the bachelor or the married man? I would fain act uprightly, if I knew my duty.”—“I confess, cousin Tim,” replied he, “you have imposed on me a task, to which I fear my slender abilities are unequal. But leaving the general question involved in the difficulties which you have pointed out, I must say, I am surprised to find you discomposed on the subject, be-

cause, of all men living, you, I think, might claim the best right to the tranquil, happy state in which you exist. I acknowledge the duties all men owe to society; but your very profession almost demands the sacrifice of selfish plans of happiness. You have devoted yourself to the toils of improving the endless succession of the generations of mankind, and surely in this, the world and the age in which you live are sufficiently indebted to you. How could you relinquish those duties, to enter into the delays, the anxieties, the difficulties of courtship, even granting marriage were to increase your happiness, which I am indeed far from granting? I am sure, I never pass your door that I do not envy the primitive simplicity and peculiar comfort of your life; and, to say truth," added he, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I have no great need to advocate the cause of matrimony. Between you and me, cousin, the last fourteen years of my life have not been the happiest. I don't like to talk of these things; but, between friends, all is not so smooth as you may think in matrimony. I can hardly call a moment my own. I think myself lucky if I get one meal in the day, with my notable wife and six darlings. How often do I sigh for the snug comforts of a friend or a glass, or both! And as to a pipe, why, the house would not hold me if there was so much as one in it. But perhaps you would not mind that, or other sacrifices, to please your wife." Will paused—I only answered with a deep sigh; for he had touched a tender string.

"But don't let me have a word to

say about it," continued Will; "I would not for the world put you against marrying; try the experiment, if you have courage; and, as to the best road to heaven, the man who loses his paradise in this world (by marrying,) has perhaps the best claim to it hereafter. But I repeat it, don't let me prejudice you—only let me ask you, if any of the friends who advise you to marry are bachelors?—no, trust me, all married men—I don't wonder they should wish to settle one of their daughters upon you—a very good match for any of them."—"I confess that had not struck me, cousin; I think I do see a little into it."—"To be sure, to be sure; it's the way of the world—all for their own interest. Still, if you have any strong fancy to the state, or to any of the women hereabouts, why, we must see what can be done. Let me see, there's the Miss Browns; but you'll think them a little too sedate perhaps—turned forty-five—though a wife may be too young too;—then those awkward Miss Markloves, who affect to dress like the Squire's lady, and would ruin a man presently in the gentlest way in the world;—then there's—"I now interrupted Will, assuring him my mind was made up on the subject, and I had no longer the least inclination to change my mode of life; and Lucy at that moment informing us dinner was ready, I led the way to the parlour; and after partaking with more than usual pleasure of that cheerful meal, I pronounced my accustomed grace after meat with particular fervency, and internally remembered the comforts of my bachelor establishment.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMAN WALL.

I.

WHERE yonder reaching hill slopes boldly down,
Far stretching eastward, with a long decline,
Stand where the cottages the summit crown,
And mark it cut with many a crossing line
Of lane and hedgerow; on the right the Tyne
Spreads himself, glittering, in the morning ray;
There many a midnight fire is seen to shine,
And many a dusky vessel plough her way,
Where once Rome's burnish'd prows and Denmark's Sea-kings lay.

II.

What doth the prospect from the summit yield?
 Full many a pillar'd smoke and black'ning heap,
 Full many an arable and pasture field—
 But lo! that line of green that seems to sweep
 Sheer forward on to the not distant deep,
 (For here one almost tastes the brinish air)
 What an unbending course it seems to keep!
 As if it led—a verdant alley—where
 Tyne joins his Father Sea, to meet and greet him there.

III.

Come down with me, and thou shalt, haply, view
 A spot of which full many a tale is told;
 There many a stunted shrub of vigorous hue,
 'Twists out and branches from the rocky mould;
 The almost buried stones look grey and old;
 It seems, methinks, as if the peasant's plough
 Had by some spell been charm'd here to hold,
 And that the flourishing weed and hardy bough
 Sprung from the stony heap that gather'd even till now.

IV.

Here plant thy foot, where many a foot hath trod,
 Whose scarce-known home was o'er the southern wave,
 And sit thee down; on no ignoble sod,
 Green from the ashes of the great and brave;
 Here stretch'd that chain which nations could enslave,
 The least injurious token of their thrall,
 Which, if it help'd to humble, help'd to save;
 This shapeless mound thou know'st not what to call,
 Was a world's wonder once—This is the Roman Wall.

V.

There was the deep trench'd Vallum to the left;
 The Agger here;—o'er many a hill they went,
 O'er many a stream, through many a craggy cleft,
 An endless and perpetual battlement—
 And when the spring the frozen nations sent,—
 The restless Pict—forth from his thawing snows,
 This was his bound-stone—oft with blood besprent—
 Here where the daisies settle, and the rose
 No more trusts her tender leaves, and the shy violet blows.

VI.

Where yon tall grove at distance lifts its head,
 Lay many a cohort gay with foreign gold,
 Sons of the men whom the first Caesar led;
 And there th' Imperial Eagle would unfold
 His pinions to the sun—ere time had told
 A trembling world that e'en his eye must cower;—
 Ere yet the bloody Hectarch had controll'd,
 Or yet Northumbria knew the Saxon's power,
 Or Tynemouth's Danish Fort, or Robert's Norman Tower.

VII.

How many an age of twilight hath o'erpass'd
 Since that bright noon-tide of the olden time,
 When glory's rays a distant sunlight cast
 Across the vista of rank'd years—sublime,
 But dim with blood, barbarity, and crime!—
 How many a darkling scene of rage and woe,
 Forgot, or shadow'd forth in some rude rhyme,
 That those who know them scarce can say they know,
 Hath been, since Rome's keen blade hew'd down the misletoe!

VIII.

How many a cloud of ignorance hath cover'd,
 Like creeping mists, these once illustrious stones!
 How many a superstitious legend hover'd
 Above those warriors' slowly-mouldering bones!
 The peasant stops, and thinks he hears the tones
 Of demons in the wind, that in its speed
 Above the branch'd and ivied ruin moans;
 The monk of all his exorcisms hath need,
 Unless that gowmsman lie—the Venerable Bede.

IX.

For, on an hour, haply, from Jarrow's Aisle,
 The cowl'd Chronicler would venture o'er;
 What time the summer sun smiled a last smile,
 Or the moon-silver'd ripple chafed the shore;—
 This were a scene for his historic lore;
 Here the mild sage might muse—the saint might pray;
 Here trace that empire, limitless of yore,
 And mark how Power and Grandeur pass away,
 And doubt if e'en his Church might not, like these, decay.

X.

Even so. Thy second empire, Rome, is gone,
 Thy second empire, nightier than the first;
 That on the living spirit built its throne,
 And bound the airy soul in chains accur'd!
 Most strangely have thy fortunes been revers'd.
 Lo! mid thy ruin'd towers and fane's o'erturn'd,
 How fondly do we wander in the thirst
 Of finding something of those spells inurn'd,
 Which, were they not extinct, in hate we would have spurn'd!

XI.

Why are we drawn thus to the things departed,
 And yearn to woo the reliques of hoar Time?
 Why do we bend, with love, so deeply hearted,
 O'er remnants but of Folly and of Crime?
 'Tis for no love of these.—'Tis the sublime
 Hope a like immortality to share;—
 We fan no passion for the stone and lime,
 But would not be forgot,—and fondly dare
 To hope for memory, from memories that are.

XII.

Man, in himself, can bear no thought of change.
 Which of us brooks to see the cottage wall
 He lov'd,—the copse through which he wont to range
 The orchard's shade—whatever ours we call,—
 In sudden ruin and oblivion fall?
 For they are part of us,—and grieve we must
 To view them sinking in destruction's thrall,
 Or rudely and unpitily thrust,
 With this world's cast-aways, in the promiscuous dust.

XIII.

It is the charm—that we too may remain—
 That can endure a grey and mould'ring stone;
 Anxious we seek for ever for some chain
 To bind us to the mighty that are gone;
 And we will have our feelings rest upon
 The little, slender wreck of what hath been,
 E'en as the spider, when he lurks alone,
 In some dark nook, unthought of and unseen,
 Touches his tenuous line to feel beyond his screen.

XIV.

Above the painting of th' Historic quill,
 Above the Magic of the Poet's pen,
 Ev'n from the most diminish'd fragment, still
 We can recall the lofty whole again——
 He truly knows the bulk of Memnon then,
 Who finds a finger of the marble hand
 That graced some giant statue—haply when
 Or Porus or Sesostris claim'd command——
 Mid India's palmy wastes, or Nubia's tameless sand.

XV.

We lend a substance to the mere Ideal,
 A taste of truth which language never caught,
 And feel the storied past grow less unreal,
 When we have trodden on the self-same spot,
 O'er stones, by Greek or Roman chisel wrought ;
 Freshly we call up many a long-known theme,
 And say, " 'Twas here they built and here they fought,"
 And scan the very earth—well pleased to deem
 That History is no cheat, and Poesy no dream.

XVI.

Thus would we be remember'd ;—and like those
 Who, drowning, think a passing straw may save,
 We catch at aught which fondly we suppose
 May buoy awhile upon th' oblivious wave ;
 A Cenotaph to memorise our grave ;
 A cheated Nation, or a yielding Dame ;
 A sword to liberate, or to enslave ;
 The Scholar's parchment—the Poetic flame——
 Whate'er may serve to float a Mem'ry, or a Name.

T. D.

MY GARDEN.

I LOVE my garden, dearly love
 That little spot of ground.
 There's not, methinks, (though I may err
 In partial pride,) a pleasanter
 In all the country round.

The smooth green turf winds gently there,
 With no ungraceful bend,
 Round many a bed, and many a border,
 Where gayly group'd in sweet disorder,
 Young Flora's darlings blend.

Spring ! Summer ! Autumn ! of all three
 Whose reign is loveliest there ?
 Oh ! is not she who paints the ground,
 When its frost fetters are unbound,
 The fairest of the fair ?

I gaze upon her violet beds,
 Laburnums, golden tress'd ;
 Her flower-spiked almonds, breathe perfume
 From lilac and serings bloom,
 And cry, " I love Spring best."

But Summer comes, with all her pomp
 Of fragrance, beauty, bloom,
 And from amidst her bowers of roses,
 I sigh, as purple evening closes,
 " What season equals this !"

That pageant passeth by—comes next
 Brown Autumn in her turn—
 Oh ! not unwelcome cometh she,
 The parched earth luxuriously
 Drinks from her dewy urn.

And she hath flowers, and fragrance too,
 Peculiarly her own,
 Asters of ev'ry hue, perfume
 Spiced rich with clematis and broom,
 And nignonette late blown !

Then, if some ling'ring rose I spy,
 Reclining languidly
 On the dark laurel's glossy green,
 Dear Autumn ! my whole heart, I ween,
 Leaps up for love of thee.

Oh yes ! I love my garden well,
 And find employment there,
 Employment sweet for many an hour,
 In tending ev'ry shrub and flower,
 With still unwearied care.

I prop the weakly—prune the rude—
 Scatter the various seeds—
 Clear out intruders, yet of those
 Oft sparing what the florist knows
 To be but gaudy weeds.

But when my task, my pleasant task !
Is ended for the day,
Sprinkled o'er ev'ry sun-bowed flower
The artificial evening shower,
Then oftentimes I stray,

(Inherent is the love of change
In human hearts,) far, far
Beyond the garden gate, the bound
That clips my little Eden round,
Chance for my leading star,

Through hollow lanes, or coppice paths,
By hill or hawthorn fence,
O'er thymy commons, clover fields,
Where every step I take reveals
Some charm of sight or sense.

The winding path brings suddenly
A rustic bridge in sight—
Beneath it, gushing brightly out,
The rivulet, where speckled trout
Leap in the circling light.

Pale water-lilies float thereon,
The Naiad's loveliest wreath !—
The adders' tongues dip down to drink,
The flag peers high above the brink,
From her long slender sheath.

There, on the green-sward, an old oak
Stands singly—one, I trow,
Whose mighty shadow spread as wide
When they were in their prime, who died
An hundred years ago.

A single ewe, with her twin lambs,
Stands the grey trunk beside—
Others lie clust'ring in its shade.
Or down the windings of the glade,
Are scatter'd far and wide.

Two mossy thorns, o'er yonder stile,
A bowery archway rise—
Oh ! what a flood of fragrance thence
Breathes out—behind that hazel fence
A flowering bean-field lies.

The shelter'd path winds gently on
That hazel fence beneath ;
The wild-rose, and the woodbine there,
Shoot up—festooning high in air
Their oft-entangled wreath.

The path winds on, on either side,
Wall'd in with hedges high ;
Their boughs so closely arching over,
That scarce one speck you can discover,
One speck of the blue sky.

A lovely gloom !—it pleaseth me,
And pensive Philomel—
Hark ! the Enchantress sings—that strain
Dies with a tremulous fall—again,
Oh, what a gushing swell !

Darker and darker still the road,
Scarce lit by twilight glances ;
Darker and darker still—but see !—
Yonder, on that young Aspen tree,
A darting sun-beam dances.

Another gems the banks below
With em'ralsds—into one
They blend, unite—one em'ralsd sea !
And last, in all his majesty,
Breaks through, the setting sun.

And I am breathless—motionless—
Mute with delight and love,
My very being seems to blend
With all around me—to ascend
To the Great Source above.

I feel I am a spark struck out
From an eternal flame ;
A part of the stupendous whole,
His work, who breathed a deathless soul
Into this mortal frame.

And they shall perish—all these things ;
Darkness shall quench that Ball ;
Death throes this solid earth shall rive,
Yet I—frail thing of dust—survive
The final wreck of all.

"Wake up my glory ! Lute and Harp,"
Be vocal every chord ;
Lo ! all His works in concert ring,
Praise, praise to the Eternal King,
The Universal Lord !

Oh, powerless will ! Oh, languid voice !
Weak words ! imperfect lays !
Yet, could His works alone inspire
The feelings that attune my Lyre
To these faint notes of praise.

Not to the charms of tasteful art,
That I am cold or dull ;
I gaze upon the cultured scene,
The garden group, the smooth-mown green,
And cry, "How beautiful !"

But when to Nature's book I turn,
The page *she* spreads abroad ;
Tears only to mine eyes that steal,
Bear witness that I see and feel
The mighty hand of God !

LETTER OF A CATHOLIC LAYMAN TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

On the last Letter of the Protestant Layman.

SIR,—As your “respected and distinguished correspondent,” the Protestant Layman, has declared that he “will enter into no altercation” with me, because that would, as he says, shew “little wisdom” on his part, I shall, in imitation of him, address myself to you. And be assured, sir, after the manly neutrality you have displayed, and the impartiality with which you received the first communication of your correspondent, by declining to state any opinion on a “most nice and delicate question,” by leaving “the subject quite open,” and inviting fair discussion; I have no hesitation in declaring, that I might fearlessly leave the determination of the question, whether the charges of misrepresentation and calumny I brought forward against him be well founded, to your judgment. I can have as little hesitation also in meeting my adversary in your court of appeal, provided your readers view (as I hope most of them do) the question with the same impartiality as you do; for although I agree with your correspondent, that I never “knew or heard of a suspicion being entertained against a Protestant jury (Orangemen perhaps excepted, and all Orangemen are famous Protestants) for having been improperly biassed against an accused person, on account of his different religious tenets,” I am afraid there still exists in this country too much of religious prejudice to admit of my leaving the question to be tried too indiscriminately.

Your correspondent considers me “an angry opponent,” and says, that I have thrown out “some very hard words” and “harsh imputations,” but it is consoling to find, that my “attack has left no sting,” though his good temper appears to be rather ruffled. If I really could think that I have overstepped the bounds of sober argument and fair reasoning, or, like him, used that species of ratiocination which Mr Locke describes as “seeing a little, presuming a great deal, and so jumping to a conclusion,” then, indeed, I should find just cause of regret; but the horrid nature of the charges made by him so confidently, rendered it necessary for me to sift his pretensions with an unsparing hand, and to expose his misrepresentations

and the consequent fallacy of his reasoning, an attack which he now seems not to have anticipated, and which has, I have little doubt, induced him to quit the field so abruptly; for although he may be of Hudibras’s opinion, that

“To be beaten by main force,
Does not make a man the worse.”

yet, under all the circumstances in which he was placed, he may have thought it prudent to follow the advice of Squire Ralph, and attempt at least

“To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat.”

This “cool antagonist,” however, has resolved not to be behindhand in the use of hard words, for he has been pleased, in the most gentlemanly manner, to confer on me *par excellence*, the title of “*representative*” of “the narrow-minded and bigotted!” with other subordinate marks of distinction. Whether *he*, who wishes that *our* third of his Majesty’s loyal subjects shall be for ever excluded from a full participation of the blessings of the Constitution, in opposition to the opinions and feelings of the greatest patriots this or any other nation ever produced, of men whose names will adorn the page of modern history,—or *I*, who have demonstrated that the grounds on which that exclusion is founded are false, and the pretences malicious, have the best title to that appellation, is a question which will admit of an easy solution. But it seems your correspondent thinks that a vindication of Catholics and their religion from the aspersions of liberal-minded men like him, is the essence of narrow mindedness and bigotry!

In my last letter I reduced the charges made by the Protestant Layman to three heads; and from his silence as to my mode of arrangement, I presume he considers me correct. The first charge was, “That it is a principle of Roman Catholics to keep no faith with heretics, or other persons differing from them in religious opinions,” a maxim which, he said, was acknowledged by the Catholic church. In answer, I asked him where he found this maxim so acknowledged, —I shewed him that this doctrine was disclaimed by “Catholics in their oaths

to Government," as impious and unchristian; and that the foreign Catholic Universities had unanimously disclaimed it in their answers to a question proposed to them by desire of Mr Pitt—that admitting, for argument's sake, that James II. and Mary of England had broken faith with their Protestant subjects; that they were not the only sovereigns who had violated their engagements, and that the Catholic church ought not to be charged with the crimes of her children, any more than the church of England, or the church of Scotland, or any other religious sect; that the Council of Constance had not violated the passport granted to Huss, and that the statement that Huss was burned by the sentence of the Council, was untrue; and I willingly offered to abandon my religion, if he could substantiate this or any other of his charges by a single quotation from Catholic books of instruction.

Now, sir, how has your correspondent endeavoured to prove his charge? Has he pointed out any authority of the Church acknowledging such maxim? No such thing; but finding it quite impossible to establish a doctrine, which he had incautiously said was an *acknowledged maxim* of the Catholic Church, by referring to Catholic books of instruction or doctrine, he has again studiously brought forward the case of Huss to give a colourable pretext in defence of his rash and unfounded charge against the Council of Constance; and he has quoted a letter in corroboration, said to have been written by Huss to his friends a few days before his death. But unfortunately for the gentleman's argument, this letter, written certainly after Huss's condemnation and degradation, affords a negative proof that Huss did not consider that the Council had acted wrong in what they had done, for he even does not allude to the Council at all, but speaks *solely* of the Emperor, who, he says, "hath in all things acted deceitfully." This, then, was the time when his life was about to fall a sacrifice to the laws of the empire, that we ought to look for Huss's real opinion of the conduct of the Council; and yet we find nothing but a complaint against the Emperor, and against him *alone*. Whether this complaint had reference to the safe-conduct, does not appear; but be that as it may, the

Council is completely exculpated. There are indeed some writers who have disputed even the existence of the safe-conduct; and certainly, after the statement which L'Enfant gives of it, and the contradictory letters written by Huss on the subject to his friends, the opinions of these writers are not devoid of plausibility; but this is a point quite unnecessary for any person who defends the Council to discuss. As this affair of Huss is constantly made the theme of declamation against Catholics, I trust, sir, that you will readily excuse me for entering into the merits of the question a little more fully than I have yet done; and lest I may be considered as being guilty of too great partiality to the Council, I shall refer to L'Enfant, the Protestant historian of the Council, who, though he professes impartiality, appears evidently to have been prepossessed in favour of Huss.

It is observed by this author, that "it was from Wickliff he (Huss) took all the principles which involved him under condemnation, and which, doubtless, he would have avoided, if he had subscribed to the sentence passed on the English doctor." What some of these principles were, I shall have occasion to show, when I come to speak of Wickliff and his followers, the Lollards of England, the cruelties exercised on whom I am accused by my redoubtable adversary of *viewing* "with tolerable composure." These worthies, of whose principles and practices he does not seem to be aware, may perhaps be considered by him as the prototypes of the more virtuous and respectable Protestant clergy of our days, but if he will consult the history of the Lollards, he will soon find his mistake. He will find himself equally mistaken in his estimate of the Albigenses and Waldenses, whose doctrines were deeply tinged with Manicheanism, as were those of their successors the Wickliffites of England, and the Hussites of Bohemia. This statement rests on no "pious fraud," as your correspondent pretends, but is the genuine unsophisticated tale of impartial history. But to return.

One of the doctrines maintained by Huss was, that "Ecclesiastical obedience is an obedience invented by the priests without the authority of Scripture." (1) Another, that "if any civil

(1) "Obediencia ecclesiastica est obediencia secundum ad inventionem sacerdotum ecclesie, præter expressam auctoritatem Scripturæ."—Act. Con. Const. Art. 15.

superior, or prelate, or bishop, he in mortal sin, he is neither superior, nor prelate, nor bishop." (1) And in his examination before the Council on this article, Huss admitted that he included kings. So that, in the first place, here is a denial of every kind of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and in the next place, if a subject take it into his head that his sovereign is in mortal sin, he, according to Huss, is released from his allegiance; because "*nullus est dominus civilis dum est in peccato mortali.*" These and similar doctrines soon created disturbances; and, accordingly, as L'Enfant observes, "*Bohemia became the theatre of an intestine war.*" (2) And he afterwards says, that "John Huss, by his sermons and writings, and violent and outrageous conduct, had extremely contributed to the troubles which then disturbed Bohemia. *This cannot be denied.*" (3) The doctrines of Huss were soon made known to the Pope, who summoned him to appear before the Court of Rome; but after waiting a year and a half for his appearance, he was excommunicated for contumacy, having refused to attend, no doubt, partly, "because ecclesiastical obedience is an obedience invented by the priests, without the authority of Scripture." Against this sentence, Huss appealed to the Council, and expressed the utmost readiness to appear and defend himself; and so far from looking for, or expecting an exemption from the laws of the Empire, if convicted of error, he expressly says, "*if they (the Council) can convince me of any error, or of having taught any thing contrary to the Christian faith, I WILL READILY SUBMIT TO ALL THE PAINS OF HERETICS.*" (4) And the Bohemian lords of Huss's party, in writing to the Emperor for his liberation from the confinement in which he had been kept for attempting to run away, begged him "to procure the liberty of John Huss, to the end that he may be justified if innocent, and punished if guilty." (5) This declaration of Huss, and the letter of the Bohemian nobles, shew as clearly as the sun at noon-day, that the safe-conduct granted to Huss was neither supposed by him and his party, nor intended by the Emperor, as a protection against the laws of the

Empire, if found guilty of heresy. Let us now inquire into the reason why Huss applied for a passport, and the real intention for which it was given will thereby be rendered more apparent.

The University of Prague was divided among four nations, viz. Bohemia, Bavaria, Poland, and Saxony. These three last were included in one, under the name of the German Nation; but as they were more numerous than the Bohemians, they insensibly became masters of three votes in all the academical deliberations, and thereby of all the profits of the University. By the interest of Huss at court, he procured a decree, whereby the Bohemians were to have three votes, and the German nation only one; and the Germans, provoked at this, deserted the University by thousands, and Huss was chosen Rector. In consequence of the part Huss took in these proceedings, he incurred the enmity of all the Germans; and soon after, when summoned by the Pope to appear at Rome, the Court and University sent a deputation to desire the Pope to dispense with his appearance. "because it was not safe for him to go to Rome by reason of the enemies he had in Germany." (6) And, in his appeal to the Council from the Pope's sentence of excommunication, one reason given for not appearing was, "because ambushes were laid for me on the road." (7) L'Enfant acknowledges, that, when Huss went to the Council, "he had indeed a great many enemies in Germany." (8) Thus, then, we see the true cause and meaning of the safe-conduct granted by the Emperor—not that it was to serve him as a protection against the laws of the empire if condemned by the Council—not that it was to be held as an anticipated reprieve from an anticipated sentence—not that it was to be considered as a pardon for crimes alleged, but denied to have been committed against the Christian faith and the laws of the empire, and, if convicted of which, he had readily agreed "*to submit to all the pains of heretics*"—but merely a protection against his "enemies in Germany," on account of the part he had taken in the business of the University.

(1) "*Nullus est dominus civilis, nullus est prælatus, nullus est episcopus, dum est in peccato mortali.*"—*Ibid.* Art. 30.

(2) L'Enfant, B. 1. No. 23.

(4) *Ibid.* B. 1. No. 24.

(6) *Ibid.* B. 1. No. 23.

(3) *Ibid.* B. 3. No. 57.

(5) *Ibid.* B. 1. No. 61.

(8) *Ibid.* No. 25.

(7) *Ibid.*

It is only necessary, in reference to the proceedings which took place before the Council, to observe, that Huss, having been clearly convicted of heresy, was condemned and degraded in the manner detailed in my last letter, and left to the judgment of the state, the Council having declared that the Church could do nothing further. Your correspondent exclaims, "Compassionate souls!—honest, simple Catholic Layman; what a worthy subject is he for the tuition of his infallible guides! He believes, without doubt, that these soft-hearted ecclesiastics were not at all aware that the secular arm, to whose care the degraded wretch was committed, with whom the Church had nothing more to do, stood ready to bind him to the stake; and that the fagots and the torch were ready prepared for his extermination."—Yes, sir, the Council knew that there was an unrevoked law of the Empire, made upwards of 200 years before by the Emperor Frederick the Second, which enacted the punishment which Huss suffered. "*Quos aliosque hereticos, quocunque nomine censeantur, decernimus ut vivi in conspectu hominum comburantur, flammarum commissi judicis.*" The Council acted, if I may so speak, merely as a jury, (and where could a more competent jury be found?) whose sole province it was to find a verdict of conviction or acquittal, and who, of course, had no more right or title to interfere with the execution of the law, than a jury have. It only belonged to the Emperor to dispense with the law; but finding that nothing less than the safety of the empire and the stability of his throne were at stake, he most reluctantly allowed the law to take its course. What opinion would be formed of that man's understanding, who should maintain, that because Thistlewood and his associates were found guilty by the verdict of a jury, that that verdict was the law, and the only law, under which they suffered? and yet this is, *mutatis mutandis*, pre-

cisely the argument which your "distinguished correspondent" maintains with such pertinacity. "If the Layman can hope thus to impose on the understanding of others, he must have made an extraordinary estimate of their intellect." In defending the Council of Constance from the charge which has been brought against it, let it not be understood that I am the advocate of the law under which Huss suffered. That law, enacted at a period when the whole Christian world was Catholic, when any innovation in religion might have been attended with consequences the most injurious to the state, and when it could only affect the members of the Catholic Church itself, may have been suitable at the time as a political measure, (and no person will deny that every state is entitled, in sound policy, to take precautionary measures against innovations threatening its existence;) but it was no law of the Church, which never permits her pastors to concur in any capital or sanguinary punishment. The practice of the English bishops in retiring from Parliament in trials of life and death, is borrowed from this ancient discipline.

I shall now shortly notice a few of the leading doctrines of Wickliff, whom your correspondent so much admires, for no other reason apparently but his hostility to the Catholic Church; for I will do him the charity to suppose that he really did not know that Wickliff dogmatized in the way he did. Wickliff then maintained, that, if the people can discover or imagine that their bishop, magistrate, or sovereign, be in mortal sin, that they may disclaim his authority and depose him; (1) that the people are not obliged to obey laws, the justice of which cannot be demonstrated from Scripture; (2) that courts of law cannot lawfully exact an oath, (3) or confirm the title of an estate to any person for him and his heirs for ever; (4) that it is sinful in the clergy to possess any temporal pro-

(1) "*Nullus est dominus civilis, nullus episcopus, nullus prælatus, dum est in peccato mortali.*" *Opiniones et Conclusiones M. J. Wickliff, Error 7.* Knyghton Col. 2648. Walsing. Hist. Ang. p. 283.

(2) "*Ubi leges humane non fundantur in Scriptura sacra, subditi non tenentur obedire.*" Walsing. *Ibid.*

(3) "*Non licet aliquo modo jurari.*"—"Nam sequela cujuslibet dicti eorum talis erat."—Knyght. Col. 2707.

(4) "*Charta humanitus ad inventa, de hereditate civili perpetua, sunt impossibiles. Deus non potest dare homini pro se et heredibus suis.*"—Walsing. p. 204.

erty; and that the people should assist in robbing them of it; (1) that they ought to obey the devil; (2) that human actions happen by inevitable necessity; (3) that literary institutions, such as colleges and universities, are diabolical; (4) that it is unlawful to pray in churches; or keep holy the Lord's day; (5) and, finally, that if ecclesiastics are guilty of any sin, their temporal princes ought to cut off their heads; and that if the prince himself be guilty of sin, it belongs to the people to punish him. (6) No sooner were these pernicious doctrines promulgated among the people by John Straw, John Ball, and other associates of Wickliff, than insurrection and civil war, with plunder and murder in their train, broke out in England, under Wat Tyler, Sir John Oldcastle, and others. Need we wonder, therefore, at the severity of the laws passed to put down or prevent these and similar doctrines from being diffused?

Before concluding this branch of the subject, I cannot omit an article of the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, so akin to what I have been reading, and so condemnatory of Huss and Wycliff's doctrines, as if the framers of the Confession had had these doctrines in their view at the time. "And because the powers which God hath ordained; and the liberty which Christ hath purchased, are not intended by God to destroy, but mutually to uphold and preserve one another; they who, upon pretence of Christian liberty, shall oppose any lawful power, or the lawful exercise of it; whether it be civil or ecclesiastical, resist the ordinance of God. And for their publishing of such opinions or maintaining of such practices, as are contrary to the light of nature, or to the known principles of Christianity, whether concerning faith, worship, or conver-

sation, or to the power of godliness, or such erroneous opinions or practices as either in their own nature, or in the manner of publishing or maintaining them, are destructive to the external peace and order which Christ hath established in the Church; they may be lawfully called to account, and proceeded against by the censures of the Church, and by the power of the civil Magistrate." (7)

Your correspondent will "neither contradict nor allow" the quotation made by me from Osher's "True Examination of the common Methods employed to prevent the Growth of Popery," exculpating the Council, and shewing by what artifice the calumny against it was propagated, because, forsooth, he has not Osher's writings at hand; and he says, that "it would be difficult to find another Protestant of the same sentiments; from the days of Huss" (that is to say, upwards of 100 years before any Protestant appeared in the world! and 200 years before J. Infant compiled his History) "to the present hour." What a wonderful sort of logician must this correspondent of yours be, Mr Christopher! Kind, charitable soul!—he will "neither contradict nor allow the accuracy" of any quotation in favour of poor Catholics, unless he can see the original with his own eyes; but he will refer to authors, whose works he never read, to prove that the Catholic Church holds the most impious tenets, when these authors never maintained such doctrines, or when, as proved in the case of Petit, they have been condemned by the church in a General Council!

The second charge is, "that Catholics hold it as a principle to persecute every person differing from them in religious opinions." In my last letter I have clearly shewn that the grounds

(1) "Ex contra scripturam sacram quod vixi ecclesiasticis habebat temporales possessiones." Knight. Col. 2048. "Nunquam erit bona pax in regno isto, quousque temporalis tota auctoritate vixit ecclesiastica; et deo regibus populum, manibus extorrens, ut iniquissime adveniat in ista materia." Walsing. 284.

(2) "Beati dicit obedi Diabolo." Harce, Wickliff, Knight. Col. 2048.

(3) Art. 27. Wickliff. condemn. In Concil. Henstan.

(4) Ibid. Art. 28.

(5) Ibid. Walsing. p. 287.

(6) "Quod si persona ecclesiastica deliquerit et se non emendaverit, licitum est dominis secularibus hujusmodi retere per stupulas. Si dominus temporalis deliquerit, licitum est popularibus ipsum corrigere." Knight. Col. 2067. The learned Dr Fiddes, a Protestant, in his *Life of Cardinal Becon*, p. 20 and 30, says, that the laws made against the Lollards were necessary, on account of the tumults they occasioned.

(7) Conf. of Faith, Chap. xx. A. 4.

on which your correspondent rested this charge might, with equal propriety, be applied to prove that Protestants are persecutors from principle; and so sensible does your correspondent seem to be of this, that he now reduces the question "to one single point—Does the Roman Catholic Church arrogate to herself the sole means of salvation, excluding all who dissent from her doctrines from eternal happiness? If this be answered in the affirmative, my case is proved." And how? "Because *without the imputation of unworthy motives*, an anxiety for the eternal welfare of mankind would urge the rulers of the Romish Church to compel all whom they could by any means influence to come within her pale." And so, sir, Catholics are to be held out as persecutors from principle, because the rulers of their Church have "an anxiety for the eternal welfare of mankind?" What a piece of sophistry is this, and how inconsistent with divine truth, to maintain that "an anxiety for the eternal welfare of mankind," is the criterion of persecution!

Your correspondent takes credit for the tenderness (many thanks to him!) with which he has treated the Catholic Church, or the "Lady of the seven hills," as he politely terms her; that he honours the stock from whence she sprang, and that he has "a warm attachment to one of her younger daughters." If this younger daughter be the Church of England, your correspondent will please be informed, that the Catholic doctrine of exclusive salvation, which he says the Catholic Church arrogates to herself, is contained in the Athanasian creed, which forms a part of the Liturgy of the Church of England; and every Protestant of that Church is bound to swear in certain cases that our doctrine of transubstantiation is *damnable*. If again this younger daughter be the Church of Scotland, she expressly teaches, that out of "the visible church," which "consists of all those throughout the world that profess the true religion, *there is no ordinary possibility of salvation.*"⁽¹⁾ This "*true religion*" is declared by the National Covenant approved of by the

General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1638, and ratified by Act of Parliament 1640, that which "*is received, believed, and defended by many and sundry notable kirks and realms, but chiefly by the Kirk of Scotland, the King's Majesty and three estates of this realm, as God's eternal truth and only ground of salvation, as more particularly is expressed in the Confession of our Faith,*" &c. But, perhaps, the Church of Rome may be one of those notable kirks which receive, believe, and defend the true religion. By no means, for the Covenant thus proceeds: "*And therefore we abhor and detest all contrary religion and doctrine, BUT CHIEFLY ALL KIND OF PASTISTRY IN GENERAL, and particularly even as they are now damned and confuted by the word of God and Kirk of Scotland.*" Nay, farther, in answer to the 60th question of the Larger Catechism, the Church of Scotland declares, that "they who, *having never heard the gospel, know not Jesus Christ, and believe not on him, cannot be saved, be they ever so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature, or the laws of that religion which they profess;*" a question on which the Catholic Church never has, nor will probably ever feel itself called upon to give any decision. If, again, this younger daughter, with whom your correspondent is enamoured, be the French Huguenot Church, it is declared in their Catechism, on the 10th article of the creed, that "out of the church there is nothing but death and damnation."

But does the Catholic Church maintain the doctrine, that persons out of her communion, from mere error of conscience proceeding from invincible ignorance, incur the awful penalty of condemnation? By no means. On the contrary, it is the belief of the Catholic Church, that a person whose conscience erroneously persuades him that he is in the true church, "may be excused from the sin of heresy, if this error of conscience proceeds from invincible ignorance,"⁽²⁾ which is conformable to the definition of heresy given by the Council of Trent in their Catechism; "For not every one, so soon as he has erred in faith, is to be called a heretic; but he who, neglect-

(1) Conf. of Faith, Chap. xxv. Art. 2.

(2) Grounds of the Catholic Doctrine, by Bishop Challoner, Chap. i. Sect. II.
Vol. XII.

ing the authority of the church, stiffly depends his iniquitous opinions." (1) Thus you see, sir, that the Catholic Church, in place of arrogating "to herself the sole means of salvation, excluding all who dissent from her doctrines from eternal happiness," is even more liberal on this score than "*sundry notable kirks*."

While your correspondent admits the persecutions suffered by Catholics, he yet defends, or rather palliates, the executions of Catholics in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "the disgusting sentence of a barbarous age," by this subterfuge:—"but let it not be forgotten, that this was for overt acts, declared by the law to be treason, and not for religious opinions, that these persons suffered." No doubt, that draconian system of persecution, "which happier times have abrogated," declared certain overt acts to be treasonable; but the gentleman surely does not require to be told, that these overt treasonable acts of Catholics, consisted *only in the profession of their religion*. But the same excuse was made for the most sacrilegious act ever committed by mortal man. (2) What, then, were these overt acts, which were declared treasonable by statute in the reign of Elizabeth? These were, *inter alia*, a denial of her spiritual supremacy as head of the Church, and a reconciliation or return to the Catholic faith.

During the reign of this female Pope, the perishable infamy of whose name has been immortalized by the murder of her amiable but unfortunate kinswoman, upwards of 200 Catholics were put to death for their religion, among whom were 112 priests. Of these, 15 were condemned for denying the Queen's spiritual supremacy, 126 for the exercise of their priestly functions, and the rest for being *reconciled* to the Catholic faith, or for aiding and abetting priests; that is to say, for endeavouring to preserve their lives. Besides these, and during the same reign, 90 priests, or lay persons, died in prison, and 105 were sent into perpetual banishment. Although your correspondent deprecates these barbarities, it would appear that he considers them as having been necessary at the time they were inflicted, from the peculiar situation of Queen Elizabeth, and he

prays that "*the same necessity* may never return again." What, sir! does he mean to maintain, that a refusal to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of another Elizabeth, or the being reconciled to the Catholic faith, can, under any circumstances, ever warrant a renewal of those legal murders which stain the history of England? No, I will not suppose that he really means this, though his words certainly convey such an idea. I will rather consider his expression as an unguarded one, thoughtlessly thrown out, and dictated by a spirit of bigotry, which but ill accords with that liberality and Christian charity he professes, and which none of your readers would more readily acknowledge than I, did not the whole tenor of his writings convince me, that these professions are mere cant. He has waived, perhaps wisely, all explanation, by taking a final adieu of the discussion; but I have no wish that he should give up his reasons, like Falstaff, "on compulsion," even though they may, like those of the gallant Knight, be "as plenty as blackberries."

The *third* charge is, "that Catholics hold it lawful to depose and murder heretic sovereigns;" and that this might not be called a vague imputation, your correspondent referred to the writings of certain Catholic authors, whose works, it now evidently appears, he had never read; for in his last letter he seems to exult for having "*demonstrated*," by two or three quotations, that he has "actually *turned over* the erudite pages of St Thomas Aquinas!" This was truly displaying "the full extent of that charity which is the essence of Christianity," with a vengeance. But if he had been as sincere in his inquiries after truth, as he seems anxious to fix an odious stigma upon the most numerous body of Christians in the world,—upon the followers of the religion of an Alfred, a Wallace, and a Bruce, he would not certainly have confined his labours to the mere brushing "off the dust and cobwebs from the huge folio of St Thomas's lucubrations,"—he would have also consulted the best Catholic authors, and the Catholic catechisms, and books of instruction, and he would have reported, that after the most minute exa-

(1) Catechism of the Council of Trent, on the ninth Article of the Creed, Sect. II.

(2) "We have a law, and according to that law he ought to die."—St John, chap. xix. ver. 7.

mination he had ascertained, that not only was the horrible doctrine alluded to, utterly disclaimed by Catholics in their oaths and in numerous writings, but that it had been condemned by that very Council which had fallen under his reproaches; and, moreover, he would have reported, that no Council, no Pope, no Catholic writer whatever, had ever held it lawful to depose and murder heretic sovereigns. He would then probably have exclaimed, "How egregiously have I been imposed upon by unprincipled authors, who have imputed to the Catholic Church tenets which she never professed! I see, however, that there are some writers who, obliged by the force of truth to admit all this, yet maintain that Roman Catholics cannot be believed in what they say even upon oath; but then, on the other hand, I find that Roman Catholics have for about 200 years refused to take certain oaths for conscience' sake, the mere taking of which would make them eligible to those offices from which such a refusal excludes them; and if, as maintained, they paid no regard to oaths, and could obtain a dispensation to perjure themselves, why hesitate about taking them? I freely confess now, that my prejudices have subsided; that although I thought I possessed that charity, which is the essence of Christianity, I never before was aware, that when I spoke of Roman Catholics and their religion, that virtue imperceptibly forsook me."

In answer to the third charge, I observed that the doctrine was proscribed of Pope Pius the 6th, by a rescript, dated 17th June 1791, and was disclaimed by the opinions of the foreign universities—that St Thomas, to whose writings your correspondent referred, never taught that it was lawful to depose and murder heretic sovereigns; and that so far from finding the detestable doctrine imputed to him in any part of his numerous writings, he had taught that it is never lawful to deceive even our enemies by telling a lie or breaking a promise; that as to Petit, who was also cited as holding the same doctrine, the *Council of Constance* had, by a regular decree, pronounced it *heretical and dangerous*.

Your correspondent, in his last letter, in place of manfully giving up his scandalous charge, as every candid person would have done; after reading

my answer, has evaded the question very adroitly, by putting an interrogatory, to clash, if possible, with the hackneyed quotations he has favoured us with from the writings of St Thomas, hoping, no doubt, by this means to perplex the true state of the question at issue, viz. Whether the Catholic Church holds it lawful to murder and depose heretic sovereigns. The interrogatory is this,—“Has the Roman Catholic Church verily and indeed an aversion to punish heresy with death? I read, (says he) this merciful disposition asserted in books of modern date; I hear it advanced by the learned teachers of that religion; and the Catholic Layman of Edinburgh holds up both his hands against the calumniator who charges her with this propensity, and with the detestable doctrine of absolving the subjects of heretical sovereigns from their allegiance.” Yet, strange to tell, all these will not satisfy the charitable Protestant Layman, nor even the plain consideration of the doctrine by Pope Pius the Sixth, and by the six foreign universities. He rather chuses, he says, “to consult grave authority, which can plainly inform us touching these matters, without the trouble of sending to Salamanca, Valladolid, or even to Paris, for absolution.” But the whole result of his consultation consists in two or three quotations from the *Summa totius Theologiae* of St Thomas, which do not in the least degree support the charge of deposition and murder, which he had affixed on St Thomas, and through him on the whole Catholic Church.

Before any exact opinion can be formed of St Thomas's views regarding heresy, it is particularly necessary to keep in view, that at the time he wrote, which was in the thirteenth century, or about 600 years ago, the whole of Christendom was united into a sort of religious community or commonwealth, professing the same faith, and acknowledging the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. In the preceding ages of the Church, there had been heresies and schisms, which had always been attended with disturbances and outrages; but, with the exception of the Greek schism, which still exists, they all gradually disappeared. To prevent the quiet of kingdoms from being disturbed, and their safety endangered by religious animosities, various laws were

made, in different states, against heresy; but these were mere civil institutions, with which the Church had no concern, and over which she had no control. I am quite aware that here it may be said, that as the legislators were Catholics, the Church, of which they were members, must be held as approving of the penal laws promulgated by them. This argument might perhaps do, if the state were subservient to the Church, and if the Catholic Churches, like many of the Protestant Churches, were confined to one kingdom; but as the Catholic Church is spread over the whole world, and can only be represented in a General Council by her pastors, it is childish and absurd to maintain that the laws of any particular kingdom, because enacted by Catholics, are the laws of the Catholic Church. These laws, however, remained almost a dead letter, by the humane interference of the clergy, for the adversaries of Catholics have only been able to rake out two instances of capital punishments, viz. those of Huss and Jerome of Prague, from the ashes of eighteen centuries. These laws, too, as I have already observed, were enacted against the members of the Catholic Church who might fall into heresy, a point of some importance to be kept in view.

Such being the state of matters when St Thomas wrote, he gives it as his opinion, in accordance with the law, that persons who have been convicted of heresy, and *excommunicated*, may be punished, by "*the secular power*," with death. Now, before a person can be excommunicated, he must necessarily have been a member of the Church, and subject to her authority, and therefore the law could never apply to those who never had been members; but the penal laws passed in every country where the Reformation obtained an ascendancy, were solely directed against Catholics. St Thomas is also of opinion that subjects are set free from the dominion of their governors, and from their oath of allegiance, after these governors have been excommunicated for apostacy, which may imply deposition also, though not expressed. But why quarrel with the opinion, when our own laws recognize the same principle? It is expressly declared by statute, as a fundamental part of the British constitution, that if any sovereign of

these realms shall apostatize from the Protestant faith, and become Catholic, he thereby forfeits his crown, and consequently all dominion over his subjects, who are thereby released from their oath of allegiance, and he may immediately be sent a-packing, to beg his bread in a foreign country, like James the Second, merely for thus satisfying his conscience. If he should resist, the consequences are quite obvious. And yet, after all, I am sure, if the King of France, or King of Spain, or any other Catholic monarch, should happen to be deprived of his crown for apostacy, nothing would be heard from the Laud's End to John-o'-Groat's, but clamours about the cruelties of Popery!

These opinions, however, of St Thomas, and other schoolmen, like that of the infallibility of the Pope, which some few have maintained, were never recognized by the Church in any shape; and did it suit my purpose, I could prove, from the writings of the first Reformers, that almost the whole of them taught doctrines much more objectionable.

Your correspondent is perfectly aware of his error on the charge of deposition and murder, and accordingly, in alluding to St Thomas's opinion as to the consequences of a sentence of excommunication, he observes,—“A logician, like the Catholic Layman, may, perhaps, argue that this sentence proceeds no farther than deposition, and does not prescribe murder.” Most assuredly I do so, sir, as every person of common sense would; and it will remain with the Protestant Layman, to shew by what rules of logic an opinion which merely maintains that subjects are released from their oaths of allegiance, must imply that they hold it lawful to murder their excommunicated governors.

To support his charge that the Catholic Church holds it lawful to murder and depose heretic sovereigns, your correspondent referred in his first letter to the writings of Petit, who, he said, had maintained the doctrine; but upon my shewing that Petit's doctrine was condemned by the Council of Constance, “*as erroneous in faith and morals, as an heretical, scandalous, and most pernicious doctrine*,” he now inconsistently maintains that the reason why Petit's doctrine was condemned, was because he had maintained that

murder should be committed *without any sentence or command whatever*. This is truly a very strange mode of reasoning. Petit maintains that any tyrant may be lawfully murdered without any sentence or command; and although the Council condemns this doctrine of king-killing, they are still to be held as approving of it, if preceded by the sentence, or command of a judge! An allusion was also made to the writings of Gerson, the Chancellor of the University of Paris, in support of the charge, but no quotations have been made from his writings; and I can now inform your correspondent, that Gerson assisted at the Council, in which Petit's doctrine was condemned, not only as the deputy of the University, but also as Ambassador from the King of France, a pretty sure indication that the charge against him is false. Indeed it is not improbable, that as Petit was a doctor of Paris, Gerson was the first to denounce his doctrine.

I shall conclude this branch of the discussion, by quoting the question put to the foreign Universities, and their answer, to which I have so often alluded: "Can the Pope, or Cardinals, or any body of men, or any individual of the Church of Rome, absolve or dispense with his Majesty's subjects from their oath of allegiance, *upon any pretext whatsoever?*" Answered unanimously, "That the Pope, or Cardinals, or any body of men, or any individual of the Church of Rome, CANNOT absolve or dispense with his Majesty's subjects from their oath of allegiance, *upon any pretext whatsoever.*" And Catholics, in the oaths they take to government, under the statute 33, Geo. III. c. 21, (called the act 1793;) "swear, abjure, condemn, and detest, as unchristian and impious, the principle that it is lawful to murder, destroy, or *any way injure any person whatsoever*, for, or under the pretence of being a heretic;"—and "that no act in itself unjust, immoral, or wicked, can ever be justified, or excused by, or under any pretence or colour, that it was done either for the good of the church, or in obedience to any ecclesiastical power whatsoever."

Perhaps your correspondent may still, with the truest sincerity, lay his hand on his heart, and say that he believes "that the Roman Catholic Church would exterminate heretics,"

if opportunities should offer; but let him keep in mind that sincerity is not always the test of truth, and that there are men certainly as respectable for their acquirements, and as impartial in their opinions, as he can be who have thought differently. He may fortify this delusive sincerity, on the ground that I have defended Sigismund and the Council of Constance; but let him recollect that that defence is founded on a *denial* of his accusation, and on the most unqualified reprobation of those principles he imputes to them. He may also keep up this deceptive security, by supposing, that because I had stated that James the Second fell a sacrifice to the toleration of his religious principles, that therefore I believed his great error was in his too great toleration, insinuating, I presume, that I meant to defend, (which I certainly did not,) the exercise of a disputed prerogative, which every sovereign who preceded him, from the earliest period of the penal code, had exercised; but let him also recollect, that James's *declaration of liberty of conscience* was the determining cause of his deposition, a declaration which was considered *not agreeable to law*. It is therefore evident, that James "fell a sacrifice to the toleration of his religious principles," even admitting, what I never disputed, that the steps he took were unconstitutional, so that the definition of your correspondent's "too great toleration," resolves into this, that James should have been as intolerant as the laws themselves with which he attempted to dispense.

Finding the doors of Parliament shut against persons professing the Christian religion, not because they believed less than Protestants, but because they believed more, and finding these doors quite open to those who laugh at Christianity, and deny the very existence of a God, your charitable correspondent, in his first letter, most unfortunately for himself, justified the distinction, on the ground that if an atheist should reach the summit of power, "*one advantage, at least, would attend his elevation*;" and what is this advantage? Why, that he would not exhibit the spectacle of an *Auto da fe*. But on my calling to his recollection the atheistical horrors of the French Revolution, he is puzzled to get out of the embarrassment, and lays

about him like a man in the dark. Determined, however, be the cost what it may, still to lean to the side of atheism, and atheists, notwithstanding the "*cordial regard*," the "*warm affection*," which, he says, he cherishes "for many individuals of the Catholic body," and the "*high respect*" which he entertains "for some of the ministers of that (the Catholic) religion," your correspondent thinks that the horrors of this dreadful explosion, (the French Revolution,) were at least of a milder kind than the "*infliction of mistaken religious ardour*;" so that his aversion to atheism, (for I will not suppose that he wishes to favour it,) proceeds not so much from its doctrines as from the practices of its professors. But even if the exaggerated and fabulous statements respecting the Inquisition, to which he refers, were true, (and let it not be understood that because I question the accuracy of these statements that I approve of such an institution,) they will stand no comparison with the horrors of that awful event, which set Heaven at defiance, and which had for its avowed object the utter extirpation of Christianity from the world. Your correspondent asks, what it was that gave rise to those pernicious publications which were the seeds of the French Revolution? a question which I shall immediately attempt to answer; but, in the first place, let us hear the answer he himself gives—"that they derived their origin from no other source than the absurd superstition and intolerable tyranny of the Church of Rome." I shall, however, endeavour to account for these pernicious publications in a more philosophical manner.

According to the testimony of Luther, and other principal reformers, a deluge of impiety and vice immediately succeeded the enkindling of "*the pure flame of the Reformation*," which made many of them regret the separation from the Church of Rome which they had occasioned. That this statement may not be called a *vague imputation*, let these reformers speak for themselves. "The world," says Luther, "grows every day worse and worse. It is plain that men are much more co-

vetous, malicious, and resentful; much more unruly, shameless, and full of vice, than they were in the time of Popery." (1) Formerly, when we were "seduced by the Pope, men willingly followed good works, but now all their study is to get every thing to themselves, by exactions, pillage, theft, lying, and usury." (2) "It is a wonderful thing, and full of scandal, that from the time when the pure doctrine was first called to light, the world should daily grow worse and worse." (3) "Of so many thousands," says Calvin, "seemingly eager in embracing the gospel, how few have since amended their lives! Nay, to what else do the greater part pretend, except, by shaking off the yoke of superstition, to launch out more freely into every kind of lasciviousness?" (4) And Bucer observes, that "the greater part of the people seem only to have embraced the gospel, in order to shake off the yoke of discipline, and the obligation of fasting and penance, which lay upon them in the time of Popery, and to live at their pleasure, enjoying their lusts and lawless appetites without control.—They therefore lent a willing ear to the doctrine, that we are justified by faith alone, and not by good works, having no relish for them." (5) "All is lost," says Capito, "all goes to ruin. For our people, now accustomed, and, as it were, brought up in licentiousness, have thrown off all subordination. They cry out to us, We know enough of the gospel." (6) Allow me just to add a few words from the celebrated Erasmus.—"What an evangelical generation is this! Nothing was ever seen more licentious and more seditious. Nothing is less evangelical than these pretended evangelists." (7) Take notice of this evangelical people, and shew me an individual among them all, who from being a drunkard has become sober; from being a libertine has become chaste. I, on the other hand, can shew you many who have become worse by the change." (8) "Those whom I once knew to have been chaste, sincere, and without fraud, I found, after they had embraced this sect, to be licentious in their conversation, gamblers, neglectful of prayer, pas-

(1) Sermons in Postill. Evang. 1 adv.

(3) In Serm. Conv.

(5) De Regno Christi, l. 1. c. 1.

(7) Ep. l. vi. 4.

(2) Sermon. Dom. 26. post Trin.

(4) Calvin. l. IV. de Scand.

(6) Ep. ad Farcell, among Calvin's Letters.

(8) Speng. advers. Hutton.

sionate, vain, as spiteful as serpents, and lost to the feelings of human nature. I speak from experience." (1)

Will your correspondent say, that this libertinism was occasioned "by the absurd superstition, and intolerable tyranny of the Church of Rome?"

What, then, was the cause of it, but that abuse of reason which would make every man an expositor of the sacred oracles? Several of the reformers soon regretted the consequences of that evangelical liberty they had proclaimed; but matters had gone too far to be mended, and the result was, that these very reformers shortly disagreed among themselves, each becoming the head of a separate sect, which sects have been continually splitting and subdividing down to our own days, and will probably continue to do so *ad infinitum*. It is a singular fact, that although all these sects differ in some respects from each other, and have their mutual antipathies, yet they all concur in running down the Catholic church; and what makes the circumstance still more extraordinary is this, that all these sects *collectively* believe every article of the Catholic faith.

These contradictory opinions of sects, some of them bordering on infidelity, and all of them grounded upon the baseless fabric of *falsibility*, created by degrees an indifference for revealed religion among certain men of acute minds, who, in place of enlisting in the wilds of controversy, perverted their talents by calling in question the truth of divine revelation itself. These, sir, were the true causes which engendered and brought to full maturity that system of atheism and infidelity which brought on the French Revolution, and not "the absurd superstition and intolerable tyranny of the Church of Rome." Rousseau, the champion of infidelity, was bred a Protestant: and in place of this "absurd superstition and intolerable tyranny" being the reason of his *vindictive* "the cause of humanity, and of the freedom of the human understanding," as your correspondent pretends, he declared, that if he had been a Christian, he would have been a Catholic, and that "the reformation

was intolerant from its cradle, and its authors universally persecutors." (2)

Having now exhausted the topics in your correspondent's letter applicable to me, I shall offer a few observations on that part of it which is meant as an answer to Mr Canning's speech. The whole of his argument resolves into this, that by some fundamental principle of the constitution, the exclusion of Catholics from Parliament, and from holding certain situations in the State, is to be considered as perpetually fixed. But the absurdity of this proposition is at once apparent. In the *first* place, there is no positive law declaratory of such a principle, nor do the acts of the unions with Scotland and Ireland recognize it. It is true, that the act for the security of the Church of Scotland, and the act for the security of the Church of England, are declared to be essential and fundamental parts of the articles and union with Scotland; but the advocates for perpetual exclusion cannot avail themselves of any argument deducible from this declaration, without first shewing that the security contemplated will be endangered by admitting Catholics into the pale of the constitution.

In the *second* place, the principle of exclusion having no foundation in our written or positive law, "*must*," as Mr Plunkett well observed, "*have been in force before the law*." If so, there did not exist "in England a liege man entitled to the privileges of the constitution, before the time of Henry VIII.; for till then all acknowledged the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. Magna Charta was established by outlaws from the state: those gallant barons, whose descendants have been so feelingly alluded to by my noble friend (Lord Nugent), though they were indeed permitted to achieve, yet were not entitled to share the liberties of their country;—they might not dare to open the great charter which had been won by their hardihood and patriotism; nay, more, if this principle is true, there is not, at this moment, a liege subject in any Catholic country in Europe. Sir, such trash as this shocks our common sense, and sets all argument at defiance." (3)

But lastly, if this principle of utter

(1) Ad. Frat. Infer. Gerin.

(2) Letters de la Mont.

(3) Speech of the Right Hon. W. C. Plunkett, delivered in the House of Commons, July 26, 1821, on moving for a Committee to consider the State of the Laws affecting the Roman Catholics. 8vo. London; Murray, 1822.

exclusion be admitted, why have the Catholics been from time to time restored to the enjoyment of the privileges of which they were deprived by those very laws which are founded on by the exclusionists as sanctioning the exclusion contended for? Perhaps they may maintain, that this partial repeal of the penal laws has been an inroad upon the constitution; but I would again ask, was not the constitution in existence before the enactment of these laws, and if the repeal of them does not rather bring us back to the purity of that constitution, by which, to use the words of Lord Bacon, "*the subject that is natural born hath a competency or ability to all benefits whatever*?"

Many have been the pretences set up by the opponents of the Catholic claims for continuing to deprive Catholics of their natural rights; but those brought forward by your correspondent have been so often and so ably refuted in the Great Council of the nation, that no person *there* has now the hardihood to bring them forward; and most certainly, were any honourable or right honourable gentleman, or any noble lord, to deliver a speech similar to your correspondent's letters, such members would be laughed down. Dr Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough, whose opinion, as an opponent of the Catholic claims, may be justly regarded as equal to that of any Protestant Layman in the kingdom, has "fairly acknowledged (and no one of the right reverend bench, in whose presence he made the acknowledgment, disavowed his sentiments,) that the profession of the Roman Catholic religion, merely as a religious opinion, or otherwise than as affording an inference of a want of civil worth, was not properly the subject of any political disability." (1) But as Mr Plunkett observed, "It might have occurred to the mind of the learned prelate, accustomed to the precision of mathematical proof, that if the Roman Catholic, for the reason assigned, really had less civil worth than the Protestant, it would not therefore follow that he should be excluded, unless the Protestant's quantity of civil worth

were first proved to be the minimum which could warrant admission; but what may be the nature of this quality, which he is pleased to designate under the new appellation of 'civil worth,' he has not thought proper exactly to state. It leaves out, I presume, all consideration of birth or fortune, or such like; also the accidental circumstances of education, and learning, and talents; also the unessential attributes of truth, and honour, and probity; these are all circumstances too mean to form any part of his abstractions. I must presume so; for the person who possesses them all in the highest degree, if he happens to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, is actually excluded, is below Zero in his scale of 'civil worth;' and the person who is utterly destitute of all of them, is admitted, provided he is not so punctilious as to refuse to deny that supremacy." (2)

Before concluding, allow me to offer to you, sir, my best acknowledgments for the opportunity you have afforded me of vindicating the religion I profess, from the obloquy which has been attempted to be thrown upon it and its professors, through the medium of your extensive circulation. This letter has been lengthened to a degree far beyond what I had any conception of when I first sat down to it; but the importance of the subject, and the exertions which have been made by my antagonist to bias your readers, will, I trust, be held as my apology for occupying so much of your pages. But it is not to the bigotted and illiberal that I address myself; for though I had the tongues of men and of angels, nothing that I could say would be productive of any good effect, without "that charity which is the essence of Christianity." It is only to those whose minds are open to hear and acknowledge truth, from whatever quarter it may come, (and here I earnestly wish I could include your correspondent among them,) that these pages are dedicated. From these alone do I expect justice. I remain, sir, yours sincerely,

A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

Edinburgh, August 29th, 1852.

(1) Mr Plunkett's speech.

(2) Mr Plunkett's speech.

THE ROUTE.

"Send for a chair—it blows so hard—I can't bear windy weather ;
Now, you and I in our sedan can go quite well together,"
Said Mrs Frump, while folding tight her shawl around each shoulder,
She took the loan and wistful arm of sweet Miss Fanny Holder.

This Mistress Frump and Nancy dear were old maids stiff and stupid,
Who long had been the proof against the darts of cunning Cupid ;
So now, good souls, they both were off to Lady Betty Randle,
To have a little shilling whist, and talk a deal of scandal.

The chair it came, and in they went, together sideways sitting,
As closely pack'd as all the thrave that just before were knitting.
In minutes three they safe arrived, the double knock foretelling
The fast approach of these two dames to Lady Randle's dwelling.

Forthwith the bawling footmen shewed up stairs Miss Nancy Holder,
And Mrs Frump, while stared Miss Young, and Mrs Young the older.
"Dear Lady Randle, how d'ye do? I am very glad to see you,"
Quoth Mrs Frump. Miss Sugarist cried, "Dear Miss Nan, how be you?"

"Miss Charlotte, I am quite rejoiced to have the boundless pleasure
Of shiking birds, my love, you're looking charming beyond measure ;
That rosyate bloom upon your cheek outvies the soft carnation."
"O lawk! Miss Ann, you fluster me with such great admiration."

Now, Mr Sugarist had been in tee and figs a dealer,
Which was the cause Miss Sugarist, his child, was not genteeler ;
He, having made a fortune large, and trade no more admiring,
Sold all his stock, and cut the shop and business, by retiring.

Yet still he dealt—'twas he, the cards, for he to whist was partial :
His partner now, a soldier bold, was gallant Major Martial,
Who oft had seen much service hard, round Brentford, Kew, and Ryegate
And on that very day had march'd from Paddington to Highgate.

By Mr Sugarist there sat, of turtle feasts a giver,
A Nabob, who came home with gold, but not an inch of liver ;
His partner was no less a man than poor ly Parson Sable ;
Which, if you reckon right, you'll find just makes up one whist table.

But next to these, a noisy set of talking Dames were playing
At guinea Loo, and now and then a temper vile betraying.
Miss Winter, Mrs Crookollegs, Miss Glum, and Mrs Hearty,
With hump-back'd Lady Spindleshanks, exactly made the party.

Upon the sofa, Mrs Frump, dear soul! had stwarted down to
Some shilling whist, with Mrs Prim, and so! a foreign Count, too!
Who, as Dame Fortune wou'd it, soon became her partner chosen ;
While Mr Prim, congenial man! sat opposite Miss Frouen.

Around the room, in various parts, some motley groups were seated ;
In one place, Captain Splinter bold, with grape (not shot) juice heated,
Made desperate work with Sophy Blaze, who swore he meant to kill her ;
For, in the warmth of love, he grasp'd her hand just like a silk.

Then, in the room adjacent, young Miss Randle and Miss Parking,
To treat the company, began through two duets sky-larking.
When Mr Simple ask'd Miss Quiz, "In what key are they playing?"
"Tis what you are,—A flat," she said, a sneering smile betraying.

manly perhaps excepted. But Geoffrey Crayon goes too far in his eulogiums on Norman beauty; and indeed talks rank nonsense about the Norman Conquest having inundated England with fair hair and blue eyes, as if Saxon beauty was not on record—*Non Angli*, said Gregory, but *Angeli sunt*. There are pretty faces in France, extremely captivating to boys; but they have no busts, no shape; and least of all in Normandy. From Dijon to Dole, is as flat as a pancake; but the mere idea of going southward was sufficient to keep pleasure alive; and the first view of the Jura from a little above Dole, was what Mother M. would call a *très forte sensation*.—My English companions thrust their heads all together out of the carriage window, like geese out of a coop, in search of Mont Blanc. "He's there," says one. "I'm sure I see him," says another. There was not a cloud in the horizon that one of them did not metamorphose into the monarch of mountains, divided from us at the time by the whole breadth of the Jura. Dolede, a pretty town, strong, I should think, at least picturesquely fortified. The bridge, which they were rebuilding as we past, was blown up in fourteen, to stop the advance of the Austrians. We began to ascend at Poligny, and soon found ourselves in the midst of the Jura. Having in my anticipation dwelt for the most part on the Alps, I had degraded the Jura in idea into a mere prelude to their magnificence. I had intended to hoard my stock of admiration for the grander object. But reserve of the kind was impossible; and even the first view of these pine forests of nature's planting exhausted the cruise to its last drop. Those huge mountains, clothed from foot to the very summits with the dark spruce fir, their outlines fretted from the subtleness of each tree, and jagged from the havoc of the frequent tempest; and the clouds, not crowning the hill tops, as with us, but for the most part sailing in masses on, mid-mountain high, or scattered in white scraps like a flock of sheep, along the side, formed a scene that beggared all the Radcliff castle-buildings of my romantic days. At a turn of the mountain road, Morcy appeared, some miles beneath us, at the

bottom of a deep valley, scarcely distinguishable as a town, but for its shining roofs and steeple tops of tin. "*Sacristie qu'il est gentile*," said a Fleming, who was with us, popping his head out of the carriage window.—*Gentile* was certainly the last word in the French vocabulary I should have expected to hear applied to such a view. 'Twas like the story of the cataract, being not only magnificent, but absolutely pretty. "*Né'st ce pas ?*" continued he, answering my look of expostulation with a demand of acquiescence. There was no arguing with a man that called the Jura *gentile*, so we agreed. Throughout the Jura, cheese seems to be the order of the day. In every spot bare of fir, is a *vacheril*; and in every nook of green a herd of cows, with their cracked bells tingling and echoing everlastingly throughout the vale; and indeed nothing eatable except the Gruyere is to be had upon the road. Though abounding in cattle, meat scarcely forms part of the food of the country. Simond, who passed through during the time of scarcity, says, "Such is the predilection of the people for bread, that its price exceeds that of meat, which is scarce augmented. The price of bread upon the road is twelve sous the pound, while that of meat is but ten, a surprising difference."*

There can be few prospects on the globe more beautiful or striking than that enjoyed, when Geneva, its lake, and the Alps beyond them, burst upon the view, as one descends the Jura.—It is absolutely astounding, although the best part of the lake cannot be discovered; but the Savoy Alps rearing themselves from the lake, the Saleves from Geneva, and, still more distant, the Mole, and Mont Blanc, covered with those eternal snows, which though often heard and read of, are never all believed till seen, struck me as if we were nearing the land of another planet. In descending, we sought for the Fountain of Napoleon, of which we had heard so much; it was a respectable, decent, little fountain, but nothing to speak of—remarkable only, because the Austrians erased the name of Napoleon on the front. After running the diagonal of France, and seeing nothing for four or five hundred miles, but unenclosed plains, whether cultiva-

* Voyage en Suisse, par Simond.

ted or uncultivated, it was quite refreshing, as the Cockneys say, to look down on the rich vale of Gex and Geneva, divided by luxuriant hedges into snug English fields. "How like England!" exclaimed all of us; and in truth there was nothing there but Mout Blanc to contradict us; but when we looked up to him after the comparison, the snow monarch gave us most magnanimously the lie. Height is a thing so deceptive, that I had made up my mind to be disappointed with Mont Blanc, and he re-disappointed me agreeably. I watched with eagerness the effect of sun-set on him, and looked for the crimson tinge our poets speak of; 'twas there, but not the palpable colour those lying dogs swear to. Of all times, Mont Blanc is most grand after sun-set some time, in moon-light and twilight united; it is then that the huge pale form assumes an appearance of supernatural grandeur; and while the neighbouring Alps become gradually indistinct and obscure, it rears itself so palpable, yet so visionary, as to resemble the ghost of a mountain, rather than a real one of stone and snow.

The village of Ferney lies in the road between the Jura and Geneva. The chateau of Voltaire is on the side of the town nearest to the mountains, and on the right of the road as one descends. A short, strait avenue leads to it; and the little church which Voltaire built, is on the left as you approach the house. It was nine o'clock, and moonlight, when we entered the *grill*; but being pressed for time, and so unable to afford another visit, we boldly rung the bell, and to the astonishment of the old housekeeper, a lady, with a flesh cravat round her neck, after the *goutre* fashion, we demanded to see the apartments of the great poet. We ran through them, consisting of a saloon and bed-chamber, by candle-light; saw the cracked urn where his heart once lay, &c. &c. The pictures are the chief memorials of him,—there is one of Madame Villette, less *bonne et belle*; of Madame du Chatelet, a beauty with a bottle nose; of the King of Prussia, presented by his Majesty; of Catherine of Russia, worked with her own hand; with divers prints of his Encyclopædia friends, and amongst them, are those of Hume, Milton, Washington, Newton. The family of Calas, too, his loved subject, is seen in divers prints, witness-

ing the philanthropy of the philosopher, as a picture of devils whipping his enemies, evinces the bitterness and hatred of a genuine bard. A little beyond Ferney, we spied a stone, with the arms of France on one side, and those of Geneva on the other. You may be sure, that, on the true English-travelling principle of *have to say*, we took care to seat ourselves cross-legged on the boundary.

All the inns at Geneva we found full, but still continued to make ourselves comfortable. It is as ugly a town as could well be contrived in so beautiful a spot; huddled, inconvenient, and dirty, though the Leman is at its door. The immense, clumsy, wooden arcades surprised me; with the arches as high as the roofs of the houses. Their promenades are pretty, though no one walks in them, and the botanical garden, of half an acre, might pass, if they were not so proud of it. I was prepared for increased heat, and did not mind this essential difference of the south; what annoys me more, is the extreme whiteness and glare of every object, that obliges one to keep the eyes fixed on the ground; and renders it painful to attempt regarding, for any time, the lovely prospects around. Saw here the English papers; how warmly they have all taken up the insults offered to the English company of actors in Paris! I couldn't help comparing the journals of the two nations. The French, of both parties, evidently insincere; the Ultras, in recommending forbearance, and the Liberals, in their salves for the pre-eminence of their national poets, throwing soaps to the vanity of their readers, both afraid to venture a step beyond the known opinions of their *abonnés*. The English, all fire, fury, and indignation, about nothing; taking the start of public opinion; making the national feeling personal. There is much warmth in France, both in speaking and writing; this used to amaze me. I see plainly it is all put on, especially by the Liberals. Much as we differ in views from this party, it were to be wished that they were more honest and respectable. But of this another time.

We took a caleche, to go round the lake to Martigny. Passed Coppet, but saw nothing. The house was shut up. We here entered the lovely Pays de Vaud,—lovely, not only in the fea-

tures of the country, but in those of its inhabitants. The female peasantry are the finest we have yet seen. Let poets praise rural labour as they will, it was not intended that the female sex should so employ themselves. In France, the general features of the sex have become coarse, even to brutality, from habits of labour. The *brutissime fucie delle donne* was what of all things struck Alfieri most in France. And it is the same to-day, with the exception of those parts exclusively productive of the vine, where, for the same cause as in the Pays de Vaud, they are exempt from any severe or continued exertion. The instant you pass from the vine country of the Vaud, to the comparatively sterile canton of the Valais, all is changed; and from the *goitre* to the best-looking, there exist but few degrees of bestiality and ugliness. The same cause and consequence is exemplified in Tuscany, where the in-door employment of straw work, and bonnet-making, preserves them, next to that of our own country, the finest race in Europe.

Lausanne, and all the upper part of the lake Lemman, form one of those rare spots of natural beauty, that pictures cannot flatter. To see it, is positively worth the five hundred miles' drive. The town itself is nothing, but the view of it, and from it, with the approach to it, is the very ideal of scenery. It is astonishing what an effect is produced by a scene, in description nothing. The slope between the town and the lake is covered with the *Viguoble*; then stretches the lake itself; and beyond it, rise the dark bases of the Savoy Alps; lost to the right, up the length of the Lemman, but meeting, on the left, the beautiful curve, with which the Swiss Alps circumscribe and bound the lake. The view can be compared to nothing but an ever-varying dream; too soft, too visionary, to be true; the least cloud, the least breath of wind, is sufficient to alter the whole effect; and the waters are at one moment of the brightest blue, and the next black as the rocks that overshadow them. The noisiest town I was ever in, was Lausanne. This, however, was an accident. The United Cantons had established a camp at Morges; and such marching, drumming, firing, and huzzing, never was heard. Night even did not quiet their military ardour; and from

two in the morning till mid-day again resounded the infernal drum. We had all been before very eager to hear the *Rans de Vaches*,—I heard enough of it to last me for my life. After dinner, having drunk "Peace and quietness, with our other absent friends," we set off on a solitary walk in search of them; and deeming the *Signale*, on an eminence above the town, a spot likely to afford tranquillity and a good view, thither we sallied. But pipe and tabor were even here before us, enabling a party of English beaux and belles to dance; and dance they did in most wretched style. A little Swiss girl, who stood looking on, and unconsciously rising every now and then on her toes, seemed deep in thinking how much better she could foot it.

We of course sought the old residence of our historian. It belongs to a banker, who certainly shews not much respect to the memory of the former occupant. Upon asking to see so and so, the old lady who admitted us, called loudly for one of her maids, to shew us *La Gibbon*, as she called it. *La Gibbon*, the celebrated pavilion where the historian relates his having finished the *Decline and Fall*, we found a wretched tool-house, abused, neglected, and in ruins. The fees of English visitors would, at the same time, keep a palace in repair. The willow tree is there; and above all, the view from the terrace, a memorial luckily not likely to fall into decay. I looked over the hills to Ferney, and could not help repeating the stanzas of *Childe Harold*, "*Lausanne and Ferney! ye have been the abodes,*" &c.

Neatly the characters are sketched; but I really dislike to see the infidelity of Gibbon put forward by all parties, as his prominent characteristic. Gibbon was something more than a clever infidel, and religion was what he knew least of, by his own confession, if we except the historical part of it. I for my part can smile at the sneers of Gibbon, and not feel myself one jot the less a Christian.

For the present, adieu.

P. S.—Have you seen Pecchio's letters to Lady Jane Harley, on the Present State of Spain. He is not thought possessed of much talent in his own country, yet the letters are written with liveliness, and contain some interesting matter.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. II.

METINKS it is throwing away a picturesque scene, to describe it in a tour or a letter; the greatest effect produced can be but to excite in the reader a vague wish to see the spot, Idea of it he can have none; and even the most minute detail of lake, and mountain, and sky, with their respective situations and shades, though it might enable one to draw a map of the scene, could never display its character or spirit. In spite of all the late arguments about nature, and about nature's being poetry, I can descry no beauty in written scenery, but as an adjunct to mind, as a stage and background, where passion may be acted or developed with the best effect. What are hills and dales, be they ever so bold or beautiful, unless the romance of genius or of history has been breathed upon the spot. I have just travelled round the Lemman, and passed through the valley of the Rhone, yet not one of the palpable recollections I have preserved from scenes of such unrivalled beauty and magnificence, is equal to Bothwell Bridge, in Old Mortality, when the military stranger contemplates its solitude and tranquillity. The best written tours are, after all, the plain guide-books; they have not the impudence to describe, nor do they, like their more ambitious brethren, anticipate, and consequently destroy first impressions. Indeed, it is a pity, that any thing more should have been attempted amongst us. The Italians, who are an idle, ignorant people, and, like all such, fond of coming to hasty conclusions, judge of our nation from their books of Travels. Such works they wade through, as national vanity supplies the interest; and, moreover, most of our Travels have been reprinted in Italy. Now, what must be their opinion of us? Addison they hear extolled as the very first amongst our departed men of genius—they read his Travels, and find him dull, meagre, ignorant, and bigotted. They then, perhaps, try the received manual of our travellers, Eustace. Never were poorer, more ill-written volumes, displaying total ignorance of the fine arts, and uniting not the smallest portion of enthusiasm to the small stock of classical knowledge he possessed.

His partiality is amusingly ridiculous, he criticises the very dust of the Simplicon road, sooner than allow any merit to the French. Nor is his taste less remarkable; he in one place even ventures to declare his preference of Pignotti to Petrarch, a judgment calculated to afford no small amusement to Italians. In Forsyth they find a *small-fungus* of a pedagogue, wanting every thing but English spleen and architectural cant. Matthews, to be sure, was a gentlemanly writer, perhaps too flippant and unfeeling for one who trod the scenes of old; but, *longo intervallo*, the best of them. Of Byron, who is a kind of poetical tour-writer, the Italians know astonishingly little. What they do know of him, which is for the most part gained through the mediums of the French translation, tends but to degrade him and the nation, which at least gave him birth. They first of all see, that, in general, the English allow his Lordship to be their greatest living poet. They then perceive how extensively and eternally he but imitates them; and the scale of excellence in their own literature being marked by the imitated and imitators that succeeded each other, they place his Lordship at the head of English poetry, and the bottom of Italian, and arrange national pre-eminence accordingly. Few men of talent have certainly done more than Byron to elevate English poetry in reality, but no one has ever degraded it so much in the esteem of foreign nations.

Let them think what they please.—We left Lausanne and its military hubbub without much regret, and drove along the side of the Lake to Vevey, encountering still, to our great annoyance, vast armies of the Swiss. I mounted to the church to see the tomb of Ludlow, and found the prospect of the Lake much more interesting than the black slab of the republican. A most delicious spot certainly is Vevey; every spot of ground, up to the very top of the mountain, is covered with the vine, although every row almost, is obliged to be propped by a kind of terrace. This land, utterly valueless and unproductive before the emigration of the reformers, is now worth 10,000 francs an acre. Passed Clarens, a

straggling line of houses, running down the mountain-side to the lake; but their poverty is happily concealed by clusters of trees, that allow scarce a single house of the village to be visible. Near it is a chateau, that might well have been Wolmar's, and opposite is Meillerie. I was affected, contrary to all expectation, in passing; I actually shed one tear, be it recorded, and though I desired to feel another drop, for the sake of recording the phenomenon in the plural number—he would not come. But really, and in good truth, Christopher, I have a conscience;—we have done Jean Jaques some wrong, and it must be amended—nay, I vowed atonement on the soil of Clarens, and have serious thoughts of writing his life. Advertise it as in the press, for it is very probable I may yet see about it, and the work won't take more than three years to finish.

We walked into the dungeon at Chillon, and found it much larger than we could have supposed, supported by six pillars, in one of which is a small ring, to which, they say, Bonnard was chained. The dungeon is very lofty, rather dark, and the floor covered with the pebbles of the lake, some of which divers of the party thought proper to pocket. The inscription of *Liberlé et Patrie* upon the walls, was somewhat opposite in spirit to the raw head and bloody-bone stories, which the damsel of the Castle wanted us to believe. A little to the left, towards the embouchure of the Rhone, is the solitary small isle, with its three trees, mentioned by Byron; there is also a little hut upon the island, too unpoetical, however, to be mentioned by him. In a few minutes we bade farewell to the Leman, and entered the valley of the Rhone. This valley, ninety miles long, is traversed in its whole extent by the Rhone, which by no means answers to the poet's "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," it being, like all the Alpine rivers, of a whitish colour. It is not, until having passed the Lake, that the Rhone assumes its blue colour at Geneva, a little beyond which, it meets the Arve, which is white like the Rhone itself, ere it joins the Lake. It is curious to observe the distance which the different rivers run in the same channel without mingling. The valley of the Rhone, the guide-books will tell you, contains the vegetable

productions of all climates, from those of Lapland, to those of the torrid zone. Not unlikely, thought I, reading the inflated description in the carriage, and broiling from excessive heat; while the Diablerets, topped with snow and ice, rose precipitously with their bases on our left hands. I never felt more suffocatingly hot. We diverged a little from the road to visit the salt mines of Bex, and travelled a long way in the dark to the bottom of the mine, whence we were told the stars can be seen at noon-day. An unpollite cloud, however, left our doubts on the subject just as they were. Strange stories were related of an Englishman, that used himself to be enclosed in the chamber with the salt boiler for two hours each day for a long time. Five minutes' confinement is, it seems, quite sufficient to suffocate any living creature. It is a lovely drive from Bex to St Maurice, which is the limit between the Canton de Vaud and that of the Valais, and no sooner do you cross its beautiful bridge, than you are sensibly made to perceive the difference. To cleanliness, cultivation, and all the signs of industry and wealth, succeed filth and decay, fields and houses alike neglected,—the worst part of Ireland is not worse. And what is most astonishing, is, the instantaneous change perceived in the physiognomy; the features of the two people are as distinct as possible. There cannot be a more comely race than the Vandois, nor a more ugly than the Valaisans. Even to the very costume, all is different: a straw hat, in shape resembling the bonnets painted or placed on Mandarin figures amongst us, seems the original coiffure of the females of the Vaud,—'tis odd, but not unpicturesque. The Valaisans have villainous flat-crowned hats, somewhat resembling those of the Welsh peasantry. I need not say the resemblance between the two people ends there. What may be the causes of this striking difference, is to be divined by some one who has made a longer stay in the country than we did. The Vaud is of the Reformed Religion,—the Valais, Catholic, to the very utmost. There are not so many convents, perhaps, to be met with in traversing the whole breadth of Italy, by any road, as are found collected in this one valley. And beautiful certainly their white edifices and steeples, perched here and there on

every inviting summit, render the declivities that overhang the road. You meet one at every turn, in every commanding situation, most generally on the side of the mountains, half way up, with a town, when the site permits it, clustered around them for protection. They seem to have throughout replaced the old baronial residences, of which there exists not a vestige, except the noble ruins of the three castles at Sion. At St Meurice is a famous convent of Capuchins; the abbey is celebrated in the history of the country. Byron could not have chosen a fitter ecclesiastic to attempt the salvation of Manfred. Situated as it is, jammed in between two of the noblest Alps, the Dent du Mislé, and the Dent de Moreles, the bases of which are only separated by the Rhone, and the fine Roman bridge thrown over it,—the name and town of St Meurice must have made an impression on the poet.

Martigny, our next stage, is the place whence travellers must set out to cross the grand St Bernard; another mountain path leads from it over the Colle de Balini to Chamounix and Mount Blanc. Not far from Martigny, and conveniently near the road, is the celebrated cascade with the ugly name, more elegantly called the *Chute de la Sallenche*, but known to all ranks and sexes on the continent, under the name of the Pisse Vache. It is a perpendicular fall of three hundred feet, rendered much finer by the narrowness of the bed from which it shoots. At Tourtemain, some thirty or forty miles further, is another fall, by some considered superior to that of the Sallenche; the body of water is much greater, though it does not fall from such a height, nor so perpendicularly as the Pisse Vache. Sion, the capital of the Valais, is a town of the most romantic situation. On a hill that rises above the town, in the middle of the valley, quite isolated from the grand chains of the Alps, are three castles, one above another. The view from the highest, both up and down the valley, is beyond all description; it is called the Tourbillon, a noble name I hold for a baron of romance: I wonder Mrs Radcliffe never laid hold of it. Here, says Ebel, is a curious chapel, containing portraits of all the bishops of Sion. I discovered the chapel converted into a cow-house, although it seemed quite a riddle to me how cattle could get up

VOL. XII.

there. In amusing myself with the mitred skulls painted in hundreds on the wall, with numerous inscriptions beneath them, I discovered one of my countrymen amongst them, who was designated, as far as my powers of spelling could ascertain, *Sauctus Untherm de Angliâ, Ippolitus Novi Castri*. But it would be endless to relate to you all the fine things we saw along the road.

From the Lemau to Brieg, where one quits the valley of the Rhone to ascend the Simplon, is seventy miles. Brieg is a beautiful little town, and completely new, having been frequently taken and retaken, and at length utterly destroyed by the French in ninety-eight. It contains, among other curiosities, a large establishment of Jesuits, almost the only spot now allowed throughout Europe to a society once so powerful and universal. Six hours brings one to the top of the Simplon; it may be about two leagues up in a straight line, but the winding road, which rises only so many yards in the mile, at least quadruples the distance. The road is in capital order throughout the entire passage, notwithstanding the croaking of so many travellers. We undertook to walk up, but soon repented of this determination, and stopped at the second *Refuge*, to get some *flesche* and *brode*—terrible gibberish is this German certainly, for all the enthusiasm of your *Horæ*. Trees and forests have sunk vastly in my imagination, since having been upon the Simplon; the mountain absolutely makes nothing of them. They seem to spring up like so many sturdy weeds, to be rooted by the first gust, and precipitated in hundreds below. The streams were choked with trunks of trees, as if they were but heaps of straw carried down. The wood on the Swiss side is in general spruce fir; on the Italian side, the larch is much more prevalent. This in winter must greatly increase the dreary appearance of the Italian part of the Simplon; in itself, indeed, much more romantic, fine and abrupt, than the northern. The great beauty of our ascent was the town of Brieg, which, at every successive turn of the road, was seen distant and more distant, till at last we could merely descry its white steeples, like specks upon the misty blue space, to which the valley had faded. We descended two leagues to reach the town

of Simplon, where we slept, and were cool enough. The Italian side is much finer than the other, alternately more beautiful and more sublime; in a straight line it traverses twice the space that the other side does, and does not at all present the same monotony. The cutting the road, too, must have been a much more difficult task; although the magnitude of the undertaking has been greatly over-rated. I completely agree with Forsyth in ridiculing the bombastic name of galleries bestowed on a few paltry excavations in the rock. Forsyth says, what are they to Gibraltar? The superiority of the southern

ascent over the other is greatly increased by the river Divario, as our tourists call it—it is Dovedro, in Amoretti. This torrent accompanies the road the whole way, till it joins the Torso near Domo D'Ossola. At Isella we were visited by the Piedmontese *douane*, and met with neither trouble nor extortion—this, however, may not always be the case. The vale of Domo has been a thousand times described, but never exaggerated; but I am in Italy, and must reserve my first introduction to her for fresh enthusiasm, and a new sheet.—Thine ever, &c. &c.

ON THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRESSES.

Monteneco, near Leghorn, Sept. 20, 1822.

SIR,—Will you allow me to offer a few perhaps too unconnected thoughts upon the singular aspects which our agricultural affairs at present offer to our reflection? If our agriculture is in a suffering, and, if I may say so, diseased state, one very material branch of the national industry and wealth cannot be thus affected, without indirectly shedding the same baneful influences on all the other great sources of national prosperity around it. Plenty, if we may believe every report which reaches us here, has been waning in laughing luxuriance over the plains of Britain, yet the more abundant our harvests are, the louder and more general is the cry of the agriculturist! To give this strange person perfect satisfaction, if we may believe all experience, from the times in which Maro sung, even unto our own days, is, I can well believe, impossible. Yet there does seem some reason in the present complaint—the prices of all produce have certainly fallen nearly one-half, while the public burdens have not decreased in any thing like a similar ratio. This is at least one cause, probably amongst many, of the discontents. The farmer, at all events, asserts, that he cannot pay his rents, and is in the utmost distress, and that this distress, *horrendum dictu!* strange to say, is, with every new blessing of a more than abundant produce, progressively increasing!

The cause of all this no one can exactly define; it is fair, then, to suppose, that not one, but many causes combine in producing these grievous

effects. It is now, however, at least tacitly acknowledged on all sides, (for the labours of the last Session of Parliament have been dedicated chiefly to lessen this evil,) that taxation is one of the causes of the national distress. Every party, and even faction, in the House of Commons have been uniting their endeavours, whether "of strife or of love," to search out every possible retrenchment, and although much has been done in relieving the public burdens, we may very fairly doubt, whether all that will be required has been effected. Now, I own that I am one of those who believe that there is but one sole effectual remedy, which alone appears to be more than a temporary palliation, and which, were it boldly and prudently adopted, would place our beloved country in a state of prouder pre-eminence among the nations than it has ever yet held, namely, the gradual liquidation of the national debt. But against this measure many and various, and seemingly weighty objections are urged. Many of these are now before me, brought up in "long array" against Mr Heathfield's plan, &c. &c. in the xxxiv Number of your Magazine. Must I confess my audacity in stating to you, that they do not seem so insurmountable as you therein appear to suppose?

Many hints have been latterly thrown out that a composition with the national creditor would be a desirable, if not a necessary measure. But the question is, how could such a measure be, equitably, and without violating public faith, effected? and, moreover,

what benefits are likely to result from such an arrangement? It is very clear, that any attempt to lower the interest of the national debt, by any means short of actual payment of the debt, would be a direct violation of good faith. For instance, reduce the 4 per cents to 3 per cents—is it the one per cent per annum which you alone take from the creditor? By no means. This reduction of his interest at once mulcts him £20 in every £100 of his capital; and no man of common honesty or sense (I say it in the face of the “Kent County Meeting”) can deny that any such measure would not be literally swindling the public creditor out of his property under false pretences.

The nation should remember who and what the public creditor is; against whom Cobbet and Carlile (whose dearest wishes are to raise every man's hand against the life and property of his neighbour) have been labouring to direct the public odium. It is not the contractor of the public loans only; it is not the banker and capitalist, or merchant, (much of whose nominal possessions in the funds belong to others) but the hard-working, the industrious, and the prudent in all the classes of society, throughout all the professions, and sciences, and arts; the widow, the orphan, the younger branches of landed families; the servant now, and even the agricultural labourer, with their hard-earned savings, which are to be included in the general idea of the national creditor. In the public securities their little all, collected, in many cases, by degrees, and by hard exertion, is invested. And are these the persons to be wronged by harsh and unjust dealing, when the nobility and landed proprietors of Britain, whose property is so much more secure, so much more vast, withdraw themselves from equal sacrifices? The great mass of public creditors have had nothing on earth to do with ministers or their loans, or the contractors of these loans, for they have not, and never had, representatives in Parliament. Who, in fact, have created the nation-

al debt? The landed interest, for their own security. They who are now loudest in their cry against the burden; they alone had the power of raising it, in sending their representatives to Parliament, as their commissioners, to raise whatever loans were necessary to their defence. Is there not something singular that the people cannot and will not see this plain truth; and that they suffer such creatures as Cobbett to hoodwink their understanding on such a plain point of justice? What possible right can the landed interest have to complain of those very beings who assisted them in the common hour of peril and distress? What right have they to envy the far less secure, and equally honestly gained property of their neighbour? Dare they urge that it was dishonestly acquired? Why, they themselves, by their commissioners, raised these loans at the *fair rate of interest of the day*; and if any are chargeable with betraying the interests of the nation, to their door alone the crime is to be traced. The odium, therefore, which the aiders and abettors of Radicalism* have endeavoured to throw upon the public creditor, is as false and ungenerous, as it is full of the most selfish ingratitude and hypocrisy.

To return, however. A composition might be effected, embracing equally the interest of all parties, and that, I think, without staining the national character with the least reproach. Reverting to the principles of the debt, the contractor, in making loans with government, never, it is a notorious fact, looked for the ultimate repayment of £100 for every £60 advanced, as forming any part of his gains. He thought of nothing further than securing a just rate of interest for the money he really did advance. Nor did he place his hope of recompence upon this. No sooner is the loan contracted for, than the contractor deals it out, in small portions, to the public, at an advanced rate; and in this difference of price, which he receives immediately, does he obtain all the gain he ever speculated on. He then “has his re-

* Can it be true that Mr Bennet declared in the House of Commons, that he had no participation in raising the loans which form the national debt? hereby insinuating, that the terms were always fraudulent, and that he was the only honest man in that house? I'll not believe it, though Galignani's Messenger reported it from the English papers. If he did, how peculiarly modest some men are! He wishes also to obtain credit for being peculiarly charitable. Alas! “Charity vaunteth not itself—thinketh no evil.”

ward," and the nation may fairly conclude that he has had full and sufficient satisfaction and payment.

Nor has the public creditor, receiving a portion of any loan from the contractor, ever hoped even that he shall receive £100 for perhaps every £65 or upwards which he has given. All he has looked to, was receiving a regularly paid interest for the money which he embarked. All that he then, whether a foreigner or native, can, in reason or equity, require, is, that neither his principal money nor his interest shall be unfairly deteriorated, and any principle that shall place both the one and the other on a more secure footing, cannot but be cheerfully, and even thankfully embraced. Constituted as the national debt now is, it never can be nationally repaid. The holder of the 3 per cents having a fictitious and nominal capital, which would give him an undue advantage over every other kind of property, in any attempt to pay off the debt; while, on the other hand, if the debt, or part of it, be not paid off; his interest will, with the falling value of produce, or, above all, by the breaking out of new wars, be placed every succeeding year in a more precarious state, and it will be ultimately impossible, the debt always increasing, to pay it. It is then the public creditor's interest to embrace any measure that shall secure him at least the same money that he advanced, on one hand, and the same interest the nation stipulated, on the other. But he must guard himself against the financial chicanery of the day, unfairly reducing his interest; and the only way to do this effectually, is to name such a minimum of principal, *to be paid in hard cash, when paid*, yet saving the right to purchase at the market price, as shall act as a protection. The 4 per cents will protect themselves; my observations relate only to the 3 per cents; and it appears to me that 85 per cent would protect the holder from all unfair dealing, and would also put that property on a far safer and more popular footing. It may not be too much to assert, that were books opened at the Bank by the authority of Parliament, for the purpose, the vast majority of holders (whether foreigners or natives) would gladly assent to such a proposal.

But what relief would this be?

None whatever, yet a preparative to real relief. A merely nominal debt of ninety or one hundred millions is got rid of, bearing no interest in reality. This frees the nation from not one iota of the burden which oppresses it, namely, the interest of the debt. But it places all properties upon a just and equal footing, to go forward to the one great remedy which alone can free them from the difficulties under which they labour. In fact, the landed proprietor has now a trifling superiority.

One objection urged against paying off the national debt might be thus got rid of; but it is asserted, that it is well nigh impossible, and, at all events, impracticable, to effect such a levy upon the national property, as shall be sufficient to discharge either a part or the whole of the debt on just and equitable principles. There is only one way, it is true, by which the debt can be liquidated; and the national security fortunately requires, that the attempt should be made *by degrees*, which will enable the government to foresee and to avert any evil consequence that might arise.

But there exists no impossibility of ascertaining proper means to regulate this payment, which might be made on well known practicable principles. Where was the impossibility of ascertaining the value of the income of the country? And if the income could be ascertained, why may not the property? The value of land, and of every species of property through all its varied forms, is perfectly well known, and all this will be as readily acknowledged. But how is money to be procured for this property, or that proportion of it which must be sold to pay each person's quota of the national debt? This is the next objection.

We will suppose that 10 per cent is to be raised on the national property.—A. has L.20,000 in money.—B. has a similar sum, invested in land, commerce, manufactures, profession, &c. &c.—A. at once pays his L.1000. But B. cannot command that sum without being forced to sell in an already enormously overstocked, and therefore most unfavourable market. Is there no medium course? Is there no device by which he may make an equivalent payment, without this, to him, almost ruinous proceeding?—Assuredly there is not one acre of land, not a single ship, not one bale of goods,

not a house or "steam engine," or any one individual trifle in which property is vested, that need be forced into the market. Let B.'s property be subjected to a proportional annuity, redeemable if he please, (or if it be a chargeable investment, let B., on the profession or craft to which B. belongs, be subjected to an income tax) of 10 per cent for fourteen years, which will have precisely the same effect.—A.'s L.1000 at compound interest, yields L.2000 in 14 years.—B.'s L.100 a-year, yields at compound interest L.2000 at the close of the fourteenth year.

It is childish to suppose, that debt can individually or nationally be got rid of without self-denial, and exertion, and suffering. To argue that the nation cannot bear an income-tax, is to urge that which is notoriously false. But such a measure would cause suffering. This might, however, be alleviated, by the public creditor at once paying his quota in money, and by those landed proprietors who have the means in the public funds or elsewhere, being compelled to compound also for their estates; by which means a great and instant relief would be afforded to those classes of society who must necessarily embrace the other alternative of submitting to an annuity or income-tax. Let government guarantee to the public creditor and such landed proprietors, the faithful and strict exaction of such annuities and incomes, and perhaps 10 per cent on the national property, which could be at once compounded for, would effect an instant relief of seven millions of taxation to the country. The increase of taxation necessary to pay this 10 per cent income or annuity-tax, would thus, probably, not in reality add the burden of more than a 5 per cent income tax, when set off by this remission. This relief, therefore, would go far to facilitate the payment of these annuities and incomes. The greater the number of persons, in whatever way their property is invested, that can at once pay their quota, the greater of course would be the relief; and with this guarantee from government, it would be every individual's interest, at once to pay his proportion.

But should the Professions, &c. be included to the same amount in this measure? Assuredly, by way of income tax, for this special purpose of paying off the debt. They, in common

with the nation at large, through all its ranks, and stations, and conditions, indirectly pay the interest of the debt, and the measure, embraced as it would be for the benefit of all, should be as generally extended as possible, and to the same amount; for we ought in justice to pay for the wars in which we have involved ourselves, and not to leave their effects on our posterity.—Much has been said of a graduated income-tax; but wherever income is, it represents property. The soldier has only an income; yet we well know that a Lieutenant-colonelcy of dragoons, producing only L.500 per annum, yet sells for L.10,000. In the navy no sale of commissions is allowed; but the pay of both soldier and sailor is a perpetual income, arising out of, and secured upon, the property of the nation. The clergy have only an income, but that income arises from real landed property. The legal profession have their regularly established gains, and splendid national incomes are held out as the reward of superior talents. The same reasoning may be pursued throughout, with but few exceptions.

By immediate payments, or by annuity, and income-tax, for a given number of years, a great proportion of the national debt might be liquidated; there is no impossibility, no impracticability, in the plan. We may relieve ourselves from our burdens when we please, and to what extent we please; it depends simply on our own will—the way is clear and open. The calculation given is only 10 per cent on the property of the nation; but the principle is precisely the same, if we raise that 10 to 15, 20, or 25 per cent.

Wherever immediate payment could be made, it should be made. Wherever fixed property existed, annuities should be demanded where the individual could not compound for his proportion of the debt, and these annuities the government might dispose of as it does of the land-tax, or any other public security, for the purpose of effecting immediate payments, as many monied individuals would gladly purchase well secured annuities at the just price. Where neither of these modes could be pursued, a regular income-tax for the fourteen years would answer the self-same purpose, and this income-tax might be urged as far, though all the conditions of society, as was thought just and equitable.

In fact, sir, the nation has only to rouse itself from its selfish luxury and indifference, and to assume some slight remains of the doing and suffering energy of its forefathers, to free itself from all these its distresses. With what eyes do the nations of Europe now look upon Great Britain? As a power bound down beyond the possibility of resenting insult and oppression, by an overwhelming mass of debt—such is the fallen station that our country holds, notwithstanding all the boasted glories which it has reaped from the long and arduous struggle it has been engaged in, but which it has left unfinished. Why is it that all our just glories are thus tarnished? simply, because we have neither the courage nor the energy to relieve ourselves from the consequences of our warfare, and thus to reap our full harvest of well-deserved praise. We have attempted to rear our “tower” of freedom and of glory without “counting the cost,” and unwilling to put the finishing hand to that tower, amazed and astonished at the expence, we become the laughing-stock of the earth. *Individual* selfishness paralyzes the powers of the nation, and prevails over public good, or this burden and reproach would not long overpower and grind our energies in the dust. Let this burden be once honestly and justly laid aside, and Great Britain will stand unrivalled in moral character, and therefore

in courage and fortitude, while the national property, freed from all its drawbacks, and relieved from its present difficulties, will, under a Providence, which always blesses the efforts of industry and virtue, be again rapidly augmented.

Like a poor and guilty creditor, we now startle, and cringe, and exclaim, at every new difficulty, plainly as these difficulties will eventually lead us to farther expence, and therefore one degree nearer to the ruin which must eventually overwhelm the never-repenting prodigal. It is a mean, and low-spirited, and even immoral station, enough to destroy the energies of freemen. The right and honest principle of individual freedom, holds good also with nations—“owe no man anything, but to love one another.” Let this just principle be realized by the nation, and all the distresses, and difficulties, and divisions will cease.

If you think these reflections of a leisure hour are likely throw any light upon this subject, or will in any way conduce further to our knowledge, on a subject so interesting to us all individually and nationally, give them a place in your Magazine; if not, they are more easily destroyed than they have been penned.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
T. E.

MEMOIR OF ROSSINI THE COMPOSER.

OF all living composers, Rossini is the most celebrated. He has been invited to every grand theatre of Europe, in succession. Last year he was to have presided at the King's Theatre in London; but love, or indolence, or the Italian passion for Italy, held him within the Alps. This year he has crossed them, and presides at Vienna. Paris next solicits him; and if he be not exhausted by the admiration of the French, or overlaid with their opulence, he will come to London; the last, leftiest, proudest, and most lavish of capitals, fed upon by men of song.

Joachim Rossini was born in 1791, at Pesaro, a little town of the Papal States on the Gulph of Venice. The Papal government requires from its subjects the regular payment of taxes,

and the strict attendance on mass.—Its subjects, on the other hand, require from the Papal government free will in every thing else; and on the strength of this compact, all the tastes, propensities, and passions of man, flourish and luxuriate in a fearless vigour, that would astonish the more slavish governments of France and England. Man may do what he will, or be what he will, in that land of sensibility. This, it is true, fills the roads with banditti; but it crowds the convents with monks; it fills the palaces with *****; but it never leaves the *Casinos* destitute of beauty; it fills the streets with mendicants; but it sends hosts of amateurs upon the stage.

Music, of all arts, the most natural, to an idler, and the most interesting to women, has irresistible inducements

for the Italian, an epicure at best; three parts woman, and the fourth part idler. A guitar and a voice will carry him from Tarento to *Domo d'Ossola*, through Italy, and through life. Sunshine costs nothing; and no man can contrive so well to dispense with clothes; he can be luxurious, when luxury is before him; he can fast, when he has nothing else to do; no living being can out-endure him;—he can live upon an onion,—water,—air.—He “dicts of the camelion’s dish,” and nestling in the mule’s dung of the Apennine, or the bristly straw of Piedmont, he dreams of the pence and plaudits of the Boulevard, or the golden showers of the Haymarket. Rossini’s portion from his father was the true native heirship, a little music, a little religion, such as it is to be had in the *States*, and a volume of *Ariosto*. The rest of his education was consigned to the legitimate school of Southern youth,—the society of his mother, her gossips, and the streets; aided and refined as he grew up by the dark-eyed belles among the barbers and coffeehouse keeper’s daughters of this Papal village.

Rossini went on the stage, *en amateur*. In Italy the stage is not always adopted for a life profession, as in France or England. There an amateur may sing in public for a season or two, and then return to that nondescript station of a dilettante, without its affecting his future pursuits. It appears that Rossini, who is known to sing with infinite taste and spirit the introductory song in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, had no success as a public singer. There were at that time several detached airs of his composition circulating in society, which, though modelled on the style then in fashion, displayed original vivacity. Two or three wealthy amateurs of Venice engaged him to compose an opera. The manager of the theatre entertained but a slight opinion of the composer, from his youth and excessive gaiety, which differed little from the reckless wag-gery of a school-boy. The patrons of Rossini, however, threatened the manager to withdraw their support from him, till he at length consented to bring forward this first operatic attempt of *Il Giovane Pesarese*. This opera was *L'inganno Felice*, in which there are two or three flashes of genius, (the duo, for instance,) but the rest was

merely in the reigning taste. *L'inganno Felice* was played with success.—Soon after, Rossini composed *Il Tancredi*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and *La Pietra di Paragone*, which are ranked among his masterpieces. To be entirely of this opinion, one should have seen them as they were produced at Milan; particularly *L'Italiana*, in which a *Prima Donna* and a *Buffo*—such as *Marcolini* and *Puccini* supported by *Galli*—completely developed the spirit of that beautiful composition.

The opera of *Tancredi* circulated through Italy with great rapidity. The air of *Ti n'vedrò, mi n'vedrai*, was taken from a Greek Litany that Rossini had heard chaunted in one of the islets of the Lagoon near Venice.—This air, to be understood, should be sung, if possible, as *Pasta* sings it.—Rossini, either through indolence, or other motives, has a strong aversion for overtures; so much so, that he did not compose one for *Tancredi*. And at present, in Italy, this opera is preceded by the overture of the *Pietra di Paragone*, or that of the *Italiani*.

Rossini has led the usual life of foreign musicians. *Marcolini* became attached to him. It was for her delicious *contr'alto* voice, and admirable comic powers, that he composed the part of the *Italiana*; the genuine Italian vivacity of which has been too often metamorphosed upon other theatres into dull indelicacy.

Rossini came to Milan, and there assumed the rank which he now holds among composers. He wrote for the Milanese, *La Pietra di Paragone*; and from that moment this extraordinary young man was placed on the same elevation with the *Cimarosas* and *Pacsiellos*. It was there too that he adopted the idea of his *Crescendi*, from *Mosca*, who has composed about a hundred operas, among which is a single good one, *Li Pretendenti Delusi*.

It was there that the prettiest of the pretty women of Lombardy fell desperately in love with him, and quitted her noble *Cavaliere servente*, for the youthful *Maestro*. He made her the first musician probably in all Italy.—Seated by her at the piano, he composed the greater number of those airs which he afterwards introduced in his operas. On leaving Milan, Rossini went to Pesaro to see his family, to whom he is much attached. He

has never been known to write letters but to his mother; and they are thus singularly addressed, "*All Illustrissima Signora Rossini, Madre del celebre Maestro, a Pesaro.*"

Such is the character of the man, who, half in jest, half in earnest, talks of his fame, and candidly refuses to seem ignorant of it. Deriving happiness from the efforts of his genius, amidst the most sensitive people upon earth, surrounded by the homage of the public from the age of eighteen, he has a full consciousness of his own celebrity, and cannot understand why a man so gifted should not be the equal of any man.

About the time of his visit to Pesaro, he was exempted from the almost universal operation of the miserable conscription laws. The Minister of the Interior ventured to propose to the Viceroy of Italy an exception in his favour. The Prince at first hesitated, fearing a reprimand from Parisian head-quarters, but at length yielded to the decided feeling of the public. Rossini went afterwards to Bologna, where the same triumph awaited him.

The Rigorists of Bologna, who exercise as strict a dictatorship over music, as the French Academy over the French language, reproached him, and not without reason, with sometimes neglecting the grammatical rules of harmony in his compositions. Rossini acknowledged the truth of the reproach, but at the same time said, "That none of these faults would have remained, if he had read his MS. twice over. But," added he, "I have only six weeks to compose an opera; the first month is devoted to dissipation, and it is but during the last fortnight that I compose every morning a duo or air, which is to be rehearsed on that very evening. How, then, will you have me perceive the minute errors in the accompaniments?"

Notwithstanding the candour of this excuse, the musical puritans of Bologna made the usual bustle about those venial sins of harmony, though the fact is, that they are almost imperceptible while listening to his music; but a knot of composers, who found themselves completely crushed by the success of a handsome idle youth of twenty, were glad to have something to vent their envy upon. There is not a town in Italy which could

not furnish dozens of these critics, who, for a single sequin, would undertake to correct the errors in any one of Rossini's operas. But he was doomed to attacks more difficult to resist than the pedantic outcry of the Bigonists. His Milanese admirer abandoned her splendid palace, her husband, her children, and her fortune, and one morning plunged, as if from the clouds, into the room occupied by Rossini. They had scarcely met, when the door opening, in rushed one of the richest and most beautiful women of Bologna. A scene ensued not unlike that in the Beggar's Opera, and Rossini, like Macheath, laughed at the rival fair ones, sang them a comic air, and made his escape.

After his success at Bologna, he received offers from every town in Italy. He generally demanded for an opera about a thousand francs, (1240.) He has been known to write three or four in a year. The management of a theatre in Italy is curious. The director is often the most wealthy and considerable person of the little town which he inhabits. He gets together a troop, consisting of a *prima donna*, *basso cantante*, *basso buffo*, a second female singer, and a third *basso*. He engages a maestro (a composer,) to write a new opera, in which he is obliged to adapt his airs to the compass and volume of the company. The director purchases the words of the opera for about 60 or 80 francs, from some unlucky son of the muses. The troop, thus organized, gives from forty to fifty representations in the town for which they were engaged, and then breaks up. This is what is generally called a season, (*stagione*;) the last is that of the carnival. The singers who are not engaged in any of these companies, are usually to be found at Milan or Bologna.

From this sketch of theatrical management in Italy, one may easily form some idea of the kind of life which Rossini led from 1810 to 1816. During that interval he visited all the principal towns of Italy, remaining from three to four months in each. On his arrival, he was welcomed and feted by the dilettanti of the place. The first thirteen or twenty days were passed with his friends, dining out, and shrugging his shoulders at the nonsense which he was obliged to set to music. For, besides his natural

good taste, Rossini, from having been early accustomed to the writings of Ariosto, Goldoni, Machiavelli, and Molière, was fully enabled to judge of the worthlessness of these *soi-disant* poems.

When he had been about three weeks in a town, he began to refuse invitations, and to occupy himself seriously in studying the voices of the performers. He made them sing at the piano, and I have seen him more than once obliged to mutilate and “curtail of their fair proportions,” some of his most brilliant and happy ideas, because the tenor could not attain the note which was necessary to express the composer’s feeling, or alter the character of a melody, because the *prima donna* sang false.

At length, when he had acquired an accurate knowledge of the voices, he began to write. He rose late, and passed the day in composing, in the midst of his friends, who were engaged in conversation around him. Though the day of the first representation was rapidly approaching, he seldom resisted the solicitations of those friends. It was after returning at a late hour from some of their parties, and shutting himself up in his chamber, that he has been visited by his most brilliant inspirations; these he hastily wrote down upon scraps of paper, and next morning arranged them; or, to make use of his own term, *instrumented* them. Rossini has a quick mind, susceptible of impressions, and which can often turn to advantage the most trifling or passing circumstance. When composing his *Mosè*, some one said to him,—“What, you are going to make the Hebrews sing? do you mean they should chaunt as they do in the Synagogue?” The idea struck him, and on returning home, he composed a magnificent chorus, which commences by a kind of nasal twang, peculiar to the Synagogue. The labour of composition is nothing to him; it is the rehearsals which annoy him. During these, the *povero maestro* has to undergo the torture of hearing his finest airs disfigured; yet these very rehearsals are the triumph of Italian sensibility. It was at some of those which took place in a dilapidated chamber, called the *ridotto* of a theatre, in the minor towns, with no other instrument than a crazy piano, that I have decidedly felt that Italy is the native country of music. You may there

hear persons, perfectly ignorant of musical science, sing their parts as if by instinct, with the most admirable spirit and precision. The unprejudiced foreigner in Italy will be soon led to acknowledge, that it is an absurdity to expect either good composers or singers out of sight of Vesuvius. There the infant at the breast is accustomed to the sound of music. We left Rossini at the rehearsal of his opera, with a wretched piano, in the *ridotto* of a little theatre, which obscure little room not only often resounds with the most original and enchanting music, but also becomes the scene of the most ludicrous pretensions and disputes. The green-room of an operatic troop is the chief, if not the sole object, of the attention and conversation of the inhabitants of the whole town. Their future pleasure, or *enemi*, (from the success or failure of the new opera,) during the gayest month of the year, chiefly depends upon the good or bad understanding that exists between the members of this irritable synod. So-grasi, an Italian comic poet, has written a charming lively piece, in one act, upon the adventures of a strolling company of singers.—At length the awful day of the first representation comes. The maestro takes his place at the piano; the theatre overflows; all other occupations cease but that of listening, and even gallantry is hushed. As the overture commences, so intense is the attention, that the flapping of a fan might be heard in the house; but on its conclusion, the most tremendous uproar ensues. It is either applauded to the clouds, or d—d without mercy. It is not in Italy as in Paris, where the first representation is seldom or ever decisive; where unity prevents each man from expressing his individual opinion, lest it should be found in discordance with the opinion of the majority. In an Italian theatre, they scream and stamp with all the violence of persons possessed, while endeavouring to force upon others the judgment which they have formed; for, strange to say, there is no intolerance equal to that of the eminently sensitive. An Italian will tell you, when you hear a man descend calmly upon the fine arts, change the conversation instantly, and talk to him of something else,—such a man may become an excellent magistrate, a good physician, an enterprising merchant,

or a learned academician; any thing you please, except one capable of feeling the charms of music and painting. Such is the tact of an Italian audience, that they always distinguish, on hearing each of the airs of a new opera, whether the merit belongs chiefly to the singer or the composer; if the latter, they shout, "*bravo, maestro!*" Rossini then rises from his place at the piano, his countenance wearing an air of great gravity, and makes three obeisances, which are followed by repeated salvos of applause.

Rossini presides at the piano during the first three representations, after which he receives his 800 or 1000 francs. He rests himself a week or ten days; is invited to a general dinner, given by his friends, that is to say, by the whole town, and then sets out (with his portmanteau full of music-paper) for some other town, there to commence a similar course. On the success of an opera, he generally writes to his mother, and sends her and his aged father the two-thirds of what he has received; and though often travelling with but eight or ten sequins in his pocket, he is the gayest of the gay, and never fails, if he has the good fortune to meet with a blockhead on the way, to turn him into jest. Once going to Reggio, he passed himself off on his fellow-passengers as a *maestro*, the mortal enemy of Rossini. As they went along, he composed the most abominable music to some of the well-known words of his best airs, which he made some of his fellow-travellers sing, and which he criticised in the most ludicrous manner, as being the *chef-d'œuvre* of that mountebank called Rossini, whom none but people of the most execrable taste could admire. Rossini was at length called to Rome. The director of the theatre there having had the words of several operas put aside, by the objections which the police made to them, as containing certain allusions, in a moment of disappointment and ill-humour, proposed *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, which had been already set to music by Paisiello. The government assented. Rossini, who is intellectual enough to be modest, when put in competition with true and acknowledged merit, was extremely embarrassed by the choice. He instantly wrote to Paisiello, acquainting him with the circumstance. The old *maestro*, who, though a man of un-

doubted genius, was not devoid of a mixture of *gasconism*, replied, that he was perfectly content with the choice which the Roman police had made, and that he had no doubt as to the result. Rossini prefaced the *libretto* modestly, shewed Paisiello's letter to all the *dilettanti* of Rome, and immediately set about the composition, which was finished in thirteen days. He has said, that, at the first representation of *Il Barbiere*, his heart throbbed violently on placing himself at the piano. The Romans seemed to consider the commencement of this opera tiresome, and very inferior to that of Paisiello. One of the airs sung by *Rosina* (*Sono Docile*) appeared entirely out of character. They charged Rossini with having substituted the sauciness of a virago, for the complainings of a lovesick and gentle girl. The duett between *Rosina* and *Figaro* drew forth the first applause. The air of *De-li Calunnia* was pronounced to be magnificent, though in fact it resembles a little too closely the air *La Vendetta*, in the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart. The fate of this opera was singular. On the first night it experienced almost a complete failure; and on the second, it obtained the most enthusiastic applause. However, the Roman critics thought they discovered that Rossini had not only been inferior to himself, but to all the celebrated composers, in the expression of impassioned tenderness. *Rosina* finding in *Almaviva* a faithful lover, instead of a faithless seducer, which she has been led to suppose he was, in place of giving herself up to a gush of ecstatic feeling, bewilders her voice, her lover, and her audience, amidst the unmeaning intricacies of roulades and cadences; and yet these very insignificant and ill-placed embellishments are always applauded to the echo in other capitals. Music, and dramatic music in particular, has made a considerable progress since the time of Paisiello. The long and tiresome recitative has been discarded; *marceux d'ensemble* are more frequently introduced, which, by their vivacity and "musical uproar," keep *ennui* at a distance. It was the opinion at Rome, that if Cimarosa had set *Il Barbiere*, it might have been less animated, but would have been much more comic, and infinitely more tender. They also seem to think that Rossini has not approached Paisiello

in the quintetto "Bona Sera," where *Basilio* is entreated to go home.

About this time, M. Barbaglia, of Naples, who, from being a waiter at a coffee-house, had acquired a considerable fortune, and even contrived to ingratiate himself with the King, had judgment enough to perceive that Rossini would be the favourite composer of the day. He therefore drew him to Naples, where he undertook to produce three new operas a-year, for which he was to receive 3000 francs each. Rossini was appointed musical director of *San Carlo*. This arrangement has continued during the last six or seven years; notwithstanding the well-known restlessness of Rossini's character. This unusual constancy is chiefly owing to a devoted attachment with which a Neapolitan lady has inspired him. Rossini composed for *San Carlo*, *Otello*, *Armide*, *Zoraide*, *La Donna di Lago*, *Elizabetta*, *Moisè*, &c. It was in vain that he objected to the Italian imitation, or rather caricature, of *Othello*. The author, *Marquis Berrio*, otherwise a respectable man, moving in, and receiving, the best society in Naples, persisted in maintaining that Shakespeare's *Othello* was a barbarian, and that it was absolutely necessary to correct him. Rossini yielded, but with a groan. He has been often heard to say, that the translation of Shakespeare's *Othello*, by Letoni, froze up his blood; and that before sitting down to compose to the flat and lifeless rhapsody of the *Marquis*, he took care to imbibe inspiration from Leoni's version. However, this inspiration did not seem to commence with the overture, which is very lively, and by no means in accordance with the story. Rossini, in becoming rich, has also become fond of money, and even indolent; which last circumstance has, in some measure, injured his fame; for in some of his later productions, there are not to be found more than one or two original passages; all the rest is little more than a new arrangement of old ideas. The public of Milan, which is the second musical capital of Italy, expressed their conviction of this, at Rossini's last visit, when he came to compose the *Gazza Ladra*; yet never was there more brilliant success than that of its first representation; for the Milanese, though sensible that Rossini had copied himself,

yet were too highly flattered by his having come to compose a new opera expressly for them, to shew any evidence of dissatisfaction; besides, the public enthusiasm was roused to its utmost height by the sublime and tragical powers of Galli and Madame Belloc; but when this intoxication of feeling subsided, and they had leisure to reflect, they discovered that there were some things in this opera too closely resembling the noise and confusion of German music. There was not, however, a dissenting voice as to the lofty beauty of the cavatina, "*Di piacer mi balza il cor*." That air breathes a heartfelt pathos, worthy of Mozart and Cimarosa; the meaning and expression of words have never been more faithfully translated into melody. The same may be said of the prayer sung by Galli, "*Nume beneficio*;" and, strange contradiction, in the same opera, the criminal proceedings commence with a waltz, "*Vuol dir lo stesso*;" and a similar objection has been made to another waltz, which poor *Mietta* sings at the moment of her own condemnation and her father's arrest. But the partisans of Rossini maintained, that it was a merit in him to have disguised the atrocity of the subject, by the light and airy elegance of his *canilena*, and said, that if Mozart had composed the music of the *Gazza Ladra*, as it ought to be composed, that is, in the style of the sombre parts of *Don Giovanni*, it could be productive but of horror, scarcely endurable. Rossini's second journey to Milan was less flattering. He was given a Venetian story to set, *Bianca e Fuliero*; the music of which, from its almost total want of novelty, (being nearly, from beginning to end, a repetition of his former ideas) but escaped being d—d on the first night. The public, however, shewed themselves too severe; for there is a *quartetto* in it, with a clarionet passage, that may be classed with the finest creations of the most celebrated masters. There is nothing in *Il Barbiere* or *La Gazza Ladra* comparable to it. It is a sublime effort of composition; pathetic as Mozart, without his gloom, and superior to the prayer in the last act of *Othello*, it has been introduced, with enchanting effect, into the ballets of Viganò. It was at Rome that Rossini composed *Torvaldo e Dorsiska*. This opera also was little more than a

reminiscence. Ambrogetti, who played the tyrant, sung an *agitato*, which was so undiagnosedly copied from a passage in Othello, that the least practised ear immediately recognised it. In the whole opera there was only one original phrase, but that a beautiful one; it was in the part sung by Camporesi, "Mio Torwaddo dove sei?" Since then, Rossini wrote *Il Turco in Italia*, for the Della Scala at Milan, but which the audience (tired out with continual repetitions) received coldly; and yet Paccini, the first acting buffo in Italy, was irresistibly comic in the part of the husband, particularly when he rushes into a ball-room, in search of his wife. In this scene also the music is incontestibly original and beautiful. French gallantry, which is not love, but a continuous, brisk, and sparkling imitation of what there is most agreeable in that passion, has never been better expressed than in the duetto, "*Le Comprate la Vendete*." The duetto of "*Un bel uso di Turchia*" is full of the most graceful, comic humour, and often reminds one of Paisiello. In Paris they have introduced into this opera some of the airs of *La Cenerentola*, which is of a much more common-place character. The duetto of the two buffos in *La Cenerentola*, when the valet acknowledges his humble functions to the Squire, the father of the three beauties, has been often compared to the duetto, "*Se fiate in corpo avete*," which begins the second act of the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa, and is proof positive how much the light and vivacious music of Rossini differs from the essentially comic compositions of Cimarosa, the Moliere of music. The *Cenerentola*, however, has been represented upwards of four hundred times in Italy. After the success of his principal operas, *Tamcredi*, *L'Italiana*, *La Pietra del Paragone*, *Il Barbiere*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *La donna del Lago*, &c., the Italians would listen to no other than Rossini. The Journal of Bologna, which seldom talks rationally but when it talks of music, counted in 1819 seventeen theatres in Italy, in which Rossini's operas were performing at the same moment, and seven out of Italy,—London; Vienna, Berlin, Lisbon, Barcelona, &c. Upon this occasion Rossini was heard to say, "*Sono il più giovane e il più fortunato di maestri.*"

This extraordinary success is, however, an obstacle to the duration of his popularity; for Italy may be said at present, to be saturated with his music; and the first composer who shall have courage and genius enough not to copy Rossini, and who shall abandon the *crescendo* and the rapid *allegro* movements, and return to the *tempi larghi*, and the true expression of the words, will assuredly dim the lustre of his ascendant.

Rossini's facility in composing is not one of his least extraordinary qualities. Ricordi, the principal music-seller in Italy, and who has made a very large fortune by the sale of Rossini's works, has said that some of the finest airs of the *Gazza Ladra*, were composed in the space of an hour, in a room at the back of his shop, in the midst of 12 or 13 music-copyists; some of whom were dictating aloud to others the music which they had to note.—Vigano, whom Italy presents to the world as proof, that she is still the queen of the fine arts, has adapted his pantomimical tragedies, called *Ballets*, to Rossini's airs; for instance, Othello, La Vestale, Mirreha. Vigano having taken care to choose only the best of those airs, it often happens, that after seeing one of his ballets, the opera appears tame. Another unfortunate circumstance for Rossini is, that the *semi-seria* opera has come much into fashion, which has led him to adopt a kind of amphibious style, neither *buffo* nor *seria*. Every one in Italy agrees, that the serious opera is dull, and besides, it is a species of composition that requires the utmost perfection in the performance. One serious opera in the year at *La Scala*, or *San Carlo*, is found to be quite sufficient. In the present deplorable state of Italy, it would afford some kind of relief to find cheerfulness at the theatre; and yet, as the prices of admission to the *semi-seria* are higher than those of the *buffo*, the proprietors will bring forward none but *semi-serie* operas. This is inauspicious for Rossini, whose genius is most eminently fitted for the pleasurable and voluptuous. An intense indulgence is the ground-work of his finest airs. This is so evident, particularly in the fine duo of the *Aronida*, that the Italian ladies are sometimes extremely embarrassed in expressing their opinion of its beauties. This duo, a quartet in

Bianca e Faliero, and three passages in the *Tancredi*, are Rossini's *chef-d'œuvre* in the impassioned style.

The pleasure which music gives arises from its power of leading the imagination through an exquisite but evanescent series of illusions. The chief characteristic of Rossini's music, is an extraordinary rapidity, which does not permit the mind to indulge in those profound emotions and soothing reveries, that the slow movements of Mozart so seldom fail to awaken. Yet this velocity is accompanied by a sparkling freshness that calls up involuntary delight. Hence it is, that, compared with his compositions, all other music in general appears heavy and dull.

But this ever changing brilliancy, is perhaps the chief reason why his compositions leave no profound impression behind them. They may be said, in the words of Shakespeare,

"To be too rash—too unadvised—too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say—it lightens."

Even at present, the most distinguished amateurs of Italy are crying out for some change. What will it be twenty years hence, when the *Barbieri* shall be as long known to the public as the *Matrimonio Segreto*, or *Don Giovanni*, is now? In "*Othello*," founded as it is on jealousy, is there a single air that depicts so faithfully that cruellest of passions, as the *Fedro mentreo sospiro* of the Conte Almaviva in *Le Nozze di Figaro*?

At the representation of a piece, in which the composer has endeavoured to express human passion, a considerable degree of attention is necessary, in order to feel the emotion which he wishes to produce. It is scarcely necessary to add, that even attention alone will not be sufficient, if the minds of the hearers be not susceptible of profound emotion. Now, on the contrary, in the compositions of Rossini, many passages, speaking generally, are little more than brilliant airs—and consequently it requires but very slender attention to derive pleasure from them; and in most instances, the mind has little or nothing to do in the affair.

The misfortune of Rossini is, that

he treats the passion of love but as a mere affair of gallantry. He is never sad,—and what is music without melancholy?

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."

As farther proof of an opinion expressed at the commencement of this article, relative to Rossini's style being the amusing, I shall observe, that although his operas, like all other Italian operas, were composed with a view to their being divided by a ballet or interlude, yet his are the only operas which rise triumphant from the severe ordeal to which they are subjected in Paris, where there is the absurd custom of giving three successive hours of music. The fatigue produced by this becomes insupportable in *Don Giovanni*, and other impassioned operas. After those representations, every one quits the theatre either with a head-ache, or in a state of complete exhaustion; while, on the contrary, Rossini's music, by the too often stooping to light and ephemeral graces, accommodates itself to this singular arrangement of the Parisian theatre, and most frequently comes off victorious.

Rossini intends to visit London.—The manager of the King's Theatre, in order to rouse and stimulate his genius, should give the illustrious *Maestro* the two excellent poems of *Don Giovanni*, and the *Matrimonio Segreto*, to set. It would be highly interesting to see the competition between Mozart, Cimarosa, and Rossini.*

Rossini has lately married, after the customary fashion of genius—to precisely the reverse of what one might expect, to a Senora Colbrano; a Spaniard by birth, and a singer by profession; who never had beauty—has no longer a voice, and is no longer young. She has since performed at Vienna, where Rossini directed the opera. The Germans were all astonished at the reputation which she had contrived to make in Italy; her voice was feeble; they said that it was tuneless,—and the proud Senora, the Queen of the *San Carlo*, was in imminent danger of being hissed. By a rare contingency, tenderness for the husband saved the wife from being undone.

* AS TO COMPETITION between Rossini and Mozart, was there ever a competition between a fairy-tale and a pine-apple? The milk-woman poetess and Milton!—(Gad-zooks!—C. N.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

CHAP. V.

Let me tell you that *Order* in all things is good ;
 The Mason shews that in his piling of stones :—
 Hence walls straight and tall as the mast from the deck.—
 And *Exercise*—smartish—by all's understood
 As an excellent ridder of salt from the bones :—
 Hence niggling and bousing forever,— Quoth Jack.

[Having been obliged to delay our Man-of-War's-Man for so many months, we fear our readers will almost have lost sight of poor Davis. We beg to remind them, that it is written for the purpose of exhibiting a faithful picture of our British naval society and manners, as they existed in the latter years of our late unexampled war. By turning to vol. x. p. 161, they will find an account of our hero's entering on board a man of war as a landsman volunteer, and p. 419, his reception on board the Yarmouth guard ship ; finally, vol. xi. p. 15, his arrival on board his own ship the Totumfog. In this chapter we resume the narrative.]

His Majesty's sloop of war the Totumfog now stood on, under easy sail ; and our hero passed through Hollesly Bay with mingled sensations of wonder and delight—for an immense number of deeply-laden craft, of all sizes and shapes, augmented every moment by fresh arrivals, lay here at anchor, waiting with impatience the return of the fast-ebbing tide to stretch away into the forest-masted Thames, there to minister, with their cargoes, to the wants, and comforts, and luxuries of the myriads of London. And such was the bustle and varied noise of this vast assemblage—some getting foul of each other ; others repairing, with the most noisy alacrity, their recent injuries, whether of accident or the weather ;—and others, again, diligently watching for the turn of the tide, eager, like hounds in a leash, to start away for the wished-for haven, that while it could not fail of giving a less impartial spectator than Edward the grandest ideas of the riches, and power, and prosperity of his country, might well itself have been termed a *City on the Deep Waters*. Although he felt every inclination, on this occasion, to indulge a little in those gratifying reflections which the *amor patriæ*, aided by the sublimity of such a cheering scene as now presented itself, was so well calculated to inspire in a sanguine and yet untutored mind, yet was he speedily reminded that such discussions formed now-a-days no part of his duty, by the Boatswain's piping, *All hands to muster, hey !* and the Totumfog soon saw her whole ship's company huddled on her quarter-deck.

While every one was curious to know what was going to be transacted, Captain Switchem suddenly made his appearance in proper fighting costume, and, taking his stand at the capstan, after his first lieutenant had called out " Off hats !" thus began his speech :— " I congratulate you all, my lads, and I thank God also, that at last we've got fairly clear of the harbour ; for there, you must have been well aware, you could learn no good to yourselves, and indeed were of no farther service to your country than to destroy her provisions. You must also have known well, that during the short time we have been together, we have had very little order amongst us, and still less regularity I believe. Now, my lads, as we've at last, thank God, got into what you call five fathom water, and, I trust, in a promising way of being useful to our King and country, by the destruction or capture of their enemies, we have just reached the exact point where confusion and misrule must have an end, and steady, orderly ship-shape discipline must begin. Contrary, therefore, to my first intention, I now think it my duty, as your commander, to read in your hearing so much of the Articles of War as is applicable to your several cases, both blue-jackets and marines ; and I can assure you I do so, to put it out of all of your powers to plead ignorance if you transgress them."

With this enlivening proemium, pronounced with an emphasis and shew of teeth which excited great wonderment, he now commenced reading those portions of the Act which are exclusively devoted for the observance

of all seamen, landsmen, and marines ; but through which, as partaking too much of the glorious iteration and never-ending mazes of the inns of court, we have no desire to follow him. The various high offences were, *Mutiny, or refusing to obey orders—Desertion of post, and of the service—Sleeping, or negligence of duty on post—Running away with a King's boat, or deserting to the enemy—Drunkenness at quarters, on watch, in chase, or action—Thieving of every description*—and several other crimes which we shall not name—the penalty for the commission of any of which he most solemnly, while he emphatically gnashed his teeth, pronounced to be "*Death!*" or such other punishment as a court martial, in the consideration of all the circumstances of the case, shall deem it to deserve."—After going through this appalling enumeration, which to all appearance had a powerful effect in solemnizing a goodly number of merry faces, he unwittingly followed them up by reading a succeeding article, which not only had the effect of breaking the charm which the terror of the oft-repeated threat of *Death!* had naturally enough inspired, but was the occasion of much wit and laughter afterwards. 'This article, so unfortunately stuck in, relating only to officers and their subalterns committing any of the aforesaid crimes, all ears were more than commonly attentive ; when coming to the place where the word *Death* was usually inserted, and hearing him read, " Shall be cashiered and dismissed the service, or such other punishment," &c. it had the instantaneous effect of restoring most of the rueful faces to their habitual grin, and of drawing forth some brief whisperings from others, who were screened from the eyes of their superiors, not remarkably favourable to the impartiality of the framers of the act.

Captain Switchem, however, warned by a gentle dodge on the elbow from his first lieutenant, soon appeared to be sensible of the error he had committed, and allowed them no time for remark ; for, immediately closing the book, he concluded his speech on these death-dealing articles in the following manner :—" I have now, my lads, read you the Articles of War, which, as I told you before, backed with a few minor regulations of my

own, which I intend to draw out for you, must in future be the rule of every man's conduct. I will, therefore, now conclude, by repeating them to you once more in as few words as I can. Let every one of you do your duty with cheerfulness, vigilance, and alacrity, and both myself and every one of your officers will highly regard and respect you : again, Be faithful, good humoured, and honest to your shipmates, and I've little doubt but they will love you : and, lastly, If to sobriety and steadiness to the necessary duties of the ship, you add a careful attention to cleanliness in your persons and clothing, it will not only greatly tend to your own individual comforts and the preservation of your healths, but it will save me a vast deal of unnecessary trouble, and yourselves a vast deal of unnecessary vexation and pain—for less than this, I honestly tell you, I will take from no man."—Then wheeling round, he said, " By the bye, Pyke, will we have time, think you, to form the watches before dinner ?"

" O yes, sir," replied his first lieutenant ; "'tis not yet seven bells."

" Ah ! very good—I'm glad on't.—Mr Fudgeforit—where's my clerk ?—Oh, you're there—Mr Fudgeforit, be so good as muster these fellows as smartly as you like—And d'ye hear, my lads, after you have answered your call, go forward to the fore-castle, and rank yourselves up in a single line, one close to the other—like the marines, you know—on both sides the vessel all the way aft here. I am going to pick out the watches, and assign you your proper stations, while we have time and the weather is good ; and, mind me, the various duties I now give you, I certainly shall expect you will hereafter execute and attend to both with care and punctuality—Serjeant, you will plant your marines in the same way athwart the deck, abaft the mainmast there—No, hang it ! they'll be right in the way there, so that will not do—Zounds ! (scratching his forehead) stick them up on the top of the round house."

Mr Fudgeforit now took his turn at the capstan, and in a short time whirled over the name of every man and boy aboard ; who were all marshalled up, by the united exertions of the serjeant and his corporals, into something like a very bad line. The Captain and

his Lieutenants, attended by the humble Fudgeforit, now went slowly round the deck along this line, examining the person, and inquiring into the abilities, of each individual, who, according as he happened to please in his answers to their various interrogatories, received his watch and station in the ship, which was immediately entered by the clerk into a list which he had previously prepared. In this classification our hero was appointed a foretopman of the larboard watch.

Captain Switchem having thus finished all his arrangements regarding the full watches and various stations of the ship, proceeded now to divide them into halves, to each of which divisions he appointed a midshipman. Then calling the four young gentlemen together, he pointed out their respective divisions to them, told them their stations, and explained to them their duty; then ordered them to wait on Mr Fudgeforit immediately after dinner, to copy from him a list for muster and top duty. "And now, my lads," said he, addressing all hands, "as the wind keeps steady, and you've had a pretty long spell on deck to-day, I shall not want you any more until I have dined myself: when, if nothing extraordinary occurs, I intend to give each of you a fair opportunity of displaying your abilities, and letting me see what sort of stuff you are made of.—Boatswain's mate, pipe to dinner."

As the dinner had been long ready, and the appetites of most were keen, little of any thing like conversation took place until the grog was produced, when various remarks were made on the proceedings of the day.

"Why, hear me out now, Dan," cried one of Edward's messmates; "what the blazes can be more unfair, than to twist my neck, because I'm a common hard-working man, and of some use, for the same crime, if you can call it one, that if one of our gim-cracks here, in a fine coat, who is of no use, commits, he will only be dismissed and put safely on shore. Blast my toplights! if they will be making of laws, with their facting and enacting, and such sort of rubbish, they should make 'em alike to one alike to all—and that's a thing I would tell their honours, the Lord Admirals, to their face, were they asking me, as sure as my name's Sam Tilbury."

"I believe you will, Sam," cried

another, smiling, "as soon as they ask you; though I've half a notion, that will never be; unless, to be sure, your old pell the devil, who knows your dexterity in handling a broom, should fly away with you, and chalk you down captain-sweeper to the Admiralty stair-cases."

"Avast, avast, Jack," cried a third, "d—n me, but it's too bad in you to blase away so villainously hot at poor Tilbury; for, after all, he's only speaking his mind, and I am sure that there's all fair enough in any man, be he what he may. For my own part, I'll only say, I would'nt give the end of a rope-yarn what captain or officer they made me, so that I was made one at all. May the devil fetch me, but I'd soon contrive to be set ashore and get rid of 'em."

"And I would'nt care, Dick, not I," cried a fourth, "thof my nose for that day were spliced to your trow-sers."

"Troth, I believe a' you say, lads," cried a fifth; "but, you see, as a' that's impossible just e'en now, fat think ye is the skipper gaun to try a' our abeeltees on fan he gets his grob?—Saul! I think that's a story far mair worth the rehearsing than yammering at ane another about captain-sweepers, and sic like nonsense."

"Fergie us, Lawrence, lad," cried old Gibby; "by my saul! bit I aye thoekt ye had mair rather's wit in that harns-pan o' yours than to ask sic a daft-like question. What will he be trying, forsooth!—In gude faith, countryman o' mine, ye may tak my word for't, he'll be trying and trying at your abeeltees, as he ca's thim, this blessed afternoon, till the very sweat o' your body rin down ower your heels. Haith, de'il a bane o' me wants ony sic trials for my part;—I've had ower wouny o' them in my time, and see fares it wi' my poor carcase the day."

Edward, from the moment of his appointment to his station on the fore top-sail yard, had been pondering and considering with himself on the probable figure he would make in his first essay at getting up to the top, and the still more awkward one he would make on the yard. Busied with such important cogitation, he had paid little attention to the passing remarks of his messmates, and had just arrived at the soothing conclusion, that however unwieldy, or awkward, or ridicu-

lous he might make himself, he was determined to do his best, when our friend Gilbert's information, pronounced with his usual sonorous voice, made him prick up his ears, and we frankly confess somewhat flattened his courage; for the thought flashed like lightning across his mind, that if men, like his messmates, who considered the mounting a rigging as a mere matter of course, were to suffer so much, what must it be to him who had never been above the height of the gunnel in his life! The thought made him restless and uneasy, and he therefore inquired at one of his messmates privately, with whom he happened to be a favourite, "whether all the landmen would have to go aloft?"

As the question was asked in a somewhat tremulous voice, the only reply our hero got for the first instant or two, was a look of astonishment, accompanied with the consolatory phrase of, "Psha, man, Neil, never say die!"—when suddenly recovering himself, "For certain," replied his messmate, "every man must go to his station, wherever it is. Why, man, that is the very reason for stationing men; that they may know where to fly to, when they're wanted, either by night or by day. But where are you stationed?"

"In the foretop," replied Edward.

"O, well, that's so far lucky, however, for that's my station. Were you ever up in a top?"

"Never," said our hero.

"Why, then, my tight fellow," pursued his friend, "I'll tell you what you *should* do, for do it you *must*; and I do think, in that there case, that it will just be as well for you to do it by choice, as to do it by force. As soon, then, as the word is given, jump to the rigging bravely, and let not even the futtock-shrouds scare you—for that's the place where all you landmen go to wreck—but keep bundling on, like your other top-mates, until you get into the top. There you will likely fall in with me, and, if I possibly can, I will assist you—but this I can't positively promise, d've see, it is such a rascally hurried business,—fairly every one for himself, my boy, and the devil for us all. But never fear, my soul! cheer up and shew pluck; and you'll soon learn, if you go about it with spirit, to go up and down as smartly as there is any occasion for."

"But you heard what Gibby was saying,"—interrupted Edward.

"Pah!" cried his comrade, "never mind Gibby; he's a Shetlandman, and not overfond of exertion. Just let me add one thing more, and then I've done. Whatever you do, my dear boy, I would seriously warn you not to attempt to get into the top through what we call the lubber's hole, unless, to be sure, you want to be called down again, and have to start afresh under convoy of a Boatswain's mate; besides the certainty of getting a good thrashing on deck, and being nicknamed *lubber* and *swab*, which will make you live a dog's life for ever after."

"But what will they do," said Edward, "with those who really can't go up?"

"Can't go up?—Do with them?" cried his friend, with a knowing smile, "a very short time will shew you that, my lad. If there should be any such, God pity them! for the rope's ends will be clawing them so tightly, that they'll be wishing the very devil had them, and jump up the rigging like so many skip-jacks. My eye! we'll have such real laughing.—But, avast there! d've hear that, matey—they're calling Tom Bird, and I strongly smell their purpose.—Now, my lad, let's see you behave like a Scotchman of spirit, and I'll assist you all I can; if you do not, the worse will be your own. So come along."

They were no sooner on deck, than Edward saw how justly his companion had formed his opinion; for there already stood the Captain, surrounded by his officers, who, by their frequent looks aloft, sufficiently indicated the subject of conversation, and the nature of the exercise that might shortly be expected. Edward's messmate squeezed his hand, and began to tighten the braces of his trowsers:—"D've see that," cried he; "wan't I right, matey?—Now, my boy, stand by for squalls, and stiff ones too, if I an't mistaken. And, harkye, my dear boy,—for I han't time to speechify at present—in mounting the rigging, and particularly the futtock-shrouds,—whatever you do don't look behind you, in case your courage should sag; but, as you go aloft, keep looking aloft, and there's never a fear on you.—I'll look out for you in the top." He had hardly time to conclude this brief exhortation when the Boatswain piped,

All hands reef topsails, hoy!—which, being as lustily bellowed down the fore and main hatchways, brought young and old on deck in a twinkling.—*Man the rigging!* bawled the first Lieutenant through his speaking-trumpet;—*way aloft!* and off went the topmen with an expedition altogether astounding to a landsman.

And here, we must confess, that our natural partiality for all that concerns the good name of our hero, almost tempts us to omit describing the hesitating floundering agility exhibited by him and six other landsmen, in their way to the top; for truly, gentle reader, it was neither the dexterous flight of a thorough-paced lacquey, when my Lady orders tea, nor yet the sagacious slow-and-sure progress of the bear, although something allied, we believe, to both; and as their more experienced and alert topmates speedily left them behind, there is little doubt but they were the means of affording a good deal of mirth to their superiors on deck. Captain Switchem soon guessed what they were; and, by alternate notes of praise and censure, so effectually urged them on, that, with one exception, they all got into the top in a proper ship-shape manner. This exception was a smart-talking, slim-bodied young Cockney, whose courage had so very completely forsaken him, that no persuasions nor threats could induce him to proceed. Never, indeed, had Edward seen so lively a picture of the paralyzing effects of fear. Clung to the rigging with the desperate clutch of one that is ready to perish, dissolved in tears, and trembling like an aspen, every roll and lurch the vessel gave, drew from him new expressions of despair, and “O Lord, I’ll be overboard!—I’ll be drowned, I’m sure I shall!—Will none of you help me—there’s good-fellows!—No, no; nobody cares for poor Claywood!—I can’t go any higher up—’pon my soul, now, I can’t!—O dear-a-me, dear-a-me, what shall I do?—I’m so giddy, you can’t think,—indeed, and indeed, I am!” were his fearful ejaculations, as Edward and his companions left him in the rigging. His messmate was true to his word, and complimented his arrival in the top, with “*Glory, matey!*—well behaved, my lad of wax! give us your paw!—Stand by now, to saw wood!—stick close to me, and you shall see directly

what you shall see.” There was no time for further parley; for “Fore-top, there!” resounded from the deck.

“Sir!” replied Master Ettercap.

“Shake all out, and take in three fresh reefs—Lie out—reef away!”

“Ay, ay, sir!” cried the midshipman; and the captain of the top, springing to his station at the weather-easing, sung out, “Light over to windward!—haul over to leeward!—Are you out?—Tie away!” Edward’s friend, whom he followed like his shadow, was at as much pains as the time would allow in shewing him how to gather the sail on the yard, and the difference between a *granny’s* and a proper reef-knot; but it was merely a glimpse, for *Lie in! hurry down!* was shouted from the deck, which they had hardly time to reach, before *Hoist away the Topsails!* was given, and the yards being afterwards braced up, the business was completed.

All hands were now ordered aft on the quarter-deck, when the Captain, evidently in high dudgion, thus addressed them: “I am sorry, my lads, that I feel it my duty to interfere between you and your officers; but I *will* have duty done in a proper manner; and, in my opinion, it’s just as well to begin with you as I mean to end.—Boatswain’s mate, make all the people retire a little farther back, and bring the topmen within the circle.” This was soon done, and the Captain continued—“Well, what d’ye think of yourselves, now? Are you not a set of smart, clever, pretty fellows?—Sailors! d—n me, you don’t deserve the name!—you’re a parcel of lazy, lubberly tailors! and move up the rigging like a string of maudling old women or marines. Just look up to these yards, and see what a fine botched piece of business you’ve made of it. I’ll be d—d if a bunboat woman wouldn’t have done it better. But I must adopt other measures with you, I find; for I can see with half an eye, that though there are a few who are awkward from ignorance, yet the most of you can work were you willing. I’ve just, therefore, called you aft to tell you frankly a piece of my mind, that we may start fair together. You must either contrive to do your work better and quicker, or I shall begin to try if I can’t compel you. I have got some excellent cat on board, very much at the service of every lazy, good-for-no-

thing scoundrel among you ; and God pity the fellow, whoever he is, with whom I begin !—Away you go, therefore, every man of you, and just do over again what you've already done. You may try, so it likes you, to do it better and quicker—if not, why, I'm in no hurry at present—we can try it a third time, or a dozen of times, you know ; and with the assistance of the Boatswain and his mates, we'll see who'll get tired first. But avast there ! where is that comely spirit that stuck in the rigging like a French pennon—bring him before me—I must have a little talk with him before he go, for shewing the other landsmen such an excellent example."

The poor Cockney was dragged into the circle by a Boatswain's-mate, very unwillingly, and stood trembling before the Captain with his eyes fixed on the deck ; while the skipper, leaning on the capstan, and biting his thumbnail, surveyed him with a keen inquiring eye for a few moments in silence. At length, with affected coolness, he said, " So, my lad, you can't go up the rigging—pray what is your name ?"

" Tom Claywood, sir," answered the Cockney, in a voice hardly articulate.

" Ay, very good ; and pray, Tommy, where do you come from ?" continued the Captain.

" London, sir," was the answer.

" I could have sworn as much, d—n me—a lousy Lord-Mayor's-man, for a hundred !" said the Captain in a low voice to his first Lieutenant ; then continued—" And what were you in London, Tommy ?"

" A tradesman, sir."

" What kind of a tradesman, Tommy ?"

" Vy, just a tradesman, sir."

" Hark ye, fellow," said the Captain sternly, " none of your Clerkenwell nonsense to me. Answer me distinctly, what trade did you follow in London ? Was it pinking, that you're so devilishly ashamed of it ?"

" No, indeed, my good, dear sir ! I were just really a tradesman," replied the Cockney, raising his eyes for the first time in a supplicating manner.

" What a sly, little, equivocating rascal it is," said the Captain, grinding his teeth ;—" Boatswain's mate, come this way ; d—n me, but I'll make you answer me in a trice."

Here the first Lieutenant interfered by acquainting the Captain, with a smile, that the term *tradesman* was a name assumed by the more modish London chimney-sweepers in preference to the more vulgar phrase.

" Ah, is it so ?" cried the Captain ; " I undoubtedly, then, am very wide of the mark.—And so, Tommy, you are a chimney-sweep, it seems ?"

" Yes, sir," whimpered the Cockney, with great humility.

" Why did you not say so at once, then, you cozening, paltry humbug—d'ye expect to make game of me ?—Boatswain's mate, give the scoundrel a starrng—d—n him, touch him up smartly. A fellow that's been accustomed all his life to scamper up chimneys, and dash headlong through whole bushels of soot, to tell me that he can't go up to a top, forsooth !—a very pretty story, in faith !"

" O Lord, sir !" cried poor Claywood, in agony, " pray, have done ! O, pray have done !—Indeed, indeed ; my good, dear, kind sir, I couldn't go, I were so giddy—indeed I was !"

" Giddy, be d—d !" said the Captain, giving the Boatswain's mate the signal to halt ; " that's all in my eye, and won't do here, Master Claywood, I can tell you ; so off you go to your station, and let me see you do your duty properly.—And now, my lads, you see I've begun, and you see also what every lubber among you may expect ; so move off, and let me see every man of you go through his duty with life and spirit, executing work as it ought to be done, and not in that careless, slovenly, botched-up manner you've now done, which the lousiest keelman in England would be ashamed of, and which, if you repeat a second time, d—n me but I'll quilt you all round."

The Boatswain's pipe now called all hands to renewed exertion, and that with an alacrity which no doubt the severe thrashing of poor Claywood tended to accelerate in no small degree ; but though the topsails were reefed and hoisted with a celerity which called forth many admirable specimens of agility and exertion, yet had our hero the mortification to find that his labour was as near a conclusion as ever.—" Ah, you lubbers, you dastards, you wretches !" cried the Captain, who by this time had wrought himself into a frenzy of passion, " d'ye see what

pretty work you've made? Look at these carings how they're hauled out, you men of straw! and these points, how carelessly and loosely they're tied, you humbugs! Why, I'll be d—d, if the sail isn't all ahaft the yard together! and fifty times worse than it was before!—Lower away the topsails!" bawled he, absolutely foaming. "Away aloft, every lubber of you, and do it over again. Boatswain's-mates, thrash the scoundrels up the rigging—D'ye hear, there, forward. Master Marlin, give that careless booby a sound quilting that's sleeping with the halliards in his hand. D'ye hear, there," elevating his voice to a scream—"lower away the topsails, you lubber!—Move up the rigging smarter, you crazy-jointed rascals!—Foretop, there! come in off the yard—Lie out!—reef away!—D—n me, but I'll sweat the salt out of your rascally bones."

Again and again were the topsails lowered, and to it they sprang, jostling, retarding, and execrating one another, again and again, reefing and unreefing, until, completely overpowered with sweat and fatigue, for the weather was sultry, the applicants to the water-tank became so numerous and vociferous, that the Doctor expressed his serious apprehensions of the consequences, and thus put an end to the severest discipline Edward had ever experienced in his life, greatly to the mortification of Captain Switchem, who, prudent and circumspect as he certainly was, had so completely entered into the spirit of the business, that he gave way to the Doctor's remonstrances with extreme reluctance, and retired to his cabin in evident chagrin.

After such a severe exercise, it is not easy to describe the shout with which *Grave, ahoy!* was received—the celerity with which all hands disappeared from the deck—or the singular appearance which the lower deck immediately afterwards presented. It was a scene of noisy tumult, in which it was difficult to say, whether mirth or ill-humour predominated; for while the thought of the coming grog consoled and smoothed down the irritated and angry feelings of numbers, there were many, on whom the Boatswain's mates' benedictions had fallen so prodigally, who, in giving vent to their impatient rage against these aggressors on the dignity of their manhood, betrayed themselves into extravagancies

at once highly ridiculous and laughable. Some threw themselves on the deck the moment they came below, refusing to be comforted; others dashed their hats to the deck, and with clenched fists, fixed angry eyes, and foaming mouths, most heroically and tragically implored a speedy perdition to every thing on board, themselves not excepted, from the Captain to the vessel's timbers inclusive; while a quiet, modest, thinking few, were to be seen slunk away into corners, and fairly weeping it out.

The invincible Gibby was an exception to them all. He had charge of the foretop-sail halliards; and not letting them fly at the word of command, had received what the Captain was pleased to term a *smart rubbing-down*. He, however, neither dashed his head about, spouted, nor wept. There was little doubt he was remarkably angry, and grievously vexed also; but both of these were expressed in a way very peculiar to great numbers of our northern countrymen—by a most satirical bitter laugh. The moment he was seated at his mess-table, he threw off his jacket, and commenced a very careful examination of the back of it, giving ever and anon the other emphatical—*Och!* or *Heck!* accompanied by a sort of hysteric titter, which as nearly resembled a yell as a laugh. In this way he put his fingers very composedly through three different rents in the back and shoulders; but on doing so to a fourth, he gave a heavy groan, burst out into another of his convulsive giggles, and exclaimed, wriggling his fingers through the hole, and shaking his head, "Hech, sirs!—hech, sirs! fat a d—d shame that is now! no to be content wth beetling our poor auld back, as gif it had been, for a' the world, a bundle o' stook-fish, but he maun tear our jacket too! ane, sirs, that cost me three-and-twenty gude mint shillings at Sheerness, just the other day there, and was nae a bit the waur o' the wear!—Uh! naeboddy need look at it, it's completely bedeviled and destroyed. Hech, hech! poor spite—poor spite, I wot!"

"Nonsense, Gibby!" cried one of his messmates, "the jacket is not in such a bad taking as that there either. Why, man, a single tail of one of the skipper's old coats you so often lay your nippers on, will make your jacket fifty times better than ever it was. Bo-

sides, what is the use of making such a bloody nitty about nothing?—Why, man, you've worn that there jacket of yours, to my knowledge, a twelve-month at least, whatever more. How long would you have 'em to last, eh?—For my part, I've a shrewd notion your old back, as you call it, is d——ing your old jacket's lousy eyes at present, if the truth were known; because as how, you know, had it not been so cursedly crank and musty, it might have stood the friend of your shoulders a good deal better than it has done, seemingly."

"Dinna be sae witty, Samuel, my man," replied Gilbert, somewhat nettled at his friend's remarks;—"for, crank here, musty there, ye hae nae the like o't in a' your aught. A' your trashtrie is unco behaidden to the boat-swain's auld sails, an's tar bucket too, to fend ye out—Sae haud ye your whisht; it's weel kend I hae the best o' jackets."

"Well, well, my old blade," resumed Sam, "an't that what I'm saying? why make such a noise about that, old chap? I would think now, for my part, so I would, that seeing you've got such a plenty of 'em, you'd be more taken up with the getting of your back and shoulders white-washed again, than thus snivelling and ringing the changes about a lousy old jacket."

"Just leave you my concerns to mysel, Samuel, lad," replied Gilbert. "Foul fa' Gibby Tait but he's hae sa't out of them, by hook or by crook, ae way or anither, and mak them glad baith to white-wash his back, as ye ca't, and mend his jacket too nae, what d'ye think?"

"Well behaved, old ship!" cried a third messmate; "But how will you manœuvre that point, my old boy?"

"If ye kend that, canny lad," replied Gibby, "ye wad be as wise as oursel.—Na, na, guid faith, as ye wear get ye lear, as I hae done afore ye."

The conversation was here suddenly interrupted by the bawling of the Boat-swain's mate for the captains of the tops to attend on the quarter-deck, where the ceremony of drawing lots for the first watch having been gone through, he immediately gave the call of—*All the larboard watch, ahoy!* As Edward and most of his messmates belonged to this watch, they immediately hurried on deck, leaving Gilbert below so greatly to his satisfaction, that though highly chagrined on account of his sore-battered jacket, he could not help exclaiming, "Ay—just so, nae,—saal! that's something unco wise like!"

S.

NOTICE OF "THE JUSTICIARY OPERA;" A JEU-D'ESPRIT OF THE
HIGH-JINKS SCHOOL,

In a Letter to Mr North.

DEAR SIR,

THE great Romancer of the day, has in one of the most delightful of his productions, done enough to make all men familiar with the name and spirit of HIGH-JINKS. He has done more than enough to satisfy us, that however respectable may be the talents and attainments of the Scottish barristers of our own day, they are in every thing connected with the world of fun, glee, merriment, and good fellowship, as much inferior as they confessedly are in classical learning and civil law to their predecessors. To be sure, they are not such great drinkers of claret. In the dog-days, no doubt, one now and then hears of a party of them escaping from the dust of the Parliament House, and playing bowls, and

swigging *magnum bonums*, somewhat *more majorem*, amidst the leafy shades of Rosslynn, or Lasswade. But take them on the whole, they are a drier, a dustier, and consequently a duller, generation.

"*Etas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores—*"

unless Heaven and Ebony forefend the issue—

"*—Mox datus
Progeniem vitiosiorum.*"

In the meantime, ere it is too late, let us remember, with filial gratitude and respect, the *doctas desipientias* of that venerable school. And while the dark-browed Whigs, who now rule in the courts of our *Themis*, rave against jollity and Christopher North, Esq.,

recall with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret, the image of that old time, when the most popular of Juris-consults were not only Torices, but jovial boys, such as the Ambrosian bowers themselves need not have disdained to shelter.

What, now, would be said of any people of our time, should they venture on such things as the once famous, alas! now too much forgotten "Justiciary Opera?" Now, when a man cannot mention the very names of the Jeffreys *et hoc genus*, without being called libellers, and abused by "the liberal party all over the world," for tearing away the veil from the thrice-hallowed privacies of professional exhibitions? And yet such things were, sir;—yes, the first lawyers of their age, (Macclaurin and his chums,) did not fear to quizz macers, trumpeters, clerks, barristers, jury, judges, all alike, as you shall hear and see!

"The Justiciary Opera" was composed about sixty years ago; and as it has never been published, although a few copies were printed some time ago at the private press of a gentleman universally loved and respected while alive, and universally regretted by all gentlemen, now that he is no more—I think you might do worse than allow me to occupy a few of your columns with extracts from it.

The first scene is laid at AN INN, in a country town, where the Judges have just arrived for the circuit. Having finished a hearty breakfast, (the Advocate-depute, of course, acting as *Bitch*,) their Lordships are in a great hurry to get to the court-room for the dispatch of business. One of "the Lords," more impatient than his neighbour, addresses the circuit clerk thus: (To the Air of—*Saw ye my Father*.)

"Saw ye my trumpeter?
Or saw ye my mace?
Or saw ye my man John?"

Whereto respondeth the no less musical circuit clerk—

"I have not seen the trumpeter—
I have not seen the mace—
And drunk is your man John."

They are in a *stagnary*, when enters THE WAITER, with this welcome intelligence: (To the Tune of—*Hey Jenny, come down to Jock*.)

"The Bailies are wairin', the Provost is come,
Two permanent Sergeants, a sife, and a drum—

Twa Sherras, wi' swords; (but they're peaceable men,)
And some twa three mair—and the clock's chappit ten."

This is a poor turn-out for a Judge's levee at a circuit, but there's no mending of it, and off goes the procession, cracked trumpets and all. The whole Bar, &c. are then assembled in open court, and the clerk (by name HYSTRIX) begins to call over the names of the jury. (AIR—*Eye let us a' to the Wedding*.)

"Hystrix.—Gentlemen of the Jury, Ye'll answer untill a' your names—
Walter Balwhid of Pitlurie.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Matthew Powloose of Kames.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Duncan Macwhey of Todwid-dock.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Jacob Balfour of Howbrig.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—John Mackindo of Glenpud-dock.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Hew Gibb, in Bog of Daljig.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Patrick MacCronc of Craig-gubble.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—George Yellowleek, in Cow-shaw.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Ralph Mucklehose, in Blind-rubble.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Robert Macmurdo, in Raw.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Andrew MacKessock, in Shal-loch.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Ingram Macclure, in Benbole.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Gilbert Strathdee, in Drummal-loch.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Gabriel Tan, in Dirt-hole.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Lowrie Macwill of Pownuddle.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Daniel Loeh of Benskair.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—John Stoupie, writer, Kirk-fuddle!

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Baillie Bole, shoemaker, there.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Samuel MacGuire, in Kraig-gullion. If present, sir, answer your name.

Jurym.—Here!!!

Hystr.—Quintin Maccosh in Knock-Dullion.

Jurym.—Here!

Hystr.—Gal-lery!—Si-lence!—Ahem!

There being no certificates "on Soul and conscience," this part of the business is easily and quickly gone through; and in the course of a few minutes, JOHN BLACK is brought to the bar. John being an old offender, is of opinion that the wisest thing he can do is to plead Guilty, and submit to banishment. He therefore addresses the Bench in an earnest and respectful strain, the dying close of which is ever—

"O send me ower the lang seas,
My ain kind Lordie O."

The Judge, however, is, very properly, unwilling to see such a reprobate escape; and stern is the dictum, for it ends in—

"Mercy were folly if lavish'd on him:
Robbing and thieving the gallows shall
check!
Our duty is plain, we'll proceed to condemn—
John, you shall certainly hang by the
neck!"

The ingenious high-jinker, by the way, seems to have forgotten that in SCOTLAND, (that country where, according to Tom Kennedy, the law is so harsh,) no man ever can be condemned merely in consequence of his own confession, as in ENGLAND is the case:—that here there must always be the verdict of A JURY—But it was over a third bottle perchance, so let that pass.

The prisoner, however, finding that tried he must be, and that hanged he in all likelihood is to be, thinks it as well to take his chance with the Jury; and accordingly he pleads NOT GUILTY to the following well-drawn indictment, which the Clerk of the Court chaunts to an appropriate melody:

"Whereas by the laws o' this realm,
And of every well-governed land,
To seize on another man's geer,
(As the tangs ance the Highlandman fand;)

"And whether the thief he be caught
In the fact, or be grippit outfang,
The law says, expressly and wisely,
The chiel by the thrapple sall hang.

"And you, John Black there, the pannel,
Ye robbit, assaulted, and a',
And sae gang till an assize, sir,
And underlie pains o' the law."

I shall not trouble you with the whole of the Advocate Deputo's speech. It concludes with these fine lines—

"The law most dearly indicates the gallows as reward
For culprits such as he between the soldiers of the guard."

Alas! I cannot copy these two last words without feelings of the most painful nature! The Town Guard of Auld Reekie is no more, and a gentleman, tried before the High Court of Justiciary, must submit to the additional indignity of sitting between two common policemen, in round hats, and with no better weapons than batons in their hand! Formerly how different was it! How dignified was the cocked hat of the grey-haired veteran! How imposing his queue! How awful his Lochaber-axe! But this is the age of Joseph Hume, and a man will ere long not even be hanged with any decency. I wonder Joseph has not, ere now, pointed out to the House of Commons the absurdity of being at the cost of a new rope for every new culprit, when one good cord might suffice for a score! There's a hint for the Doctor—but now return we to the Court, where the witnesses are already being examined. This is the deposition of PETER BROWN, Excise Officer, the man whom the smuggler and pannel, (or prisoner,) JOHN BLACK, maltreated.

(AIR—*The Bonniest Lass.*)
PETER.

"The pannel's a regardless loon,
And brags that he defies man;
He bauckly threepit through the toon,
He'd do for the Exciseman!

I thought 'twas nought but silly clash
That sneevin gowks wad tell me;
Quo' I, my thumb I winna fash,
It's no sic like can fell me!

"Four cadgers came through Halkwood-slack,
I doubted Jean Macleerie,
I took the road, when up came Black,
And dang me tupsalteerie.

"He rypit, maybe, for his knife,
I thought I saw it glancin';
He took the rue, and saved my life,
Syne like a de'il gaed dancin'!"

This story is confirmed by a Mr PEPPERTAIL, who swears—(AIR—*Braw Lads o' Gula Water*)—that

"Comin' frae the town o' Straiven,
On my poor mare that had the spavin,
I met the pannel near the Kirk o' Shotts,
Like ony madman he was ravin'!

"Black his hair, and blue his coat,
Tightly he did the gauger han'le;
The mair he shook the fallow by the throat,
The steadier still I e'd the pannel."

The testimony of Mathew MURCH-
KIN is less conclusive. It is—

"As I came back frae Ruglen Fair,
At e'en when it was dusky,
I had enough, and maybe mair,
A drap ower muckle whisky.

Mark the sequel—

"I saw twa fallows yoke thegither,
Wha' they were, the taen or tither,
I ken nae mair than Abram's mither,
—I was blin' wi' whisky!!!"

It now becomes the part of Mr
Black's Counsel to adduce the evi-
dence in defence; but, strange to tell,
the only witnesses they bring, speak
merely to general character. For ex-
ample, we have Thomas Bizz, a re-
spectable blacksmith, who, *inter alia*,
thus apologises for his friend in tribu-
lation—

"Wark, ye ken yourself, brings drouth—
Wha can thole a gaizen'd mouth?
And gif he took a gill, forsooth,
Queans maun fyte, and fools maun
clatter.

"Jock, I ken, 's an honest lad,
Thievish prank was ne'er his custom;
Though he's been sair misca'd,
With gowd in gowpins ye may trust
him.

"I have kent him sin' a bairn,
A penny willing aye to earn,
And though he's coupt in the shearn,
Troth, I ken naught ill about him."

There is, to be sure, some weight in
the evidence of a Mrs Macleerie; for
she more than insinuates that Mr
Peter Brown the gauger himself was
by no means a deadly foe to an occa-
sional glass.

"I hae a house o' mine ain,
On the road to Hamilton;
Whisky I sell—to be plain,
Arran water, or Canpbeltoun.

"Peter, the gauger, himsel
Whiles comes pipple papple in,
Puzion frae any big stell
He'll no pit his thrapple in.

"Widow Macleerie's my name,
Mine's a twopenny eating-house;
Carries find a warm hame,
That neist door to our meeting-house.

"As for the pannel, Jock Black,
I'm wae to see him herewar';
He never wrang'd me a plack,
Gude send Jock were clear awa'."

Here closes the evidence. The Ad-
vocate for the Crown charges the Ju-
ry, and after him—(here again mark,
O ye Kennedies, our benevolent old
Scottish practice,) come the COUNSEL
for the Prisoner. BAMBOOZLE deli-
vers, it must be owned, a speech "ex-
celled by no specimen of forensic elo-
quence in ancient or modern times."
It is really very pathetic, and goes to
the tune of *De'il tak the Wars*.

"Fye on the laws that hang a man for
stealing,
Sure such penal statutes were savagely
framed

By legislators devoid of human feeling.
Before divine religion mankind had tamed.
Gentlemen, 'tis yours with vigour

To check the law's excessive rigour!
Yours is the power—to you the choice is
given!

A father—husband—bends!
On you his fate depends.

'Tis yours to take or give!

To bid him die—or live!!!

Then here that mercy shew, ye hope from
heaven!"

The presiding Judge next concludes
with a very elaborate charge, which
the Jury hear on their legs, and of
which I shall quote the last two or
three sentences.

"To trace the truth through all its track
No witch requires, nor jugglers,
The witnesses are all a pack
Of drunkards and of smugglers.

"The Counsel for the Crown, with skill,
Extracted facts most glaring;
BLACK, when primed with stoup and gill,
You see, becar is most daring.

"That BLACK put BROWN in mortal
fear,
The proof is clear, *clarissima*!
And that he robb'd, though not quite clear,
Presumptio est fortissima.

"Gentlemen, 'tis my desire
To state the case precisely:
'Tis yours to judge, so now retire,
And weigh your verdict wisely.

"The proof is strong; a verdict bring,
Such honest men becoming:
I need not say another thing,
And so I end my summing."

The younger Judge has, in the meantime, sent a message to the inn-keeper to have *dinner* ready, (there being no further business before the Court!)—if indeed dinner that may be called, which, as we shall presently see, is devoured at six o'clock in the morning. The Jury are enclosed; Mr Macwill of Pownuddle is chosen Chancellor thereof; and Mr Stoupie is Clerk. Indeed (there being no other attorney but the Chancellor and himself on the Jury,) this was a compliment which Stoupie could scarcely have expected to miss. The poet glances his eye behind the forbidden barrier, and gives us something of the deliberations of the Jury, as well as their decision. Pownuddle says (TUNE—*Alley Croaker*.)

"In this case, there's nae argument,
Nae minor, and nae major,
A child had ta'en a glass, and had
A towle wi' a gauger.

"That there's nae proof of robbery,
To see, I think, ye canna miss:
Sae we the pannel maun acquit—
No guilty, sirs,—UNANIMOUS.

Demi-chorus by five Jurymen.

"UNANIMOUS, UNANIMOUS.

Double chorus by ten Jurymen.

"UNANIMOUS, UNANIMOUS.

Grand chorus by the whole fifteen Jurymen.

"SAL WE THE PANNEL MAUN ACQUIT—
NO GUILTY, SIRS, UNANIMOUS!"

The verdict is a long time of being returned; and the Judges, wearied of their seats, and convinced of the prisoner's guilt, receive it with much disdain, singing, (To the Air—*Up and down frisky and fire away, Pat!*)

"A plague o' such juries, they make such
a pothier,
And thus by their folly let pannels go
free.

And still on some silly pretext or another,

Nothing is left for your Lordships and
me:

Our duty, believe us,
Was not quite so grievous,
While yet we had hopes for to hang 'em
up all:

But now they're acquitted,
O, how we're outwitted,
We've sat EIGHTEEN MOONS here! for
nothing at all!

Chorus by the whole Bench.

"Tol de rol, tol de rol, tol de rol, tol de
rol,
Tol de rol, tol de rol, tol de rol, lol,
But now they're acquitted," &c.

And so the curtain falls.

These *jeux-d'esprit* were of course composed during the time when the Beggar's Opera was in its first popularity. Perhaps some of your readers may not be aware, that that famous piece was written by GAY in Edinburgh, and in the Canongate of Edinburgh too. Such, however, is the fact; he was resident at the time in Queensberry House, the noble proprietor of which was, as we all know, his *patron*, and the charming duchess his *friend*.

Your last Number pleased me extremely. You did noble justice in the opening of it to all the serious feelings the King's Visit must have excited in every loyal bosom. Your "Londoner, but no Cockney," is a painter and a poet. Omai is a very droll fellow: The sly touch of the Greenock novelist is not spared in "the Gathering:" The SORROWS OF THE STOT, &c. &c. are worthy even of the best days of the "HIGH JINKS;" and, in a word, you are shewing all your vigour just now: the which, that you may long continue to do, is the earnest prayer of,

DEAR SIR,

Your obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Southside, Oct. 3, 1822.

P. S.—I will send you very soon some little biographical sketches of the principal High-Jinkers, which I have had long in my port-folio. I think the anecdotes will amuse you, and the senior part, at least, of your readers. Announce, if you please—"No. I. DR WEBSTER."

Boxiana.

No. IX.

MR BELCHER'S, *Castle Tavern, Holborn.*

COMMITTEE OF THE F. C.

PIERCE EGAN, Esq., MR G. K., PRESIDENT OF THE DAFFIES, EDITOR OF
THE FANCY GAZETTE.

Enter VIR CANDIDATUS, in a White upper Tog and Castor.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Young one, tip us the Graphy of Corcoran—damn dates; give us blows.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Born at Athy, county Carlow—Paddy whacked it on their potatoe-traps—fist *versus* shillala—brushed off to Brummagem; battered a butcher there, and raised his chops—padded it to Portsmouth; went to sea, patronized by Captain Percival—smashed a press-gang; cut the navy; took the Black Horse in Dyot Street, St Giles—prostrated the population; banged Big Pitt, the Newgate-turnkey; disposed of Turner, who had beaten the Nailer—ditto, Dalton, Davies, and Darts—flabbergasted Sam, Peters; and gave in + to Sellars at Staines. Sunk forthwith, as Mr Egan well remarks, into beggary and contempt, and was buried by subscription.

MR GEORGE KENT.

Was Tom Oliver ever champion of England?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

He be damned! Never, except in George Kent's Dispatch, in whose columns he beat Carter off hand—but the match was decided otherwise at Greta-Green.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Mr George Kent, have you any other question to put to the younker?—What, sir, is your *bonâ fide* opinion of the said Tom?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Tom is a puzzle. He is a problem I cannot solve. His first battle with Kimber was both bloody and muddy; but it proved nothing more than if he had basted an old woman. Kimber was the lighter man, and no fighter; and yet he stood Tom a tussle of one hundred minutes. Tom next tackled Hopping Ned, and did him within the quarter. But who was Hopping Ned? Nobody. Oliver then took in hand Jack Lancaster; but Jack, though a pretty fighter, can neither give nor take, and it was no match. These three battles did Tom no sort of credit, in my eyes at least. I could have licked all the three men myself, any three mornings before breakfast. But to proceed—Noll next entered the prize-ring with Ford—a man a stone lighter than himself, and lame; yet the battle lasted two hours and ten minutes—many turns—and when Ford gave in, Tom's face was like a Swedish turnip.

MR PIERCE EGAN.

A new era—a novel feature in Oliver's pugilistic career is about to dawn; and in his contest with George Cooper, establishes his pretensions in a manner that henceforth entitles Tom to rank high in the annals of sporting celebrity, and nothing but a good one. Speak *virâ voce*, sir, if you please.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

A chance blow gave Oliver the battle in seventeen minutes. Cooper was a much lighter man, but is a far better boxer. Tom's next battle with Painter was a ruffianing affair—desperate and dangerous—and did him great credit. That Painter was at that time a miserable judge of distance; for what are we to think of a man, who in eighteen minutes missed nineteen blows?

MR PIERCE EGAN.

Tom now stood on the apex of his career. Young gentleman, you have read "Boxiana," I perceive.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

I have read every work on pugilism that has appeared in any European language since the Crusades ; and none better than your own, sir.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Dispatch Tom's Graphy in one sentence.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Fought Carter at Gretna—a lazy, lumbering, pulley, hawley, hugging, lugging fight, that would have disgraced a Scotch ploughman—Did better with Sir Dan, but had no chance of winning—hit Neate hard, but was felled like an ox—beat easy by Sj ring—sent to dorso in a bloodless fight by Painter—smashed to pieces by Gas in less than no time—and, oh ! Pollux, Paris, Dares, Entwllus, Fig and Tom Belcher!—*wetted by Bill Abbott !*

MR GEORGE KENT.

Recollect yourself, sir. Did he win no battles in the meanwhile ?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Yes—He beat Shelton ; that was the best battle I ever saw him fight ; and Kenrick the black, but that last did him no good. In short, I say he is a puzzle.

FANCY GAZETTE.

He is no puzzle at all. He has beat some inferior men—one or two good ones ; but with first-rate men, of his own weight, the odds are, and ought always to have been, three to one against him. He is slow as a top, and has a habit of fainting, not at all pretty in an ugly customer. Tom is told out.

MR PIERCE EGAN.

You named Shelton—is he a prime favourite of yours, sir ?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Rather so ; but some of you Londoners overrate him. He has hitherto beat nobody but Bob Burn, the giant. Now Bob is a bad one—witness his battle with Spring, when Spring was as weak as water. Shelton was beat quite easy—off-hand—by Lily-white, (Richmond,) when that trump was in his fifty-second year. Harmer, a man of inferior strength, licked him soundly ; but that was a touch-and-go affair, no doubt. Oliver, too, after being battered by every body else, quitted him easy—and Cooper, when half-dead with heat and bad condition, (Cooper never can be in prime fig,) slaughtered him with a single back-handed blow on the mouth, and won when it was twenty to one against him. I therefore think Shelton a game, stout, good fighter ; but not the best two-handed fighter on the list, as many would give it out. I take Josh Hudson against him at even.

MR GEORGE KENT.

What do you think of Josh ?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

He is the man for my money. Confound that fat paunch of his !—he ought to be sweated down a stone at least—but he is a lad of all work—and does not linger over a job. Seven minutes to Williams the Swell—three and a half to the Chatham Caulker—and six to Barlow, the Yorkshire *Fienoman !* That is the way to win. He'll lick Gas some day yet—mind my words.

MR GEORGE KENT.

What do think of Randal, sir ?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

I think that either Dutch Sam, or Tom Belcher, in their best days, would have licked Jack. Certainly Dutch Sam.

MR GEORGE KENT.

Your reasons.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Dutch Sam licked Tom Belcher, and I think with considerable ease, though Tom fought nobly all the three times. Tom Belcher licked Dogherty twice ; and the last time (on the Curragh.) with ease and elegance. Therefore Dutch Sam, *a fortiori*, would have done Dogherty without any difficulty at all. It would have been no match. Now, gentlemen, mind me. Dogherty, many years afterwards, when past his best, and in no condition, fought Reynolds near Cork, and had nearly done him—so nearly, that there can be no question he would, in his prime, have settled the affair in half an hour. But Reynolds beat Aby Belasco, and Aby Belasco fought Randal, so as to make the

Noupareil's backers hedge. Argal, Dogherty in his prime would have been a full match for Randal, but it has been shewn that he never was any match for Dutch Sam. Argal, Dutch Sam would have quitted the "Prime Irish Lad." Q. E. D.

FANCY GAZETTE.

There is nothing like a mathematical education. I presume, sir, you are a Cantab?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

No, sir—Trinity College, Dublin.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Did you know Sir Dan?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

I did—I saw him drink his forty-eighth tumbler on the night of his demise.

MR GEORGE KENT.

He made a terrible hash of his fight with Oliver. He had very nearly lost it. It was bellows to mend with him all through, after the first six rounds.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

There was not a man in England, for all that, able to beat Dan. I saw him fight Cooper on the Curragh, and he could have fought a thousand Coopers in a thousand successive hours. He was the man for Neate. There are no Buffers like the Irish, after all.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Buffers! sir. What barbarous jargon is that to use in this place? But perhaps you are right—the Irish may be the best Buffers, although bad boxers, and worse pugilists.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Buffer, boxer, and pugilist—*tria Juncta in uno*,—Ireland beats England hollow.

MR PIERCE EGAN.

Are you, sir, may I ask, from the sister Isle?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

I am—I did not know that I had carried my brogue in my breeches pocket. I repeat it—Ireland, as Mr Egan remarks, of another individual, has long been at the apex of pugilistic glory. Corcoran, the two Ryans, O'Donnell, if you will Randal, and Sir Daniel O'Donnelly, Esquire—such were the letters inscribed on the brass plate of his coffin lid—these were the tight Irish Boys.

FANCY GAZETTE.

What is your opinion of Jem Belcher?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Your own—that he was the best pugilist of this, perhaps of any age. He won all his battles beautifully, and except in his trial battle with Tom Jones, he always fought against weight. He never was beat.

MR GEORGE KENT.

Never was beat; what do you mean?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

I mean that he never was beat, while he had hands, legs, and eyes. And pray who can fight without them? It was, in my opinion, a disgraceful thing to match him in that condition against any man, unless his antagonist had, at least, consented to give an eye for an eye.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Sir, these sentiments do you infinite credit. The people of England did not behave well to Jem. You have seen him fight.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Often. I saw his first fight with Crib. There was no equality between the men. Even with his blind eye, weak shanks, and disjointed hands, Belcher smashed him all to nothing. What although he lost? He beat himself against Crib's great honey mug and iron ribs, and lost in victory. Had Belcher's constitution not been gone, Crib was a dead man. Poor Jem, his blue-swollen hands were piteous to see!

MR GEORGE KENT.

Could he ever have conquered the Chicken?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Cannot say; possibly not. But he served out Burke in much quicker time and finer style than Pearce did.

FANCY GAZETTE.

What do you think of Crib—the Champion as he is called?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Better of him than you do, sir, on the whole. But he was a slow heavy fighter, not such a hero as Jem—always on the defensive, mulling on the retreat, and so forth. All that is very well in its way; but there is nothing grand, sublime, magnificent in it. The Champion of England ought to fight after another fashion. Reflect on Crib's victories, and after all they were no great shakes. George Maddox was a good boxer, but not a first rate pugilist—old and stale, and lighter than Crib, yet he stood before him a couple of hours. Ikey Pig was a great big awkward coward. Jem Belcher's constitution, as I have said, was utterly ruined. Richmond capered, and scarcely fought. Gregson had been knocked to pieces, and his wind was broken bellows; and Molineaux, I maintain, beat Crib—Curse me if he did not. So did little Nichols; and fifty men on the list could have licked Horton. So much for the Champion.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Why did he not fight Neat?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Because he knew Neat would have done him. What right had he, or his admirers to talk of age? Why, there is not three years difference between the men. And, pray, who talked of age, when Crib fought old Maddox, and old Richmond, and battered Gregson and blind Belcher? He is not now so old as Sir Dan, when he fought Oliver. Carter, although a good and a bad one, would have beat Crib.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Hold fast, my buck—not Carter. In every thing else I agree with you. Suppose Crib had lost an eye—had holes in his legs—could not trust his knuckles—and was in a consumption, (like poor Jem,) what would he have done, then, against Jem Belcher, supposing him in his prime?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Given in in one minute and thirty seconds.

FANCY GAZETTE.

What pugilists stand in the first rank of Big Ones?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Broughton, Slack, Corcoran, Ryan, Johnson, Big Ben, Jackson, Belcher, Gulley, and Pearce.

FANCY GAZETTE.

No more?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Perhaps more. Not Spring—and Neat is yet untried.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Are the Big Ones or the Little Ones best at present?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

The Little Ones, beyond all comparison. But there is no fun in Lilliputian warfare. I would not give a curse to see these clever whipper-snappers fighting. Blows like sledge-hammers are alone worth the attention of the amateur. Curtis, the Sprig, Ned Stockham, Warren, Lenney, Teasdale, and *id genus omne*, are all pretty sharp lads; but who would go forty miles to see a sparrow-fight?

MR GEORGE KENT.

Do you call Neat a bad big one?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Yes, the best of the bad ones. Please attend, sir, to the following *Sorites*. Little Gadzee, or Cat's-meat, might be matched against Neat: for, little Gadzee once fought successfully, though not victoriously, against Jack Cooper the Bush-cove. Jack Cooper the Bush-cove licked west-country Dick—west-country Dick licked Abbot—Abbot licked Oliver, and Oliver had nearly licked Neat. Therefore Gadzee, or Cat's-meat, might lick Neat likewise. There is

no link wanting in the chain, sir. Well, then, what a miserable set of big ones there must be, when the best of them might be beat by one of the most indifferent of the little ones? Fourteen stone by eight. *O tempora! O mores!* O trumpery! O Moses!

MR PIERCE EGAN.

Why, sir, by that mode of reasoning you might prove a calf to be a cow.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

No, sir, I could not. But in my opinion, Mr Egan, and I believe it is yours, there never was so fine an opportunity as at present for a first-rate big one to enter the ring.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Very true. You would observe a letter signed "Incognito," from a correspondent of mine, in the *Annals of Sporting*,—what do you think of it?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

That he is an ass, and that you are an elephant. He says that Jem Belcher could not have licked Neat. What! because Neat has licked Tom Oliver and Tom Hickman! Phoo, phoo. Burke and Gamble were as strong men as Neat, and the latter a far better boxer, but Jem soon took the shine out of them. *Incognito* says that Firby was frightened at Jem, and therefore lost. Pray, why was a man, six feet one inch high, and 14 stone, frightened by another, five feet ten inches and a half, and 12 stone? Because he knew and felt that he was about to be slaughtered. Jem licked better men than Neat has yet shewn himself to be. Gamble had won twenty battles; but he too was frightened. So would Neat, although a brave man, had he ever stood before Jem Belcher in his prime. But, sir, you yourself put all these matters in a clear and proper light. Britain is indebted to the Editor of the *Fancy Gazette*; and I hope your circulation will be universal.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Thank ye, sir. Why the devil do the Magazines interfere with the ring?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Can't say. Now, that you have come forward, I presume they will desist—all, except Blackwood. His lads are up to trap, although I happen to know they will all bow to your superior experience and judgment. Do you exchange Magazines?

FANCY GAZETTE.

I will think on it. I hate his politics.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

His politics!—What the devil have you or I to do with his politics? We are infernal whigs; he is an infernal tory. Is that of any consequence? None whatever. Exchange Magazines.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Well, then, I shall.

MR PIERCE EGAN.

Do not you think, sir, that pugilism has prevented assassination from getting in among the national practices of the people of this country?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

No, Mr Egan; I don't think it has. Britons never were assassins. Roast beef and plum-pudding have formed our national character. The English like boxing; and therefore they box. As to the cruelty of it, a staunch out-and-outer is never so happy as when he is lifted up from a clean knock-down blow. It is a great luxury; and pleasure in the way we like it, is an unexceptionable sentiment.

FANCY GAZETTE.

What is the law of the land concerning the *Ars se Defensio*?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

I hold if you kill a man in a fair pitched battle, that it is "killing no murder." I care nothing about the Statute-law; but common-sense law for my money. The Judges, you see, are posed about it. One tells you gravely from the Bench, that you must not hit your antagonist twice on the same place; and not at all on any part where a blow can be mortal. He seems to limit you to a single slap on the posteriors. That is all confounded nonsense. Another Judge

tells you, that you may shew your science, but not strike too hard—in which case, when and how is the battle to end? The verdict of the Inquest, in all fighting cases whatever, should be "Accidental death," and so prevent them from going before a Judge.

FANCY GAZETTE.

That would be a more rational amendment of our Criminal Law than any proposed by my friend Sir James Mackintosh.

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Sir James Mackintosh should hold his tongue about the Criminal Law. Forgers and thieves ought to be hanged. In the case of Gerald—But, gentlemen, I beg your pardon. How can people be so miserably silly as to lament the loss of lives in pugilistic encounters? For one life lost there are a hundred saved by them. Extinguish fair boxing in the ring, and people will be smashed in ruffianing rows all over the kingdom. The few that die are martyrs in the cause of order.—"Will these murderous contests never be put a stop to?" yelps some ninny, in a Sunday newspaper. If they were, he himself would get his thick skull cracked before the end of the week. All this is as plain as a pike-staff; and let the Judges of the land look to it. More men lose their lives in Lancashire by *purring* in one year, (to say nothing of those who are maimed, disfigured, and lamed,) than over all England, in stand up fights, in five. When a well-doing lad is killed in a fair fight by an unlucky hit on the temple, jugular, or stomach, the occurrence is to be regretted on his own account and that of his friends; but the country is benefited by it. But somewhat too much of this.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Sir, you acquit yourself extremely well. What is your opinion of sparing?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

On the whole, it is a good thing. Some sparrers get into a light, shewy, flashy, florid style, which in the ring is not worth one single curse—and many a first-rate fighter there has been, who did not shine in gloves. But as an exercise, it is very well, in every point of view. I would rather spar like Tom Belcher, than be the Lord Chancellor of England.

FANCY GAZETTE.

At the head or body?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

The head, mouth, eyes, temple, and jugular. Repeated bodiers produce effect, but the HEAD is the MARK. The side of the body is a collateral consideration; and how seldom do you kill a man by a blow on the pit of the stomach! Most decisive blows have been about the upper story.

MR GEORGE KENT.

Young gentleman, were you ever in training?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

I am always in training, sir. So is every healthy man who does not lead a sedentary life. Take a young stout fellow—clean out his bowels—run him, and walk him ten miles a-day—set him to work, no matter what—and give him his meals regularly; and in a couple of months, he will fight—if he can fight—the devil himself or Josh Hudson. Fighting men all live as hard as parsons, and, therefore, must train, merely to get into ordinary health and stamina.

MR GEORGE KENT.

You told us that you thought Ireland beat England—Were you serious?

VIR CANDIDATUS.

No—I was lying. It stands thus: England, Ireland, Scotland. John Bull has strength, temper, activity, quickness, science, and unfathomable bottom. He is the pugilist of the world. Pat has spirit, strength, and activity, but neither temper nor discretion, and he wants bottom—the truth must be told. Sawney has strength and temper, but he is slow, awkward, stupid, and unteachable; and, towards the close of a long battle, is apt deliberately to walk out of the ring. In good truth, the "nation of gentlemen" are but sorry pugilists. Education, I suspect, is too generally diffused over Scotland.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Sir, you speak well; I believe we need ask you no more questions. You are now a member of the P. C. Take your seat.

(*Vir Candidatus takes his seat beside the President of the Duffies.*)

VIR CANDIDATUS.

Mr President, I am obliged to you for your silence during examination. I was a good deal flustered.

FANCY GAZETTE.

Don't waken him—he had gone to roost before you came in. He got cleaned out yesterday with that plant that was set on Josh Hudson.—Pray, Mr M'Donnel—

NEW MEMBER OF P. C.

My name is not M'Donnel—I AM ENSIGN AND ADJUTANT MORGAN ODOHERTY.

[*Mr Egan doffs his castor after the manner of John Kemble's Hamlet, when he saw his father's ghost. Mr George Kent cocks his eye—the President of the Duffies recovers from his stupor—and Fancy Gazette, advancing in attitude to the Standard-bearer, lets fly right and left at his potatoe-trap and kidneys; but the Adjutant is leary on that suit—puts both blows aside, and closes. Mr Belcher, hearing the tussle, enters, and parts the friendly combatants,—exit and re-enters with a magnum of claret, &c.—Finis!*]

ANCIENT NATIONAL MELODIES.

No. IV.

Ye Gentlemen of England. An Excellent New Whig Song.

1.

Ye Gentlemen of England, ye Tories tough and true,
O little do ye think upon the troubles of our crew;
Give ear to Whiggish whisperings, and they will plainly show
How we mix turns and tricks, as the wind shifts to and fro.

2.

All ye that would be patriots must bear a brazen face;
Pay no regard to choppers hard, if ye would run our race;
Though men expose you fifty times, no matter—onwards go;
Ever try some new lie, as round the vane doth blow.

3.

Though bitter taunts and jeerings on every side assail,
Lie on lie on, lie loud and long; this rule can never fail!
By conscience undisturbed, (we've dish'd her long ago,)
Never think for to shrink, though round the vane do blow.

4.

With blasphemies and libels our quivers long were fill'd;
To shoot them wide on every side our champion wits were skill'd;
But if in turn we're galled with satire just and due,
Pipe aloud to the crowd, and never mind the few.

5.

Have no respect for t'other sect, their honour and their name;
With freedom take whereof to make the targets for your game;
But if one shaft come whizzing from out a Tory bow,
Boldly say, dogs be they, treat harmless virtue so.

6.

Your lie of common compass may quickly be seen through;
But don't despond—stretch far beyond, and Geese will credit you.
All bound despise, shoot monstrous lies, like Matthews's Longbow;
Simple folk, though we joke, may be persuaded so.

7.

Make "LIBERTY" your watchword ; if present ends be served,
It is not much that such and such have from her precepts swerved ;
So Catholics sink all the tricks whereby their chains were screw'd,
(Whiggish Oates and his plots did Papists little good.)

8.

But since King, Lords, and Commons, reject the scarlet W——,
Against the laws take up her cause, like Caroline's before.
To serve our spite, like Jacobite, speak now each Jacobin,
Call King William Bigot villain, and Anna Tyrant Queen.

9.

The Whigs, you know, some time ago, (for once we wisely plann'd,)
Set up septennial Parliaments within the British land.
Mind that no jot, 'tis quite forgot, not much reformers know ;
Rave and rail tooth and nail, for round the vane doth go.

10.

About the Press's freedom no doubt we long did prate ;
Now damn the Press, our roguishness it has laid bare of late ;
While it was ours, we back'd its powers, but now things are not so ;
Cuff them down, count and clown, for round the vane doth blow.

11.

One simple rule for sage and fool, that joins our ultra crew,
Suffices well—Be false as hell, but to yourselves be true ;
Together stick, let every trick combine us 'gainst the foe ;
Who can say but our way some time the breeze may blow ?

THE GREEK AND THE GREEK CAUSE.

"The power of Ismael, that is called Mahomet, shall give battle ; vanquish and extirpate the race of Paleologos ; possess the city of the Seven Hills ; reign there ; rule many nations oppressively ; declare the isle to the borders of the Black Sea ; all the nations of the Danube being subdued. In the eighth epoch, dominion in the Peloponnesus ; and in the time of the ninth, go to war in the north ; and in the tenth, advance to subdue the Dalmatians ; afterwards return for a time ; when, again going forth powerfully, they shall be brought near to ruin. The nations gathered together, with those of Epirus by sea and land, will vanquish Ismael ; whose descendants will yet reign a little while. The Muscovians, united with those that sent tribute, will subdue Ismael, and will rest masters of the Seven Hills and their privileges. Then shall be an obstinate civil war as till the fifth sign, and a voice crying thrice, ' Tremble ! tremble ! tremble ! Prove yourselves ! ' On the right, you will find a man, strong, wonderful, and great. He shall be your master ; for he is my friend ; and, in accepting him, you execute my will." *

We think that a great deal of ignorant misconception exists in the public mind with respect to the Greeks and the Greek cause. This is partly owing to traditionary prejudice, and to the associations connected with a thousand delightful recollections of the ancient Grecian name, and the romance of its heroism and liberty ; chiefly, however, in our opinion, to the remarkable circumstance, that, among all

the best books of travels relative to Greece, scarcely one can be named, in which the author appears to have paid common attention to the actual political and relative condition of the inhabitants. Of the physiognomy of the landscape, of the ruins, and of the scenes, hallowed by the exploits of patriotism, the literary portion of the public possess the most ample information, in the myriads of costly vo-

* A translation of an inscription, said to have been discovered on the tomb of Constantine the Great, extracted from the Chronicle of Theodore, Bishop of Monovasia. This is inscribed in a number of initial letters, to which Giennario, a patriarch of Constantinople, supplied the words—the same Giennario who attended at the Council of Florence.

lumes with which the artists and scholars of every European nation have so industriously furnished their libraries. Amidst picturesque descriptions and erudite disquisitions, a few occasional remarks are here and there interspersed, all of a tendency to awaken our liveliest sympathies for the degradation to which the descendants of the noblest people of antiquity are now reduced; and this degradation is uniformly ascribed to the influence of Mahomedan tyranny, without any comparison being instituted as to the relative condition of the oppressors and the oppressed. Hence it is, that we seem gratuitously to assume, that the Greeks are in a state of the basest servitude, of privation, and of poverty, while their masters, the Turks, revel in the plenitude of every enjoyment, which a delicious climate, unbounded power, and uncurbed desire, can supply. But what is the fact? Is not the whole country in a state of general and comparative barbarity? Was it not falling into that state before the Turks had made any attempt to overthrow the Eastern empire? And may we not, therefore, be justified to assert, that the lamented degradation of the Greeks is probably as much owing to their own former demoralization as to any direct effect of Ottoman despotism?—To these questions, without having visited Greece, any man, at all acquainted with the History of the Fall of the Roman Empire, is capable of giving a clear and satisfactory answer. Long before the irruption of Othman and his followers, the barbarians from the north and from the east had fallen upon the dominion of the Emperors, like vultures upon a carcase, and neither a moral energy, nor a combination of physical power, existed in Greece capable to oppose them, although, both in point of numbers, of intelligence, and of discipline, the assailants were far inferior to the ancient Persians, whom the little classic republics had so often and so gloriously repulsed. The Grecian spirit was dead; a base and sordid demon, the offspring of Roman oppression and ecclesiastical fraud, occupied its place, and influenced the greedy and the guilty pursuits of the people. Nothing of Greece remained but the name and the monuments. Long before the impostor of Mecca incited his followers to attack Constantinople, her very

traditions had expired; and from the date of the first siege, in 668, down to the memorable 29th May, 1453, when the Turks made themselves masters of the Imperial City, there had been no pause in the gradual relapse into barbarity which had commenced among the inhabitants of Greece so many ages before.

In the sixth century, the schools of Athens were suppressed; and from that period, a blank of seven hundred years is found in the history even of that city,—of Athens, the most refined, the most elegant, the seat of the arts and of philosophy; of all that was great and renowned among the Greeks, and yet the public seem to ascribe the degradation of the modern Athenians to the Turks!

In point of historical fact, Greece, and all that constitutes in Europe the Eastern or Constantinopolitan empire, has actually revived under the sway of the Mahomedan conquerors. They have reanimated the carcase, and by the transfusion of a new and active energy, the barbarians, into which the descendants of the ancient luminaries of science and instructors of mankind had relapsed, have begun to lift up their heads, and to look forward again. The population of Constantinople, when we lately resided there, could not be less than half a million of souls; it was considered much greater. Phranza, the minister of the Emperor Constantine Palæologus, who was present at his fall, and who has written an account of the siege, says, that only four thousand nine hundred and seventy men among the citizens were willing to assist in the defence of the ramparts, a fact confirmatory of our view; for it either proves the dastardliness into which the people had sunk, or the abridged state of the population. But considering it only with reference to the former, the indisputable truth, that for many years the buildings of Constantinople, especially in Galata and Pera, have been greatly extended, and that they now occupy the heights and fields which, during the siege, were covered with the tents of that division of the Ottoman army, against which Justiniani, the famous Genoese merchant, defended Galata with so much bravery, is, we think, conclusive as to the improvement of the metropolis, to say nothing of the numerous magnificent mosques, which excel in gran-

deur and beauty, the celebrated St Sophia, respecting which so much Grecian exaggeration is so credulously believed.

It may, however, be said, that this is not owing to any improvement in the state and habits of the people; but to the barbaric pomp of the Turks, and that Constantinople has been fed and fostered into this new and modern magnificence at the expence of the provinces. But Larissa, which has been the alleged scene of recent battles, is a large and populous city, entirely of a modern character; the country around is richly cultivated; the houses are handsome, the mosques elegant; the cotton and silk manufactures are extensive; a superb modern bridge crosses the Peneus, which is there a large stream. Every thing both within and without the city, would not disgrace England, and it has grown into all this opulence and commercial importance, under the baleful influence of Ottoman oppression!

In the vale of Tempe, where we rested one night after leaving Larissa, we found the unpoetical village of Ambelaki as industriously and as soberly engaged in the thrift of weaving cotton cloth, and printing calico, as New Lanark itself, and the inhabitants as happy in their prosperity, for their trade was then brisk, as if the benevolent Mr Owen had himself regulated their kitchens, their dormitories, and their dances.

The country, from the bridge of Lycostomo, which crosses the Peneus as it leaves the vale of Tempe, is as richly cultivated as the strath of the Tay below Perth, or the whole vale of the Thames from Oxford to Windsor. The very existence of the bridge of Lycostomo itself, a structure thrice as large as that of Dunkeld, or of Ferry-bridge in Yorkshire, or of any bridge between Berwick and London—a very modern work—is a striking proof of an improving country. The whole country, indeed, from Lycostomo to Salonika, is cultivated in a style not at all unworthy of its fertility. It betrayed to us no symptom of decay, but every where exhibited a vigorous prosperity.

The city of Salonika (Thessalonica) may, perhaps, have been formerly larger, but to our eyes it was a great and growing place. The population was estimated at seventy thousand souls, of

whom no less than thirty thousand were Jews, twenty thousand Turks. The Greeks—the Greeks! were not estimated at so many as fifteen thousand, they were supposed to amount to but a few more than twelve thousand, the remainder were other SECTARIANS. The trade of Salonika consisted chiefly of the produce of the adjacent country, and it has confessedly greatly increased—upwards of forty thousand loads of cotton, of three hundred pounds each, an article of agricultural produce, but of recent introduction, was in 1810 sent overland to the manufacturers in Germany. Such a successful speculation in a new article of rural experiment, does not imply any thing like a decaying country.

From Salonika to Rhodosto the country is various, but in many parts beautifully cultivated. In trim hedges, and neatly kept fields of tobacco and cotton, the vicinity of Rhodosto may rival in appearance the general aspect of England. Do trim hedges and well-cultivated fields indicate decay? and the country, in many places, as far as Rhodosto, bore striking proofs of recent and prosperous improvement. The large town of Rhodosto might indeed be described as almost a new one. Our notes, written at the time, remind us that several of the coffee-rooms were equal in neatness to the ordinary coffee-houses of London—and the population is chiefly Turkish!

From Rhodosto to Constantinople, we observed a degree of languor in the agriculture of the country, and from the capital to Adrianople and the banks of the Danube, the same thing may be said; but at the period when we visited that extensive region, the cause could easily be explained. The Turks were then at war with Russia; numerous detachments of the armies traversed within our view the best portions of the country, and the Turks are not the most generous or tender-hearted of foragers. But still, in this hasty sketch of a route of many hundred miles, we venture to affirm, that the country bore incontestable signs, not of oppression, but of improvement; and we have chosen to refer particularly to the region between Larissa and Constantinople, because the Turkish portion of the population may be described as three to one more numerous than the Greek, and because it serves to corroborate our opinion, that the

Turks have tended to revive the dormant energies of the country.

To this, however, it may be objected, that but a small portion of Greece is comprehended in the sweep we have taken from Larissa to Constantinople. True, of ancient Greece; but it comprehends a very wide portion of that part of the Ottoman empire, to which the public mind is taught to look as the theatre of the present operations. And if it be contended that ancient Greece was in our time still in a state of great degradation and depression, the cause must be looked for in something very different from that of the mere circumstance of the country being under the domination of the Turks, and we shall presently have occasion to advert to it; all at present which we contend for is, that the Ottoman dominions in Europe, comprehending Greece and the Cyclades, have been, till the recent insurrection, regularly, since the abrogation of the Grecian Empire by the conquest of Constantinople, in a state of gradual resurrection, from the trance in which the whole country had slumbered from the era of the abolition of the philosophical schools of Athens.

In nothing was this more remarkably demonstrated than by the state of the islands. The city of Scio, which has lately been the scene of such outrages, had undoubtedly fallen off in its general appearance from the time in which it had been occupied by the enterprising merchants of Genoa; but Genoa herself, since that time, had also greatly faded from her former splendour. The country of Scio, however, suffered no decay. It was anciently said, that the island consisted of three parts, two of which were stone; but the population, down to the period of our visit, had continued so to increase, that nearly the half of the whole surface had been rendered productive, and yet with all that industry, the inhabitants were obliged to import a great deal of corn and other provisions. No much, therefore, with respect to the pestiferous influence of Mahomedan despotism, as it affected the Sciots, who were, generally speaking, Greeks.

But the most decisive proof of all, that the Greeks under the Turks were in a state of regeneration, is the state in which we found the island of Idra, or Hydra. That city originated in a small colony of fishermen; about fifty years

ago their little villages began to assume the appearance of a town, and they had sloops and schooners that traded as far as Constantinople. When the French Revolution broke out, they began to build larger vessels, which they loaded with grain, along the shores of the gulfs of Vola and Salouika, and sent it to France during the scarcity which prevailed in that unfortunate kingdom, at the beginning of the late war. The profit arising from these successful speculations enabled them to increase their shipping. When we visited the island, the Idriots had eighty square-rigged vessels, of more than two hundred and fifty tons burden, besides several hundred smaller of every description. Several of their ships were not inferior in size and strength to frigates. This the imperial Ottoman navy has since felt.

No town in England or America has been so rapid in its rise as Hydra. It contained upwards of forty churches, and two of them were adorned with very handsome steeples. The population exceeded twenty thousand souls, and many of the houses were very handsome, and ornamented with furniture from France and Italy.—But without enlarging on this branch of our subject, enough has been adduced, —and it cannot be controverted,—to shew that the classic region conquered by the Turks, has been in a progressive state since the conquest; and it will not be denied, that prior to the fall of Constantinople it was relapsing into barbarity, and had sunk so low, that there did not appear to exist any power within itself by which its total ruin could be averted. When, then, we assume that it recovered energy by the introduction of the Turks, we contend that the premises justify the conclusion to which we claim attention; namely, that under the Ottoman dominion the moral or political condition of the Greeks has been ameliorated, and ameliorated by the Turks.

Now let us consider the immediate question a little closely.

A distinction of the most delusive effect has been somehow made by the public with respect to the two great SECTARIAN bodies of which the general population of Greece consists. We employ the term SECTARIAN, not with reference to the faith of the inhabitants, but because it implies not only a political difference, but that difference

exasperated by religious animosities. It serves, we think, to convey to the reader, at least we intend it should do so, that there is an irreconcilable prejudice between the Turks and the Greeks, which is only to be overcome by the influence of some new and purer religion than that of either. For although the Greeks do possess a species of Christianity, and, indeed, are only called Greeks in consequence of their religion, still it can scarcely be questioned, that as their religion is *administered*, it is almost as obnoxious to a protestant mind as the simple worship of the Turks. We trust, therefore, that we shall not be misunderstood, or, rather, that we shall not be represented, as at all considering the religion of the Greeks and Turks as one religion, of which Mahometanism and Christianity are sectarian branches. We use the term in some degree metaphorically, and we entreat particular attention to this circumstance. However, to return. It is assumed that the Turks are still aliens, and that they have never amalgamated with the Greeks; and that the Greeks are the aborigines of the country. There is much fallacy in this, and it is calculated to produce fatal errors; for all our affections and prejudices lean towards the Greeks, while the poor Turks are obliged to endure the consequences of those antipathies against them, which the artful monks who fomented the crusades so industriously propagated, and which the degenerate dastards over whom the Pagans triumphed have never ceased to cherish; to say nothing of the elegant lamentations of poets and critics fresh from college, nor, though last not least, the artful misrepresentations of Russian politicians, and the outcries of Hungarians, afraid of such warlike neighbours.

The truth, and we challenge contradiction, is, that the major part of the population of Turkey in Europe, comprehended in a line drawn from Widdin on the Danube to Salonika, and extending from the Danube to the Black Sea, is Mahomedan;—we do not say Turks—and we request attention to the distinction—but professors of the Mahomedan religion, united with the Turks, bearing their name, although descendants from aboriginal European parentage. Throughout Greece there are thousands and tens of thousands of similar Turks: The Albanians, and those with

whom Lord Byron has made the public so familiar, the military of Albania and Macedonia, and even of the Morea, are in general the offspring of apostates from Christianity, and are as truly the regular heirs and progeny of the Greeks of the Iliad and of Sparta, as the Sciots, whom they have probably assisted to massacre. Now, what is to become of these Greco-Mahomedans in the disposal of the grand question of “the Greek cause?”—Are they to be put to death? are they to be banished and extirpated from the land of their fathers—and for what?—for the Greeks—And who are the Greeks, for whom such crimes are to be committed?—Are they not the offspring of that people, who, abandoned by every virtue of antiquity, sank into the Ottoman servitude without a struggle, without the grace of one redeeming effort—the basest, the grossest, the most depraved of the human race, who, with all the vices of emsclated civilization, united the harshest and fellest passions of barbarity? and whose only claim to the slightest interest with mankind is, that they have been taught by their conquerors once more to lift their eyes from depravity, and cast them forward with aspirations towards a better state?

This, it will be said, is allowing every thing.—They do know their depraved condition, and they long for freedom. Wherefore, then, should not every generous spirit be eager in their cause?—The proposition sounds well; but, after all that may be sung or said of the Greeks, is not the plain statistical fact this, that the distinction between Greeks and Turks is a mere SECTARIAN distinction—religious, not national—a Protestant and Papist distinction? Now, what would those sapient politicians, who are crying out for fire-brands to burn the scraggio, and choppers to make minced meat of the Sultan and his Viziers, Pashaws, Beys and Effendis, to satisfy the vulture-maw of this new Grecian liberty;—what would they say, were emissaries and orators as seriously to call on the natives of Europe to compel the British government not only to emancipate the Dissenters and Roman Catholics, but to abdicate the sovereignty, and not only that, but to retire with all the Episcopalian population of England; all the Presbyterian population of Scotland; all the Protestant population of Ireland, and leave the

three kingdoms a free and perpetual heritage to the Dissenters, the Anti-burghers and the Papists; for such, if we at all understand the subject, is nothing less than what is proposed by those who have undertaken to advocate "the Greek cause."

There may be a few of a more moderate philanthropy, whose benevolence and charitable politics extend no farther than to intimidate the Turks to desist from the atrocities which they have committed since the insurrection of the Greeks. But what is there in the law of nations to warrant any such intimidation? Is not the Sultan sovereign of his empire? Are not the Greeks his subjects? Have they not rebelled? Does he not but punish them as rebels? Is the punishment of rebels any thing new in the history of nations? Have we in this country no such crime as high treason? Has there been no rebellion in Ireland, when force, and fraud, and cruelty, and burning, and bloodshed, the demons of civil war, were let loose, as they ever unfortunately are in all similar sad transactions?

It is true, that some good might possibly be done by friendly remonstrances with the Sultan. But the Greeks are in rebellion; they are still in open and declared rebellion. It is not retribution for treason past with which they are visited, but only the means which the Ottoman Government employs to put down an actual and raging rebellion. With what grace, then, or propriety, or policy, or fitness, as human affairs are managed, can any government interfere; for to ask another not to oppose a rebellion, would be to declare at once for the rebels. And here, as far as the policy of the question reaches, we now grapple with the advocates of the Greeks and the Greek cause.

We shall, for the sake of argument, lose sight of all that we have shewn with respect to the history and character of the Greeks; all that regards their mere sectarian distinction, and admit that they are the noble race which so many orators endeavour to prove them, by reference to the poets and orators, and worthies of antiquity, with whom, by the way, both they and the question have about as much to do as Confucius, and Columbus, and General Washington, had with the wars of Rome and Carthage. But admitting this—and admitting that it is

most desirable they should triumph, we would ask, has this rebellion yet proceeded to such an issue of probable success, as that, in policy, the British Government, or any other *disinterested* government, could reasonably be expected to interfere, in order to stay the farther effusion of blood, and the perpetration of crime? For, surely, it will not be said that when a rebellion takes place, foreign governments ought immediately to take the part of the rebels?

It is, we believe, a maxim quite well understood and recognized in politics, that governments are not to interfere between kings and subjects; but we admit it is also as generally known, and more regularly practised, that whenever it clearly appears a government is not sufficiently strong to put down a rebellion, the cause of the rebels may then be espoused. Have the Greeks yet shewn that they are so far a match for the Turks, that disinterested governments might rationally declare for them? On the contrary, is it not manifest, that, supposing by such an interference their independence were recognized by the Sultan, they are not in a condition to maintain themselves against the Turks, and that they would be obliged to seek the protection of some foreign power? and is it not notorious to all the world, that Russia would be that power, or hitherto her policy and statesmen must have been greatly traduced? The whole question, therefore, relative to the Greeks and the Greek cause, turns on this narrow ground, as far at least as the British Government is concerned—Have the Greeks yet shewn that they are able to preserve their independence, were it conceded to them, without having recourse to foreign aid? If this can be answered in the affirmative, then every government should declare for them at once—and every day's delay is an error. But if it cannot be so answered, or must be answered with doubt, then we say, the time for interference is not yet come; and all that can be done in the mean time, is to deplore the atrocities which we must submit to witness, with feelings similar to those of the spectators who stand upon the strand willing and ready to assist some shipwrecked crew, but who, for their own safety, dare not venture forth, until there is a change in the wind, or a subsidence in the waves.

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

No. XI. THE FINALE.

A Priest, who ne'er had smiled since hands were laid
In mystic ordination on his head—
Who rated Vice with more than priestly rage,
And lived the non-conformist of his age ;—

A Parson of more kindly aspect, who
For human weakness—human feeling knew,
More prone to preach forgiveness, than to tell
How strait the road to heaven, how broad to hell ;—

A younger Brother, much disposed to look
Through Fancy's spectacles on Nature's book ;
To smile at human foibles, and to paint
Their leading lineaments in colours quaint ;—

These met upon a time, in sober mood,
Agreed their wits to club, for public good ;
To write the times to reason ; but the way
Gave cause of disputation and delay.

A jug of porter graced the Council board,
Whilst reasoned thus the servants of the Lord.—

A Sermon may be penned by rules of art—
The first, the second, the concluding part—
Each may select his portion—chuse his head,
But then the public ' *may not chuse to read !*'

A moral Essay, laboured into ease
And seasoned up with anecdote, may please ;
' May please the grocer's boy to wrap his snuff,'
Replies a hollow voice, in accents gruff ;—

A Play, replete with humour, genius, wit.
To latest Plaudite may bind the pit,—
To persecution's blindest rage may doom
A second Maturin—another Home.

Resolved at length—for why delay my tale.
With studied prologuing, and fiction stale ?—
Resolved on man their critic eyes to ope,
And view him through the mind's " kaleidoscope ;"
His ever changing features to discuss—
The Cynic Parson first proceeded thus—

WILL WEBSTER.

" Man is ambition's tool in every state,
Whether he dine from crockery, or plate !"

Will Webster was a youth of pregnant parts,
And village maidens crowned him knave of hearts ;
His presence winning, and his whisker'd cheek,
Of manhood's ripen'd powers behoved to speak ;
The village lads his strength and prowess knew,
The village lads, and village lasses too.

'Tis not from vague conjecture we report,
Nor stab we reputations as in sport ;

Of vice surmized no intimations make,
 Nor slander propagate for slander's sake :
 Will Webster's gallantries avoid the night,
 They walk abroad triumphant in the light ;—
 " He ruin'd heedless innocence," they say—
 But then he has withal so sweet a way !
 " He keeps no promises," the lasses tell—
 But then who dances better, sings so well ?—
 " His heart is good," whate'er his errors prove ;
 Each has his own, and Willy's fault is love.

There needs no art his pleasures to attain ;
 No mean deceit his meaner ends to gain ;
 No lengthen'd siege—no closely press'd blockade ;
 No *coup de main* to carry village maid.
 As flies around the flame in circles sport,
 That flame which shines to lure, and burns to hurt,
 As birds in chirping glee surround the snare,
 Which boyhood's watchful eye has set with care ;
 As rats and mice the scented bait surprise,
 Till snap the clippers close, the victim dies !
 So flock, so sport, from such a love of sin—
 These merry-hearted dames are taken in.

Will loved the landlord's daughter, bonny Bell,
 And if desire be love—he loved her well ;
 She loved him in return with answering fire,
 A softer flame—a more refined desire,—
 She loved, but yielded not, in secret hour,
 And thus retained a lover in her power ;
 By vanity possess'd, and love of sway—
 She bore the favour'd youth from all away.
 And now she lives, neglected, rated, beat—
 And he the drunken dotard of the street !

Here ceased the Cynic Parson, whilst around
 His brethren sat, in wonderment profound,—
 Such mute unbreathing pause as binds the throng,
 When Chalmers sweeps resistlessly along ;
 Rides on the comet's path through space and day,
 In unobstructed boundlessness away !—
 How long the pause had lasted none may tell,
 Had not a lengthen'd draught dissolved the spell,
 Awaked our second Parson's soften'd lay,
 Which in more kindly accents swept away.

MY MOTHER.

In that sequester'd glen my breath I drew,
 Whilst yet my sorrows and my years were few :
 To that sequester'd spot, though drear and lone,
 And every sharer of my heart be gone ;—
 The Aunt, the Mother, every friend be fled,—
 My thoughts at solemn intervals are led.—

Where now the homely hearth, around whose blaze
 I spent with other forms my early days ?—
 Where now the kindly Dog, my steps that knew,
 And to my knees in noisy transport flew—
 Express'd the soul of feeling in a gaze,
 And spoke affection in a thousand ways ?—

Where now the Cat, whose gauzy face express'd
The very essence of content and rest,—
The cottage weather-glass,—that with her paw,
Or sneeze, gave notice of the storm she saw ?—

And where is now the breast that nursed me—where ?—
A mother's sleepless, unrewarded care,—
That o'er my cradle sung the Widow's wail ;
And saw misfortune's blast my birth assail ;
That watch'd my fatherless and sickly youth,
And planted in my heart the seeds of truth,—
That toil'd and struggled hard my limbs to rear,—
And only found repose upon a bier ?—

My Mother ! where is now thy song and tale,
That even o'er sleep and illness could prevail ;—
Thy song of heroes, who in combat close,
Of gallant Graham, and brave Sir James the Rose ?
Thy tale of wonder, sympathy, and dread,—
Of little helpless children in the bed
Of murderous giant—whilst his knife he drew,
And, bless'd mistake ! his lubber offspring slew ?—

And where is now the orison, that rose
At early morn—renew'd at evening's close—
The psalm and chapter, mark'd with pious care ;
The heart-felt fervour of unstudied prayer,—
The simple homage of the heart that flew
To Heaven's ear, ere spiteful Satan knew ?—*

My Mother ! all is past—thy woes and fears,—
Thy prayers and praises here, thy sighs and tears ;
Thy early watching to provide my fare,—
Thy late repose, encumber'd much with care ;
Thy hopes of future comfort in thy Boy,
That o'er thy labour pour'd a beam of joy ;
Ere he attain'd to manhood,—all are fled,
And buried deep in death's untroubled bed !—

All this has pass'd—and o'er the spot of earth
Which gave such kindly recollections birth,
Have come the lonely grasshopper and toad,
Sole monarchs of the waste—sole tenants of the sod.

MY AUNTS.

My aunts were aged, jealous of their fame—
They ne'er preferr'd of poverty the claim,
But lived on little by their labour won ;
While health permitted, they would card and spin.
And each kind neighbour lent a timely aid,
What time the butter came, or cheese was made.
Their very sickness lack'd no kindly care,
Nor did the feeless doctor potions spare ;
And matron cures announced with solemn face,
Applied most aptly to the present case.

Unfit my pen, in numbers to declare,
The simple virtues of this ancient pair.
Their meagre meal, with solemn grace before,
And lengthen'd praises when the meal was o'er ;

* " Ejaculatory prayer, my friends, carries you to heaven before Satan gets wit o' your intended journey."—*Boston's Sermons.*

Their fellow-feeling for a neighbour's woe,
 That charity which never thinketh ill ;
 Their tender pity for a nephew's woe,
 When parent discipline applied the blow ;
 Or, when compell'd imperiously to school,
 With unwrit version, uncommitted rule,
 He pled evasive cholic, grubs, and pain,
 And slowly measured back his steps again.
 Yet Kate was passionate, and Peg could scold
 At porrich saltless, or potatoes cold ;—
 How slight soe'er the cause, th' awaken'd tongue,
 On this side and on that, was loudly rung !

But as a cloud, which dims a harvest-day,
 Is swept by western winds in showers away,
 So have I mark'd, in spite of withering years,
 Relenting nature soften into tears ;
 These aged sisters drop their sudden ire,
 And crouch in closer compact o'er the fire.
 And I have ever seen the kindest heart
 In every human care that took a part,
 From sorrow's eye, that wiped the swelling woe,
 Or turn'd from helpless worth th' oppressor's blow.
 Whose bounty served the fever to assuage,
 And smoooth the pillow of declining age,
 The proudest boast of mercy—passion toss'd,
 And midst a gust of sudden transport lost !

Thus sung our second Bard in soften'd tone ;
 The Cynic Parson answer'd by a groan,
 Drew up his breath into a lengthen'd puff,
 And dryly mutter'd,—“ Sentimental stuff.”
 The younger brother smiled, his task began,
 Whilst in more comic strain his numbers ran

ELDER JONATHAN.

An Elder of the church, a sacred name,
 Bound to investigate, and bring to shame,
 Effects to causes nine months old to trace,
 And live the scandal ferret of the place.

An Elder, Jonathan ; and, large as life,
 Sits by our Elder's side, his zealous wife ;
 O'er husband merciful, inclined to spare,
 This sin-abhorring dame exerts her care,
 Rouses to vengeance all the inward man,
 Of kindly, fellow-feeling Jonathan.
 “ You spare the guilty ! you, who swore to fall,
 Like God's destroying angel, on them all.
 You hide their failings ! you, whose office bears
 To clip them to the quick with session shears—
 The naked truth before all eyes to place,
 And bring each lurking limner to disgrace.”

The Elder heard. His failings he confess'd,
 Then pray'd the subject might be put to rest.
 “ To rest, indeed !” inflamed with sacred ire,
 Rejoins the Dame—“ And this is your desire ;
 And thus the sins of each unholy maid
 To your misjudging lenity are laid.
 You can't resist the tears, and deepen'd sighs,
 That speak from heaving breasts and beaming eyes.

You love to tamper with the sinful thing,
And unto disrepute your office bring;
You patronize incontinence—you do.”
“Not,” quoth the humbled Jonathan, “in you.

But see, a damsel comes, her guilt to speak,
If right I read the language of her cheek,—
That cheek, deep-tinged with guilt’s unhallow’d fire.
’Tis mine to question—You had best retire.”

“Retire, indeed! She knew his silly way—
She had a mind to hear—and she would stay.”

The damsel stood abash’d. The matron’s eye
Gleam’d like the meteor of a stormy sky—
“What fellow, huzzie!” Scarce she had begun;
“That fellow,” sighs the huzzie, “is your son!”

THE LAIRD.

Of ancient family, God knows how old,
’Tis not in Martin, nor in Sibbald told;
With more of souns than acres; pigeons more
Than all the guineas which compose his store;
A hall sore fretted by the silent wear
Of envious Time. A policy, all bare
Of tree or shrub—save here and there a thorn,
As if to hold all forestry in scorn.
Within, the man is Fife-ish passion driven,
His wild ideas all at six and seven.
High in his raptures, urgent, lively, kind,
His very fault exuberance of mind.
Then low and meaningless he floats away,
Whilst all his spirit oozes through his clay.
Yet is his nature uniform, and free
From every meanness and hypocrisy;
His very follies tend to shew the heart,
Devoid of all deceitfulness and art.
He loves his friend. Should any chuse to try
His plighted word, the Laird will not fight shy;
But ruin o’er his house will rather bring,
Than stain his character by shuffling.
He loves his bottle; not his sires of yore,
Could love their* barrel and their spiggot more.
He loves his bottle, but his loving wife
Contrives to crown his revelment with strife.
Gleams past the tea-urn with prophetic ire,
Or stirs, with desperate thrust, the blazing fire.
Addresses, questions, pauses, bites her lip,
And scarcely deigns the cooling tea to sip.
Is absent, almost petulant—yet smiles,
And all but “poor unfortunate” beguiles.
He reads a certain lecture in her air,
So timely drowns at supper board his care.

* “And when these merry fellows had convened in the house of one Maggy Whit-tocks, they fell incontinent for days, and weeks, to the drinking of ale out of caps and quaghs, and the frying and devouring right voraciously of eels, caught at the mill-tail. And what time they had been right sair taken and o’ercome by the strong drink, they would apply their mouths in succession to the spiggot, and therefrom imbibe, as one may say, as much as they could, each one as he felt applying his thumb or fore-finger to the orifice, in order to prevent the drink from escaping. And thus our Scottish lairds spent their merry Christmas and set holidays, about seventy years bygone.”—ADAM-SON’S *Chronicle of the Memorabilia of Fife*. Vol. II. p. 672.

Outrides the tempest with provoking nose,
And snores awake to indicate repose!

The Junior Parson ceased, and so shall I,
Claiming from one and all a kind good-bye.

Thus far the Muse by indignation stung,
Despite of nature and of stars has sung ;
Dragg'd into day the many-headed beast,
Untamed by magistrate, unawed by priest.
Dared to descend to Vice's lowest cell,
And paint the future denizens of hell,
Till back revolting from the blotted crew,
With hasty sketch a milder race she drew.
In virtue's sunshine, placed the suns of Night,
Contrasting all their vices by the Light.
Her end unalter'd, and her view the same,
To cover Scottish crime in deeper shame.

Indulgent reader, you and I must part,
You with a light, and I with heavy heart ;
You've borne my gabble with indulgence strange ;
I love repose, and you are fond of change.
So here at last, like modern friends we sever,
Good bye t'ye, Bill,—Good bye t'ye, Tom, for ever.

JUVENALIS JUNIOR.

GEMS FROM THE ANTIQUE.*

IN this age of Mammon, when so many both of books and razors are manufactured, simply "to sell," it is agreeable to fall in with a little elegant volume, evidently got up for the gratification of individual taste, and never expected to make any impression upon the great mass of the reading public. The taste of the British public is indeed more decidedly dead to the excitements of such delicate fare as this volume presents, than that of any other nation, arrived, *quoad alia*, at the same sort of pitch in refinement: and it was always so with us. Perhaps our appetites are, on the whole, coarse as well as ravenous; but it is quite certain, that nothing ever will go down with us that has no better recommendation than extreme and elaborate elegance. Force is far before flavour in the opinion of your intellectual Kitcheners. The Bridal of Triermain is out of all sight the most *elegant* of Sir Walter Scott's poems—and yet, had it continued in its original anonymous

state, the first edition of it would still have been lumbering the publisher's garret. Mr Wordsworth is out of all sight the most *elegant* poet of the day—in real grace he surpasses the Rogerses, &c. as far as a Greek statue does the cast of a French dancing-master; and yet the public *will not* be persuaded to look at Wordsworth. The Bridal of Triermain, and Wordsworth's Poems, were neglected *because* they were elegant (for in neither of them surely was there any deficiency of vigour), while it would not be difficult to point out more instances than one in which *vulgarity*, almost by itself, would seem to have been enough to carry a certain sort of popularity.

The truth is, that books are no longer the chosen food of chosen spirits. Literature has ceased to be the delight and luxury of the enlightened and refined alone. She has descended from her lofty place; and he who would write himself up to fortune, must first write himself down to favour. Fame,

* Gems, principally from the Antique, drawn and etched by Richard Dagley, author of *Select Gems*, &c.; with *Illustrations in Verse*, by the Reverend George Croly, A.M. author of *Catiline*, a Tragedy, Paris in 1815, &c. 1822. London, Hurst, Robinson and Company; Constable and Company, Edinburgh.

true, lasting fame, it is scarcely necessary to say, is not the object of our modern book-makers. If, indeed, they be visited now and then with some transitory touches of

That last infirmity of noble mind, the more is the shame that they return to the mire of their vocation.

A curious disquisition might be written on the decline of the taste for the *classical*, which used formerly to be so prevalent among the readers of England. The common-place Edinburgh Review theory is, that classical ideas and allusions have been banished on account of their *coldness*, and there it stops. But whence this coldness? Is Milton frigid when he treads on mythological ground? Is Dryden frigid in his *Alexander's Feast*? Is there any thing cold in Lord Byron's *Musings upon Marathon*? Is Wordsworth frigid when he embodies the awful dream of Dian, or when he pours out the stately and Sophoclean pathos of his *Laodamia*?

It is extremely amusing to observe *Ignorance* working towards the same end, at the very same time, by means of two perfectly opposite sets of tools. Here are the Edinburgh Reviewers, on the one hand, running down everything that is classical, merely because they themselves are destitute of classical scholarship; and there, in the other end of the island, are the Cockneys pursuing a plan still more efficacious. There they are, a pack of poor illiterate creatures, (not one of whom could tell, within fifty miles, what is the meaning of a *Middle Voice*;) all piping about Pan, and Apollo, and Endymion, and the Muses, and the *Graces*, and "downlooking busts;" and Nymphs, "with tremulous mess internally,"—Bacchus,—Silenus,—Tritons,—Ganymedes,—and the *Hesperian apples*. What a jumble of marred antique magnificence, and speck-and-span-new patches of vulgarity, in their odious verses! A kilted negro is not more disgusting than a classical Cockney. A deeper gulf is not fixed between the Pedant and the Porson; than separates Corney Webb from the author of "*Catiline*."

The volume before us is therefore the production of what Hazlitt considers the most contemptible of all human beings, "a scholar and a gentleman."—(And, by the way, how much

better is it to speak out one's mind, smack and plain, like Hazlitt, than to go about the bush mincing and numbling like the rest of that brotherhood!) It is a volume which will never "sell,"—a volume which the great vulgar *corpus* of readers will disdain to look into, unless perhaps for the sake of the spirited engravings, which, in general, are executed in a style not unworthy of the verses they accompany.

Though the prints are slight, yet the outlines are correctly given, and that is all that can be regarded as of any real importance.

They have, besides, the merit of being wisely and well chosen; for there is not one design in the book that does not possess some striking peculiarity of charm and interest. Above all, we have been delighted with the *portrait gems*. It is well remarked in the preface, (which also appears to be Mr Croly's,) that

"The importance of these relies to learned investigation, to the artist, and to the amateur, to the natural and elevating indulgence felt in looking on the features of the mighty dead—deserves to make them a favourite study with the accomplished mind of England. *Gems* illustrate the attributes and tales of mythology, the costumes of antiquity, the fine romances of the poets, the characters of the early languages, the great historic events, and the progress of the arts; the countenances of Virgil and Mæcenas, of Cicero and Alexander, live only on *gems*; the Venus of Praxiteles, the head of the Phidian Minerva, the Apoxyomenos of Polydectus, that triumph of ancient statuary! are to be found only on *gems*; the restorations of the Venus de Medici and the Laocoon have been made from *gems*; they offer an endless treasure of the brilliant thoughts, and buried wisdom, the forgotten skill, and the vanished beauty, of a time when the mind and form of man reached their perfection."

The first gem in the series is one representing the heads of PERICLES and ASPASIA. Pericles is bearded, as in the very pride of manhood, and the casque is on his head, but the neck and shoulders are nude. Aspasia wears a veil, and has her hair elaborately arrayed on her front in long and separate curls. Nothing can be more noble than the serenity of the hero's countenance; that of his frail and lovely friend is at once, placid melancholy, and luxurious. Who could look on such a gem

without emotion? but who is he among ten thousand that could have found out this lofty strain, at once interpreting and surpassing all the movements of our contemplation?

PERICLES AND ASPASTA.

THIS was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame:
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king!

Yet, not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won;
Fear'd—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved—but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind,
By Nature's first great title—Mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue;
Then Eloquence first flash'd below!
Full arm'd to life the portent sprung,
Minerva, from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook heregis o'er the land!

And throned immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime—
ASPASTA, all his spirit's bride;
But if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the Beauty and the Sage;
Their crime was in their darken'd Age.

He perish'd—but his wreath was won—
He perish'd on his height of fame!
Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun;
Yet still she conquer'd in his name.
Fill'd with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was Posterity!

Next comes a very beautiful personification of DEATH. The Genius of Dissolution does not appear in a form of terror;—a naked child is just touching the Earth with his foot—his downcast eye is shaded by his arm—his wing is relaxed, and his touch points, expiring, to the ground. This was worthy of the race that scattered flowers upon a bier—and lavished on a cemetery more splendour than on a palace—worthy of the gentle imagination of the Greeks.

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

WHAT is Death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled here!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dates come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb!
Spirit with the drooping wing,

And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strew'd,
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne!
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on:
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

A few pages farther on we have LEONIDAS kneeling behind his shield, with his dagger in his hand—the last attitude of the patriot hero. His countenance is exquisitely beautiful. The artist has had genius enough to express the perfection of valour, without suggesting the least idea of anything like fierceness. Perhaps Mr Croly's verses are not quite the natural comment on *such* a portrait; but they are noble in themselves.

LEONIDAS.

SHOUT for the mighty men,
Who died at thy this shore—
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on Valour's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men,
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd—a storm of sword and spear;—
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
LEONIDAS! no hand is near
To lift thy fated falchion low;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
The voice that should be raised by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given !—the surge—

The tree—the rock—the sand—
On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee !

The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell !

And is thy grandeur done ?

Mother of men like these !
Has not thy outcry gone,
Where Justice has an ear to hear ?—
Be holy ! God shall guide thy spear ;
— 'Till in thy crimson'd seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
Greece shall be a new-born Star !

At page 19 there is a head of Sappho, from a gem in Tassie's collection. It differs a good deal from the common bust of the poetess on gems ; but it is an undoubted antique, and of exquisite workmanship. The expression of the face is one of the deepest dejection. Croly's lines are splendid.

SAPPHO.

Look on this brow !—the laurel wreath
Beant'd on it like a wreath of fire ;
For passion gave the living breath,
That shook the chords of Apollo's lyre !

Look on this brow !—the lowest slave,
The vilest wretch of woe and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
Her genius, glory, and despair.

For, from these lips were pour'd sighs,
That, more than every scorch'd fire ;

* And tears were rain'd from these bright eyes,
That from the heart, like life-blood came.

She loved—she felt the fiercest gleam,
That keenest strikes the hottest mind ;
Life quench'd in one ecstatic dream,
The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope—the treacherous hope,
The last, deep poison of the heart,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one miser's of soul.

Then all gave way—grief, passion, pride !
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concentr'd strife of Love !

How graceful is the following stanza ! It stands alone, and almost conveys the image of the gem it is intended to illustrate.

THE EDUCATION OF BACCHUS.

I HAD a vision !—'T was an Indian vale,
Whose sides were all with rosy thickets crown'd,
That never felt the biting winter gale ;—
And soon was heard a most delicious sound ;
And to its music danced a nymph embrown'd,
Leading a lion in a silken twine,
That with his yellow mane would sweep the ground,
Then on his rider fawn—a boy divine !
While on his foaming lips a nymph show'd
er'd purple wine.

One more specimen, and we shall have done. No one that has ever seen any bust of Pindar can require to be reminded of that solemn physiognomy, in which the fire of an Apollo, and the strength of a Hercules, are blended together.

PINDAR.

In the grave this head was laid ;—
All its atoms in the sun
For a thousand years have play'd,
Through a thousand shapes have gone ;
Quick with life, or cold with death,
Still but withering dust and breath !
It has blossom'd in the flower—
It has floated in the wave—
It has lit the starlight hour—
It has whisper'd through the cave
Has the spirit perish'd all ?
This was but its mouldering wall !
Fame, the prize of life, was won ;
Pindar's mighty task was done.
Then on air his wing was cast !
Like a flame, the soul has past,
While the ashes rest below :—
Like a trumpet's sudden blast,
Gone !—what strength shall check it now ?
When the lightning wears a chain,
Pindar's soul shall stoop again !—
Yet the world has need of thee,
Man of Immortality !
Greece,—the name is lost in tears,—
Land of laurels, lyres, and spears !
Victors on that spot have birth,
Brighter than are born of earth :
In that soil of glorious strife,
Not an atom but had life,
Glow'd and triumph'd, fought, and died,
As the patriot battle's tide,
Flood of arrow, lance, and sword,
O'er the whelm'd invader roar'd.
Hear us ! from thy golden Sphere !—
Shall the eternal sepulchre
Hide the spirit of the land ?
Shall no great, redeeming hand—
(Oh, for such as dyed her seas
In thy day, Miltiades !
Issuing from her peasant ranks,
Smite the turban'd robber horde,

Till the chain no longer clanks,—
 Till the Turkish battle, gored,
 Over Helle's purple banks
 In returnless flight is pour'd :—
 Till the phalanx, laurel-brow'd,
 Like a rolling thunder-cloud,
 Like a conflagration sweeping,
 Of its plague-spot clears the soil ;
 And no more the voice of weeping,
 Woman's shame, or manhood's spoil,
 Grieves the listening midnight sky !—
 PINDAR ! shall her glory die !
 Shall, like thine, no godlike strain
 Teach her to be great again ?
 Hear us, from thy starry throne
 Hear !—BY THOSE IN MARATHON.

It would be quite superfluous for us to say more about this little volume. We have done enough to make its existence known to such as are likely to appreciate the elegance and skill of the gentlemen concerned in its preparation. The verses appear to us to be, in many instances, of the very highest order of merit. They bear the marks of that ardent enthusiasm, which is among the author's richest

gifts, and yet they have all the graceful simplicity—without which nobody should ever presume to approach the hallowed soil of Greece.

After all, when one considers the number of engravings, 8s. 6d. is not much of a price :—therefore take courage, and “Go forth, my little book !” One word, however, at parting, to Mr Croly. What absurd affectation is this you have fallen into, of printing your verses here and there, after the fashion of the age of Rowley ? The lines, for example, on “Venus clipping the wings of Cupid,” are in every respect, phraseology, versification, &c. as modern as any in the volume, and yet you write,

“Nothing borne of rime or gloome,
 Is so deadlie as thatte plume ;”

and so forth. This was all very well in Mr Snodgrass's ballad about “Whittingtonne hys Catto :” but, do you, Mr Croly, avoid the like henceforth, as you value your skin.—*Verbum sat.*

HINTS TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN, IN A LETTER TO C. NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,—I am surprised that you have not yet favoured your readers with any opinion on that great topic which at present so universally engrosses the public attention,—I mean the AGRICULTURAL QUESTION. It is due from the vigour and independence with which your work is conducted, that some notice should be taken of the humbug connected with that important subject, and that the merits of the case, *got up* for the country gentlemen, should be exposed, not so much in its principles, as in the important considerations which are so carefully kept in the back-ground. It seems to me that an attempt is made, with great industry, and some degree, both of talent and ingenuity, to represent “THE LANDED INTEREST” as “the Nation ;” and by a dexterous juggle, to confound the metaphor “country,” with those plain matter of facts, “the country gentlemen.” Every thing relative to the general question, as far as the whole community is concerned, is lost sight of, and our fears and understandings are puzzled with crude notions of political economy, somehow deduced from “the stottery” philosophy of Malthus, and doctrines drawn from

the theoretical dogmas of the radicals. It seems to be assumed as incontrovertible, that our population exceeds our means of employment ; and that, although we are overwhelmed with abundance, it is yet necessary to encourage emigration. It seems also, in like manner, to be assumed, that there does exist certain inherent rights in the lower classes of the people, by which they are authorized to set aside the order of things which has grown up among us, which order of things is as much a necessary, I would say a natural product, as the man himself is, that is formed in our civilized state of society by the influence of the education he receives, and of the circumstances in which he is placed. The rights of man, which it has been the misfortune of the world to hear so much about during the last thirty years, are only practically applicable to the condition of mankind in a state of nature ; they are only useful as integers for the scientific calculations of philosophy. They have no operative existence in the manifold combinations and dependencies of the civilized state, saving and excepting that of equality, which, in legislation, is the principle of justice. In every

other respect, by the blessing of God, and the progress of that amelioration which forms so visible and so beautiful a part of his Providence, THE RIGHTS OF SOCIETY have superseded THE RIGHTS OF MAN, and it is no longer a question, what we are entitled to, but what is the best mode for continuing that progressive state, which necessarily evolves itself by a careful conservation of the rights of society from the shocks and injuries to which they are exposed by those who venture to set human law at defiance, and to act on the instigations of nature.

Nothing, I conceive, can be more indisputable, than that it is the nature of society to generate for itself, out of the industry, the intelligence, and the power of individuals, a stock of public wealth; and that in the judicious appropriation of this stock by public opinion, consists the secret of preserving communities progressive in all those things which adorn the physical world, and improve the delights and wonders of the intellectual. Now, the inference which I would draw from the history of this country, is, that hitherto the British nation has been progressive, and that out of the appropriation of the stock of public wealth by public opinion among us, has arisen that power and frame and order of things which now exists, and by which such achievements in arts and arms and benevolence have been performed. This does not, however, appear to be the opinion either of the Country Gentlemen, or of the Radicals. The former, as I have already said, appear to consider the country as theirs, and theirs only, merely because, in the existing order of things, their official duty to the public, is to see that the land is properly cultivated and improved; and the Radicals, on the other hand, with their one-eyed reason, regard the stock of public wealth as capable of being apportioned equally to all, and that the progressive state which we enjoy may still be preserved, totally forgetting to consider what would be not only the moral, but the political consequences of a change, that would have the effect of destroying those institutions which, like public conduits and fountains, constantly repair in their effects and operations the detriment that is done to the rights of society, by those who venture to assert the rights of man as individuals. The adjudication of "guilty," is the

land-mark which shews where the rights of man end, and those of society clash with them.

But, not to enlarge on these points beyond what is requisite as a preface to my immediate object, I wish to draw your attention to the agricultural question, in relation to the rights of society, and to suggest to the members of his Majesty's government the only possible mode of reducing the evil with which that body of public servants, the Country Gentlemen, are at present afflicted. I call them public servants, because if they cannot be so considered, they must be public enemies; for I hold it to be utterly impossible, in the interwoven interests of such a state of society as exists in this country, that there can be any class of the community endowed by the order of things with public trusts, who are not *de facto* public officers, by whatever name or title they may be distinguished or classed.

I do not pretend to point out any way by which the difficulties of the agricultural question can be lessened to government; but I expect to be able to shew that the views which the Country Gentlemen have taken of the subject, are not only erroneous in principle, but deserving of general reprobation.

The object of Country Gentlemen, if I can understand what they want, is, that, in order to enable them to enjoy their present exorbitant and unnatural rental, the national establishments must be reduced, and that, to effect this, it is necessary to abridge the amount of the taxes. And they go much farther: They say, if the reduction of the national establishments are not sufficient, the public creditor must make up the difference. Now, I propose to myself the task of examining the causes which have led to this open profession of private greed and public dishonesty.

In the first place, I would ask, by what superiority of right are the landlords entitled to any preference in the general commonwealth over the rest of the community? They are but the custodiers of the soil, for the behoof of the nation at large, and their incomes, arising from the rents thereof, are but of the nature of salaries for their superintendence and care of the sources of the national sustenance. In former ages—in the feudal times—they were, it is true, somewhat

more important than the mere stewards to which they have been reduced by the change of manners, and the rise of the commercial system; for they not only held their lands by the natural tenure of supplying the people with the produce, but also upon condition of rendering military service to the crown. The whole army, in the ancient periods of the monarchy, was raised and maintained at the expence of the landlords—I am not going into this subject minutely; but treating a general question upon its general merits, and this broad fact shall not be nibbled at, merely because there were probably here and there some half a score of jocular tenures—I, therefore, repeat, that the land was pledged for the maintenance and support of the army; that the landlords raised the recruits at their own expence, accoutred them for the field, and not only maintained them there for a certain time, free of expence to the country, but afterwards, in common with the other subjects, contributed to their support so long as the Crown required their service.

By the rise of the commercial system, and the requisite establishments, in consequence, of standing armies, available for colonial purposes, the obligation of military service was commuted, and the land-tax, and other assessments on rural industry, substituted. Lawyers may say that there is no record of this in the statute-book; how, indeed, was it to be expected that the nature of territorial property should be set forth in the preambles of tax-bills? But the historical fact is so; and the enormous free incomes of the modern landlords, distributed according to their own pleasure, is the effect of the advantageous arrangement which they made for themselves, by being the legislators, when they gradually disencumbered the land from the obligations of the feudal tenure. It is, therefore, clearly manifest, that the landlords, instead of possessing any superiority of right entitling them to a preference in the general commonwealth over the rest of the community, actually stand in the predicament of enjoying a large remuneration for their trouble as custodiers of the soil, than what they ought to possess; the feudal charges of which they have disencumbered themselves, being, at this time,

much heavier to the community, than the whole amount of the land-tax, and the direct taxes on agriculture. But even were the amount of these taxes equal to those charges, supposing for a moment it had been practicable to have continued them in the altered state of society under the commercial system, still, by the change which that system has induced on the old agricultural system, the cares and hazards of the custody of the soil have been so much reduced, that the remuneration of the custodiers ought also to be reduced. But what is the fact? Their remuneration has been increased, and they have been largely benefited by the change. In one sentence, and regardless of the consternation which it may produce among “the pluckless,” the landlords, during the growing and glorious advantages of the commercial system, have been reduced into the condition of *DRONES*—their occupation is in a great measure gone, and the race of great farmers, generated by the commercial system, has become the custodiers of the soil, the rent which they pay to the landlords being of the nature of superannuation pensions. The Country Gentlemen have placed themselves in this invidious light, by encouraging the system of farming on a large scale, a system of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, but which, I may here notice, has had the effect of making the rents more irregularly paid, although at first it promised great facilities in the mode of collection.

Now we would ask the landlords, how is it that they dare presume to hope or expect that their pensions and salaries are to be preserved entire, at their present exorbitant rate, and those of all the other public servants abridged or sacrificed? Do they think that those new custodiers of the land will continue to support their sinecures; or rather, which is the more scientific mode of placing the truth, do they imagine that the agricultural system, as it is at present modified, can afford a surplus of profit, (after paying the tear and wear of capital, and the expences of labour,) we say, do they expect that it can afford a surplus of profit equal to the amount of those fixed incomes, which they have for so many years calculated on receiving?—It cannot; and this they perfectly know and understand; but

averse to look at the real circumstances of their case, and to acknowledge the truth, they factiously and jacobinically tell, in their thousand absurd, and craftily-got-up petitions to the legislature, that it is not their sinecures, so rigorously exacted from the farmers, which is the cause of that destruction of the capital employed in agriculture, that is impoverishing the land, but the burden of the national establishments.—“It is not our high rents,” say they to their tenants, “but the heavy taxes, which grind you down; pay you, therefore, your rents cheerfully as before, and we will use our predominating influence in the legislature to force government to reduce the taxes; no matter what the consequences may be to the rest of the community; no matter what misery it may entail on thousands of honest, and enlightened, and meritorious men, who have spent their days in the public service; no matter to what crimes, the fruit of poverty, it may reduce those brave and gallant spirits, whose duties were dangers, and who, in so many battles, and under so many pestiferous climates, fought and bled, to keep us safe at our banquets and our revels, when the greatest foe that ever conquered had sworn our destruction. Think not of the moral anarchy that must arise in such a community as that of Great Britain, by thousands of ingenious and daring minds thrown for subsistence on the resources of their ingenuity and their bravery; continue to pay our rents, and we will, by every means that dishonesty can suggest, whether it be to plunder the official servants, or to degrade the national heroes, or to defraud the public creditors,—we will by chaos and clamour in the Houses of Parliament, enable you to do so, unless the Government is firm enough to expose our notorious principles, as we are consci-

ous they may be exposed. But in that case, Lord have mercy upon us, for we shall then be obliged to yield to public opinion; or if we venture to resist, as for a time we may, we shall in the end be compelled to scamper off, as dastardly and as despicably as the chaff of the French nobility and gentry, who abandoned their country to the Hunts and Humes and Cobbetts of Paris.”

That the real cause of the agricultural distress is known to a few enlightened landlords, is acknowledged in the laudable and voluntary reductions which they have made in their rents.*

By the progress of the commercial system, not only the produce, but the land itself, became a commodity of mercantile speculation; local attachments, entails, and restrictions on the disposal, prevented it, however, from being rendered entirely transferable; but premiums, in the shape of advanced rents, or fees, or grassums, were given to the holders for the chances of the rise that might take place in the course of a specified period of years, not merely in the value of the produce, but in the value of the land itself, in consequence of anticipated augmentations to the national wealth, from whatever cause accruing. It is the nature of mercantile speculation to occasion an unsound increase of value, and the value of land was, in consequence, inflated and swollen. In considering therefore, generally, the question of agricultural distress, it may be predicated as a principle to be referred to hereafter—THAT AT THE CLOSE OF THE LATE WAR, THE VALUE OF LAND WAS RAISED ABOVE ITS NATURAL LEVEL, BY THE EFFECTS OF SPECULATION.

By the necessary demands for the public service during the late war, the system of contracts was conducted on

* Mr Campbell of Blytheswood, the member for Glasgow, we understand, has adopted the principle of regulating his rents by the *fiara*. It was worthy of the representative of so great, so enlightened, and so enterprising a city, to adopt the only rational means of securing to himself a fair proportion of the return which the capital, the skill, and the labour employed in the cultivation could afford. Does it never occur to those landlords, who are so ready in rousing out their tenants, that it might be better to reduce the rent to the tenant in possession, rather than to an untried stranger? To say nothing of the advantages, which in all times of trouble and danger, kind landlords have derived from the fidelity of their tenantry, does it not look very like injustice and oppression, to sell the stock and implements of a tenant, to make up the deficiency of a rent, which deficiency is afterwards satisfied in the form of a reduction to a new tenant? Why should the stranger receive this premium over the possessor? On this subject much might be said, but enough is suggested for consideration at this time.

a greater scale than perhaps had ever before been attempted. The immediate contractors with government employed larger capitals; and those again with whom they in their turn contracted for the parts and portions of the articles which they had engaged to furnish, were also men of superior wealth, or, what was almost then equivalent to wealth, of superior mercantile intelligence. The consequence of this was, a greater competition among contractors, and the agent was often found starting against his principal. The effect of this was to draw agricultural produce into great masses, available for any sudden demand, and the farmers who were the feeders of the system, partaking of the profits which this direction of mercantile capital had taken, became in their turn also speculators, and the facilities of pecuniary accommodation afforded through the means of the numerous fungi of country banks, led them into the mercantile system of bills, and enabled them to keep up their stock from the market till the prices suited their views. Vast masses of agricultural produce were in consequence kept available for the views of contractors; and, perhaps, still greater masses were withheld from market by the effects of the bill and banking accommodations. Thus, in the course of time, between these two, a greater extent of land was brought into cultivation than was requisite for the support of the population of the country. In considering, therefore, the effect of all this on the question of agricultural distress, it may also be assumed, (likewise to be referred to hereafter,)

II. THAT AT THE CLOSE OF THE LATE WAR, THE VALUE OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE WAS ABOVE ITS LEVEL;

III. THAT THE QUANTITY EXISTING IN THIS COUNTRY WAS GREATER THAN THE NATURAL DEMAND; and,

IV. THAT THERE WAS A GREATER EXTENT OF LAND UNDER TILLAGE, AND PAYING RENT ACCORDINGLY, THAN THE ACTUAL WANTS OF THE POPULATION REQUIRED.

It thus appears to me, that the agricultural distress can be quite adequately accounted for by these causes, and that it is by no means clear that it can be so well explained by ascribing it to the operation of the taxes, since, under the most extraordinary reduc-

tion of taxation in the history of any country, the evil has continued to increase. "The evil is abundance;" and it can only be cured by a gradual adaptation of the quantity to the demand. But even that will not be enough; the inflated value of the land from speculation, the unsound rentals in consequence, and the expedients of bill and banking accommodation, induced by those speculations, are also evils that must be removed before the landed interest can be restored to its sound and pristine state. And this, I conceive, it is in the power of legislative enactment to accomplish, without violating or interfering with any of the acknowledged principles of political economy. At the same time, we doubt if any such committee as that which wearied to death poor Londonderry, will be able to comprehend them. Nevertheless, I shall take the liberty to state what occurs to me on the subject.

In the first place, then, it is manifestly absurd, and contrary to the nature and fitness of things, that a revenue arising from land should be valued by any other standard than the value of the produce. It would be a waste of words, and time to offer any thing in illustration of this. But what is the fact? Is not the present standard of rents from land throughout the kingdom the Mint price of gold? Now, in the name of common sense, in what way is it possible to regulate the fluctuating produce of the earth by the value of a standard so comparatively steady? If the sovereign, we suppose, for the sake of calculation, should happen to represent the value of a quarter of wheat, and we let a certain portion of land, capable of producing a thousand quarters of wheat, for two hundred sovereigns per annum, how is it possible, when, by some failure of the harvest, the land yields only five hundred quarters, that the tenant can afford to pay the rent of two hundred sovereigns? Or, in the event of things being as they now are: If the thousand quarters are reduced, by "the evil of abundance" to be worth no more than five hundred quarters, how can he still afford to give the same rent? The thing is monstrous; and yet it is what is now in existence, and to which the whole attention of the public is called, as if a system so unnatural could by any possibility be preserved.

There is, in fact, no remedy for the evil, but to regulate rent by the price of produce. Instead of taking averages, for the purpose of regulating mercantile speculations, in order to prevent the artizan from living as well, and working as cheaply, as he is entitled to do, in consequence of the improvements with which science, and commerce, and his industry, have enriched the world, the averages should be taken to regulate the prices of salaries. Considering, as I do, the priestly stipend and the lordly rental as of the nature of salaries, I would have all these regulated by the market price of grain. And what objection, rational or political, could be made to such a proposition? The effect of it as a relief to the farmer would be immediate; no doubt, it would materially abridge the enormous and unnatural incomes of the landlords, but in that abridgment lies the only remedy that can be applied to the effects of the artificial and unsound value of the land, and of the effects of the quantity of produce raised beyond the immediate demands of the population, *i. e.* "the evil of abundance."

I am aware, that to take the price of grain as the standard of the value of rents, still some inconvenience would be felt; for it is not to be denied, that the labourer, as eagerly in quest of luxuries as his superior, seeks to supply the demands of nature with the cheapest food he can obtain; and in order that he may be able to spare as much of his wages as possible, for other purposes, he is content with potatoes. The consequence of which is, that for a number of years the cultivation of potatoes has been gradually increased; in so much, that the price of the article has a material effect on the price of labour; and a failure of the potatoe crop, even in England, would be a dreadful calamity, from the price being so low that the labourer, by his other wants, could not afford to purchase more expensive food. Connected, therefore, with the question of agricultural distress, it would be of the utmost consequence, were it clearly ascertained, whether the improvements of the kingdom have been followed by corresponding improvements in the living of the labourers; for if the fact be as we suspect, that a cheaper article of food has

come more and more into use, the influence which the change has on the agricultural interest must be very considerable. In Scotland, we are sensible that the change has been different, and that the material of sustenance among us has been greatly improved; but we doubt if it has been so in England, and the subject well merits investigation.

For should it turn out that the cultivation of the potatoe has in any material degree affected the cultivation of corn, or should it be proved, which I suspect is the case, that it has not tended to diminish the cultivation of corn, but has been merely extended to meet the wants of an increasing population, still the effect must be the same, and there might be some hazard in regulating rents by too fixed a standard, were the price of wheat for example only taken.

There would, no doubt, be some difficulty in carrying into effect a new standard for the measure of the salaries of the national officers; and, were we to judge by what passed in the House of Commons, with relation to the averages, it would appear almost impossible.—But if a register were kept in every market town of every bargain struck in corn, and no bargain held binding unless recorded, and returns from such register-offices made periodically, the whole matter might be managed without trouble.—I believe the number of market towns in Great Britain do not exceed fourteen hundred; an officer at a small salary, the post-master for example, might keep the register, and transmit weekly the average rates of the bargains, to a clerk at the treasury, (and one clerk ought to be sufficient,) who could prepare the accounts and strike the averages quarterly; the rents payable at the ensuing quarter to be regulated by the returns of the bargains concluded in the preceding. It appears to me that the means for carrying the scheme into effect are exceedingly simple and practicable, and I know not one word of rational objection that can be offered, either to the principle of the suggestion, or to the plan proposed. I shall, therefore, proceed to consider it with respect to the effect it might have as to what I would call my first induction, namely:

"That at the close of the late war,

the value of land was raised above its natural level by the effects of speculation."

I think it must be obvious, that mercantile speculation proceeds on an assumption of one or other of two things, either that the speculator possesses information which has not reached the public, or is of opinion that certain causes are in operation, the effect of which he has more sagacity than his neighbours to see. Now, it is quite clear, that whatever influence sagacity might still be allowed to possess, the speculative influence of superior information would be materially abridged. Every man interested in the price of corn, in land and rents, would have, in the publication of the official averages, a natural and legitimate check on the spirit of the speculator, and the result would of necessity be, a more correct estimate of the value of land, formed from the only valid source, the prices of produce. But it may be said, that this would do very well with respect to the land of the kingdom in general, and that local value would still be as much shrouded, and as much under the influence of the speculator, as ever. Not so; the knowledge of general truth always promotes the knowledge of truth in detail. The official or treasury average would serve as a criterion for rent and salaries specifically, but means would soon be found to ascertain from the returns, the capabilities of the land in the different districts, and a local knowledge, of a comparatively correct kind, would soon be disseminated, the advantages of which would prove alike permanently beneficial to landlord and tenant, and thereby tend to reduce the value of land to its natural level.

My second induction is, "That at the close of the late war, the value of agricultural produce was above its level."

This, as I have explained, was owing to the effect of contractors coming into the market, and to the effect of speculations among the farmers, resulting from the same cause. The main cause has ceased; the contractors are no longer in the market to the same extensive amount, either of means or activity; but the habit of speculation still continues among the farmers; this habit time and losses will gradually cure; but it would be quicker cured, were the state of the

markets more generally known than they are at present. In so far, I therefore consider, that the pressure of the agricultural distress which has arisen from the subsidence of the high artificial and unsound price of produce to its natural state, is in process of amendment, but cannot be amended by any legislative arrangement, save only such as will have the effect of imposing the natural check of superior intelligence on the spirit of speculation.

The influence of time also can alone reduce so much of the evil of abundance as has arisen from the unnatural incitement to over cultivation, produced by speculation. The fall in the value of produce must necessarily induce a diminution in the amount of cultivation,—poor lands must be allowed to lie waste, until the rental of the kingdom has been regulated by some standard, that will enable the farmer to know much more correctly than heretofore, what he can afford to give in rent; and the full effect of any such standard cannot be known, until the unsound and swollen effects of speculation are removed.

But, sir, my subject grows under me; and the ramifications which each new branch seems to send forth, as it is considered, show how unwieldy this great question is for the slight sketches of a Magazine. I have adverted to the absurdity of complaining of the evil of abundance, and yet encouraging emigration. I think it would be trifling with your readers to offer any thing further on this point than the mere statement of the proposition. For I am sure there is not one who will not at once see, that if there is any truth in this alleged abundance, emigration can have only the effect of increasing the evil. It would seem, indeed, that employment, and not emigration, is what is wanted; that emigration, under these circumstances, is a curse, and an impoverishment of the country; and that any portion of the public revenue which is appropriated to remove consumers from the market of the farmers, is only aggravating the calamity, and that such portions ought rather to be appropriated to public works, in order to detain them at home. The policy which induced the great statesmen of antiquity to build and settle cities, is a branch of political economy that has not received the attention it deserves.

—Far better it were to devise some means of concentrating into new towns those whom so many theorists have rendered restless, than to squander the public stock on them in settlements in distant islands. Gracious God, is it possible that those who see around their own dwellings so many thousands and tens of thousands of unoccupied acres, can seriously recommend, and not only recommend but assist, the most athletic portion of the population to bring into cultivation the wilds of America and Africa, and of the South-sea islands! But it is said, that the removal of such persons from the country will help to lighten the poor-rates. Here comes the question of taxation again. For the poor-rates may be described as one of the many means evolved out of the state of modern society, to appropriate the vast accumulation of the public stock in this country, in such a manner as to further the improvement of the people. I will not repeat my words; but I state the truth so—and I wish the statement to be received as fully and as broadly as the terms will warrant. But bear in mind, that I do not say the poor-rates are any more than any other tax desirable. At the same time I do not hesitate to say that it would not have been practicable to have brought the stupendous frame of productive machinery in this country to that astonishing excellence, but for the poor-rates. But for them the bold and spirited adventurers who established those vast machines, could never have found the means of keeping the capital embarked in their works together, in times when the operations of their business left nothing, or almost nothing, to pay the artizan. During the fluctuations of trade in a time of war, the true nature of the boon that mankind received from the genius of Arkwright and Watt, was not known. It is only in the steady times of peace, when the machinery is allowed to work regularly—not overheated for sudden demands one day, and then left to rust idle the next—that its benefits and blessings will be felt. It is only in peace, when the artizan, enlightened and incited by the ingenuity among his hands, will find himself yielding to the progressive influence of society, and his faculties enlarged by the reflections which immediate objects awaken, will learn that it is better to husband his little earnings for the Savings-Bank than to spend them in the ale-

house, to raise the price of malt, and thereby to encourage the Country Gentlemen to continue their high rents.

But of all the pendulicks of the agricultural question, there is no one more fertile in error than the attempt to convert the popular prejudice against machinery into one of the causes of the existing distress among the landed interest. It is felt and acknowledged, that the want of employment for the labouring class is one of the present afflictions of the country; and it is inferred, that but for the machinery this want would not exist. The Country Gentlemen, plausibly enough, imagine that were the labourer more employed, he would eat more quatern loaves, drink more ale, and thereby occasion a greater consumption of agricultural produce, and consequently increase the value of land. But they do not advert to the omission of an important link in the logic of this reasoning. Without question, were the labourer better employed, all these comfortable effects to himself, and beneficial results to the landed interest, would ensue; but is the lack of employment owing in any degree to the machinery? It would seem to be assumed, that it is to a certainty; and therein lies the fallacy of the reasoning; for it should first be shewn in what way the introduction of the manufacturing machines HAS diminished the employment of the labouring classes. That it has a tendency to supersede the hard labour of man, nobody denies; but that it HAS reduced the actual number of persons engaged in the labours of manufacturing, I not only deny, but I will assert the contrary; and without descending into any more minute details, I will appeal, first, to the increased population of the country generally, as substantiated by the parliamentary census; and next to the evidence before the eyes of every man—not resident in the ancient city of St Andrews, or “Provost” Gibson’s borough of Culross—in the increased population and improvements of the towns individually: That increase and those improvements are mainly to be attributed to the advantageous introduction of machinery in aid of labour. That neither the one nor the other can be ascribed to any influence of the landed interest or the Country Gentlemen, is, I think, indisputable; for *their* improvements have had a direct and obvious tendency to reduce the num-

ber of hands formerly employed in the labours of the farm. The system of great farms is a Malthusian system; its tendency is to increase the means of subsistence, and to diminish population; and it has had these effects.—Hamlets have almost disappeared from the face of the country; and villages have grown into towns, by the dispossession of the rustic population from the homely abodes of their simple and rude forefathers. It is possible, for I will not undertake to assert the contrary, that at the close of the war the number of hands employed in agriculture may have been greater than at any former period in the history of the country; but I will assert, that it was not owing to the agricultural system then pursued, but to the extension of cultivation required for the support of an increasing population, and for the purposes of those speculations to which I have so often referred. In a word, any lack of employment that has been caused by the changes which have taken place in the country, since the inventions of Arkwright and Watt came into use, has arisen from the system of great farms; and if there were any utility to come to the labouring class, or to the kingdom, by raising an outcry against the introduction of inventions and improvements, calculated to lessen the labour of man, that outcry should be directed against the Country Gentlemen, who have depopulated their estates, to make room for the great-farm system. They, and they only, are the class who have lessened the employment of the poor. From them, and them only, the country at this time has a right to demand relief. For, to return to the point immediately under consideration, I would ask, is it not a notorious fact that such ~~has been~~ the demand for labourers, created by the use of machinery in manufactures, that the adult population was not sufficient to supply the market, inasmuch that children were, in consequence, employed, and to such an extent, that it became an evil, which some years ago required legislative regulation? Now, how could this have occurred, had the introduction of machinery reduced the number of labourers? How could it have happened that, while the Country Gentlemen were remorselessly driving their tenantry like herds of swine into the market towns, and burning and

destroying their cottages, that they might return no more,—how could it have happened, that, while the demand for labourers among the manufacturers was so brisk, as that, even with all those who were driven into them by the great-farm system, they were necessitated to employ children,—how could it have happened that the introduction of machinery had lessened the value of human labour? The fact is, that hitherto the introduction of machinery ~~has~~ had quite the opposite effect, and that it has created many new branches of employment, which were previously neither known nor conceived. The trade of making machines is, for example, a vast and flourishing trade, which, prior to the era of Arkwright's invention of the cotton jennies, and Watt's application of the steam-engine, had no existence. The consumption of timber and of iron, in the preparation and the use of machinery, has given employment to thousands of additional labourers, in the details of the timber and iron trade; above those formerly employed. The construction of buildings for the manufactures and the manufacturer, has called also for new bands of masons, bricklayers, and carpenters. The very glazing of the windows in those buildings has occasioned a demand for new workmen in the glassworks. But, sir, your limits do not permit me to extend my illustrations; and, perhaps, it is better that I should here pause, and allow the reader rather to draw from his own recollections, the countless proofs of this fact, that the demand for labourers has been increased by the use of machinery, than to enter upon any illustrations at all. One word, however, before we part.

There may be some among those, who, while they admit the fact, will contend, that whatever the additional demand once was, which the use of machinery created, it exists no longer; on the contrary, the incitement which it caused for labourers, has had the effect of raising a greater population than can now find employment. Possibly there may be some truth in this; possibly machinery may have been carried too far,—for the productive powers of machinery are unlimited, while the demands of mankind are limited, and the increase of wants are of slow developement. But I think there is another cause, which will account

for that deficiency of employment so grievously distressing at present, and fully adequate to account for it without having recourse to any other. Besides, be it observed, that it is but a *notionary* cause, a mere opinion, that would ascribe to machinery the effect of the diminished demand for labourers; whereas the one to which I allude, is matter of fact, and within the view and scope of every man's experience. I allude to the revulsion from a state of war to a state of peace; to the suspension of the labour employed in the fabrication of the weapons of war;—to the suspension in the demand for soldiers and sailors;—to the consequences of disbanding the navy and army, whereby so many thousands of the most athletic of the labouring class were sent in quest of employment;—to the entire reduction of the transport service, with all its ships and crews, and tradesmen of every description, agents, and clerks, and artizans;—to the diminished number of the labourers in the dock-yards;—to the dispersion in search of other work of the thousands employed in the minuter operations of the public service as connected with the war;—to the diminished incomes of public officers, whose household establishments in servants have, in consequence, been reduced;—to the frugality induced by the reduction of so many officers to half-pay, by which the profits of their shopkeepers and tradespeople have been curtailed;—to the abridged transactions between these retailers and the wholesale dealers, and to the consequent

diminution in the transactions of the wholesale dealer with the farmer, the foreign market, and the manufacturer; all which, I do contend, constitute an aggregate cause quite sufficient to account for all that want of employment which it is attempted, or proposed, to obviate, by reducing the means of employment more and more. Already has the diminished expenditure of government thrown so much capital idle, that the value of money has fallen 20 per cent; and yet, with this fact staring them in the face, the Country Gentlemen think it possible, by legislative regulations, to keep up their rental at the war rate; and they think also, in common with the Radicals, that for their particular behoof and advantage, all the rest of the community should make sacrifices. In one brief sentence, instigated by "an ignorant impatience of taxation," they have endeavoured to force government from one act of injustice to another, against the most active and intelligent part of the community,—the merchants, the manufacturers, and all those connected with the management of the public stock, until they may so derange the existing admirable order of things in this country—a country, which has done so much more than any other for the benefit of man, and of the world—that a faction may be strengthened, which will not scruple, not only to investigate their sinecures, but to sweep them from their possessions, like chaff in the whirlwind.

BANDANA.

Glasgow, Oct. 15, 1822.

[We have given this article a place, in the hope that some of our old friends among the De-Coverleys will return the hard hits of this Glasgow manufacturer. The looms *versus* the plough is sport worth following up; besides, it will be a fine thing to see in what manner the Country Gentlemen can defend themselves from the accusation of being practically in league with the Radicals. We anticipate, that all the brave fellows on half-pay, together with the reduced clerks, and discharged supernumeraries, will, to a man, back the manufacturer. The odds at present are in his favour.—But *nous verrons*.

C. N.]

THE KING'S VISIT.
BY A LONDONER, BUT NO COCKNEY.

(Continued.)

Edinburgh, Friday, August 23.

THE Review of the Cavalry quartered in the neighbourhood, and of the Yeomanry of some of the adjoining counties, took place to-day. The novelty of an exhibition of this order, and the allowable passion of the ladies to see their gallant and rustic lords and lovers, relinquishing the habiliments of common life, and flourishing in scarlet and glory, produced an immense crowd. The Review was a simple parade. The Cavalry were ranged in a long line on the sea-shore; and, after having been rode through by the King and his plumed and prancing suite, passed him in troops, and thus closed a day memorable to that pretty miniature of Brighton, Portobello.

"Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
Since in the clench the buck was ta'en."

The Yeomanry, as they came in valour, volunteering, in some instances, to a man, as their journals with becoming pride expressed it, returned in triumph, covered with military dust, and riding their beleagnured way through the returning rout of vehicles, with a conscious look of danger nobly encountered, and patriotism not in vain.

It has often struck me that the lower creation have a strong sense of ridicule. Man has been presumed to be the only laughing animal, but a jest is not the less genuine for its being made with undisturbed muscles, and I will pledge all my penetration, that I saw among those gallant Centaurs, the large meek eye of many a Dobbin cast back, half wonder and half pleasantry, at the strange panoply of his awkward and excellent master.

At the close of the Review, which, from the fineness of the day, and the position of the troops, backed by a fine sweep of blue sea, was a striking spectacle, the King came up to the detachments of the Clans, drawn up a little apart, with the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Eife, General Stirling, Sir Evan Macgregor, Lord Gwydyr, &c., paid them some handsome compliments—and no man knows how to do those things better—and drove off in a blaze of artillery.

There has been some lively controversy here on the privilege of the High-

landers to eclipse all other Scotchmen; and bitter and bold things have been said both for and against the kilt. The result will probably be a compromise between the respective gloryings of hill and plain.

Yet the secret of the rivalry is in the Highland costume. Let modern meanness talk as it will, there is a moral effect in dress. The physiognomist tells us, that no man can put his features into the expression of a passion without involuntarily exciting it, in some degree, within himself. Dress is the physiognomy of the form; squalid clothing makes the mind squalid. The Turk, in his magnificent costume, looks a magnificent being; his turban and robe are made for supremacy; he is an imperial thing. The impression that strikes all eyes must strike his own, and actually raise and invigorate his martial and stately spirit.

The Knight of the tenth century in his plumes, and steel flourished and inlaid with precious ornament, looked, and was the emblem of all courtesy and gallantry. How much of the high breeding of the French and Spanish courts of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries may not have been connected with the noble costume of the time? We English do clever things by land and sea, stunted, strained, and scarped as we are. But the English mind is like no other. It is a sturdy, stern, ridicule-dreading, unimaginative race, inaccessible to the brilliant excitement that plays round an impassioned people. Yet the plumed hat, the embroidered cloak, the ruff, the Vandyke collar, might work their wonders with us still. We might see the race of the Sydneys and Raleighs starting up among our youth, now consigned by the efficacy of Belcher handkerchiefs, and other brutalities of equipment, to the look and the manners of coachmen.

We live in the midst of a revived homage for the genius of antiquity, for the recollections of our ancestors, the poetry, the ornaments, even the feeble and trivial efforts of obscure times towards modern invention. Yet by a strange conspiracy against grace and good sense, every nation is abandoning its original costume, and cutting, paring, and deforming, down to

the lowest profound of degraded modern sutorship. Place a cavalier of Charles I. beside a fashionable of our day, and we see the burlesque at once. The national dress of every people is noble. Among the thousand investitures of the human form, from the Minifala to the Andes, and from the days of Abraham to our own, there is not one that, unperturbed, does not add to the dignity or the beauty of man.

I will make a pilgrimage of taste, a crusade of costume. I will go to the President of Hayti, and remind him of the splendours of Africa, the jewelled cups, the shawls, the silken flowered tunics, the tiger skins, the gilded diamond-hilted weapons; strip every cocked hat and check breeches off his sable heroes, and shew them forth the Children of the Sun! I will go westward still, and call up a vision of Montezuma and Guatimozin before Iturbide, dazzle him with the golden breastplate and the feathered crown, the robe striped with azure, and the sandals bound with jaguar heads of gems. I will then shape my way across the waters of the Atlantic, and, full of authority and triumph, convert England, rend away its miserable cravats, pantaloons, swallow-tailed coats, and round hats, and restore the taste of the Henrys and Charles; and first of the first, shew them their King relieved from the unhappy succession of coats of all services, that make him one day a Scannan and the next a Soldier, the next a Privy Counsellor, and the next all but a Bishop. The close and consummation of my triumphs will be to see him invested in the costume of *royalty*, a costume unshared with every captain of horse, foot, and marines, in his royal pay; a costume that consulting grace, shall consult dignity, and exhibit him every inch a King.

In the meantime, let the Celtic Society go on and prosper. Let them preserve the Highlander in his original stuffs, and proselyte the Lowlander to the adoption of any dress that will extinguish the indescribable miscellany now worn by the generation of the Saxon.

I am not among the rapturous admirers of the plaid: Worn by the peasant, it is rude, awkward, and unpicturesque; but worn, as it is, by the Highland regiments, it is the very garb of soldiership. Loose, and light; free to the limbs, and showy to the eye,

the plumed cap, the flowing plaid, and the claymore, look the emblems of heroism, and may often have made heroes. But a *hero*, in the uniform of the English line, that specimen of how far the force of docking and beggary can go—that cramping of the limbs, and curtailing of the proportions of man—that grotesque contrivance to scrape the human figure down to the shape and smoothness of a carrot—is impossible. The result may be, a soldier, a sturdy scurf, killing, or being killed, according to orders.

The Highlanders here have carried off all the admiration from the whole various multitude of scarlet and feathers. There are but about three hundred, under different chiefs; fifty Sutherlands, commanded by Lord Francis Gower, armed only with the claymore; thirty Drummmonds, from the empire of Lady Gwydyr, as heirs of Perth, with claymore and targe; twelve Macdonell gentlemen, with their gillies, armed with claymore, targe, and long forest guns, headed by Glengarry; thirty Macgregors, under Sir Evan Macgregor; fifty Breadalbanes, under their Lord. The Strathfillan and Celtic Societies swelled the number of the men with the kilt. But those were amateur Highlanders; their legs were white, their cuticle was sensitive, their Erse was bastard, and their cannibalism was doubtful.

The site of the Review was near Prestonpans. Just seventy-seven years ago, the fathers of these bold fellows had on this spot struck the first blow against the Brunswicks. All nations are absurd. The Scotch, even the sober and sharpwitted sons of this frigid land, are proud of the expedition in 1745, as if it were not conceived in folly, and brought forth in blindness; as if the fragments of the British army that they dispersed were worthy of the name of opposition; or as if their highest success would not have been to load the throne with a contemptible hypocrite, at once a tyrant and a slave, domineering over the liberties of England and Scotland, and kneeling at the footstool of France and Rome.

Seventy-seven years ago, I should have seen these plumes, now bending with such emulous loyalty, stiffened up in rebellion. Those pipes now screaming "God save great George," swelling with triumphant shrieks to James; and those iron visages, now smooth with

smiling allegiance, turning up their grim features to the Southern air, and smelling their quarry in the beeves and hullion of London; the Vathalla of the northern imagination, a glorious dream of combined slaughter and festivity, citizens swept before the claymore, and Lord Mayor's feasts every day in the year.

"Sit mea: sedes, utinam, senectæ :
Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum
Militiaque."

Still the Highlanders are worth preserving, as a curious specimen of the past. The true Caledonian breed, and to the full as useful and honourable a stock as sheep or bullocks. They are the last remnant and the finest of a military peasantry; and their spirit, intelligence, and manliness, their bold fictions, and their wild poetry, altogether form a race made to be the masters in field and by fireside. The clay-brained diligence of the English, and the blundering ambition of those sons of frolic and ill-luck the Irish, are made to be outwitted, outworked, and trampled down before them, and will be trampled down so forth and for ever.

But I will not allow the inordinate precedence in personal intrepidity, claimed for them by their lovers, and the lovers of romance. The kilt is at the bottom of this. The plaid plays its *prestige* before our eyes, and even the great living poet of Scotland has suffered his intelligent eye to be so "dandaged by the tartan, as to pronounce them, *par excellence*, the brave. This is whim, fondness, fantasy. The material of courage, like the material of whisky, exists in every nation alike. The difference is in the form. Some prefer their corn in the shape of ardent spirits. Some like to send it in quietly through the system, and swallow it as bread. All nations have the same average intrepidity. The fire sometimes perishes to the eye; and the national ashes are trampled on by every heel: but it is not dead, but sleepeth. Let the true summons come; let the wind of heaven once descend, and we shall have the blaze that consumes the trampler, and illustrates human nature for a time. When was oppression safe? The Spaniard, Lord of the World, in his petulance, trod down the Dutchman; the misty, ground-eyed, mud-fed Dutchman bowed the

head patiently for a season. But nature was at last roused. His amphibiousness, with no more of resistance apparent about him than in the flounders of his native ditches, suddenly warmed; the water in his veins grew sanguineous; he rose out of his duckweed, and in fair fight, smote hip and thigh, the brilliant, hook-nosed, chivalric Spaniard. My conviction of this universal subsistence of national courage is so strong, that I doubt, on principle, the every-day outcry of foreign oppression. I hate slavery. But I feel, with the force of an instinct, that no nation, with virtue enough to desire honest freedom, will ever be suffered to linger in hopeless chains. There is a provision against it in the providence that makes generation crowd on generation. Thirty years change the face of society; the terrors of the Conquest are obliterated; the conquerors are dead; the chasm in the population has been ten times filled up; the place of the slaughter, and the tomb, is levelled by the steps of new millions. The enormous numerical strength of nations is a defence invincible. What would be the army of any European potentate, locked up in the midst of the population of Italy or England? Napoleon, in his last legacy of fraud and falsehood, has asserted, that with his two hundred thousand men, he could have reached London. He could not have reached ten miles from the spot where he planted his foot on the sand. The men of England in arms, ready to meet invasion, were 600,000; and these would have been reinforced to the last man of England, on the first sounding of an enemy's trumpet; and those would have died to the last man, before Napoleon should have been their master.

When a true cause stirs a nation, even weakness becomes sudden strength, and strength weakness; some great interposition, which we, in our blindness, call accident, changes the tide of evil; a way is made through the waters, and the Oppressor, with all his chivalry, is cast out for the wolves and the vultures. Without some impulse worthy of uniting a people, some noble necessity, whole nations will not thus rise; and where they do not, there is demonstration that the cause is not worth the labour. I am thus convinced, that the Italians have not yet suffered oppression that deserves

the name: that the Irish are altogether doubtful of the reported connection between the English Cabinet and the late rotting of their potatoes; and that our fettered and swarthy slaves of Indostan, are happy in their assured muslin and rice. The sound of Slavonic, and the possibility of walking the streets of Milan without being poniarded, may be torture to the Italian, enamoured by the silver tongue and the atrocious customs of his country, but I will prove it, on the testimony of the most vivid and indignant Liberal among our freshest returns, that as much vermicelli is devoured; as many operas adored; as many gambling-tables crowded; and as many fiddlers trained, as in the freest and bloodiest times of the land.—It is true there is an interdict on some national privileges. The Senate of

Venice cannot torture; the little republics cannot cut each other's throats; Pisa cannot starve Sienna; nor Lucca roast the municipality of Modena alive.

True injuries will make their cure. Fantastic injuries must not disturb the world by insurrection. It is wisdom to be inexorably deaf to the sorrows of professional Revolution. This is the head and front of the offendings of the age—the hypocrisy that deals in blood. I would grasp those manufacturers of mischief, domestic and foreign; those speculators in regicide; those insolent and subtle snufflers up of rebellion round the world; and pack them up in bales, and despatch them in the first ship bound for the Mediterranean, for the eternal use of the Emperor of Morocco.

Saturday, August 24.

The Grand Banquet was given to-day in the Parliament House. The hall is made for princely feasting; large, lofty, and with that ponderous antiquity of look, which belongs to the days,

“When men wore armour, and in crested helmets

Sat at the Baron's board.”

The three long tables that extended down the hall, were covered with plate, towering candelabra, viands inexhaustible, and all the high appurtenances of royal revelry. The King arrived at half past six, and entered the hall under an universal acclamation, and surrounded by a crowd of the chief of the feast. Then commenced the general assault on the luxuries that lay embattled before them, in more various lines than ever “Saracen or Christian knew,” and for the first half hour, all homage was forgotten in the most imperious indulgence of our nature. At length the tumult was partially appeased, and men had time to look upon their Monarch, who, from his commanding position at the head of the hall, had a perfect and pleasant view of this vigorous *melée*. His table was a crescent, heaped with urns, pillars, and other ornamental plate, and nobly surrounded by the Scottish nobility, and the principal law officers, &c. Their location will yet be a matter of dispute among antiquaries; but let me record it, dubious as it will be. On the right

of the King, sat in succession the Lord Provost, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Argyle, the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Lord Register, the Lord Advocate, the Duke of Dorset, Lord F. Conyngham; on his left, Lord Errol, as High Constable, the Duke of Atholl, the Marquis of Queensberry, the Earl of Morton, Lord Melville, the Lord President, the Lord Justice Clerk, Sir John Beresford, Sir Thomas Bradford, and Earl Cathcart. After dinner, the Lord Provost proposed the King's health, in a few words, well conceived, and impressively delivered. The whole assembly rose and drank the toast with a grand roar. A signal had been made to the Castle, and as his Majesty rose to return thanks, the salute began. The effect was incomparably fine. The words of *sovereignty* are not trivial things, let them be spoken when they may. But here they were uttered in the midst of magnificent associations. Wherever the eye was turned, it fell upon splendour and dignity, upon memorable men in all the pompous diversities of official costume; great magistrates, powerful nobles, and distinguished generals; every sight and sound conspiring to fill the mind with superb images, and in the midst of all stood a KING, uttering lofty and cheering words, followed at every pause by a peal of cannon, like the answer of distant thunder.

The King's speech was but of a few sentences, but those were kind, digni-

fied, and appropriate. Nothing could have been fitter for the place or the people. His Majesty, if the restraints laid on the heir apparent had allowed him to cultivate parliamentary debate, would probably have become a distinguished speaker. He has the externals of public effect, a manly presence, an impressive voice, and a composed and lofty action. Those who have a personal knowledge of his habits, describe him as unusually accomplished, master of a large extent of ancient literature, general reading, and many languages; rare acquirements even among the men whose fame and fortune depend upon their possessions. What might have been done by the ambition of public life, the difficulties of party, the rivalry of powerful mind, the whole immense ferment of interests, from which the noble spirit of genius and eloquence rises purified and powerful, is to be conjectured from what is done. The King's delivery of the annual addresses to Parliament, is remarkably effective. But his utterance of the impression of the moment, in the presence of this great assemblage, gave a higher estimate of his popular powers. His speech was nearly in these words:—"My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is impossible for me to express my feelings at this moment. This is one of the proudest days of my life. I have not words to express my gratification at the very flattering manner in which I have been received by the citizens of Edinburgh, and the marked attention which has been paid to me on all occasions since I have come to Scotland. I am indeed highly satisfied with my reception by all ranks of my subjects. How strongly—how deeply—with what feeling—with what sincerity, I have been affected by those things, no language of mine is adequate to describe." This address was strikingly delivered, the commencement was in a low tone; after a slight pause, the voice rose, and all the remainder was vigorous and far-heard. Minutenesses of this kind are not trivial; the honour paid by the mightiest potentate of the world to a portion of his people, is worthy of all memory, not for the idle purpose of flattering either King or people, but as an evidence of the texture of the British Constitution. The King's speech was a manly tribute to freedom.

In what other country could the lan-

guage of familiarity and gratitude from the throne be offered or received with so much safety. Every word of the King this day was an honourable homage and pledge to the liberty of the people; and no man who sat within that hall, with the heart to feel the rich and exalting associations of the presence and the place, would willingly suffer their remembrance to be diminished by the loss of a look, a gesture, or a syllable. After the usual healths of "The Royal Family," &c. the King rose once more, and pre-facing the toast by a few words of respect for the city of Edinburgh, gave, "The health of the Lord Provost, Sir William Arbuthnot, Baronet, and the Corporation." The new-made baronet dropped upon his knee, kissed the royal hand, and was raised up, under a weight of honour and applause.

The King's third toast was, "The Chieftains and Clans, and may God Almighty bless the land of Cakes." Shortly after nine he retired, in the midst of all testimonies of loyal civility, and attended by the Lord Provost and a large train. On the Provost's return he presided, and conducted the festivities of the evening with great good taste and spirit. A succession of toasts to public men and public objects filled up the night, with some interesting speeches, and general good humour. The Duke of Hamilton had the merit of interrupting this harmony by a speech, for which a banquet of the gentlemen of Scotland, in honour of their Sovereign, was the most luckless of all locations.

Among the toasts, was "The Author of Waverley, whoever he is;" this was drunk with great hilarity. Sir Walter Scott leading the way in acclamation. The Banquet was, on the whole, a very fine display, and highly creditable to the corporation. As a matter of equipment, nothing could be more sumptuous; it was conducted without awkwardness, hurry, or confusion. As a feast, it was choice and costly. But in its higher sense, of an assembly of the noblest and most celebrated names of Scotland, it deserves national praise, and is worthy of national commemoration. Annual dinners are sometimes absurd revels, but the annual revival of the peculiar impressions of this day, might be as beneficial to the healing of party irri-

tability, as it must be pleasing to the King. If hostility is to be extinguished among the many honourable men of both sides, in whose bosoms it must be an unnatural and alien inhabitant, it will most speedily give way to this kindly public intercourse. I am not fantastic enough to suppose that all disturbance will perish in the land, by any expedient of sociality. There will be bitter hearts, from which nothing but the grave will extract the gall. Haranguers and plunderers will rave away and rob, while there is madness or money on earth. Jacobinism, that tree whose fruit

"Brought death into the world, and all our woe,"

will still poison every brain that sleeps under its shade. The evil spirit of Revolution exists dungeoned for the moment, but subtle and sure to wind itself out from the dungeon, and to go forth on its way among the weak, and the ignorant, the disappointed and the corrupt, seeking whom it might devour. But it will be driven out from among the accomplished and able; it will not be suffered to degrade eminent literature, or to blacken benevolent hearts, or to embitter the intercourses of honourable society. No man who admires the talents, the manners, and the attainments of the Scotch, as I do, can wish otherwise.

LETTER TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,—Your liberal commendation of my verses, headed "Ferguson and Burns," demand my thanks. That your praises are really merited, I have not the vanity to admit, nor can I receive them as a due, since the subject, and the natural and exciting feelings and recollections which grow out of it, must more than share, with my poetry, the effect you have so handsomely ascribed of my verses.

It is often a foolish task to resume a subject deliberately, after the first burst of the imagination has expended itself. How far I am accusable of this

folly, in attempting the accompanying Part II. of "Fergusson and Burns," I know not.—If the folly be not too glaring, I should be happy to see these verses also in your well-known Magazine.—I am, sir, yours respectfully.

C. B.

P.S.—As my name possesses no consequence, and is of none to the world, you will excuse me for adopting the initials you gave in your last Number. Those in the Post were C. B. R.—a fleeting publicity is not my aim.

London, 9th Oct. 1822.

FERGUSSON AND BURNS; OR, THE POET'S REVERIE.

Part II.

Again the Poet shuns the bed of sleep;
Now roaring storms allure him to the hill;
To raving winds his heart is wont to leap,
Suns make it torpid, and gay cities chill.

He loves the gloom, it suits his sadden'd soul;
He hails the tempest, for it mates his mind;
The dread night thunders rouse him as they roll,
And wake a rapture alien to his kind.

The gay green rose-tree sips the summer's showers,
Re-opens its buds, and blossoms to the day;
But, wrench'd from earth, behold the curling flowers,
Imbrown'd and blasted on their shriv'ling spray.

Like it, alas! hope's vernal bud appear—
The flower expands—it opens but to fade—
Alas! for life is but an arctic year—
A fleeting spring—a winter long delay'd.

His step again is up the Calton's steep ;
There howls the night-gale, through the wilds of air,
In search of prey. How dreadful on the deep !
It brings him transport, but some wretch despair.

The must'ring clouds their darksome march pursue
Before the gale, they trundle through the gloom ;
The wild winds rend them, and the eye darts through,
Where moon and stars yon upper-blue illumine.

The rays burst down—along the hill they scud—
'Create a City where dark chaos reign'd ;
Stream o'er its roofs, in an illumined flood—
A glorious sight ; but lost as soon as gain'd.

The monarch Castle, throned upon the rock,
Looks grandly down upon its subject Town ;
Around the vassal hills the light mists smoke,
The cloud is closed, at once the pomp is flown.

His seat the sod beneath the cliffy skreen ;
The thought-fraught gazer sighs as all is lost ;
Compares to that this sublunary scene—
A chaos gilded by a gleam at most.

'Twas thus he mused, when full before him stream'd
The late-seen forms of Fergusson and Burns ;
Fire tip'd their lips, and lambent round them beam'd,
As thus they struck the Scottish Lyre by turns :—

BURNS.

If wae to part, we're fain to meet—
To welcome friends we like, how sweet !
An' sweeter nine times out o' ten,
If maids they prove instead of men.
To prize the lips o' her we lo'e,
Is bliss denied to me an' you ;
To press her blushing to the breast,
In rapture barr'd e'en to the blest ;
For fear, perhaps, the heav'n we knew
In woman's love should mar the new,
The Poet's soul all o'er and o'er,
Is fature to " the benmost bore !"
His loves in life wae deep are fixt,
Their embraces smoulder in the next ;
Yet nane could meet like here this e'en—
My Mary's shade, my living Jean—
Mair welcome, Fergusson, than you—
Sae meets the drooping blade the dew.

FERGUSSON.

It's kindly said, man—'tis my pride
To range wi' you the valley's side ;
Ascend the peak, wi' you to gaze
On scenes that mock e'en Poets' praise,
Where moory wilds beneath us lie,
Lochs brooding sit, and rivers fly ;
Where milky torrents flash, an' thunder
Down rocks they seem to rive asunder ;
The plunging cataracts, smooth as oil,
Now burst an' writh, an' roar an' boil—
Where billowy hills, dark-surgin', soar
Through smoking clouds, an' twinkle o'er
Their fittu' summits fraeth'd wi' snaw,
Now burst aboon—now melt awa' ;
Here naked, as frae nature's hand,
Gigantic, bold, and scantly grand,

Aft kiss'd by clouds that wanton by,
An' curling round them, wi' them die ;
There ash, oak, larch, an' hazels green,
Around them throw a plaided sheen ;
While o'er their crests, pines darkly wave,
Like plumes on bonnets o' the brave.
Beneath them, rare to human ken,
Some horrid rock-encumber'd glen,
The mountain genii's gloomy den,
Nae house, nor field, nor hedge in view,
But yawning hills, an' hills seen through ;
Wide tawny moors, where naething cheers,
Where rarely e'en the hut appears—
Black, lonesome, drear, as if 'twas plac'd,
By desolation, 'mid the waste ;
The black-cock craws in sunny weather,
The grouse rin clacking 'mang the heather ;
The sheep, the cattle on the hill,
Are heard, perhaps—a' else is still ;
Unless, perchance, amid the cloud,
Some cliff-lodged eagle scream aloud—
'Mid scenes like thae, sae still and dreary,
Wi' you beside me, I'd ne'er weary.
I lo'e ye, Burns—ye've ta'en my heart ;
I would we never mair wad part ;
I wish yer grave by mine had been,
Our dust to mingle there unscen,
As now our thoughts and fancies blend ;
There pleas'd, I'd rest me till the end.
This world an' me uncaring parted—
Unheeding it—I broken-hearted,
Enfrenzied, mock'd, an' unadvised,
Then lucre only was desired ;
Then gilded fools to idols grew,
The Genius-God, but own'd by few ;
The golden 'alt', that men had rais'd,
Alane was sanctified and praised.

But truce wi' this—"Tis but a day
Sin' here we met, and a' was gay ;
Auld Reekie swarmin' like a Lun'on,
An' crazed wi' Carnival an' funnin' ;
Now streets an' squares, an' rock an' hill,
The roads, the Palace, a' are still ;
My heart mings me, Scotland's seen
Her proudest day, her grandest scene ;
She sinks already into gloom—
I'll back for ever to my tomb.

BURNS.

An' this is Scotland's fate—why, Rob,
Where burns the bee without a blob ?
This land, industrious as the bee,
Pursues, like it, its task wi' glee ;
Its sweets augments, its pose increases,
Though ilka Scotchman's not a Cæsar.
Content is wealth—nae land has mair—
Nae likelier to augment its share ;
Nae race is prouder o' their land—
By Scotland Scots will fa' or stand—
We treasure up the thoughts o' hame,
Dear hame ! in foreign lands, like them ?
A family-feeling runs through a',
An' Scots grow brithers far awa' ;
Nae hallow beauty as they do,
An' blush an' tremble in its view.
Love's heat delicious thrill I mind ;
O, 'twas sae sweet to lag behind.
As hame the weary reapers gaed,
An' woo, an' court, my artless maid !
Nae pride like them their hero's deeds,
Laurel, yet glory as he bleeds ;
Adore like them their odden brave,
Wha' tooth'd the very sound o' slave,
An' if the chain was heard to clank,
Flew our wi' swords, and foran'd the rank.
The Bruce, the Wallace, deathless names !
What peasant but wi' transport claims—
Their sons o' genius a' befriand ;
If praised, rejoice—if wrang'd, defend.
An' there is aye, whose glorious rise
To Scotland drew the nation's eyes ;
Whose course has been like Afric's sun ;
The loftiest nature's free to run ;
See nature 'neath him fast consum'd.
An' future bards to deserts doom'd.
In war, the Lion—peace, the Lamb,
The son o' Scotland bears the palm.
In me 'tis natural thus to lean ;
Ane's kintra turns the scale, I ween ;
Sae trust me, Scotland's in the way
To prosper, rather than decay.

FERGUSON.

I wish't, I want it ; O ! it's sweet
To think some ages hence we'll meet !
Behold our land, now rising slow,
Then in its full effulgence glow !
Edina, now a budding flower,
Then blown, an' in its pomp o' power ;
The boast, the beauty o' the land,
Majestic, brilliant, graceful, grand,
Frae hills descending, till it reach
The Forth upon his yellow beach ;
Our palace, then, O ! then, again,
An' aft, the fav'rite o' the reign ;

VOL. XII.

The living race that plod, forgot ;
The grave conceals them, an' they rot.
The sons o' genius, as they give
To ages light, through ages live ;
Immortal they, and they alone ;
They foil the tomb, an' death is vain.
But tell me, Burns, sin' last we met,
What follow'd, causing sic regret—
That silence—thae dispeopled streets,
Where man wi' man but rarely meets.

BURNS.

Alas ! my Fergusson, I'm wae
When I revert to scenes sae gay :
Our King is just the King I like.
Sae kind, sae frank, sae free o' fyke ;
Contenting a', wi' a' content,
A' pleas'd the snair, the snair acquent.
The Peers o' Scotland—glorious names,
Our hills their exalted—heaths their hames !
Should patriot calls command them forth.
Spill bless afar their natal North.
These give the ball wi' conscious pleasure,
For rich our land in beauty's treasure.
Our stately maids to native strains,
Light bound like roses on flow'ry plains :
Sae gracefu' swim upon the ee,
As mews aboon the evening sea.
The King's enchanted—nae quadrilles,
Lascivious waltz, but Scottish reels,
" Put life and mettle in their heels."
He smiles, an' beauty richer blows,
The lily reddens like the rose ;
The hazel ee, the een o' blue,
Expressive speak, an' O, how true !
O' rapture, gratitude, an' pride,
An' twenty purer joys beside.
The heart expands amid the dance.
It melts and mingles in the glance ;
The ear gives way, the pulses beat.
Young een in sweet confusion meet—
Ye lovers, mark that varying check,
It tells o' things nae tongue can speak.
Love's sweetest poetry is there,
Its bliss unsullied by a care.
Now words are melody, an' steal
To hearts that tremblingly reveal
The passion coyness wad conceal.
O for a moment then alone,
To kneel, adore, entreat, complain !
To woo her, win her, then to kiss
Her rushing blushes ! this were bliss.

FERGUSON.

Stop, Burns, for though we bloodless be,
Still frailty clings to you and me,
Impels us down to earth again,
Frae perfect bliss, to bliss and pain ;
Frae angels fair to earth's reflections,
Frae bliss to rival recollections.
Life's best, blest moments paint nae mair.
Stop, Burns, for beauty's still a snare.

BURNS.

They spread the feast adown the ha',
The Monarch moves 'mid leal huzzas ;
They toast his health, an', by my faith,
Wad die defending him frae scathas.

3 R

His pledge the gen'rous heart unmans,
Sae graced, sae kind,—'tis "Chiefs and
Clans ;

An' O may God Almighty bless
The Land o' Cakes,"—'twas kingly this.

Then dawn'd the day o' rest on man ;
The town is silent, mute the clan,
Respect in speaking looks is shewn.
The voice reserv'd for God alone.
The wond'ring Monarch marks the scene,
But mair than wonder's in his een.

his fealty to a God all just,
akes his reverence, not distrust.
righteous King frae sic a race
Will get the best superior place.

The man of God his word unfolds
Wi' zeal, convinced that God beholds ;
Nae flattery hails the royal ear,
The King o' Kings is Sovereign here.

O, 'tis a glorious sight to see
A people happy, moral, free ;
Their kintra loving wi' a love
They're fain to shew, and proud to prove !
Adoring God, their King respecting,
An' zeal an' love for baith connecting !
Their pastors, emulous to come
To hail their King—in pulpits dumb ;
An' taught by them, the people prone
To reverence God, an' love the throne.

Alas ! in life, we twa, I dree,
Wi' serious things made rather free.
Hypocrisy, conceit, and saunts,
Whase prime religion was their vaunts,
Allured me on in reckless chase,
O'er virtue's fence, o'er pales o' grace ;
But ~~weak~~ religion, undefil'd,
I ~~reverenc'd~~ honour'd, frae a child,
A mellow'd radiance round it throws,
An' whare it rests, it gilds and glows.
At length the King, 'mid Hoptoun's
ha's,

Receives the Kingdom's last applause.
The morning lowers, congenial morn.
As Scotland's King frae Scotland's torn.
"God bless you all!"—'Tis said—'tis o'er,
The yacht fast flies the fleeting shore ;
Adown the ghomy Firth their steer,
Fareweel, fareweel, an' disappear.

The charm is fled, the magnet's gane.
The spell is past, an' we're alane ;
The city shrinks, its numbers melt,
The enkindling warmth nae langer felt
Nae fades the oak in autumn's blast,
The glad some leaves are nipt at last,
Drop off, an' leave the boughs a bare,
Their glory fled, their pomp ~~nae~~ mair.
Rut spring will come, the tree reblom.
An' fower days our land illum.

'Tis o'er—like mists of morn the Spirits rise,
And melt in beauty in the moon's pale beam ;
They eye the Poet as, entranc'd, he lies.
And faintly smile—he starts—but 'tis a dream.

C. B.

ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION.

Just as we were putting our last sheet to Press, we received the following most interesting intelligence :—

CAPTAIN FRANKLIN and Dr Richardson, the leaders of the Arctic Land Expedition, have again reached this country. They returned in the Hudson's Bay ships, landed at Stromness in Orkney, posted to Edinburgh, and from thence, after an interview with Lord Melville, and visiting the College Museum, they set off for London, to lay the result of their investigations before the Lords of the Admiralty.

We understand their privations have been extreme, their adventures most interesting, and their discoveries in Geography, Zoology, Botany, and Meteorology, highly important. After traversing immense tracts of hitherto unexplored country, they descended the famous Copper-Mine River to the sea, and had advanced far to the eastward of its mouth, along the shores of the hitherto unknown north-east coast of America, when tempests and want of provisions arrested their progress, and forced them to leave on the ice many of their instruments, their books, &c., and to take a southerly direction for the settlements on Hudson's Bay, which they reached with extreme difficulty, having lost, in their way, many of the Indians and several of the party, through exhaustion, occasioned partly by fatigue, and partly by want.

We understand they are of opinion, that Captain Parry will make good his passage to the South Seas, providing no great promontories interrupt his progress ; and they are inclined to believe, that the general line of the north coast of America, does not extend beyond latitude 68° N. Everywhere they found the coast clustered with islands, and having the same general character as already stated by Parry. All the latitudes and longitudes, as given by former travellers, they found to be incorrect, so that the publication of their maps will give an entirely new form to many great tracts of the American Continent.

19th October, 1822.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A new Translation of the *Tragedies* of Sophocles, the object of which has been to render the various metres of the Greek Tragedian by measure as nearly corresponding with the Original as the genius of the English Language will permit. By Mr Thomas Dale, B. A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Author of "The Widow of the City of Nain."

Mr Charles Mills, author of the History of the Crusades, is preparing for publication the History of Rome, from the earliest period to the termination of the Empire, in ten volumes 8vo.

The Works of the Rev. W. Beveridge, D.D. Bishop of St Asaph. Edited by Thomas Hartwell Horne, M.A. 9 vols. 8vo.

The Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren, by M. Elmes, are in a state of considerable forwardness.

The first part of Baker's History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire, will appear in July in the course of the ensuing month.

Illustrations of the Bible, Testament, and Common Prayer, in 260 designs from the great masters.

Dr Carey has in the press a pocket edition, in addition to the 45 volumes of the Regent's Classics already published.

The History of Dudley, and of Dudley Castle. By the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D. At a much earlier period than the History, will be published in a conveniently compressed form, by the same Author, "A Guide to the Castle and its surrounding Scenery," now rendered so interesting and beautiful by their noble Proprietor.

Graphic Illustrations of Warwickshire; consisting of a series of Engravings of the most celebrated Architectural Remains, and the most interesting Natural Scenery of the County; accompanied by Historical and Descriptive Notices. The Engravings will be executed by Mr Radcliffe, from original Drawings made expressly for the work by W. Westall, A.R.A., P. Hewitt, J. V. Barber, and F. Mackenzie.

The Society of Friends are about to publish an Appeal to the World against Slavery in general, and West India Slaves in particular.

The Political and Private Life of the Marquis of Londonderry; including most important and authentic particulars of his last moments and death; with numerous anecdotes and reflections. One Volume 8vo.

A Treatise on Conchology, by Mr Maye, is printing, in which the Linnæan System

is adhered to, and the Species that differ in form, &c. are put into divisions.

A Life of Sir Hudson Lowe. By an Officer of the 53d Regiment.

The Life of Mr Emery, late of the Covent-Garden Theatre, comprising a brief History of the Stage, and numerous Anecdotes of contemporary Performers, for the last ten years, is in the press.

A Plate of the Solar System. By William Adams of Edmonton.

Mr Daniel Mackintosh has made considerable progress in the second edition, revised and enlarged, of the History of Scotland, from the Invasion by the Romans till the Union with England, with a supplementary Sketch of the Rebellions in 1715 and 1745, and remarks illustrative of the national institutions of the Scots, the progress of education and literature, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

The Heir of Kenningsmuir, a Tale of the Days of King Stephen, will speedily be published, by T. A. Lylic.

The Church in Danger more from the Profligacy and Rapacity of its own Clergy than from Seculars, by Patrick Connelly, a Catholic priest, will soon appear.

Three Letters to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. on the Licensing System, by a Clerk in the Excise, are printing.

The Rev. T. Durant of Poole has in the press a second edition of the Memoirs and select Remains of an only Son.

Hofer, an Historical Novel, in 3 vols. by J. D'Alton, barrister at law.

Anecdotes of the English Language; chiefly regarding the Local Dialect of London and its Environs; whence it will appear that the Naives of the Metropolis, and its Vicinities, have not corrupted the Language of their Ancestors. By Samuel Pegge, Esq. F.S.A. Second edition, enlarged and corrected. To which is added, a Supplement to the Provincial Glossary of Francis Grose, Esq.

The Reverend J. Orman of Milden Hall, Suffolk, is preparing for publication a Selection of the Odes of the Persian Poet Hafiz; with Poetical and Prose Translations. Also a Biographical Account of Hafiz; with a short account of the Nature of Persian Versification; and an Epitome of Persian Grammar.

Mr Roscoe has in the press, "Observations on Prison Discipline and Solitary Confinement."

The Poetical Works of Goethe, in one volume 18mo, with ten Wood Engravings, are expected to appear in the course of the present month.

The *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*; which will contain, amongst a variety of others, the following articles:—Pure Sciences; continuation of the *Treatise upon Grammar*.—Mixed and Applied Sciences; Plane Astronomy (concluded.) Nautical Astronomy.—Historical and Biographical Division; the Lives of Socrates, Alexander the Great, Demosthenes, Dionysius the Elder, Timoleon, Annibal, Archimedes.—Miscellaneous Division; Continuation of the English Lexicon, Asia, Assay, Astrology, Athens, Attraction, Auction, Australasia, Austria, Balance, Bank, Barometer. Price One Guinea, in boards.

Mr Shaw has in the press a Work on Distortions; the First Part treating of the Distortions of the Trunk. Their varieties will be illustrated by Engravings of Distorted Skeletons. The Second Part will treat of the Scrophulous Diseases of the Spine. To this will be added an Account of the Collection of Specimens of Distortions from various Causes, preserved in the Anatomical Museum, Great Windmill Street.

The celebrated Lexicon of Photius, of which an Edition was published at Leipsic, from a faulty Manuscript, in 1808, is now, for the first time, printed under the auspices of the Society of Trinity College, Cambridge, from the celebrated Codex Galeanus; or rather from a corrected Transcript of the Codex Galeanus, made with his own hand, by the late Professor Porson. Mr Dobree, the Editor, has collated the MS., and noted all the Varieties and Corrections; and, by way of Appendix, has subjoined a fragment of a Rhetoric Lexicon from a MS. in the University Library.

Don Antonio Del Rio's Discovery of the Ruins of an Ancient City in the Kingdom of Guatunali, in Spanish America; with Dr P. F. Cabrera's Analysis and Dissertation on the same, and his Solution respecting the Origin of the Population of America. 1 vol. 4to. Plates, &c. &c.

The Life of Ali Pacha of Janina is announced for publication. By M. Beauchamp.

The Reverend Dr Evans has on the eve of publication, a New Edition, with One Hundred Sketches of Biography, of his Golden Centenary, or Sequel to the Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World.

Fifteen Years in India, or Sketches of a Soldier's Life; being an attempt to describe Persons and Things in various parts of Hindostan. From the Journal of an Officer in his Majesty's Service. 8vo.

Sequel to an unfinished Manuscript of H. K. White's, designed to illustrate the contrast afforded by Christians and Infidels at the Close of Life.

Shortly will be published, a very considerable portion of the celebrated *Treatise of Cicero de Republica*, discovered by M. Angelo Mai, the Keeper of the Vatican Library, in a *codex rescriptus*. The Fragments are not only such as to increase our regret at the loss of the entire Work, but are of sufficient length to give a correct idea of the whole.

The History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature. By Frederick Bouterweck. Translated from the German, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The Maid's Revenge, a Summer Evening Tale; and other Poems. By John Villars.

An Historical Sketch of the United States of America is in the press, accompanied by personal Observations made during a residence of several years in that country. By Isaac Holmes.

Müller's recent Travels in Greece constitute the next ensuing Number of the "*Journal of Modern Travels*."

Mr Bowring intends shortly to publish a Second Volume of his interesting Specimens of the Russian Poets.

Lives of Philanthropists, Political and Private, suggested by Foster's Essay "*On Decision of Character*."

Gleanings and Recollections, to assist the Memory of Youth. Dedicated by a Father to his Son.

Speedily will be published, in two volumes octavo, *Columbia*; a Geographical, Statistical, Agricultural, Commercial, Historical, and Political Account of that interesting Country; intended as a Manual for the Merchant and the Settler. The Work will be embellished with a Map, and with Portraits of the President Bolívar and Don F. A. Zea.

A System of General Anatomy. By W. Wallace, M.R.S.A., Lecturer on Anatomy, &c. &c. This Work will include all that is valuable in the "*Anatomic Generale*" of Bichat, and in the Additions to the same Work by Berclara; together with such Facts as have been ascertained in this Country, &c. &c. 8s.

The Maid's Revenge, a Summer's Evening Tale, and other Poems. By Chevroi Ticheburn.

Mr Overton, of Chelsea, has in the press an entire new View of the Apocalyptic Numbers. Shewing the 666 years of the Babylonian Beast, followed by his forty-two months power, reach from the Third of Cyrus to the Final Desolation in Judea, A. D. 136, which Daniel's Vision extended to; then after a thousand years appeared in Rome against the Waldenses, &c. whose souls rest with Christ, the present thousand; after which Infidel Gog, in the last effort, will perish, with the Beast, for ever, and the endless Sabbath of rest begin.

EDINBURGH.

The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay, an Orphan. By the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." One volume, post 8vo.

Sixty Ancient Ballads, Historical and Romantic; translated from the Spanish, with Notes and Illustrations. By J. G. Lockhart, LL.B. One vol. small 4to.

The Life and Adventures of John Nicol, mariner, one vol. 12mo, will be published in December.

"My life for a period of twenty-five years, was a continued succession of change. Twice I circumnavigated the globe; three times I was in China; twice in Egypt; and more than once sailed along the whole land-board of America from Nootka Sound to Cape Horn."—*Author's Introduction.*

The XIII. Number of Dr Chalmers' Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns should have been published on the 1st of October; but as the subject, which is "On the facilities for the extinction of Pauperism in Scotland, and on the difficulties in attempting the abolition of Pauperism in England," will occupy two Numbers, the XIII. and XIV. Numbers will be published together, on the 1st of January. Number XIV. will contain Dr Chalmers' First Essay on the Causes and Cure of Pauperism in England, and is designed to exhibit the evils, and point out

the means for attempting its abolition. Published Quarterly. Price 1s. each Number.

Select Naval and Military Biography, consisting of the Lives of Pious British Soldiers and Sailors, to be published in Numbers, each Number to contain a complete Life of a Soldier or a Sailor; the whole, when complete, to make two handsome vols. 18mo.; but each Life to be sold separate if wished. No. I. containing the Life of Lieut.-Colonel John Blackadder of the 26th, or Cameronian Regiment, afterwards Deputy Governor of Stirling Castle, who served with distinguished honour during the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns on the Continent, and during the Rebellion, 1715 in Scotland, will appear early in the month.

W. Rae Wilson, Esq. of Lanarkshire, has in the press an Account of his Travels in the Holy Land and Egypt. It will form a handsome octavo volume, and will be illustrated with many interesting Views. The great object of this traveller was to compare the customs and manners of the countries he visited with the accounts in Scripture.

A new Edition of *Bythneri Lyra Prophetica* is printing at the Glasgow University Press, and will be published early in November. 1 vol. 8vo.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

Vol. I. Part I. of the Transactions of the Agricultural Society of London. 4to. 6l. 11s. 6d.

ANTIQUITIES.

Ancient unadorned Monuments, principally of Grecian art. By James Millingen, Esq. F.R.S. Member of the Academies of Archaeology at Rome, of Herculanum at Naples, of the Sciences at Munich. No I. and II. Price 6l. 11s.

A Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome. By the Rev. E. Burton, M.A. 8vo. 15s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Letchel's Catalogue of 5000 pamphlets, 2s.

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BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, &c. &c. Including much Historical Anecdote, Memoirs, and many hitherto unpublished Documents, illustrative of the condition of the Irish Catholics during the Eighteenth Century. By the Rev. Thomas H. England. In 8vo.

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Cottage Biography, being a Collection of the Lives of the Irish Peasantry; by Mary Leadbeater. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Life of Charles Alfred Stothard, F.R.S. author of the Monumental Effigies of Great Britain; including several of his Original Letters, Papers, Journals, Essays, &c. &c. &c. With some account of a Journey in the Netherlands. By Mrs Charles Stothard, Authors of Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France, in 1818.

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N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

August.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.
Aug. 1	M. 48 A. 54	29.126	M. 61 A. 60	Cble.	Aug. 17	M. 48 A. 61	29.848	M. 45 A. 63	W.
2	M. 45 A. 55	29.126	M. 61 A. 60	N.	18	M. 55 A. 62	29.848	M. 63 A. 62	W.
3	M. 44 A. 56	29.126	M. 61 A. 60	SW.	19	M. 51 A. 63	29.848	M. 67 A. 63	W.
4	M. 46 A. 59	29.126	M. 61 A. 60	W.	20	M. 49 A. 61	29.848	M. 61 A. 64	Cble.
5	M. 17 A. 50	29.126	M. 62 A. 62	W.	21	M. 52 A. 55	29.848	M. 62 A. 64	Cble.
6	M. 17 A. 57	29.126	M. 61 A. 59	W.	22	M. 49 A. 57	29.848	M. 61 A. 61	Cble.
7	M. 5 A. 59	29.126	M. 63 A. 63	W.	23	M. 48 A. 56	29.848	M. 61 A. 63	W.
8	M. 62 A. 58	29.126	M. 60 A. 62	W.	24	M. 56 A. 58	29.848	M. 61 A. 59	SW.
9	M. 17 A. 58	29.126	M. 62 A. 62	W.	25	M. 44 A. 54	29.848	M. 62 A. 60	SW.
10	M. 48 A. 59	29.126	M. 61 A. 62	W.	26	M. 48 A. 58	29.848	M. 60 A. 59	SW.
11	M. 30 A. 62	29.126	M. 62 A. 63	W.	27	M. 45 A. 51	29.848	M. 59 A. 58	Cble.
12	M. 49 A. 59	29.126	M. 65 A. 63	W.	28	M. 45 A. 51	29.848	M. 61 A. 58	Cble.
13	M. 48 A. 56	29.126	M. 62 A. 60	Cble.	29	M. 46 A. 56	29.848	M. 56 A. 56	Cble.
14	M. 48 A. 57	29.126	M. 61 A. 60	Cble.	30	M. 44 A. 58	29.848	M. 58 A. 59	Cble.
15	M. 46 A. 58	29.126	M. 58 A. 60	W.	31	M. 44 A. 58	29.848	M. 58 A. 57	Cble.
16	M. 45 A. 55	29.126	M. 60 A. 60	W.					

Average of Rain, 2.365 inches.

September.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.
Sept. 1	M. 40 A. 56	29.708	M. 60 A. 60	SW.	Sept. 16	M. 44 A. 52	29.854	M. 54 A. 58	Cble.
2	M. 44 A. 50	29.708	M. 62 A. 60	W.	17	M. 45 A. 53	29.854	M. 56 A. 55	Cble.
3	M. 45 A. 54	29.708	M. 60 A. 54	NW.	18	M. 54 A. 52	29.854	M. 55 A. 57	NW.
4	M. 41 A. 51	29.708	M. 54 A. 60	SW.	19	M. 47 A. 44	29.854	M. 56 A. 54	NE.
5	M. 44 A. 55	29.708	M. 60 A. 57	W.	20	M. 42 A. 51	29.854	M. 55 A. 54	Cble.
6	M. 43 A. 55	29.708	M. 59 A. 56	W.	21	M. 45 A. 50	29.854	M. 55 A. 54	E.
7	M. 42 A. 52	29.708	M. 56 A. 55	W.	22	M. 44 A. 53	29.854	M. 55 A. 52	NE.
8	M. 45 A. 52	29.708	M. 56 A. 56	W.	23	M. 53 A. 48	29.854	M. 54 A. 55	SW.
9	M. 44 A. 52	29.708	M. 57 A. 52	W.	24	M. 36 A. 48	29.854	M. 53 A. 54	NE.
10	M. 78 A. 50	29.708	M. 55 A. 53	W.	25	M. 50 A. 44	29.854	M. 53 A. 48	NE.
11	M. 50 A. 60	29.708	M. 57 A. 51	SW.	26	M. 50 A. 44	29.854	M. 50 A. 48	NE.
12	M. 40 A. 49	29.553	M. 51 A. 56	W.	27	M. 54 A. 41	29.854	M. 47 A. 49	Cble.
13	M. 78 A. 46	29.553	M. 51 A. 51	NW.	28	M. 40 A. 42	29.854	M. 50 A. 50	SW.
14	M. 34 A. 48	29.553	M. 55 A. 51	Cble.	29	M. 42 A. 48	29.854	M. 51 A. 51	SW.
15	M. 56 A. 49	29.553	M. 52 A. 53	SW.	30	M. 42 A. 50	29.854	M. 53 A. 50	Cble.

Average of Rain, 1.119 inches.

Course of Exchange, October 6.—Amsterdam, 12 : 7. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 5. Rotterdam, 12 : 8. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburg, 38. Altona, 38 : 1. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 00. Ditto 25 : 90. Bordeaux, 25 : 00. Frankfurt on the Maine, 158. Petersburg, per ruble, 9½ : 3. Ux. Vienna, 10 : 24 Eff. flo. Trieste, 10 : 24 Eff. flo. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 36½. Barcelona, 35½. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27 : 50. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 117. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

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Weekly Price of Stocks, from 3d to 24th Sept. 1822.

	3d.	10th.	17th.	24th.
Bank stock,	362	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	81½	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols,	80½	81½	81½ 80½	81½
3½ per cent. consols,	92½	93½	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	99½	100½	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	99½	100½	—	100½
India stock,	250	253½	252½	—
— bonds,	49	49	47	49
Exchequer bills, 2d.	3 pr.	4 pr.	4 pr.	3 pr.
Consols for acc.	80½	81½	81½	81½
Long Annuities,	21	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	94f. 35c.	92f. 00c.	92f. 25c.	—
Amer. 5 per cent.	97	97	97	93

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	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.	52	to 60	53	57	52	55	52	53
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	70	82	69	72	58	72	54	58
Mid. good, and fine mid.	80	82	—	—	74	70	71	80
Fine and very fine, . .	120	130	—	—	—	—	78	100
Refined Double Leaves, .	96	100	—	—	—	—	81	98
Powder ditto,	88	96	98	110	—	—	—	—
Single ditto,	83	88	88	92	—	—	80	94
Small Lump,	80	83	80	83	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	35	52	80	86	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump,	30	31	27	27 ½	—	—	29	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	105	120	104	117	93	112	93	114
Ord. good, and fine ord.	130	140	118	136	114	131	124	144
Mid. good, and fine mid.	105	—	—	—	78	94	—	—
Dutch Trice, and very ord.	120	135	—	—	109	115	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	135	140	—	—	117	130	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	122	126	—	—	104	104	—	—
St Domingo,	8½	9	—	—	8½	9	—	—
Pimento (in Bond), . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPIRITS,	1s 10d	2s 0d	1s 8d	1s 10d	1s 8d	2s 4d	1s 9d	1s 11d
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	5 9	4 6	—	—	—	—	5 0	5 6
Brandy,	2 0	2 8	—	—	—	—	1 8	1 9
Geneva,	6 6	6 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grain Whisky,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINE,	43	55	—	—	—	—	£35	£50
Claret, 1st Growth, bhd.	34	40	—	—	—	—	—	—
Portugal Red, pipe.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt.	28	30	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	43	65	—	—	—	—	22	28
Malaga,	47	7 7	—	—	47 15	8 5	48 10	9 5
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	—	—	—	—	8 10	8 15	9 0	9 10
Honduras,	8	—	—	—	9 0	10 0	10 10	12 0
Campeachy,	7	8	—	—	9 10	10 0	6 0	8 10
FLUTIC, Jamaica, . .	9	11	—	—	11 0	11 11	9 0	11 0
Cuba,	10s 6d	11s 6	—	—	10 0	11 0	11 0	11 6
INDIGO, Curacao fine, lb.	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	1 10	2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	1 1
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 5	2 0	1 6	1 9
St Domingo, ditto, . .	19	20	—	—	12 6	13 0	11 0	11 6
TART, American, brl.	15	16	—	—	—	—	16 6	17
Archangel,	10	11	—	—	—	—	10 6	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	40	41	—	—	41	—	37 6	40 6
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	—	—	—	—	—	—	32	—
Hone melted,	44	45	—	—	—	—	£42	43
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	39	40	—	—	40	43	38	39 10
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
FLAX,	52	53	—	—	—	—	£52	53
Riga Thos. & Druf. Rak.	50	50	—	—	—	—	44	54
Datch,	36	40	—	—	—	—	—	—
Irish,	85	90	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISFLES,	11	15	—	—	—	—	15	15 1
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	6
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	46	—	41	42	42	42 6	45	46
Montreal, ditto, . . .	31	35	34	35	36 6	37	45	46
Pot,	—	—	20	21	—	—	26 0	27
OIL, Whale,	—	—	—	—	—	—	22 10	25
Cod,	7½	8	7½	7½	0 6	0 8	0 7½d	7½
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	6	6½	5½	6½	0 4½	0 5½	0 6	—
Middling,	5	5½	5½	6	0 2	0 2½	0 3	0 3½
Inferior,	—	—	0 7	0 8	0 6	0 8½	7	9
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	1 2	1 8	1 3	1 5	11	1 8
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 1	1 2	0 10½	1 2	—	—
Good,	—	—	0 11	1 0	0 10½	1 2	—	—
Middling,	—	—	0 9	0 9½	0 7½	0 10	0 8	0 10½
Demerara and Barbier, .	—	—	0 7½	0 9	0 6½	0 8½	0 8½	0 10
West India,	—	—	0 10	0 0	0 9½	0 10½	10	11
Pernambuco,	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 8½	0 9½	—	—
Maranhao,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of July and the 20th of Aug. 1822, extracted from the London Gazette.

- Alfrey, W. Clock-lane, Dowgate hill, warehouseman.
 Allen, S. and T. C. Noble, Bristol, hosiers.
 Atkins, R. N. Portsea, grocer.
 Als, J. Westfrie, Sussex, farmer.
 Atwood, T. Stelling Minna, Kent, dealer.
 Ayndley, G. Wakefield, victualler.
 Barble, R. Heston, Cornwall, grocer.
 Barnaschima, A. Gravesend, hardwareman.
 Barratt, T. Barcomb Mill, Kent, paper maker.
 Bateman, A. Bristol, netmiller.
 Bennett, J. jun. Crickmoor, Dorsetshire, coal and stone merchant.
 Bevil, C. P. Ipswich, jeweller.
 Bigland, B. Liverpool, merchant.
 Biron, Reverend A. Much Wenlock, earthenware manufacturer.
 Browing, T. sen. East Malling, Kent, farmer.
 Candler, J. Jewry Street, Aldgate, blow-factor.
 Capon, J. B. Bishop's Hull, Somersetshire, wool-stapler.
 Carter, H. Hatchetts-highway, linen-draper.
 Cecil, G. and G. Rix, Hanford-place, Newington Butts, and Albany Wharf, Camberwell, corn and coal merchants.
 Clarke, H. and F. Grundy, Liverpool, merchants.
 Cornforth, J. Whitby, plumber.
 Cowell, J. jun. Torquay, wine-merchant.
 Crabtree, J. Wakefield, victualler.
 Cripps, J. Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, draper.
 Dalton, J. Tottenham-court Road, merchant.
 Day, J. and R. Camberwell-green, stone-masons.
 Davies, T. Minories, stationer.
 Davies, T. Whitechapel High-street, baker.
 Denholm, A. Cheltenham, dealer in slates.
 Dent, J. Stone, Staffordshire, cheese-monger.
 Dipper, F. Worcester, silk-mercer.
 Eccleugh, T. Devonshire-street, Queen-square, linen-draper.
 Edmunds, T. Castoll, Burgh, Cambridgeshire, tanner.
 Ellis, J. H. Norwich, linen-draper.
 Edwards, T. Liverpool, merchant.
 Edwards, T. Tarvin, Cheshire, corn-dealer.
 Elmore, R. Edglaston-street, Birmingham, flour-dealer.
 Emery, J. Rosamond-street, Clerkenwell, victualler.
 Felton, R. High-street, Southwark, hog-merchant.
 Firmin, J. Buhur, Essex, farmer.
 Flack, E. D. Manchester.
 Fletcher, P. C. and T. Queenshithe, coal-merchant.
 Foulkes, J. Chester, grocer.
 Gilbert, J. and H. Taylor, Bristol, commission-merchants.
 Golding, T. and S. Ditton, Kent, paper manufacturers.
 Gregg, T. R. and J. Phene, jun. Watling street, confectioners.
 Greig, J. and H. Stort, Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, linen-draper.
 Griffin, W. Old-windford, Worcestershire, victualler.
 Grilbell, N. and M. Hellyer, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, builders.
 Hallam, J. T. Crofton, Wiltshire, farmer.
 Hawkins, J. and J. Nottingham, timber-merchants.
 Harris, J. Birmingham, nail-factor.
 Harris, T. jun. Hagland, Monmouthshire, cord-wainer.
 Hardwidge, J. Wellington, draper.
 Harvard, F. Hereford, wine-merchant.
 Hayton, W. and M. Douglas, Sunderland, coal-stuffers.
 Hedge, J. Star-court, Little Compton-street, builder.
 Headline, R. Thirsk, innkeeper.
 Hewson, J. and W. Houson, Carlisle, dealers.
 Hill, T. Thornbury, Gloucestershire, linen-draper.
 Higgin, B. Liverpool, mariner.
 Hellyer, J. Hayling North, Hampshire, farmer.
 Houdy, W. Breage, Cornwall, farmer.
 Hewer, W. Llanelli, Monmouthshire, farmer.
 Hodgson, J. G. Covent-garden, wine-merchant.
 Hulse, J. Shirland, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.
 Humphries, C. Bishopgate-street, linen-draper.
 Jackson, G. Manchester, dry-salter.
 James, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, tea-dealer.
 Jones, W. Bristol, victualler.
 Jones, R. Newport, Monmouthshire, wine and spirit merchant.
 King, W. Cavendish, Suffolk, grocer.
 King, W. Farcham, coach-builder.
 Langdale, T. Cloughton, Yorkshire, dealer.
 Leah, S. H. Old-street, watchmaker.
 Leah, S. H. jun. Old-street, merchant.
 Lewis, W. Cardiff, linen-draper.
 Low, H. A. Sunderland, merchant.
 Lucas, W. Burnham, Sussex, farmer.
 Marshall, W. Hain, miller.
 Mason, J. B. Cambridge, cook.
 Maxwell, T. Bow, linen-draper.
 Moore, T. Paddington, salt-merchant.
 Mortimer, J. sen. Cleekeston, Yorkshire, merchant.
 Moss, J. Liverpool, woollen-draper.
 Norris, T. Bishopstone, Wilt, shoemaker.
 Orlando, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant.
 Pajps, G. North-street, Lambeth, horse-dealer.
 Parler, C. Colchester, merchant.
 Parsons, G. Liverpool, salt-braker.
 Peasley, J. Bristol, marble-mason.
 Peacock, J. Bishopgate-street, ship-broker.
 Peyton, J. Christ Church, Hampshire, merchant.
 Petronal, R. Eves, Herefordshire, shoe-wright.
 Poole, T. London, Middlesex, dealer.
 Porter, J. Salisbury, Leamington, butcher.
 Price, J. Ryall, Worcester, clothier.
 Pughan, M. and J. Cusborough, York, hawker.
 Richards, T. W. South-bank Cottage, Regent's park, dealer.
 Richards, M. Hythe, ship-builder.
 Rivers, W. and J. Chas. Sheldon, Staffordshire, earthenware manufacturers.
 Roberts, W. Oxford-street, hatter.
 Robinson, G. London-road, Surrey, coal-dealer.
 Robinson, F. Aston, near Birmingham, dealer.
 Rose, T. Regent-street, Pall Mall, wine and brandy merchant.
 Shannon, W. Whitehaven, draper.
 Sharps, T. Cheapside, pastry-cook.
 Shillito, T. York, ironmonger.
 Smith, E. F. Regent-street, linen-draper.
 Smith, W. H. Faverham, linen-draper.
 Stevenson, J. Boston, grocer.
 Stodhart, J. and F. Carlisle, cotton manufacturers.
 Strickland, J. Steeple Morden, Cambridgeshire, brewer.
 Stride, T. Quarley, Hampshire.
 Taylor, A. M. Southampton, victualler.
 Thorp, J. jun. Chichester, calico-printer.
 Tomlinson, W. J. Nantwich, Cheshire, money scrivener.
 Tomkins, H. Bromyard, Herefordshire, innholder.
 Tomlinson, W. Chester, wine-merchant.
 Townsend, W. R. Little Chelsea, brewer.
 Tucker, B. jun. Bristol, carpenter.
 Turney, J. Sedgwick, Lancashire, and W. Bates, Halifax, merchants.
 Tharrell, J. Bradwell, Suffolk, merchant.
 Tweddell, W. Stanwix, Cumberland, carrier.
 Wall, J. Birmingham, dealer.
 Walker, W. Bolton, shopkeeper.
 Wilkinson, R. London, merchant.
 Westerdale, J. Hull, grocer and seedsman.
 Wedgborough, T. Hibleton, Worcestershire, grocer.
 Whately, G. L. Cheltenham, money scrivener.
 Whittingham, R. George-street, Bryanstone-square, victualler.
 Wilson, J. Ely, miller.
 Wortley, V. Henry-street, Hunystead-road, grocer.
 Wycherley, W. Alberbury, Shropshire, farmer.
 Yates, W. Bristol, baker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st August and 30th September, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Arnot, Peter and Co. merchants in Edinburgh.
 Bowie, John, merchant in Craib.
 Burke and Henry, coal-factors in Edinburgh.
 Campbell, Duncan, grazer, cattle-dealer, and fish-curer at Grasmay, in the island of Islay.
 Carmichael, Dugald, drover and cattle-dealer in the island of Islay.
 Carswell, Walter and George, manufacturers in Paisley; and Carswell, Robert, and Co. manufacturers there.
 Clark, John, jun. merchant in Inverness.
 Cochran, James, builder, quarrier, and victualer, at Riekers, near Paisley.
 Craig, John, tackman of Knoedry, and fish-curer and dealer in Pultenay town.
 Findlayson, Thomas, jeweller in Glasgow.
 Gilhes, John, and Co. merchants in Glasgow;
 Gilhes, O'Neill, and Co. in Liverpool; and John MacNeill and Co. Limerick.
 Gillies, John, one of the individual partners of John Gillies and Co. merchants in Glasgow;
 Gilhes, O'Neill, and Co. Liverpool; and John MacNeill and Co. Limerick.
 Hart, Thomas William, merchant in Greenock.
 Kerr, William, and Son, merchants in Leith.
 Lindsay, David, and Company, late of the New Buildings, North Bridge, Edinburgh, general merchants.
 Love, Alexander, merchant and haberdasher, Glasgow.
 Love, John, haberdasher in Glasgow.
 Mackay, Alexander, grazer and cattle-dealer, and tackman of a salmon fishery, and fish-curer at Laggan, in the island of Islay.
 MacLachlan, Peter, merchant in Glasgow.
 MacLaws, Robert Arthur, spirit-dealer in Glasgow.
 McDonald, William and Alexander, merchants in Edinburgh.
 Mann, James, tackman of, and corn, cattle-dealer, and drover at Glacktown.
 Menzies, William, distiller in Garbals of Glasgow.
 McNeill, Neil, tackman of Ebber, grazer, cattle-dealer, and fish-curer in the island of Islay.
 Scarrott, James, haberdasher in Edinburgh.
 Shaw, John, dealer and cattle-dealer in Greenock.
 Smith, James, flax-spinner at Rose-Mill of Strathmartin, shire of Forfar.
 Taylor, John, merchant in Borrowstounness.

Taylor, John, and Sons, merchants and soap manufacturers in Queensferry.
 Walker, Robert, innkeeper in Old Kilpatrick, shire of Dumbarton.
 Watt, John, jun. merchant in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Buchanan, Paul George, late bookseller in Edinburgh; a second dividend after 9th October.
 Fleming, William, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend 10th October.
 Fraser, Alexander, manufacturer in Inverness; a second dividend on 3d October.
 Gordon, Patrick, late stationer in Glasgow; a dividend after 22d October.
 Harkitt, James, merchant in Aberdeen; a dividend of 2s. on 17th September.
 Kirk, William, manufacturer in Glasgow; a final dividend on the 12th September.
 Macalpine and Fisher, brick-makers in Glasgow; a dividend after 23d October.
 Macintosh, Arthur, bookseller in Inverness; a second dividend on 13th October.
 M'Donald, John, merchant in Perth; a first dividend on 10th September.
 Martin, John, manufacturer in Glasgow; a first and final dividend on 5th November.
 Pollock, Alexander and John, cotton-yarn-merchants in Paisley; a final dividend after 19th September.
 Reid, Francis, and Son, watchmakers in Glasgow; a first and final dividend after 23d October.
 Smith, John, lime-merchant in Plathorn of Kilbride; first and final dividend on 30th September.
 The Perth Foundry Company; a third dividend of 1s. per pound, after 17th September.
 Webster, James, late ship-master in Ferry-Port-on-Craigs, in the county of Fife, and late master, and part owner of the brig Gowan of Dundee; a dividend on 3d September.
 Wilson, Anthony, merchant and ship-owner in Aberdeen; a third dividend, of 10d. per pound, on 25th September.
 Wood, William, senior, shipowner, trader, or merchant in Lincolns; a dividend after 4th November.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Major Maclean, 77 F. to be Lt. Col. in the Army 15 Aug. 1822
 — Rimes, R. p. 55 F. do. do.
 — Hay, Comm. of E. L. C. Depot at Chatham. Temporary Rank of Lt. Col. while employed at Depot 5 Sept.
 Capt. Walcott, R. Art. Major in the Army 15 Aug.
 — MacKenzie, 77 F. do. do.
 — Gaul, 77 F. do. do.
 — Harrison, 20 F. do. do.
 — Mills, 2 Dr. do. do.
 1 Lieut. G. Bt. Maj. Oakes, Major by purch. vice Lt. Col. J. Camm, ret. 2 do.
 Lt. Holl, Capt. do. do.
 Cornet and Sub-Lt. Moseley, Lt. by purch. do.
 R. Parker, Cornet and Sub-Lt. do. do.
 Lt. Prosser, to be Capt. by purch. vice Monewood, ret. 1 Aug. 1822.
 — Easterby, from R. p. 25 Dr. Lt. do.
 1 Dr. Lt. A. J. Lord Muncester, Cornet by purch. vice Webb, prom. 11 July
 Lt. Browne, Capt. by purch. vice D'Este, 11 F. do. 18 do.
 Cornet Wright, Lt. by purch. do.
 J. A. Fullerton, Cornet do. 1 Aug.
 17 Maj. Gen. Lord R. E. H. Somerset, K. G. B. Col. vice Gen. Delancey, dead 9 Sept.
 Gren. Gds. Ens. Craufurd, late of 2 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Barnard, 14 F. 20 Aug.

Sorj. Ferris Qua. Mast. vice Darby, ret. on full-pay 29 Aug. do.
 Ens. and Lt. Allen, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Fox, ret. 25 do.
 Ens. Drummond, from 59 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. do.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Fremantle, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sutton, ret. 1 Aug.
 Ens. and Lt. Vane, Lt. and Capt. by purch. do.
 W. B. Northey, Ens. and Lt. by purch. do.
 W. Gen. Sir H. Torrens, K. C. B. from 2 W. L. Col. vice Gen. Costes, dead 26 July
 Lieut. Dutton, Capt. by purch. vice Frye, ret. 15 do.
 Ens. Chetwode, Lt. do. do.
 T. Williams, Ens. do. 12 Sept.
 Lt. Griffiths, Adj. vice Downie, res. Adj. only 1 Aug.
 Ens. Wilson, from 54 F. Ens. vice King, ret. do.
 Gent. Cadet R. Daly, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 8 Aug.
 do. T. Burke, do. do. do.
 Ens. Congreve, Lieut. by purch. vice Wallace, ret. 5 Sept.
 2d Lt. Deare, 1st Lt. vice Montgomerie, dead 8 July
 R. Anstruther, 2d Lt. 12 Sept.
 Ens. Gregg, Lieut. vice J. Roe, dead 31 Dec. 1821

- 31 C. J. Hayman, Ens. vice L'Estrange, cancelled 25 July
Gent. Cadet N. Armstrong, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 6 Aug. 1822
Lt. Plumble, from 55 F. vice Hamilton, 11 F. 13 do.
- 32 — Wingfield, Capt. by purch. vice Major Lewin ret. 12 Sept.
Ens. Campbell, Lt. do.
Lt. Grange, from 89 F. Lt. vice Halford, h. p. 61 F. 6 Aug.
Ens. Galloway, from h. p. 15 F. Ens. vice Cameron dead 15 do.
Ens. Urquhart, Lieut. vice Cummers, dead, 1 Aug.
- 33 — Kenyon, from 58 F. Ens. do.
- 36 Lt. Wakefield, Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Vernon, ret. 25 July
Gent. Cadet C. R. Murray, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. McPherson, Adj. vice Colcroft, res. Adj. only 5 Sept.
- 38 Major Frith, from 72 F. Major vice Sir C. Cuyler, 68 F. 29 Aug.
Gent. Cadet W. J. Owen, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 8 do.
Ens. Moore, Lt. vice Kerr, sen. dead 12 Sept.
- 40 — Thornhill, Lieut. vice E. Butler, dead 15 Aug.
Cornet Williams, from h. p. 11 Dr. Ens. vice Thornhill do.
- 41 Gent. Cadet M. K. Champain, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 5 Sept.
- 43 Major Haverfield, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Col. Patricson, ret. 29 Aug.
Capt. Booth, Major do.
Lt. James (Oxandine), Capt. do.
Ens. Keppel, Lt. do.
Lord S. A. Chichester, Ens. do. do.
- 44 Gent. Cadet G. J. Smart, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 5 Sept.
- 46 — J. M. Cuming, do. do. do.
- 47 Ens. Ridge, Lt. vice C. J. Cochrane, dead 28 Dec. 1821
Gent. Cadet J. Lardner, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 25 Sept. 1822
- 48 Ens. White, Lt. by purch. vice Rolanson, prom. do.
Bl. Maj. Taylor, Major by purch. vice Druiett, ret. 26 July
Lt. Robinson, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Sheaffe, Lt. vice Flude, dead, 1 Aug.
- 50 W. Bartley, Ens. do.
B. W. Tucker, Ens. do.
Lt. Gen. Sir G. T. Walker, G.C.B. from 84 F. Col. vice Lt. Gen. Sir J. L. Oakes, B. G.C.B. dead 9 do.
- 54 E. A. Slade, Ens. by purch. vice Wilson 15 F. do.
- 55 Lt. Warren, Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Prager, ret. do.
Ens. Goodall, Lt. by purch. do.
H. Higgins, Ens. by purch. do.
Major Brock, from h. p. 15 F. Maj. vice Rolt, 72 F. 29 Aug.
- 56 Lt. Barnard, from Gren. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Bl. Maj. Gualy, ret. 15 do.
- 58 J. E. Barney, Ens. vice Kenyon, 35 F. do.
- 59 Gent. Cadet F. C. Howard, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purchase vice Drummond, I.F.G. 25 July
- 60 Lt. Stopford, from 66 F. Lt. vice de Froger, h. p. 63 F. 1 Aug.
- 63 Capt. Lenke, Major by purch. vice Lt. Col. Macleoth, ret. 18 July
Lt. Douglas, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Hunt, Lt. by purch. do.
Hon. H. S. Fane, Ens. by purch. do.
- 65 Ens. Wood, Lt. vice Jos. Mulkern, dead 26 Dec. 1821
— Bowen, do. vice Blacker, dead 27 do.
H. R. Addison, Ens. 26 do.
D. O'Brien, do. 12 Sept. 1822
- 66 Asst. Surg. Bohan, from 15 Dr. Surg. vice Mackesey, dead 8 Aug.
- 69 Lt. Harding, from h. p. 63 F. Lt. vice Stopford, 60 F. 1 Aug.
Major Sir C. Cuyler, Bt. from 88 F. Major vice Barrow, h. p. 43 F. 29 do.
- 72 Bt. Lieut. Col. Rolt, 55 F. Maj. vice Frith, 58 F. do.
Qua. Mast. Serj. M'Kenzie, Qua. Mast. vice Benton, ret. full pay, 25 July
- 77 Lieut. Hamilton, from 31 F. Lt. vice Rogers, h. p. 45 F. 15 do.
- 78 Maj. Gen. Sir E. Barnes, K.C.B. fr. Rifle Bdg. Col. vice Lt. Gen. Sir S. Auchmuty, G.C.B. dead 25 do.
- 83 Lieut. Mac, Captain vice Hext, dead 8 Aug.
— Holmes, do. vice Phillips, dead 29 do.
- 84 Ens. Dribbing, Lt. 8 do.
Lt. Irwin, from h. p. 73 F. Lt. 29 do.
Ens. Richardson, from 45 F. do. vice Abell, dead 12 Sept.
- 87 Maj. Gen. Sir D. Paek K.C.B. Col. vice Sir G. T. Walker, 52 F. 9 do.
Lt. Hon. C. Boyle, Capt. by purch. vice Macdonald, ret. 18 do.
- 89 Ens. M'Crae, Lt. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet G. M. Eden, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
Lieut. Clifford, Capt. vice Fitzgerald, dead 11 Dec. 1821
- 90 Ens. Booth, Lt. do.
W. Smyth, Ens. 12 Sept. 1822
Lieut. Steel, Capt. vice Savage, dead 14 Oct. 1821
— Cannon, do. vice Baalen, prom. 12 Sept. 1822
- Sargent, from h. p. 60 F. 1 Lieut. vice Grange, 35 F. 8 Aug.
- 1156 Brig. Ens. Tottenham, Lt. 12 Sept.
H. S. La Roche, Ens. 2 Dec. 1821
Lieut. E. bank, Capt. by purch. vice Gamble, ret. 5 Sept. 1822
- 2 W.I.R. Ens. Taylor, Lt. do. do.
F. P. D. Radcliffe, Ens. do. do.
Maj. Gen. Sir A. F. Bannard, K.C.B. Comm. vice Barnes, 78 F. 25 Aug.
Lt. Nowworthy, Capt. vice Chisholm, R. Att. Col. Corps 5 Sept.
Ens. Montary, Lt. do.
J. W. Wetherell, Ens. do.
Lt. Miller, from h. p. 4 W.I.R. Adj. and Lieut. vice Laing, R. Afr. Col. Corps 7 do.
- 1 Vet. Bn. M. Gen. Sir J. Byng, K.C.B. Colonel vice Sir H. Torrens, 2 F. do.
Captain Kenny, from h. p. 43 F. 1 Capt. vice Willatts, cane. 1 Aug.
- R. Vet. Bn. Ensign Buchanan, Qua. Mast. vice Pegley, ret. lost do.
R. Vet. Bn. Paym. Edmonds, from h. p. late 6 13 Aug.
- Staff Mtl. Capt. Fernyhough, Qua. Mast. vice Horton, dead 4 April.
- R. Afr. Col. C. Brig. Gen. Sir C. MacCarthy, from h. p. R. Afr. Corps, Col. Comm. 2 April
- Capt. Chisholm, from W.I.R. Maj. do.
- W. H. Blenkarne, from Afr. Comp. Service, Captain with Temporary Rank do.
Lt. Laing, from 2 W.I.R. Rang. Capt. 3 do.
- Capt. Donald, from h. p. R. W. I. Rang. Capt. 29 Aug.
- J. Swanzy, from Afr. Comp. Service, Lt. Temporary Rank 25 April
- J. Jackson, do. do. do.
J. Mullan, do. do. do.
H. Mends, do. do. do.
- Lieut. Blake, from h. p. 23 F. Lieut. 29 Aug.
- J. Travers, late Lt. in 85 F. do. do.
E. Edwards, from Afr. Comp. Service, Ens. 2 April
- R. Erskine, do. do. do.

R. Afr. Col. C. J. H. Grootenham, do. do. 2 April.
Serg. Maj. Blane, from 2 W.L.R. Adj.
and Enn. do.

Royal Artillery.

1st Lieut. Hare, from h. p. 1st Lieut.
vice Charlton, dead 21 June, 1822.
— Griffiths, from h. p. 1st Lt.
vice Hill, h. p. 5 July
2d Capt. Charteris, from h. p. 2d Capt.
11 do.
1st Lieut. Coxwell, 2d Capt. vice Craw-
ley, dead do.
— Gibb, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
2d Lt. Rogers, 1st Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet T. A. Shone, 2d Lt. do.
2d Capt. Haultain, from h. p. 2d Capt.
vice Denoon, h. p. 1 Aug.
1st Lt. Foote, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice
Phelps, h. p. 4 do.
1st Lt. Richards, from h. p. 1st Lt.
vice Kortelesman, h. p. 2 Sept. 1822
— Chamberlain, from h. p. do.
vice Milnes, h. p. 5 do.
— Thorndike, from h. p. do. vice
Parrott, h. p. 12 do.
R. Glamorgan. Mlt. G. F. Steel, Qua. Mast. vice H.
Steel, res. 7 July
2d Towerham. Mlt. Adj. Wilkins, Drevet Rank of
Capt. 6 Aug.

Royal Engineers.

Gent. Cadet E. Durnford, 2d Lieut.
22 July 1822.
The undermentioned Cadets of the Hon. the
1st India Company's Service to have the tem-
porary Rank as 2d Lieuts. during the period of
their being placed under the Command of Lt. Col.
Pasley, of Royal Engineers, at Chatham, for in-
structions in the Art of Sapping and Mining.
Cadet W. H. Peers 25 July, 1822
— F. Abbott do.
— J. S. Grant do.

Staff.

Col. L'Estrange, from 31 F. Dep. Adj.
Gen. Mauritius, vice Col. Lindsay,
res. 25 July, 1822

Hospital Staff.

Asst. Staff Sur. Ramsay, Surgeon
to the Forces, vice Truistick, dead
12 Sept. 1822
Asst. Surg. Laidlaw, from h. p. 60
F. Asst. Surg. to the Forces do.
— Stobo, from h. p. 35 F.
do. do.
— Sinclair, from h. p. 21
Dr. do. do.
Hosp. Asst. J. Hall, do. do. do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt. Col. Ahmuty, from 7 F. with Bt. Lt. Col.
Fitz Gerald, h. p. 8 Gar. Bn.
— Dancy, from 81 F. with Bt. Lt. Col.
Potter, h. p. R. York Bn.
— Wilson, from 1 F. with Capt. Gell, h.
p. 77 F.
Bt. Major Morrison, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. be-
tween full pay troop and full pay company with
Capt. Hewitt, h. p. 25 Dr.
Captain Stuart, from 57 F. with Bt. Major Fitz-
Gerald, h. p. 12 F.
— Vynot, from Gren. Gds. with Captain Bar-
nard, h. p. 36 F.
— Morgan, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Captain
Farquharson, h. p. 7 F.
— Phelan, from 58 F. with Capt. Rowley,
92 F.
Capt. Dexter, from 4 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Capt.
Whitcomb, h. p. 3 F.
— Lockwood, from 22 F. with Capt. Castell,
80 F.
— Hely, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Cham-
bers, h. p. 25 F.
— Ford, 1 W.L.R. with Capt. Law, h. p. 71. F.
Lieut. Pragram, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt.
Stuart, h. p. 3 Dr.
— Miles, from 5 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Hannay,
h. p. Rifle Bn.

Vol. XII.

— Doig, from 57 F. with Lieut. Douglas, h. p.
25 F.
— Montgomerie, from 57 F. with Lieut. May,
h. p. 52 F.
— Grenier, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Hon.
G. Harvey, h. p. 12 Dr.
— Hedman, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Ha-
milton, h. p. 61 F.
— Kingscote, from 2 Life Guards with Lieut.
Broadhurst, h. p. 12 Dr.
— Barnett, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieutenant
Cotton, h. p. 61 F.
— Williams, 2 W.L.R. with Lieut. Macpherson,
h. p. 5 W.L.R.
— Travers, from h. p. R. Afr. Col. Corps with
Lieut. Burton, h. p. 60 F.
Elsign Powell, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Cornet
Shewell, h. p. 18 Dr.
— Hughes, from 79 F. with Ensign Christie,
h. p. 85 F.
— Fane, from 65 F. with 2d Lieut. Buller, h.
p. 55 F.
— Neill, from 8 F. with Ens. Rainsford, 72 F.
— Owen, from 38 F. with Ens. Johnston, 90 F.
— Deaman, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Ensign
Powell, h. p. Bradshaw's Levy.
Surg. Heriot, from 15 F. with Surg. Smyth, h. p.
6 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Patrickson, 43 F.
Lieut.-Col. J. Canace, 1 Life Gds.
— Sutton, 60th Gds.
— Macleoth, 65 F.
Major Frye, 4 F.
— Lewin, 32 F.
— Vernon, since dead, 36 F.
— Drutt, 46 F.
— Prager, 35 F.
— Gunley, 36 F.
Captain Homewood, 5 Dr. G.
— Fox, Gren. Gds.
— Macdonald, 81 F.
— Gamble, 90 F.
Lieut. Wallace, 20 F.
Ensign King, 17 F.
Quarter-Master H. Steel, R. Glamorgan Mil.

Appointments Cancelled.

The exchange between Capt. Nicholls, from h. p.
25 Dr. and Capt. Jones, 89 F.
Do. Lieut. Corfield, h. p. 22 F. and Lieut. O'Kel-
ly, 11 F.
Captain Willats, 2 W.L.R.
Ensign L'Estrange, 31 F.
Quarter-Master Pegley, 1 R. Vet. Bn.

Cashiered.

Asst.-Comm. Gen. J. M. Cobb.

Replaced on Retired List.

Bt. Maj. McIntyre, 1 R. Vet. Bn.
Lieut. Carrington, do.
Ensign Mackenzie, do.
— Durnford, 1 R. Vet. Bn.
Bt. Maj. Alexander, 3 do.
Lieut. Collingwood, do.
Lieut. Wainwright, 5 R. Vet. Bn.
Ensign Byrne, do.

Deaths.

General Sir Thomas Blomfield, Bt. Royal Artil-
lery, Shooter's Hill, near Woolwich,
24 Aug. 1822.
General De Lancy, 17 Dr. Beechwood, near Edin-
burgh, 5 Sept. 1822.
Lieut.-General Sir S. Auchmuty, G.C.B. 78 F.
Commander of Forces in Ireland, Dublin,
11 Aug.
Lieut.-General Sir H. Oakes, Bt. G.C.B. 56 F.
Lieut.-General of the Ordnance, London,
9 Sept.
— Haynes, East In. Comp. Service,
Cheltenham, 26 Aug.
Major-General Charles Campbell, Cape of Good
Hope, 9 May
Colonel Evans, h. p. Roy. Afric. Corps, Knights-
bridge, 11 June

Lieut. Colonel Hooper, 3 Vet. Bat. Dublin, 29 July
 ——— Tinling, late of Gr. Gds. Aug.
 Major Vernon, 36 F. Fao, Ionian Isles, 2 June
 ——— Hext, 83 F. on board the Fairlie, 24 July
 ——— Vinuel, h. p. Provincial, Isle of Man, 10 July
 ——— Home, h. p. 2 Light Infantry, K.G.L. 12 Oct. 1821
 Hanover, 11 Jan.
 Captain Phillips, 85 F. Ceylon, 13 May
 M'Namara, 1 Vet. Bat. Little Baddon, 13 May
 Essex, Robert Cameron, h. p. 55 F. Callort, near Fort William, N. B. 13 June
 ——— Moody, h. p. 56 F. Falmouth, 26 June
 Lieutenant Montgomerie, 21 F. 25 May
 ——— Summers, 55 F. Jamaica, 25 May
 ——— Flude, 50 F.
 ——— Thomas Kerr, sen. 58 F. Raphoe, 6 Aug. 1822
 Donegal, Ireland, 31 July
 ——— Eyre Butler, 40 F. Cashell, 31 July
 ——— C. J. Cochrane, 17 F. Bombay, 27 Dec. 1821
 ——— Charlton, R. Art. Newfoundland, 31 May, 1822
 ——— Normington, late 4 Vet. Bat. Doncaster, 15 Sept.
 ——— Staunton, late 10 do. Ireland, 27 Aug.
 Mullenger, h. p. Grenad. Gds. Brixton, Isle of Wight, 30 July
 ——— Scholey, h. p. 91 F. Gainsborough, 10 do.
 ——— Seaver, h. p. 60 F. Heath Hall, Armagh, 6 do.
 ——— Crofton, h. p. 81 F. Brirlington-house, near Bristol, 28 May
 ——— Abell, 55 F. Ceylon, 5 Feb.
 ——— Groves, late 11 Vet. Bat. Windsor, 11 Aug.
 ——— Burbidge, h. p. 22 F. Dublin, 4 ditto
 ——— Ellison, h. p. 60 F. London, 2 do.

Lieutenant Maclean, h. p. 73 F. Southend, Essex, 30 July
 ——— Nihell, h. p. 85 F. Trinidad, 3 Sept. 1821.
 ——— Nelson, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Ireland, 16 July 1822.
 Ensign Cameron, 55 F. Jamaica, 19 June
 ——— Harling, h. p. 5 F. Almondsbury, York, 11 Jan.
 ——— Bonham, 9 F. Grenada, 24 July
 ——— Bowen, late 5 Vet. Bat. 20 Aug.
 ——— Graham, late 8 do. Glasgow, 18 Aug.
 ——— Byrne, h. p. 60 F.
 ——— Irwin, h. p. 65 F. St. Servan, France, 21 Jan.
 ——— Browne, h. p. 6 W. I. R. Dublin, 10 July
 Paymaster Elston, 5 West York Militia, Adjutant Myers, Esq. h. p. 60 F.
 ——— Morris, h. p. M'Donald's Rec. Corps, London, 31 July
 Quarter Master Hamilton, h. p. 2 Dr.
 ——— Masen, h. p. 1 Argyll Fenc. Inf. 1 July
 Aberdeen, 10 Sept.
 ——— Harley, North Lincoln Militia, 10 Sept.
 ——— Lincoln, King, h. p. R. Wag. Tr. Woodford, 7 Jan.
 Assistant Surgeon Jaggard, h. p. R. Art. Plymouth Dock, 26 July
 ——— Hargrove, do. Roscrea, Ire-land, 28 do.
 Medical Department.—Dep. Insp. Macaulay, h. p. Canada, Dep. Purveyor Saunders, h. p. Valenciennes, Assst. Surg. W. McDonnell, 19th F. Sept.
 ——— Williams, h. p. 1 Lk. Lt. Int. Florence, 5 April
 Commissariat Dep.—Dep. Com. Gen. Clarke, Montreal, Canada, 7 July
 ——— Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Hall, New Providence, Bahamas, 15 do.

No. III.
Naval Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
<i>Post-Captains.</i>	J. Lowry O. Woolriff E. L. Rich	<i>W. Thomas</i> J. Hudson R. Peyton J. Hadden L. T. Jones R. B. Cotgrave R. Inman W. B. McClinton J. J. Tucker M. Seymour J. J. Gregory E. Corbett
<i>Commanders.</i>	<i>Lieutenants.</i> G. L. Macnardo J. H. Hulby H. Fournier H. Ogil C. A. Barlow G. A. Elliot G. Gibbs W. D. Paget	
<i>Captains.</i>	<i>Ships.</i>	<i>Ships.</i>
Thomas Porter	Alacrity	Charles R. Milbourne
Sir William Hoste	Albion	William Cuppage
Thomas Bouchier	Beaver	Robert Inman
John Leith	B. Gatte	L. T. Jones
Archibald McLean	Blossom	John Hudson
Edward Stewart	Brisk	R. B. Cotgrave
E. L. Rich	Bustard	Godfrey Wolley
William Keats	Cherokee	Thomas Cowan
Hon. Frederick Spencer	Crocodile	Adair Miller
John Lawrence	Eden	Charles J. F. Newton
George French	Leander	Robert Otway
William Rochford	Nimrod	William G. H. Wish
Frederick Hun	Pandora	Henry Ogle
H. E. P. Sturt	Phaeton	George Barker
Robert G. Dunlop	Sophia	Thomas Dilke
Edward Buxton	Sparrowhawk	Thomas Phillips
Admiral Mackenzie	Superb	Hill Wallace
John Thed	Tamar	Herratt James
Charles Malcolm	William and Mary	John Stubbin
		Joseph J. Johnston
<i>Lieutenant.</i>		J. B. Maxwell
James Liddell	Alacrity	Robert G. Welch
James Anderson (b)	Albion	Robert J. Nash
John J. Murray	ditto	William Downie
William Burnett	ditto	W. D. Puget
William H. Martin	ditto	J. Pole
		C. Elliot

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
C. P. Madryell	Jupiter	Patrick M'Terran	Eden
G. L. Macmurdo	Larne	Patrick Kelly	ditto
J. G. Gregory	Morgiana	Giles Ingram	Egeria
Richard Peyton	Myrmidon	George Walker	Genoa
William Thomas	ditto	John Castles	ditto
James Everard	Nimrod	William Shoveller	Jupiter
H. M. Blackwood	ditto	John Runciman	Nimrod
Joseph Soudy	Pandora	John Walker	Perseus
William Kelly	ditto	Thomas Miller	Phaeton
Thomas Marshall	Phaeton	James Barnhill	ditto
G. J. Hope Johnstone	ditto	William Burnet	Royal Charlotte
Charles Cotton	ditto	James M. Brydome	Royal George
James H. Helby	Pheasant	William Burn	Sappho
George A. Elliott	ditto	William Donnelly	Sparrowhawk
James Edgercombe	Sappho	Henry Barnes	Starling
Godfrey Brereton	ditto	John Duke	Superb
Andrew Forbes	Scout	William Cowling	ditto
John Templeman	Seringapatam	James Gregory	Thracian
William Sandom	Sparrowhawk		
Hon. Richard S. Dundas	ditto		
G. L. Saunders	Superb		
W. F. Lapidge	ditto		
Richard White	ditto		
George A. Santhill	ditto		
W. B. Greene	William and Mary		
<i>Surgeons.</i>		<i>Purser.</i>	
P. H. Scott	Apollo	Robert Chapman	Albion
James Lawrence	Beaver	James Hawken	Beaver
James M'Conkey	ditto	Thomas Frost	Bellefleur
Isaac Noot	Bellefleur	William Thomas	Brisk
G. T. Millett	ditto	John Orchard	Cherokee
Oliver Sproule	Brisk	Joseph Mason	Eden
Joseph M'Crac	Cherokee	Thomas G. M'Murray	Nimrod
		James Cleary	Pandora
		John Bowman	Phaeton
		Charles D. Unwin	Scout
		Thomas Woodman	Sparrowhawk
		Thomas Alldridge	Superb
		William H. Cracknell	Thracian

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 28. At No. 2, Charlotte Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Dr Straker, of a daughter.

20. At Kilkenny, the Lady of Lieut. Col. Lindsay, of a son commanding 7th Highlanders, of a son.

Aug. 2. At Edinburgh, Mrs Alexander Somerville, of a daughter.

7. Mrs Kennedy, Albany Street, of a son.

— At No. 10, Nelson Street, Mrs John Jameson, of a son.

— At Canterbury, Mrs Kippen, of a son.

— At View Fifth, the Lady of W. C. Learmonth, Esq. of Craigend, of a daughter.

7. At her Ladyship's residence, in Great King Street, the Countess of Portsmouth was safely delivered of a daughter. The infant was merely slightly half-baptized, and named Maria Elizabeth.

— At Bury, near Exeter, the Lady of George Sturt, Esq. H. N. of twin boys.

8. Mrs Kennedy of Romano, of a son.

10. Mrs M'Hutchon, No. 60, Nicolson Street, of a daughter.

15. At Glasgow, Mrs Colin Campbell, Jura, of a son.

— In Berkeley Square, London, the Countess of Jersey, of a daughter.

— At Lausanne, the Lady of Captain George Berkeley Maxwell, H. N. of a daughter.

— Mrs Ramsay, No. 15, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, of a son.

16. At Marley Lodge, Devon, the Honourable Mrs Brodrick, of a daughter.

— At Sunnyside Lodge, Lanark, Mrs Alexander Gillespie, of a son.

18. Mrs William Smith, No. 3, Brown's Square, of a son.

— At the Hollies, Staffordshire, the Lady of H. Montgomery Campbell, Esq. of a son and heir.

20. At Bournemouth Bank, Mrs Wyld, of a daughter.

22. At James' Square, Mrs Renton, of a daughter.

— Mrs Abercromby, No. 19, York Place, of a daughter.

— At Cockairney-house, Fife, the Lady of Lieutenant Colonel Moubay, of a daughter.

25. At Largs, the Lady of G. W. Laurence, Esq. of the Island of Jamaica, of a daughter.

24. At Dymme, the Lady of William M'Kenzie, Esq. M. D. of the Honourable East India Company's service, Madras establishment, of a daughter.

— At Drummond Place, Mrs Forbes, of a daughter.

— At Great King Street, Mrs J. S. Merc, of a son.

— At Kenmore, the Lady of Archibald Stirling, of a daughter.

— At Lochcrae, Mrs Wishart, of a daughter.

25. In Castles Crescent, the Lady of Lieutenant Colonel Broomhead, of a son.

— At the East of Cavan's seat, at Eaglehurst, the Countess of Cavan, of a son.

26. In Montague Place, Russell Square, the Lady of Captain William Forrest, of a son.

27. At Baring, the Lady of William F. Hunter, of a daughter. The child only survived a few hours.

30. At Swaithland Rectory, Leicestershire, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Erskine, of a daughter.

— In Baker Street, Portman Square, London, the Lady of the Hon. Donald Ogilvy, of a son and heir.

Sept. 1. At Dumfries, Mrs Russell, of a son.

2. At Dumfries, Mrs Carruthers, Mosswood Mains, of a daughter.

— In Northumberland-street, the Countess of Kintore, of a son.

3. Mrs R. Scott Thomson, 35, Prince's Street, of a son.

5. At Belle Vue, St Leonard, in Colchester, the Lady of Lieutenant Colonel the Hon. W. H. Gmelin, of a son.

— At Laverock Bank, the Lady of John Street, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, of a son.

— At the Rectory, Warkton, Northamptonshire, Mrs Wauchop, of a daughter.

— At Whitelake, Mrs E. Walkinshaw, of a son.

6. The Lady of Dr Dempster, physician, Ne-nagh, of a son.

7. At Boyle Farm, Lady Caroline Maedonald of Clanronald, of a daughter.

8. At Stirling, Mrs Captain Brown, of Park, of a son.

— At Islabank, the Lady of Peter Wedderburn, Esq. of a daughter.

9. At Deal, the Lady of Captain Alexander Kennedy Clark of Knockgray, of a daughter.

10. In Charlotte Square, the Lady of Warren Hastings Anderson, Esq. of a daughter.

11. In Portman Square, London, the Countess Manvers, of a daughter.

— Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorowna, eldest daughter of the King of Prussia, (consort of the Grand Duke Nicholas,) of a Princess.

12. In Queen Street, the Hon. Mrs Douglas of Strathendry, of a son.

13. At 51, Queen Street, Mrs Greig of Hallgreig, of a son.

— In Albany Street, Mrs Gillespie, of a daughter.

14. At North Berwick, the Lady of Major-General Dalrymple, of a still-born child.

15. In Albany Street, Mrs Paterson, of a son.

17. In Abercromby Place, the Right Hon. Lady Ellbank, of a son.

— In George Square, Lady Anne Wardlaw, of a son.

— At No. 3, Northumberland Street, Mrs Andrew Hamilton, of a son.

— At Irvine, the Lady of Colonel Fullerton of Fullerton, of a daughter.

— At Stranraer, Mrs James H. Ross, of a son.

19. At the Manse of Kilmuir Easter, Mrs Matheson, wife of the Rev. Charles Ross Matheson, of a son.

— At Dr Monro's, Bushey, Herts, the Lady of Alexander Monro, Esq. of a son.

23. In George Street, Mrs Donaldson, of a son.

24. The Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Hogg of the East India Company's Service, of a daughter.

— At Fort-George, the Lady of Major A. Fraser of Flemington, of a son.

25. Mrs John Cockburn, of a daughter.

— At Conway, North Wales, the Lady of Sir David Erskine, Bart. of a daughter.

26. In Rutland Square, Dublin, the Countess of Longford, of a son.

— At Castleisle, the Lady of the Hon. Captain W. J. Napier, R. N. of a daughter.

28. At Milton-House, Edinburgh, Mrs Lee, of a daughter.

— At Dunbar, Mrs Innes, of a daughter.

— At Paulwaden, Herts, the Lady of Lord Glamis, of a son and heir.

29. At Cessnock, Mrs Mitchell, of a son.

— At Sundrum, Mrs Hamilton of Sundrum, of a son.

— At No. 12, Dundas Street, Mrs Spott, of a son.

30. In Cavendish Square, London, Mrs Keith Douglas, of a son.

— At 50, Queen Street, Mrs Scott, of a son.

— In Queen Street, Mrs Thomas Corrie, of a daughter.

— In Limerick, the Lady of Captain Campbell, late of the 12th Foot, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 16. At Montreal, in Lower Canada, Mr David Chisholme, Attorney-at-Law, to Rachael Cuthbert, eldest daughter of Captain and Adjutant John Robertson, of the Inverness-shire local militia.

Aug. 5. At the Manse of Kellum, the Rev. A. G. Carstairs, of Anstruther Wester, to Helen, third daughter of the late Mr John M. Lellan, merchant, Kirkcudbright.

6. At Hillhouse, George Comb, Esq. Hedderghs, to Margaret, youngest daughter of George Johnston, Esq. of Hillhouse.

— At Colmonell, Manse, Ayrshire, Mr Archibald Christie, writer, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth Kennedy Macfadden, eldest daughter of the late John Macfadden, Esq. merchant, Liverpool.

9. At Hendon, Middlesex, William Mackenzie, Esq. of the 3d Dragoons, only son of the late John Mackenzie, Esq. of Bynfield, N. B. to Justina, third daughter of William Anderson, Esq. Russell Square.

12. At Edinburgh, Mr John Inglis, farmer, Mourn-house, Fife, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late Andrew Robertson, Esq. Bruntisland.

— Montague H. Berr, Esq. of Mill House, Devon, to Whitelmina Juliana, second surviving daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford.

12. At Reading, Thomas Hustler, Esq. of Acklam Hall, Yorkshire, to Charlotte Frances Eliza, daughter of the late Richard Wells, Esq. of Denerata.

14. At Edinburgh, Captain Samuel Brown, R. N. to Mary, youngest daughter of John Home, Esq. W. S.

— At St John's Chapel, Robert Hames, Esq. of Great Glenn, Leicestershire, to Miss Harriet Dalrymple, daughter of John Dalrymple, Esq. of Linga.

— At Hendersyde Park, Roxburghshire, Stephen Eaton, Esq. of Ketton Hall, county of Rutland, to Charlotte Ann, second daughter of George Walde, Esq. of Hendersyde.

— Alexander Marshall, Esq. supervisor of excise, Campbellton, to Miss Martha Porter, of Barsky, near Campbellton.

15. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Sir John James Douglas, Bart. of Springwood Park, to Hannah Charlotte, only son of the late Henry Scott, Esq. of Belford, Roxburghshire.

16. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, William Hanbury, Esq. of Kelmah, in the county of Northampton, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Lord Spencer Stanley, Chester and Lady Harriet Chester, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Galloway.

19. At Manse of Crawford, by the Rev. John Bower, of Maryculter, Robert Bower, M. D. and surgeon R. N. to Agnes Colquhoun, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Ross, minister of Crawford.

— At St Mildred's Church, Canterbury, Mr James Porter, son, to Mrs Catherine Bange, being his sixth wife.

27. At No. 10, St Patrick Square, Mr Alexander Gifford, S. S. C. No. 2, Hill Square, to Miss Catherine More, only daughter of the Rev. George More, Edinburgh.

28. In Edinburgh, John Macpherson Macleod, of St Kilda, Esq. to Catherine, youngest daughter of William Georg. Esq. Gayfield Square.

— At Melville-house, Fife, Abel Smith, Esq. M. P. of Woodhall Herts, to Lady Marianne Leslie Melville, youngest sister of the Earl of Leven and Melville.

— At the Chapel of the British Ambassador at Paris, William John Daltell, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, second son of the late Francis Daltell, of Edinburgh, to Elizabeth Margaretta, only daughter of Samuel Blyth, Esq. of London.

29. At Glasgow, Mr John Morrison, writer, Edinburgh, to Teekla Hamilton, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Kelly, Barossa, Westmorland.

— At St Paul's, Bedford, Alexander Hadden, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Hadden, Esq. of Hatcham House, county of Surrey.

— At London, Lord Viscount Chetwind, to Mary, only surviving daughter of the late Robert Moss, Esq.

31. At Wotton, in Surrey, Charles, eldest son of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, C. B. and K. M. T. to Frances, only daughter of John Evelyn, Esq. of Wotton.

Sept. 2. At Kirkcudbright, David Blair, (tertius), Esq. surgeon, to Mary, eldest daughter of Robert Gordon, Esq. of Langlangree.

4. At Old Aberdeen, Captain John Gordon, R. A. son of Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, Croyne, to Jean, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. S. Ogilvy, Old Aberdeen.

5. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Pattison, merchant, to Gilchrist, youngest daughter of the late Captain Walter Gray.

9. At Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Alexander Scott Brownfield, Esq. 4th Dragoon Guards, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Alex. Campbell, Esq. of Hallyards.

— At Dunbarton Castle, T. Y. Foster, Esq. 7th Royal Fusiliers, to Mary, youngest daughter of Major-General Issay Ferner.

10. J. L. Adolphus, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, to Clara, daughter of the late R. Richardson, Esq. of Strathairn.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mr James Ballingall, factor at Charleston, to Agnes, third daughter of the late Mr John Stocks.

14. At St George's Chapel, Edinburgh, Hugh Douglas Grace, third son of the late Dr Charles Grace, Cupas Fife, to Henrietta, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. William Geddes, 83d Regiment.

16. At Douglas, Isle of Man, Mr John Menzies, proprietor of the Greenock Advertiser, to Catherine Anna, eldest daughter of Mark Anthony Mills, Esq. and grand niece to the late Earl of Arran.

17. At Huntly, the Rev. Mr Spence, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr C. Macdonald, banker, there.

— At Redhall, Benjamin Digby, of Mountjoy Square, Dublin, Esq. to Sophia, second daughter of the late Vice-Admiral John Inglis of Auchin-dunny.

18. At Hermitage Place, Leith, William Cunningham, Esq. of Dromona, Ireland, to Helen, eldest daughter of the late Daniel Shiels, Esq. R. N.

23. At Musselburgh, the Rev. Thomas Langhorne, to Elizabeth Howard, eldest daughter of Rev. William Smith, Musselburgh.

— At Ayr, Alexander M'Donnell, Esq. of Twomilewood, St Catherine's, Jamaica, to Bonella Mary, eldest daughter of Alexander Gardner, Esq. Ayr.

24. At Stirling, Lieut. Jacob Glyner Rogers, late of the 77th Regiment, to Jeany, youngest daughter of the late Dugald Forbes, Esq.

— At Pathhead, Leamingshaw, Major James Pate, late of the 24th Foot, to Agnes, fourth daughter of the late Robert Wharrie of Pathhead, Esq.

— At Hurst, Devonshire, Lord Rolle, to the Hon. Louisa Trevelyan, sister of Lord Clinton.

— At Hampton Court Palace, the Earl of Liverpool to Miss Mary Chester.

— At Cheltenham, Patrick Wallace, Esq. Commander of the Orient, East Indianman, to Jane, only daughter of Colonel Sir John Sinclair, of Dunbar, Bart.

25. In London, Francis Garden Campbell, Esq. of Troop, to Maria, only daughter of the late Major General Duff, of Carnarvon.

26. At Pitgavie, Sir Archibald Dunbar of Northfield, Bart. to Mary, daughter of John Brander, Esq. of Pitgavie.

27. At Dunbar, Archibald Geddes, Esq. Verreville, Glasgow, to Isabella Jane, only daughter of Alexander Johnston, Esq. surgeon there.

28. Captain Henry Forbes, R. N. to Jane, daughter of Sir Edward Hoare, Bart.

29. At Houghton Place, Captain Robert Rowley, Royal Navy, to Eliza Munro, daughter of the late George Mackay Rose, Esq. of the island of Grenada.

DEATHS.

Jan. 4. At Benecolen, Marsden, only remaining son of Sir T. S. Raffles, Lieutenant Governor of that settlement, and on the 14th of January, Charlotte, his eldest daughter.

Feb. 28. At Bombay, Lieutenant Wm. Campbell, of the Hon. East India Company's service, eldest son of the late Matthew Campbell, Esq. Wigton.

March 20. At St Thomas's Mount, Madras, Alex. Campbell, Esq. 3d Madras Native Infantry, third son of the late John Campbell, Esq. of South Hall.

21. At Madras, William Mellis, Esq. Lieutenant in his Majesty's 24th Regiment of Foot, second son of the late James Mellis, Esq. of Newhall, Kincardineshire.

23. At sea, on his passage to India, Mr Alexander Stewart, youngest son of General Stewart of Lismulvie.

April 9. At sea, on his passage from Valparaiso, Captain Thomas Graham, of his Majesty's ship Doris. His remains were interred in the fort at Valparaiso on the 1st of May.

May 30. At his house, St James's, Jamaica, in the 63d year of his age, Duncan M'Farlane, Esq. of Southfield, after a residence of 15 years in the island.

June. On her passage from Jamaica to England, Catherine, the lady of Captain Sir W. S. Wiseman, Bart. of his Majesty's frigate Tamar. Her ladyship was the third daughter of Sir James Macintosh, M.P.

13. Of the fever, at his brother's house, Falkmouth, Jamaica, Mr Hugh Girdwood, aged 17, son of Mr James Girdwood, Kirkbrachd-house, Edinburgh.

11. At Lucea, Jamaica, George, fourth son of John Campbell, Esq. Prospect, Argyllshire.

23. At Kingston, Jamaica, Mr James Peebles, son of the Rev. Dr Peebles, Newton-upon-Ayr.

27. At Sackville, near Halifax, in Nova Scotia, Captain John Hutchinson, of the Manchester of Leith.

June 27. At Goshen, parish of St Ann, Jamaica, Mr George Shirley M'Andrew, late of the Royal Navy, and son of James M'Andrew, Esq. of Elgin.

30. At Berblee, after a short illness, Peter Fairburn, Esq.

July 2. At London, John Reid, M.D. author of a treatise on Consumption, essays on Nervous Affections, and various other useful works.

17. At Stockton on Tees, Colonel Alexander MacGregor Murray of Napier Ruskie, Colonel Commandant of the 1st or Highland regiment of Edinburgh local militia.

18. At sea, on his passage from Jamaica, James Colquhoun Grant, Esq.

19. At Cheltenham, William Stewart, Esq. late of Calcutta.

24. At Weistaden, in Germany, Mr Natale Corri, late of this city, and well-known in the musical world.

25. At sea, Captain Alexander Lindsey, Commander of the honourable East India Company's ship Kellie (sloop).

— At Haddington, in the prime of life, Mr Thomas Brooks, artist.

26. At Drumachany, William Stewart, Esq. of Garth.

28. At Kildinton manse, Islay, the Reverend Malcolm Gillics.

30. At Newcastle, aged 33, Mr John Fletcher Stirling, eldest son of the Reverend James Stirling, minister of Cockburnspath.

31. At Southend, Essex, Lieutenant Charles Norman Maclean, half-pay 53d Regiment, and sixth son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Maclean, Resident Governor of the Tower of London.

Aug. 1. At No. 17, St Andrew's Square, Miss Cecelia Stuart, daughter of the late James Stewart, Esq.

— At Stirling, aged 32, Elizabeth Manderson, wife of Mr C. Monro, proprietor of the Stirling Journal.

— In the parish of New Spynie, Elgin, Mr Alexander Clark, at the advanced age of 101 years.

2. At Castlebank, Edinburgh, Isabella Christie, wife of John Anderson, General Supervisor of Excise.

3. At Oxford, Sir Christopher Pegge, M.D. F.R.S., and Regius Professor of Physic in that University.

— At Arthurstone, James M'Nabb, Esq. of Arthurstone.

— At Leith, Isabella Gualen, wife of Captain James Edmonston.

— At his house, Dalkeith, Mr David Matheson, candlemaker, in the 71st year of his age.

— At Edinburgh, Ann Gordon Gibson, aged 19, eldest daughter of Mr William Gibson, plumber.

4. At his house, east road to Leith, Thomas Greig, late baker, Abbey.

6. At Camanulla, Alexander Denovan, late of the Transport Office, Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Whyte, Solicitor of Supreme Courts.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Archibald Thomson, writer.

— At Gask, in the county of Perth, Harriet, fourth daughter of the late Laurence Oliphant, Esq.

7. At London, Lady Blair, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Blair, K.C.B.

8. At Leith, in his 20th year, Mr Thomas Bradberry, late keeper of the Britannia Inn there.

9. At Orkney, John Thomson, Esq. of Holkettle, in the 77th year of his age.

— At Dundee, William Small, Esq. town-clerk of Dundee.

— At Portobello, Helen Currie Lamont, infant daughter of James Lamont, Esq.

10. At her house, Ladyfield Place, Mrs Tweedie, in her 90th year.

11. At Edinburgh, Mr James Taylor, Mound Place.

— At Musselburgh, Martin Kilgour, Esq. M.D.

11. At Dublin, in his 66th year, Sir Samuel Auchmuty, who fell from his horse, while riding in the Phoenix-park, with Colonel Thornton. It is supposed that he expired in an apoplectic fit; for on being taken up and carried to the Royal Hospital, he was quite dead. Sir S. succeeded General Sir David Baird, as head of the staff in Ireland, the office of commander-in-chief held by Sir David having been abolished. He was Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and 75th regiment of foot; was created Knight of the Bath, May 4, 1803; and was second in command under General Whitlock, at Buenos Ayres.

12. At his seat, North Cray-palace, Kent, the Honourable Robert Stewart, Marquis of Londonderry, Viscount Castlereagh, Secretary of State, for the Foreign Department, &c. &c. His Lordship destroyed himself with a small pen-knife, with which he pierced the jugular vein on the left side of the throat, in such a manner as to produce instantaneous death. From particulars that have transpired since the inquest sat over the body, it appears, that for some days previous he had laboured under the greatest mental agitation, inasmuch that it had been thought necessary to remove every instrument with which he might make an attempt upon his life. This lamentable act caused a most extraordinary sensation, as may well be conceived, owing to the important offices which his Lordship held in the State. His Lordship was born June 18, 1759, and was the eldest son of the late Marquis, and his first wife, Lady Sarah Frances Conway, sister to the late Marquis of Hertford. After the usual course of study at Cambridge, he travelled on the continent, and then entered public life as member for the county of Down. He was appointed Keeper of the Signet, or Privy Seal of Ireland, July 23, 1797; one of the Lords of the Treasury of Ireland, October 14 of the same year. Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, April 1798; Sworn of the Privy Council, December 19, 1798. Having become a member of the Imperial Parliament he was made President of the Board of Control, July 6, 1802, by Mr Pitt, and likewise promoted to the high office of Minister of War, in 1805. On the death of Mr Pitt he relinquished this post, but resumed it again in 1807, and held it till the Walcheren expedition, and his duel with Mr Manning drove him once more from office. On the death of Mr Perceval in 1811, he obtained that influence which distinguished to its very close the latter part of his brilliant career. As the spring of the opposition against Napoleon, and as the Negotiator of European affairs, in 1815, his Lordship acted one of the most important parts in the history of the present age. In 1791, he married Anna Hobart, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late Earl of Buckingham. Having no issue, his estates and titles devolve upon his brother, Lord Stewart. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of Mr Pitt, on the morning of the 20th, and his funeral was attended by all the Cabinet Ministers in town.

— At Leith, Mr James B. Scott.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mr George Nicolson, formerly of the honourable East India Company's service, aged 60 years.

— At his house, Belmont, Bath, Rear-Admiral Alexander Christie of Baberton, after a long and severe illness.

13. At Windymains, East Lothian, Mr Archibald Park, farmer there.

— At Brechin, David Allardice, sen. Esq. of Dunfin.

14. At his house, Albany Street, the Hon. William Erskine of Kinneder, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. His Lordship had been for some time past in a feeble state of health, and there is reason to believe that his end was accelerated by the effects produced on his mind by some reports which had lately been circulated to his prejudice. As soon as these reports reached his ear, some weeks ago, his Lordship requested of some of his friends to investigate the matter in the fullest manner, and to adopt such measures for the vindication of his character, by taking legal steps against the authors of these calumnies, or otherwise, as they might judge proper. The gentlemen thus appointed, consisting of several individuals of the highest respectability and professional

eminence, accordingly set on foot an inquiry, in which they were aided by the friends of the husband of the lady, whose name had been likewise aspersed, and the result was an unanimous opinion that the whole of those reports were utterly devoid of truth. A certificate to this effect was signed by the friends of both parties, and Lord Kinneder's counsel and advisers added an opinion in the following terms:—"In these circumstances we consider any legal proceedings as unnecessary for the vindication of the parties, and also inexpedient, not only on account of the protracted and painful discussions which they would necessarily occasion, but likewise because such measures might appear to attach an importance to these calumnies, of which they are unworthy." To the majority of persons these idle rumours would have given little distress, but to Lord Kinneder's sensitive and delicate mind they were a source of great anguish, and acting on a frame previously debilitated by sickness, they produced a nervous fever, which cut off this amiable and accomplished man in the prime of his life. His Lordship was attended during his illness by Messrs James Russell and Joseph Bell, surgeons, who did not apprehend any serious danger for his life, and indeed so little was the event expected, that when he expired, the medical gentlemen who was present believed it for some time only to be a faint, and measures were taken for restoring animation, though, alas! without effect.

15. At Edinburgh, Menzies, fourth daughter of the late Dugald Forbes, Esq. Melville Place, Stirling.

— At Castle Street, Patrick Philip, Esq. S.S.C.

16. At Arbroath, Mrs Scott, widow of the late Mr Scott, Broomhill.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Dick, widow of the late reverend Dr Dick, one of the ministers of this city.

17. At the Manse of North Berwick, the Rev. George Murray, minister of that parish.

— At Edinburgh, in the 80th year of his age, John Buchan, Esq. W.S. and Solicitor for Exchequer in Scotland.—His professional talents were of the highest order, blended with a phlegmatic disposition and excellence of heart rarely equalled; and the sincere grief of his numerous friends, to whom he was most justly endeared by his engaging qualities, forms a part only of the real tribute due to the memory of Mr Buchan, who was the father (oldest) freeholder in the county of East Lothian.

— At Peebles, Lieutenant David Black, H. P. 26th foot.

— Hannah Pert, daughter of Thomas Pert, Esq. W. S.

18. At his house, Grove Street, London, John Inglis, clerk in the India house.

19. At Town Foot, parish of Denby, Elizabeth Bell, spouse of James Waugh, merchant, Edinburgh. Her death was occasioned by the overturning of a cart on the 17th ult.

— At Grove Park, Warwickshire, the Right Hon. Lady Downer, eldest sister to the Marquis of Lothian.

20. At Sanguhar, Mr George Lorimer, late of Gateside.

— At St Andrew's, Mr Alexander Norman, gardener there, at the advanced age of 90 years.

21. At Edinburgh, Mr John Bell, grocer, Nicolson's street.

22. At his father's house, Irvine, aged 55, Mr William Dunlop, of the Commercial Bank, Edinburgh.

— Of apoplexy, aged 67, Dr Robert Wright, Physician of Greenwich Hospital, late of Hador.

23. At Shooter's Hill, Kent, General Sir Thomas Blomfield, Bart. in his 79th year.

— At Rothsay, David Urquhart, Esq. ship-owner there.

24. At his house, 5, Hope-Park, in the 72d year of his age, Mr Thomas Duncan, late writer in Edinburgh.

— At his house, Charles's Street, Mr Richard Foster.

— At Gayfield Square, of a few hours' illness, Mr Alexander Calder, farmer in Auchynal, county of Caithness.

— At Slough, Bucks, in his 86th year, Sir William Herschell, Knt. Guelph, Fellow of the Royal

Societies of London and Edinburgh, President of the Astronomical Society of London, and a Member of nearly all the principal Scientific Societies of Europe and America.

25. In Windsor Castle, aged 82, Mr J. McLean, one of the Poor Knights of Windsor. He had been forty years in the 29th regiment, many years in the life guards, and lately an ensign in the 2d battalion of royal veterans, making a total of sixty-eight years service.

26. At Cheltenham, Lieutenant-General John Haynes, of the Honourable East India Company's service.

27. At New Cairnmuir, Mrs Isabella Robertson, wife of John Lawson, Esq. of Cairnmuir, W. S.

— At Dorrator, near Falkirk, Captain John Christie, formerly of the 6th regiment of foot, and son of the deceased Archibald Christie, Esq. late of Ratho.

— At Shandwick Place, Alexander, the eldest son of Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmure.

— At Campie, Harriet, infant daughter of North Dalrymple, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Vallance, glover.

50. At Cornely Bank, James, third son of the late James Campbell, Esq. younger of Craignish, and formerly captain in the 72d regiment of foot.

— At Uphall, Mr Thomas Ramsay, innkeeper there.

— At her father's house, Upper Crughart, Fifeshire, Isabella, fifth daughter of Mr Thomas Ireland.

— At Piteathly, Barbara, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Gordon, Abbot.

— At Edmonston House, Wallace, aged nine years, fifth son of the late James Brown, Esq. of Edmonston.

51. At her house in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, London, after a short illness, Lady Perth, mother of the Right Hon. Lady Gwyther.

Sept. 2. At Edinburgh, Mr James Denholm, Treasurer to Heriot's Hospital.

— The Rev. William M'Ilquham, minister of the Church of Relief, Tolcross; and on the afternoon of the Saturday previous, Ann, his eldest daughter, in her 10th year. They were interred in the same grave on the Thursday following.

3. At Edinburgh, aged 21, James, eldest son of James Guthrie.

— At Wadden, East Lothian, Mr Thomas Carfrae, farmer.

— At Buchanands, General Oliver Delaney, Colonel of the 17th Regiment of Dragoons.

1. At Belloch Castle, Miss Marion Buchanan, third daughter of the late Thomas Buchanan, of Ardoch.

— At Glasgow, Mr William Turnbull, bookseller.

3. At Hope Park End, in her 15th year, Jemima, fourth daughter of John Simpson, late Captain in the 27th Foot.

— At Kenmore, Mrs Stirling, Lady of Archibald Stirling, Esq.

8. At Cumber House, Mrs Engellhart.

7. At Huntly, Henry Hannah, Esq. Collector of Excise, Elgin.

— At Wick, Mrs Phil, wife of the Rev. Robert Phil, minister of that parish.

8. At Bristol, William Macdonnell, Esq. M. D. of the 10th Regiment of Foot, son of the late Eneas Macdonnell, Esq. of Scotos, Inverness-shire.

9. At his house in Herford Street, Park Street, London, Lieut. General Sir Hildebrand Oakes, Bart. K. G. C. B. Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, and Colonel of the 33d Regiment of Foot.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, daughter of the late James Baird, Esq. Deputy King's Remembrancer of Exchequer.

— At Newnash, Mrs Sarah Hodgson, many years Printer and Proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

— At Inverness, Henrietta, youngest daughter of Colonel Balhe, of Leys.

12. At Orm, Easter Road to Leith, Mrs Knox, relict of George Knox, Esq. of Craigleith.

— Of Chelton Morins, the Rev. Dr Samuel Gauntlet, Warden of New College.

13. At Ormisdale, House, Argylshire, Colonel John Mackintosh, of the Royal Marine.

— At Edinburgh, William Pollock, Esq. of Whitehall, late of his Majesty's 60th Regiment.

14. At Tunbridge Wells, Mrs Ker, sen. of Blackshiella.

— At the Manse of West Kilbride, the Rev. Arthur Oughterson, minister of that parish, in the 87th year of his age, and the 32d of his ministry.

— At Falkland, David Halkerston, Esq.

— At Buccleuch Place, Mrs Anne Russell, wife of the Rev. James Greig, minister of Dalmeny.

15. At Dysart, Mr William Fleming, late ship-owner there.

16. At No. 21, St James's Square, Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, late of the 19th Regiment of Foot.

17. At Jedburgh, Mr George Borthwick, merchant there, aged 84 years, deeply and justly regretted. Mr Borthwick frequently filled the office of a Magistrate of that Burgh, and was, at the time of his death, the father of the Town Council.

— At Whitefield, Peebles-shire, Mr James M'Dougal, farmer, aged 85.

18. At her house, No. 15, St Patrick Square, Mrs Elizabeth Greig, widow of Mr James Greig, writer in Edinburgh.

19. At Burntside Links, Mr David Home Buchan.

— At Hammersmith, after a short illness, the Countess of Dundonald, daughter of Francis Plowden, Esq. Barrister-at-Law.

— At Dumfries, Mr David White, Rector of the Grammar School there.

— At No. 1, Forth Street, Mr Amelia Nimmo, wife of Robert Carnegie, Esq. M.D. surgeon in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Jeremiah Smith, only son of Jeremiah Kirby, M.D.

20. At Musselburgh, Dundas Robertson, Esq. late of Jamaica.

21. At his Villa, near Clontarf, Ireland, Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency.

— At Cheltenham, William Erskine, son of the Rev. H. Fraser, M.A. Rector of Woolwich, and nephew of the Earl of Buchan.

22. Joanna, eldest daughter of Mr Scott, R.N. Superintendent of Queensferry passage.

— At Dumfries, Thomas Boyd, Esq.

23. At St Andrew's, deeply regretted, the Rev. William Crawford, D.D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University there. He had been in a declining state of health for a considerable time; but since the death of his daughter, about eight months ago, his malady assumed a more desperate appearance, although serious apprehensions of so speedy a result were not entertained till a few days before his demise. He was a distinguished preacher in Ayrshire, and greatly esteemed by all who knew his talents and worth; the author of some of the best sermons that have been published in the English language. Since his election to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in this University, he has applied with the utmost diligence and success to his professional duties, composing a substantial and useful course of lectures on Morals, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy, which he delivered with the greatest applause, exercising his students in the composition of essays on the different subjects of his course; and criticizing the thought and expression of these essays with superior ability and taste. But the high awards of Omnipotence have cut short his career, and left the public, as well as his family and the University, to deplore the loss of a scholar, and a most excellent man.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Thynne, surgeon, R. N.

— At Borrowstounness, Mrs Cumming, relict of Alexander Cumming, merchant there.

— At Leith, Mrs Ann Henderson, relict of Mr Alexander Henderson, merchant there.

21. At Edinburgh, Mr William Gairdner, writer, aged 25.

— At Haddington, George Haldane, Esq. late Provost.

— Mrs Macmoechie, senior, of Meadowbank, widow of Lord Meadowbank.

26. At Newek, John Alexander Higgins, Esq. of Newek.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Grimly, relict of Mr James Stewart, merchant, Edinburgh.

27. At Clumber, Nottinghamshire, the Duchess of Newcastle. Her Grace was delivered on the

24th of twins, a boy and a girl, the latter still-born. She has left nine sons and three daughters; of these four were born at two births.

27. At Ramsgate, the Rev. John Owen, Rector of Puddesham, Essex, preacher at Park Street Chapel, London, and Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

28. At Edinburgh, Marjory, eldest daughter of the late James Bonar, Esq. Solicitor of Excise.

— At Lethorn, Dr Benjamin Welsh, of Haddington.

29. At Tayside, Perth, Margaret, eldest daughter of William Dawson, Esq.

— Suddenly, while on a visit to his sister, the Countess of Mansfield, at Seane Palace, the Rev. Dr Markham, Dean of York.

— At Bridge of Teath, near Doune, Mr James Murdoch, aged 86.

30. At St Andrew's, Robert Key, Esq. aged 90, late merchant there.

— At Sunnybank, Haddington, Hay Donaldson, Esq. W.S.

Latly. At Rome, Cardinal Charles Andre Pelagalli, aged 90.

— At his brother's house, Lethorn, Mr John Crokat.

— At Givahbert, on the estate of Dalguise, in her last year, Mrs Margaret Low, widow of James Stewart, Esq. of Tulloch, near Blair. Her husband was a Captain in one of the Atholl regiments, under Lord George Murray, and carried the royal standard of Prince Charles Edward, at the battle of Culloden, in 1746.

— At Hazlehead, Clapha, Cumberland, Mr William Jackson, aged 94 years. His father attained

the extraordinary age of 103, his brother and sister died when their united ages reached 175 years; and he has left two sisters and a brother, whose united ages amount to 265 years!

— At Ashford, near Newrath Bridge, John Magee, Esq. proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post.

— In the Island of St Nevis, John Higgins, Esq. in consequence of a wound received in a duel with Walter Maynard, Esq. President of that Island.

— At Rome, in his 70th year, Cardinal Rignano.

— At Islay House, Margaret Susan, infant daughter of Walter Frederick Campbell of Shawfield and Islay, Esq. M.P.

— At Demerara, John Prince Smith, Esq. Barrister-at-law, Second Fiscal, and King's Advocate of the united colony of Demerara and Essequibo.

— On board his Majesty's ship, *Morgiana*, on the coast of Africa, from excessive fatigue in the discharge of his duty, Mr Colquhoun M'Lean, eldest son of Donald M'Lean, Esq. W. S.

— In her 14th year, Jane, youngest daughter of Donald M'Lean, Esq. W. S.

— Off the south-eastern coast of Newfoundland, Charles Adolphus Baker, Esq. commander of his Majesty's sloop *Drake*, which was lost upon a dangerous point on that coast, with one-third of the crew. It was in attempting to rescue the latter from destruction, and in persisting to superintend their preservation on a rock which they had gained, that this gallant and humane officer lost his life. He was the second surviving son of William Baker, Esq. of Baylissbury, in the county of Hertford.

On the 30th September was Published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.

THE KING.

THE KING'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH. BY A LONDONER, BUT NO COCKNEY.
EDINBURGH ROYAL DAYS ENTERTAINMENTS. THE SECOND VOYAGE OF
OMAI, THE TRAVELLER.

Day First.—The Grand Entry and Fire-works. Day Second.—The Illumination. Day Third.—The Levee. Day Fourth.—Sunday. Day Fifth.—The Addresses. Day Sixth.—The Drawing-Room. Day Seventh.—The Royal Yacht. Day Eighth.—The Royal Progress. Day Ninth.—Cavalry Review and Peers' Ball. Day Tenth.—The Banquet. Day Eleventh.—The Church. Day Twelfth.—Caledonian Hunt Ball. Day Thirteenth.—The Parthenon.—The Theatre. Day Fourteenth.—Belshazzar's Feast, and the Coronation. Day Fifteenth.—The Farewell.

THE GATHERING OF THE WEST; OR, WE'RE COME TO SEE THE KING.

Greenock Folk.—Paisley Bodies.—Glasgow People.—The Movement.—Edinburgh.—Leith.—Introductory Letters.—The Landing.—The Fire-works and Illuminations.—The Levee and Drawing-Room.—The Finish.

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HOGG'S ROYAL JURILEE, &c.

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LETTER FROM A GOTH, ON THE CELTS, &c.

GLENGARRY VERSUS THE CELTIC SOCIETY.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. No. VI.

L'Enbog, to the King. Christopher North.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXX.

NOVEMBER, 1822.

VOL. XII.

Contents.

POLITICAL ECONOMY: ELEMENTS OF SAVE-ALL-ISM; OR AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF SIFTING CINDERS	525
LETTERS FROM ITALY. No. III.	531
THE SWORD SONG OF KÖRNER,	585
ON THE POLITICS OF DE STAEL,	586
SPECIMENS OF THE ITALIAN ART OF HOAXING. No. I.	589
Introduction	590
Tale the Third	594
Tale the Fourth	598
TALES OF THE DAFT DAYS. No. I. INTRODUCTION.	600
THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF TIMOTHY TELL, SCHOOLMASTER OF BIRCHENDALE. No. II.	606
Chapter III.	ib.
Chapter IV.	610
Chapter V.	612
Chapter VI.	615
Chapter VII.	618
Chapter VIII.	621
HINTS TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN. LETTER II.	624
THE LANARK MEETING,	632
A TWIST-IMONY IN FAVOUR OF GIN-TWIST,	635
THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN,	639
Chapter VI.	ib.
Chapter VII.	644
THE CONGRESS,	651
METAMORPHOSES NOT FABULOUS,	656
THE UNICORN AND THE MERMAID,	660
JOHN BROWN, OR THE HOUSE IN THE MUIR,	663
THE LEMUR, A HALLOWEEN DIVERTIMENTO,	668
TRANSLATION FROM BUCHANAN,	671
STANZAS TO AN INFANT,	672
PLAN FOR EXPEDITING THE MAIL FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH,	673
WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION	83
MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS	685
MONTHLY REGISTER.	
APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.	691
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS	692

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No. LXX.

NOVEMBER, 1822.

VOL. XII.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Elements of Save-all-ism; or, an Introduction to the noble Science of sifting Cinders. Abridged from the popular Work of Professor Gunthred Bumgroschen.*

“ Even in our *ashes* live their wonted fires.”

IN proportion to the growth of our population, and the increasing efficiency of its cause—the means of subsistence—we shall jog on merrily, or, in more direct terms, increase and multiply. But it has been philosophically demonstrated, that the supply of provender, at present excessive, may in an evil hour fall short, and consequently the rampant principle of population will inevitably be paralysed. All theories, as well as all dogs, have had their day, and the time may come when we shall be compelled to attend more to the calls of the stomach, than to the “ nimble caperings in a lady’s chamber.” Prevention supersedes the necessity of cure, and the principle of Save-all-ism,† which is a new discovery that cannot fail to crown its author with honours and emolument, will effectually provide for all those contingencies which have spread alarm in the mind of Mr Malthus, who has foreseen the approaching evil, but whose intellectual resources never enabled him to discern the remedy. Professor Bumgroschen, who lately visited

this country, and whose multifarious Observations on the Manners, Customs, and Literature of England, are now in the press, once remarked, that in walking through the principal streets of this metropolis, particularly in the great avenues leading from Hyde-Park Corner and Cumberland-Gate, to the Royal Exchange, he was inconveniently crowded, and that the pressure did not proceed so much from the numbers congregated, as from the obesity of the separate individuals; and on recollecting the macilency of the Parisians, he justly inferred, that double the number of French people might inhabit London, and perambulate its streets without inconvenience. The quality and preparation of our food are considered by the Doctor as the cause of this accretion of adipose matter, whereby the body is so considerably amplified; and he proposes to correct and ameliorate our national hulk, by introducing a considerable reform in the animals on which we feed. At the Christmas season he happened to pay a visit to Leadenhall-market, which

* *Urstoffe der Allgemeine Sparsamkeit, oder Einleitung zur edlere Wissenschaft der Aschensiehungslehre.* Von Professor Gunthred Bumgroschen. Leipzig: Bei Wolfgang Dummkopf und Sohn.

† See Beyträge zur Jeremiibenthauische Wortferschung und neologische Zusammensetzung von Adam Flickschneider.

he describes with equal astonishment and sorrow. He particularly bewailed our condition, when he beheld the prize-oxen and sheep so ostentatiously displayed in the butchers' shops. As fat is in all cases a morbid accumulation, he laments, in rather indignant terms, that a society should have been formed for its encouragement, and that prize-medals, and other remunerations, should be distributed for the propagation of disease. In order to effect a reform, both moral and intellectual, in this country, he conceives that a Constitutional Association for the Suppression of Fat should immediately be formed, to act in unison with the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

He next adverts to the domestic inconvenience of fat, and affirms it to be a common topic of complaint among the gentry of England, that the house is too small for their accommodation, so that they are constantly changing, and yet every man's dwelling apartments are in general better than his company. The professor is perfectly convinced, that by a reduction of bulk to the healthy standard, double the number of inhabitants might be comfortably accommodated in each dwelling; and he is equally well assured, that the different church-yards and other cemeteries might, on the same principle, have been kept free from the various inconveniences complained of in the majority of parishes. He prescribes a remedy for this evil in the course of his lucubrations.

In a subsequent chapter, Dr Bumgroschen enumerates the intellectual, physical, and moral inconveniences of obesity. From this part of his interesting work we shall endeavour to translate a page or two, as a specimen of the elegance and beauty of its composition, propitiating the reader's indulgence, in consideration of the difficulty of transfusing eloquence from a foreign language into our own,—a difficulty conspicuously exemplified in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, containing an article on Demos-thenes.

"When fat accumulates in the vicinity of the brain, a long farewell to the creations of genius and the refinements of taste. Of this consequence the English are so acutely sensible, that they possess two proverbial expressions, which strikingly record their

experience on this lamentable subject. When an individual once subjects himself to the reproach of being called 'a fat-headed fellow,' he becomes a dead letter in philosophy; and when an unhappy wight has puzzled his intellect with matters above its comprehension, and is verging towards fatuity from incessant and infructuous exertions, it is too truly, though happily said of him, that he has 'worked his brains to an oil.' Thus we trace the germs of the present theory, in the proverbs and adages of this profound and enlightened nation. Study is promoted by the burning of the midnight taper; hence the ancients kept their lamps constantly lighted; so true is it, that the human mind becomes improved in proportion to the consumption of fat. Descending from the mysterious source whence thought originates, let us take a view of the body when choked and obstructed by this lardaceous incumbrance. Behold the gentleman converted into a beast of burthen, and compelled to be the porter of his own offal grease.

'Like a fat Alderman, on a Lord Mayor's Day,
That straddling struts
After his guts,
For fear they should break loose, and get
before him.'

All his muscular energies are clogged; his respiration resembles the pulling of unserviceable bellows; his skin excludes an oleaginous slime, and the red ray of his blood is converted into purple." [This beautiful and felicitous climax, is at least equal to any passage from the Athenian orator, as rendered by the Edinburgh Reviewer.]

The chapter concludes with an affectionate lamentation on the invincible propensity of the human species to indulge their appetites to an inordinate extent, notwithstanding Dr Kitchener's meagre receipts for gipsy pudding and pauper soup. This culinary writer, although not particularly commended by Professor Bumgroschen, is nevertheless placed by him at the head of the Bubble-and-squeal school, which title is obviously designed to extend to the Doctor's musical compositions, and certainly no double application could be more apposite and happy.

In the last chapter, or Essay, as it is termed, are concentrated the Professor's views on Political Economy. This

part of his luminous work, which will doubtless be attentively perused by all the eminent statesmen and philosophers in Europe, is entitled, "On the Posthumous, or rather Post-obituary, [nach gestor bene] Employment and Utility of the Human Species." The basis of this system here developed, rests on the incontrovertible position, that very few persons, during their life-time, contribute in any degree to benefit the world they inhabit; and that the true spirit of political economy consists in rendering men serviceable agents to the community, of which they are members. As it is impossible to condense this part of the work, we shall attempt a translation; and although we despair of conveying the author's meaning in language at all comparable to his own chaste and elegant phraseology, we trust that our version will be sufficiently perspicuous for the comprehension of the intelligent reader, who may bring it to the test of comparison, whenever he has the good fortune to meet with the original, the *very* original work.

"When death supervenes; which is to be considered the consummation of terrestrial existence; when the heart ceases to pulsate, and the last sigh is heard; when the eye no longer twinkles, and the muscles are rigid; when cowardice and envy brand the defunct with every vice to which he was a stranger, and friendship bewailing, lauds the virtues he never practised; when this state of things has ensued, let his enemies blast his reputation, and his relatives commemorate and cherish his perfections, it will be amusement, or ennoblement, for the living; and the deceased is alike insensible to both:—but—the Remains must be the property of the state. At present, they constitute no species of property; but, on the contrary, occasion a consumption of valuable materials. One patrician carcase is slowly dragged from London to Newcastle, conducted by a jovial gang of undertakers,—fellows who undertake to appear sorrowful (a wonderful talent!) amidst perpetual tipping, and who have learned to crack jokes on the road, with a mournful countenance. On a late occasion, lugubrious to her political partisans, and a felicitous event to the nearest of kin, the frail remains of a mighty she-monarch were carried by land and by water into the heart of Germany, follow-

ed by half-snivelling dependants; but the gloom at this sorry sight was most fortunately enlivened by the presence of a new-married couple, who were nothing loath to pass the honey-moon in a mourning-coach:

'Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Under the pretence of mourning.'

"The system of political economy now to be detailed, abolishes for ever this useless and expensive pomp, this trained procession for heirs and hypocrites. The human carcase is a valuable mass of materials, and ought not to be suffered to undergo a useless decomposition in a deep grave, commencing, like Tybalt, when green in earth with 'fester in its shroud,' and then dwindling to dust: it is capable of beneficial employment, and available for supplying the wants of others; it may be made to advance science, to promote civilization, and contribute to national happiness and prosperity. When the vital spark is decidedly extinct, the body should be conveyed to the anatomical hall, that the cause of death may be detected, and the morbid appearances preserved and deposited in the public Museum. The scientific dissectors should be sworn to inviolable secrecy, excepting to the medical person who attended the patient; because, as ninety-nine out of a hundred depart this life from causes never suspected by the physician, the disclosure of these appearances to the relations, would infallibly bring this noble faculty into deserved contempt, and degrade the *regular* practitioner to a downright impostor.

"After medical science has derived the fullest information from the inspection of the body, it is to be delivered over to the College of Arts and Manufactures, to be employed for the benefit of the community. Its conversion to these, not *base*, but honourable uses, will be progressive, according to the following series. The skin is first detached, under the inspection of a committee, deputed from the skimmers', saddlers', and leather-sellers' companies, and by them consigned to a respectable body of tanners and curriers, for adequate cleansing; after which, it is to undergo a regular course of bark, in order to be converted into leather. The more delicate hides of ladies will form wash leather, for the purpose of making gloves, free-masons' aprons, spreading of blis-

ters, tying over marmalade and pickles. These uses, however, imply females of a fair complexion: the brunettes must submit to be tanned. Thus, in a convent of nuns, the transparent skins might be manufactured into the whitest vellum, and form a library of illuminated missals; while those of a deeper tinge would bind up Moore's *Anacreon*, the works of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, and last, but not least, *Don Juan*. The projected History of England, to be compiled by a dancing-master, should be written on parchment prepared from the integuments of the members of the Society of Antiquaries, who, of course, will die off faster than the work can be written;—each skin to be stamped with the name of the owner, and his addition of A S S. The parchment from a termagant or scold converted to its appropriate use, the covering of a drum, will infallibly perpetuate her memory, and therefore become more alarming than

'The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn.'"

The Professor now exults, and subsequently softens.

"The skin of my enemy shall become the materials of my shoes, that I may tread him under my feet; or it shall form the covering of my saddle, that I may ride triumphantly over him; but my travelling-companion's shall be converted into a portmanteau, and still continue my vaticum. My friend shall line my pockets, and my mistress become an under-waistcoat, to be worn—by him who was always loving her—nearest, as Shylock has it, (curse him for his felicity of unadopted expression), 'nearest his heart.'

"A few strips of leather from the hide of a satirist ought to be platted into the thong of a whip, and become a scourge to posterity; and a fellow convicted of cruelty to animals under the act passed last session, should furnish harness for a donkey: a suspicious listener should supply gilt leather for the door of a private apartment, and the Opposition Members of Parliament be manufactured into bellows, to fan the fuel from whence arises 'Freedom's holy flame.'

"Leaving the superficialities of the human carcase to its multiplied utility, we now penetrate into the regions of fat, a noxious mass to the individual

while living, as we have already explained, but a valuable accumulation for posterity, and convertible to the important purposes of health through the medium of cleanliness, and to the advancement of morality by the diffusion of light. A part of this fat, I propose, with the addition of barilla, to convert into soap; and I am persuaded that England alone would afford sufficient to keep all the world clean, including the Jews; and the sisterhood of the Blue Stocking. What a delightful reflection for the corpulent of both sexes, that their fat will eventually come into play! How charming the anticipation of these melting moments! A new state of things will arise; females, who wore stuff gowns and flannel shifts out of economy, will now be apparelled in white muslin; the beau will not be compelled clandestinely to take cleanliness by the collar alone; the sailor will abandon his check, a heavy check on personal purity—and clean shirts and smocks will become the order of the day. The fat of simpletons will furnish *soft* soap; step-fathers and step-mothers, *hard* soap. Russia tallow will fall fifty per cent, and a general illumination will make no perceptible drain on the pockets of individuals. Part of this fat (for there will be plenty to spare both for pomatums and the various ointments), will found a new gas-light company, and the whole metropolis will be flooded with a deluge of light. There will be no obscure corners for the transaction of fraud or indelicacy. If a miser drop a pin in the street, he will be enabled to recover it; every man will know his own wife at night: indeed night will be so much like day, that fashionable people will not be able, as formerly, to turn one into the other; and the only inconvenience to be apprehended, will be the frequent occurrence of ophthalmia from excess of light; but an antidote for this evil may be provided by giving Mr Grey Bennett a lucrative office, to prevent him from pouring the cataract of his invective on Sir William Adams.

"Man being deservedly placed at the head of the animal creation, presumes that his structure is the most perfect, and that his body therefore is composed of the best materials. At present, there may be some difficulty in advantageously disposing of the mus-

cular flesh, the greatest portion of the body; but the recollection of the occurrence in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents at Paris, where many thousand dead bodies were converted into spermaceti by being exposed to subterraneous springs of running water, places this subject in a clear light, which will burn still clearer if spermaceti be substituted for tallow in all decent families. What a consolation for stupid people, to learn that when they are dead they will be enabled to throw light upon any subject, however abstruse! A brawny methodist preacher would be delighted with the information, that his ultimate corporeal destiny is to illuminate his own meeting-house, and be extinguished by a fair hand at a love-feast.

"Spermaceti, which is now termed cetaceum, from the supposition that it is the exclusive production of the fish called *Physeter macrocephalus*, bears a considerable price, being collected with extreme difficulty, danger, and expense, in the northern and southern oceans. The projected conversion of muscular flesh into this cetaceous substance, would permit those giants of the deep to roll unmolested in their Polar seas; and as the ladies are recommended to discontinue the use of stays, to avoid the baneful effects of unnatural compression, whale-bone will be a superfluous commodity. The remaining parts of the animal are of secondary utility. The hair, of course, where it is coarse hair, will be employed, after due curling and baking, to give it additional spring and elasticity, for the stuffing of chairs and sofas; the longer tresses will be worn in imitation of nature by the votaries of fashion, to supply the deciduous fell of antiquated maidens, and decorate bald beauties. Neera's tangles might be woven into a scratch; perhaps a lawless libertine might furnish the full bottom of my Lord Chief; and all the bed of cauliflowers in a court of justice."

"The wisdom's in the wig."—*Old Song*.

At length come the solid and important distributions of the osseous matter, with which the Essay concludes.

Professor Bungroschen states himself to be an economical osteologist, and converts the bones of the departed into a material for fertilizing the land, after they have been comminuted into

small portions, or ground into coarse powder. He refers to some experiments that have been lately made in this country, establishing the superiority of such ossific manure from the bones of other animals. He then breaks forth into the following energetic apostrophe: "Gracious heaven! what a sacrifice has hitherto been made of the material of fertility! Hear this, ye clay-cold soils, ye blasted heaths, and barren mountains!!! How has the industrious husbandman toiled in vain, in turning up a refractory and stubborn soil! labouring until he became exhausted, his body emaciated by the flow of perspiration, and his bones marrowless! How often has he cast an anxious look, a jealous glance, at the church-yard—

'Beneath those rugged elms, the yew-tree's shade,
Where heaven's the turf in many a mouldering heap;'

where the cypress flourished, and the luxuriant ivy shed its gum! Many a time and oft has he compared the dwarf and watery potatoes, the stunted celery, and spindle-shanked green-cole of his own garden, with the rich foison that sprouted from the grave—the revelry of vegetation. This application of the ossific material is the only mean of protecting the bones from insult, and of preventing the obdurate grave-digger from playing at loggets with the skull of the poet or the philosopher—

'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?'

"By adopting this manure, we shall obtain double crops; famine will become an obsolete term, and the land will flow with milk and honey. Independently of the blessings that will accrue to agriculture, there will remain bone sufficient for the manufacture of elegant toys and useful implements. We have the example of a noble poet for quaffing claret from a silver-mounted cranium, and it may now be literally followed by the bibliopolists, who may take their computations of wine from the skulls of authors who spun their brains for them while living. The elbow-joints of a gambler may be cut into dice and card-counters; a gourmand's arm-bones may be carved into knife-handles; those of an author into paper-cutters; the femoral bones of a tailor

may be sawn into button-moulds; and the shanks of a dandy converted into bodkins, apple-scoops, and whistles."

The concluding passage is as follows:—

"Thus it will be seen that the post-obituary employment of the human remains is the elevated (cabotume) system of philosophical and political economy, the grand desideratum of national wealth,* the true tontine for the benefit of survivorship."

The work is dedicated to Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. in an elegant address, of which the following is as faithful a transcript as the difference of the two languages will admit:—

"SIR,

"AMONG the long list of illustrious characters that compose, adorn, and dignify the English nation, you are deservedly pre-eminent; and this information, being derived from those valuable sources of information, *The Times*, formerly anabaptized by its editor, the leading journal of Europe, and the *Morning Chronicle*, a print which, since the accession of Miladi Morgan as editor for foreign affairs, is distinguished for its uniform veracity, is a sufficient inducement to dedicate the following pages to your notice. Your penetrating sagacity will instantly seize the prominent lineaments of this system of political economy, and your incorrigible arithmetic acumen, correctly so denominated, as it requires no correction, will calculate the total of the whole that may be gathered to alleviate the burthensome taxation under which your coun-

try now deeply groans and loudly murmurs. Having been in some degree medically educated, and familiar with dissection, you will experience, on adverting to the anatomical processes, no emotion or disgust, nor will the reader permit himself to be conscious of those feelings, which might have been apprehended had this work been inscribed to a less ardent and more compunctious advocate for philosophical save-all-ism.† It is natural that every successful projector should expect the remuneration due to his contrivances; but be assured, sir, that my views and feelings are pure and disinterested, and that I am content to wait for my reward until you are appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the national debt is expunged. As to the approbation of the world and the applause of posterity, I feel calmly confident, that when your renown shall descend the stream of time like a magnificent Indianman, to future ages,

'Then shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale.'

"In short, Sir, participating the deferential feelings of the meek and modest Creevy, whose parliamentary motions, worthy of an industrious continuator of Hume, have obtained for him the honourable cognomen of Smollet, I shall (to use an epithet which will shortly become obsolete except in a singularly personal sense) be satisfied with posthumous fame.

I am, Sir,

With respect and fraternal affection,
&c. &c. &c."

MR NORTH,

SIR,—When the learned Professor's sanction was obtained for the publication of this abstract of his erudite and luminous work, he intimated a wish that it should blaze forth in the pages of *Maga*. Conceiving that, from the nature of its subject, it might be better suited to the solemn and plodding matter-of-fact columns of Sir Richard, or worthy John Nichols, we transmitted a representation, through our correspondents at Leipzig, Messrs Kerzengliesser and Trockenheim, adding, that we considered it comparatively a matter of indifference to what journal it was sent, as such sterling *stuff* must make its own way. By our last advices, we find that the Professor is peremptory. His re-script is very testy and laconic:

Ex quo vis ligno non fit Mercurius;

which he thus paraphrases:—

Every bookseller is not a Blackwood.

In conformity to his strict order, therefore, we forward the paper to you, and remain

Your very obedient Servants,

ORSTHANDLER & Co.

Austin Friars.

* Vide Adam Smith, *nanquam*.

† Vide Jeremy Bentham, *pessim*.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. III.

A WALK from Duomo to the beautiful convent above it, was as Italian as a certain friend of ours could have wished—the thermometer 53 in the shade—objects around too bright even for green spectacles, and vines supported on small granite pillars, converting the mountain side into so many bowers, to our enormous envy as we scorched upon the road. Too languid, driving south, to look back to the Alps, of which, by the bye, we had seen quite enough, just sufficient energy was left us to observe the abundance and beauty of the cultivation. The land is separated into narrow, oblong fields, by fig-trees and rows of vines, not the dwarf and luerative species of France, but the more picturesque and classic kind, which, after Virgil's precept of "*Ulmis adjungere vites*," are attached to standard trees. The crops were for the most part millet, and Turkey corn of a stupendous size, with here and there a field of rampant potato stalks. Those who can afford it, eat the bread of our common wheat in summer, and use that of the Turkey corn in winter, it being of a heating quality. We were aroused from languor at Ferioli by the breeze and prospect of the Lago Maggiore, which is not so very beautiful. The Borromeo Palace on the Isola Bella, is a barrack unworthy of remark; and the terraced gardens, which enchanted Burnet, and which still call forth the admiration of our travellers, are curious certainly, but nothing more. Nor does the view over the Lake towards its sister one of Como, promise any of the beauty said to be found there. Como, I am ashamed to say, I did not visit, having arrived at Milan quite satiated with the picturesque; nor did the name of Pliny, nor his intermittent fountain, seem sufficient attractions to counterbalance two days' broiling under an August sun. On the shore of the lake, near Belgirata, we were indulged with a thunder storm, that soon dismissed the gay pleasure-boats home, and set the Alps in earnest conversation with each other. It passed, however, in a little time; and from the balcony of the inn at Arona, we enjoyed a most delicious view of the lake by moonlight. All was Ita-

lian—the moon, though she was not "yellow"—the lake, and like the chamber—an immense saloon, superbly painted and adorned, with a pool of water in the middle of the tiled floor, (the effects of the late shower), round which our beds were placed, conveniently enough for those inclined to bathe. We protested, but in vain—ate, slept, and departed.

Being market day, or rather morning, we met numbers of peasantry going to Arona, all laden with chickens. Save and except one lean cow, we saw no commodity going to market, in a road crowded for four or five miles, but poultry. The Piedmontese of and adjacent to the mountains, are a fine race—as fine as they are the contrary in the lower parts of the country. Conical head-dresses the women wear: as one of them approaches, you perceive large lumps of metal on each side of the head; these are found to be the ornamental ends of a long bar or needle, which is thrust through the hair behind, and twisted till every lock becomes tightly screwed to the skull. To complete the coiffure, a dozen or two smaller auxiliary bright-headed pins are stuck round in a circle, so as to form a star at the back of the head, while a knot of ribands from the top generally falls over the forehead and temples. This is universally the head-dress of the lower order of females throughout the Milanese; the middling ranks appear generally in a black veil. The hat of the breeched sex is picturesque, as we know from the *costumi* of Pinelli. While on the subject of peasant coiffure, I may as well exhaust my stock of observation. Eastward of Milan, till one draws near to Venice, the damsels are to be met in plain round hats, like our own; and pretty faces are to be seen under these, especially at Verona, where the race of Juliet, if love and beauty be the characteristics, is certainly not yet extinct. At Venice are the *fazzuoli*, which having in general remarked filthy, and over the ugliest faces in Italy, I beg leave to differ from so complete a judge of female beauty as the Author of *Don Juan*. At Ferrara and Bologna the metal pins are again encountered; and at Rome, in fine, are

the Spanish nets and square-crowned kerchiefs, both so well known from pictures.

At Sesto Calende we crossed the Ticin like other Hannibals, and routed, with a few francs, an army of *douaniers* on either bank. The passage was achieved in what they called a *flying bridge*—a double boat, that took about a quarter of an hour to pass the narrow stream. Hannibal's first engagement in Italy took place lower down the river, near to where the Ticin joins the Po. A few hours brought us to the intended gate of Milan, with which Bonaparte purposed to terminate the Simplon road: we had seen one of the destined pillars, as we descended, a little above Duomo, arrested there by the fall of the Emperor. For the first time, I saw Austrian troops, or rather Hungarians, of which the Lombard garrisons are all composed—stout, short men, with their stomachs unmercifully strapped, like wasps. Our dandies are nothing to them in the way of lacing; besides, their belt is not round the waist, but the belly—the custom seems extremely well adapted for short commons. To a person who has read Goldsmith's history of Rome at school, and nothing since, the sight of Austrians dominant here is shocking; but a little further reading smooths, in a great degree, his indignation. If he is not moved by respect for the name and family of the Cæsars, and if he think it a profanation that Germans should reign in Italy, he at least cannot censure the Austrian government for endeavouring to hold those territories, that have been in its possession, a few intervals excepted, from the very infancy of modern Europe. Whether antiquity of possession, or vicinity, bestow the right of dominion, the Austrians have far better claims to govern Lombardy, than we have to rule India. After the decadence of the successors of Charlemagne, it was the Italians themselves who called, in 960, Otho the Great from Germany, to rule over them: And let it be remembered, that the cities of Italy, so celebrated and so prosperous in the middle ages, owed all their rights and liberties to German emperors, which, under native princes, they could never have acquired. When the race of Otho became extinct, and some cities thought of elevating a native of Italy to the supreme rule, who

were they that stood and supported the German interest?—the Milanese. All through the middle ages, the Italians universally preferred to be governed by a foreign prince, a preference, not merely founded on jealousy of each other, but on experience and sound policy; for a more wretched, unsafe, slavish state of society, is not to be found in history, than that existing either in the republics or under the tyrants of Italy—the very word *tyrants* bespeaks the one—and, for the republics, we have but to look at Dante, or the historians of his time, to learn the happiness of petty independence and nominal freedom. But all this is out of place. The Milanese, perhaps, prefer the French; but having neither the knowledge, the territorial force, nor indeed the wish, to be independent, I had rather see Austrian than French colours on their fortresses.

We of course saw all the sights—the Duomo, or Cathedral, *imprimis*. A Northern is surprised to find the *chef d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture in Italy, and more surprised to find the work going on at this day. This Cathedral, begun in 1386, is not yet finished. We may, however, live in hope, for there are actually half-a-dozen workmen employed daily (feasts excepted) on its enormous mass. It is built of white marble, as all the guide-books take care to inform us. These vaunts sound big to those who have not been in Italy, and have not seen how their wretched brick are inland, as it were, with marble and stone. Gothic edifices are said to be sombre, and to suit the cloudy climates of the north, for no better reason, I believe, than that their fretted surfaces have gained that character by collecting the smut of smoke and time. One should think that the minute beauties of this order were peculiarly adapted to those clear atmospheres that allow every denture of the chisel to be conspicuous. The lately ornamented part of Westminster Abbey ought to be here under the same sky with the Milanese Duomo, and the Tuscan palaces of the Pitti and the Strozzi ought to be on the banks of the Thames—they have no business in Florence, and nothing in common with the Arno. An exception, however, must be made as to spires and steeples—the “silent fingers” are nothing beneath the lofty sky of Italy, that seems to mock any attempt at height on this earth of ours.

With us, where the heavens do not altogether leave us in the lurch, altitude is sublimity. But in Italy, one Campanile is worth another;—even the highest, that of Venice, to look at, seems nothing. The great difference between the distant view of an English and of an Italian town, besides the essential one of clearness of sky, is, that from the latter lofty square towers are seen to rise, in place of our subtle steeples.

I was astonished, on visiting the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, to find it so much injured by time, and so little by any other hand. The door for the monks' supper, so much abused, and so happy a theme of vituperation, can have done not the least harm to the picture. The lad, however, who shows the refectory where it is, seems to have caught up the cant of each indignant traveller, and talked of those *pesti di frati* that bored their door through the precious fresco. The Ambrosian library possesses many valuable relics of Leonardo; among the rest, a portrait of himself. Like most of the institutions of Italy, it complains of not having received back all the treasures taken by the French. I strained my eyes to read Petrarch's autograph note, "concerning Laura, written in his Virgil, but in vain;—a beautiful little text-hand he wrote. The margins of the volume are covered with his notes on the *Æneid*. The Scala was not open; we, however, gained admittance. It is about as large as the London opera, broader perhaps, but neither so long nor so lofty. Behind the scenes it contains much more room, the want of which is the great defect of ours.

The colonnade of St Lorenzo is a true foretaste of Roman ruins. It consists of sixteen Corinthian columns, the portico either of a bath or a temple; the two uses to which antiquaries always assign doubtful fabrics. It may, however, be safely referred to the times when the Roman emperors made Mediolanum their place of residence, and when its splendour was celebrated by Ausonius. If the greater part of this

have faded, Milan still at least preserves the "*inclusi moles cuneatio theatri*," to which it seems peculiarly attached.

Saw the author of "*Fazio*" at Milan, returning from his tour;—a broiling time for travel this university vacation. I regretted the impossibility of seeing Monti, who has been at Pessaro since the death of his son-in-law, Count Perticari. From Monti's last poetical effusion, *Un Sollicero nella Mulinconia*, I was led at first to suppose him blind. It was dictated during a privation of sight, since removed, I was informed, by coughing:

"Vele un pensier mi dice: Ecco bel frutto

Del tuo cercar le dotte carte; ir privo
Sì della luce, che il valor visivo
Già piega l'ale alla sua sera addutto."

But the poetical spirit of Monti has long since evaporated, either from age, or from employing his talents in grammatical controversy. He is at the head of the anti-Tuscan party, whose very laudable aim is to shake off the dictatorship of Florence over the rest of Italy as to elegance and propriety of language. The present quarrel commenced by the Institute at Milan, under the sanction of its government, inviting the Cruscans to join them in a reformation of the dictionary, &c. The Cruscans took the proposal in dudgeon, and refused to take any steps in an undertaking which did not originate with them. Upon this, Monti took up the business singly; and, with the aid of Perticari, has in a great measure succeeded in shaking the Tuscan pre-eminence. His opinion, which seems by no means arrogant or unreasonable, is, that the classic dialect of Italy cannot be concentrated in any one town, nor regulated by reference to the particular idiom of one province; but that it should be considered the same with that spoken by the men of letters and cultivated society throughout Italy. Indeed, the able dedicatory letter to the Marquis Trivulzio, with which the "*Proposta*"* commences, is sufficient to settle the point, with-

* It is a shame that our great Reviews have not yet noticed the "*Proposta*." The third volume contains a comparison between Johnson's dictionary and the Tuscan. How can such a work, by such a man, be regarded by our literati in silence? They have long since lost every attraction, except the possession of dry learning;—are they losing even that?

out entering deeper into the controversy.

Count Perticari of Pesaro, who married the beautiful daughter of Monti died in June last. It is surprising, that the death of a man, here so celebrated, should not have been noticed in the least degree by our numerous journals. "He was the first prose writer of Italy," observed to me a man of great literary eminence here, (Mus-toxidi). "What is it he has written?" asked the English ignoramus. What a shrug, well merited, followed the query!—"Sur la langue," was the reply:—"On the language!"—"Ah! cette maudite langue! Toujours la langue, rien que la langue?"—You are a long time settling the preliminaries of writing; when do you intend to begin?"—What a lamentable sight is it, to see a nation divided on such topics; each party clothing the petty sentiments of municipal rivalry in the language of fishwomen, to prove that—its speech is *classic*!—The elegant Perticari, however, cannot be numbered amongst these.

The cry with many people is, "Separate literature from politics; they have nothing in common," &c. &c. But let any one consider the squabbles on topics of pure literature,—on words, on inscriptions, on nothing,—and he will find all the venom of political contention, joined with all the contemptibility of anger and excitement, when called forth by insignificant causes. The abuse of Dennis is mere Billingsgate; but that of Cicero—all as bitter, all as personal, all as vulgar—is accounted sublime, and justly. Passions will come forth; literary men will have their quarrels; and politics afford a grave, a dignified, at least a respectable point of difference, which was wanting to the schools of the middle ages, and is to the grammarians of modern Italy. Among persons that are continually interfering with each other's views or vanities, as literary men are for ever, party spirit is the

only antidote to petty rancour and individual animosity.

From Milan, we made the regular John Bull pilgrimage to Venice, going by Busier and Verona. Between these towns we drove along the Lago di Garda:

—"re,
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace,
marino."

The view, descending to it, is beautiful. We were contented with viewing the promontory of Catullus from Decensano;—took no boat to Sirmium, nor made any voyage upon the lake. In truth, Catullus is no acquaintance or favourite of mine. With feelings not so Gothic, I looked southward towards Mantua, along Virgil's own Mincius. The country that inspired the poet of the Georgics may be fertile, but is far from beautiful. Still many an object recalls the reading of our school-boy days; the peculiarly-trained vine, and the white oxen, classically though awkwardly yoked, met at every turn of the road, awoke some dormant hexameter of the Mantuan bard. At Peschiera, seemingly a fortress of strength and importance, we left the Benacus, crossing the Mincius, into which the lake pours.* Dante has left a description of this classic part of Italy in his *Inferno*, more accurate, however, than poetical:

"Suso in Italia bella giace un lico
Appie dell' Alpe, che serra Lamagna,
Serra Tiralli, ed ha nome Benaco." &c
"Tosto che l'acqua a correr mette cã,
Non più Benaco, ma Mincio si chiama
Fino a Governo, dove cade in Pò."

Canto 20.

Verona is beautifully stretched along the declivity of a mountain, the last of the Tyrolese chain. On entering, we thought more of Shakspeare than any thing else; so demanded a sight of Juliet's tomb. We proceeded to the outskirts of the town, and in a retired garden, once belonging to the Franciscan convent, were shown *la tomba di*

* Gibbon has the following sentence:—"The Roman ambassadors were introduced to the tent of Attila, as he lay encamped at the place where the slow-winding Mincius is lost in the foaming Benacus, and trampled with his Scythian cavalry the farms of Catullus and Virgil." Upon which Mr Hobhouse exclaims, "Extraordinary! The Mincius flows from the Benacus at Peschiera, not into it." Mr Gibbon seems to say neither one nor the other. The poetical expression of one being *lost* in the other, as they are traced on a map, may be construed into either meaning.

Romeo e di Giulietta—a pig trough precisely, neither more nor less; and it has even been bored at bottom for the purpose. Nevertheless, I failed not to demand a piece of the said pig trough for some blues of my acquaintance; but was informed, that the government had forbidden the breaking off of any more fragments.

The amphitheatre speaks more the grandeur of Rome than even a decade of Livy. Every guide-book will tell you its dimensions,* but of its grandeur none can give an idea. The inside is quite perfect at least as far as the second story, which good fortune it owes to having had originally no boxes or recesses for princely spectators, similar to the Coliseum. It consisted then, as now, of a circular row of plain marble benches, to the number of forty-five, capable, it is said, of containing upwards of 20,000 spectators. In the arena, at present, stands a modern theatre, of handsome dimensions, in

which representations were going on the evening we visited it;—no inapt type, one might say, of the different ages—the modern shrunk into a mere nucleus, and lost even amidst the ruins of the ancient.

It is astonishing, that no Latin writer has made mention of this stupendous work. A letter of Pliny, that records great amphitheatrical exhibitions at Verona, makes it likely, that it was built before or early in the reign of Trajan. But this is no proof. The conjecture best supported assigns it to the reign of Gallienus, and Maffei seems inclined to this opinion. Though better preserved in the interior than the Coliseum, its exterior has suffered much more; there being only the breadth of three arches standing of the outward wall of the amphitheatre, while that at Rome is still perfect in half of its circumference.—For the present,

ADDIO.

* The circumference of the amphitheatre is 1290 Veronan feet; that of the Coliseum is 1566.

THE SWORD SONG OF KÖRNER.

*Translated closely from the German.**

THOU sword upon my belted vest,
What means thy glittering polish'd crest,
Thus in my ardent glowing breast
Raising a flame?—Hurrah!

"A horseman brave supports my blade,
The weapon of a freeman made—
For him I shine—for him I'll wade
Through blood and death—Hurrah!"

Yes, my good sword. I still am free,
And fond affection bear to thee,
As if thou wert betrothed to me,
My first dear bride—Hurrah!

"Soldier of Freedom, then I'm thine!
For thee alone my blade shall shine—
When, soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Joined in the field?—Hurrah!"

Soon shall our bridal morn arise!
When the shrill trumpet's summons flies,
And red guns flash along the skies,
We'll join our hands—Hurrah!

"O sacred union! Haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay—
I long, my bridegroom, for the day
To be thy bride—Hurrah!"

Then why cling to the scabbard—why!
Thou messenger of destiny—
So wild, so fond of battle-cry,
Why cling'st thou there?—Hurrah!

"Though fond in battle fields to serve,
I hold myself in dread reserve,
The cause of freedom to preserve—
For this I stay—Hurrah!"

Then still in narrow compass rest—
Ere a long space thou shalt be blest,
Within my ardent grasp compress,
Ready for fight—Hurrah!

"O let me not too long await!
I love the gory field of fate,
Where death's rich roses grow elate
In bloody bloom—Hurrah!"

* This wild song, written but a few hours before the author's death, and probably not corrected by him, is so completely German, as almost to be untranslatable into English. It may serve to shew the noble spirit of the author, in the cause in which he embarked and fell, but will be read with the deepest interest, by those who are acquainted with his other works, and his short yet glorious history.

Then forth ! quick from thy scabbard fly,
Thou treasure of the soldier's eye—
Come, to the scene of slaughter hie,
Thy cherish'd home—Hurrah !

“ O glorious thus in nuptial tie
To wed beneath heaven's canopy !
Bright, as a sunbeam of the sky,
Glitters your bride—Hurrah !”

Forth then, thou messenger of strife !
Thou German soldier's plighted wife !—
Who feels not renovated life
When clasping thee ?—Hurrah !

While in thy scabbard at my side,
I seldom gazed on thee, my bride—
Now heaven has bid us ne'er divide—
For ever join'd—Hurrah !

Thee glowing to my lips I'll press,
And all my ardent vows confess—
O cursed be he beyond redress
Who'd thee forsake—Hurrah !

Let joy sit in thy polish'd eyes,
While glancing sparkles flashing rise—
Our marriage day dawns in the skies,
My bride of steel—Hurrah !

W. U.

ON THE POLITICS OF DE STAËL.

THE existence of such a being as Madame de Staël, was long wanting to the female sex ; it has for ever laid at rest the question, whether the highest order of genius is compatible with the delicate frame and temper of woman. One might imagine her indeed to have been sent into the world for the express purpose of answering this impertinent doubt, of which her life and writings have left a most complete and practical refutation. Nor are we, lords of the creation, permitted to support our ascendancy, by alleging the masculine character of the lady's mind, since Madame de Staël does not seem to have purchased her mighty and universal genius by the sacrifice of a single feminine quality—the personal one of beauty being perhaps excepted.—Endowed with the highest powers of intellect, as well as the strongest susceptibilities of passion, she appears equally at home in the exercise of either ; and we scarce know whether to admire her most in the love-scene of romance, or in the abstruseness of metaphysical discussion. The great and characteristic beauty of her writings, is the link between the head and heart manifested throughout them ; the writings of most people betray an equality, an unpleasant struggle between these two ruling powers ; there is in general either an ungoverned and puerile warmth, an ostentatious callousness, contented and glorifying in itself, or a capricious balancing from one to the other, which, according to our tempers, leads us to condemn, to dislike, or to distrust the writer. But no such feelings can be excited by the perusal of Madame de Staël ; every quality is duly tempered ; all are so agree-

ably blended into a *oneness* of character, abounding in sympathy as well as in wisdom, and altogether uniting into such a glowing and generous philanthropy, that to read without almost idolizing is impossible. No creature ever crossed her path in life, without exciting in her the deepest interest. She was warmed by the most confined as well as the most extended affections. Parental love became a religion to her ; friendship, little less ; and, contrary to the usual feelings of men, in whom warm affections towards individuals tend to abate those towards the human race, collectively, no breast ever beat more strongly with true and genuine philanthropy. She carried her heart with her into politics, and loved even nations with a woman's love. She has spoken of almost all the countries of Europe—France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Russia, England—and with difficulty could she find a harsh word for any. They are all paradises in her descriptions ; where the people will not permit the comparison, the skies and rural beauty supply it ; and where the climate will not permit, she finds something to praise in the frozen inhabitants. England was peculiarly the object of her *culte* ; and were not the extravagance of the rites in no small degree calculated to render the worship ridiculous, the “ ocean-girt isle” could never have found a more glorious monument than in the pages of De Staël.

When Rousseau cast his eyes around the nations to choose the heroic model of a man according to his ideas, he fixed upon England, and drew my *Lord Bolingbroke*. But Madame de Staël was not contented with human heroes. Na-

tions, as well as individuals, figured in her airy castles; and in spite of the heavy acres of old England, and the matter-of-factness of John Bull, she elevated this worthy island of ours on the stilts of *romance*. She set us upon a steed, clad us with her own fanciful fingers in the armour of knighthood, and sent us forth, like another St George, to kill dragons and deliver captives, in honour of some fair chivalrous theme. All this was mighty well as long as we remained fighting; but when we had killed the dragons, and demolished the sorcerer and his castle, then our knight-errantry was at an end; and the fairy dreams of the Baroness and her votaries vanished like Armida's garden. Then were these politicians from the school of the Arabian Nights disagreeably undeceived, and, to their great surprise and disappointment, they discovered—that the war, which England had sustained for a series of years against the power of Bonaparte and the continent, was no fairy tale, or legend of romance, but an actual bodily combat for life—that it was carried on with the expence of red blood and hard money—and that the true theories for the enlightenment and freedom of mankind, which the Baroness was drawing up in her closet, could never have entered into the views of nations struggling for their very existence. Then did the fair ideologist grow angry, and address sundry anathemas and recantations of praise to our island, accusing it for not forcibly liberating all the other degraded nations, who were and are contented to remain slaves, and reproaching us that we did not once more “run a muck” against Europe, in defence of those descendants of the old Romans, who have not courage to strike a stroke for themselves. Madame de Staël, in the latter years of her life, ought to have recalled to her mind the sentiments which she put of old into the mouth of Lord Melville, expressive of the noble ideal of English character; “I am severe towards nations; they always deserve their fate, be that fate what it will.”

Madame de Staël, though not perhaps the foundress, was certainly the high priestess of that political sect, whom Bonaparte used to mock under the name of Ideologists. As, like her follower, Benjamin Constant, she

unfortunately divided her time between novel-writing and politics, she endeavoured to swell the laws of private heroism into rules and motives for public life. This is the complete key to her political principle—her censure and her praise. She was utterly ignorant of that truth, so fully established by history and experience, that the heroism of bodies of men, collectively, has ever been just what it should be—selfishness and interestedness. Generosity is an individual virtue,—so is honour in its romantic acceptance; and the consequence of imposing such laws on nations would be but to render them more disgustingly Machiavellian, by the addition of unnecessary hypocrisy. But these prosaic principles were deemed by her unworthy of public men; she would have a poetry of politics, and was for converting the cabinets of Europe into so many courts of chivalry, merely substituting a republican code of laws for their old aristocratic ones. As theory is nothing without example,—and as the continent of Europe seemed not at all inclined to illustrate the political dreams of the sect, England was pitched upon as the *preux chevalier* of the occasion. They be-lauded, be-praised her, and at length came to fancy, that by these gratuitous encomiums, they had imposed on her an obligation to fulfil for all the world the idle projects of a few spouters and scribblers. *Hinc illa lachryme*—we have refused to be Quixotes; and they who were kind enough to promise and prophesy for us, are wroth, being convicted of reckoning without their host.

It was disgust at the cant of this sect that drove Bonaparte into the open profession of Machiavellianism. He was naturally above such feelings, and if they left him alone and unpreached at, he would have remained all his life a reader of Ossian, and an admirer of romance. But in this case he felt that he should play but a subordinate part, that he should be but second to De Staël, and no poet ever possessed jealousy of intellectual superiority to a greater degree than Napoleon. “Quand on proférait devant Napoleon quelque chose de neuf, ou de frappant, il lui arriva quelquefois de dire avec une espèce d'émotion chagrinée: Où avez-vous pris cela? Qui vous a dit cela? Il semblait que

penser ce que lui était échappé, était le voler, ou que la pensée fût un domaine appartenant à lui seul." With such feelings, Madame de Staël was obnoxious to him, from personal as well as political jealousy; and his unaccountable severity towards her bespeaks the soreness of a rival, rather than the caution of a statesman. The Abbe de Pradt, from whom is the above extract, and who was secretary to Napoleon, has given us in his last work,* a full account of the state of the case between the Emperor and the Lady:

"Napoleon and Madame de Staël could never agree, they were two rival powers. Napoleon was no Roman Emperor, to allow of an associate in the empire; and Madame de Staël, prohibited by her sex from acting the part of *Augustus*, wished to be and made herself in every thing somewhat of the *Cæsar*. Modern thrones do not admit this partition. And Napoleon defended the Salick law against an usurpation, which menaced to bow the French sceptre under the distaff. Napoleon did not personally hate Madame de Staël—a man of genius cannot hate genius in any one;† he dreaded it, when he could not subdue it—indifference was the only thing he feared. He perceived that Madame de Staël had too much talent to make use of it solely in support of another's power, and that power he wished to keep for himself. His persecution was but homage to superiority recognized by him:—what a pity that the means employed were equally beneath the persecutor and his victim! He avenged himself, as a jealous and rejected lover, on a powerful and undisciplined genius. Napoleon was well acquainted with nature, and the vulnerable parts of his empire over France and Europe. He had torn a people from long *Saturmiflu*—he had founded an empire at the price of much sweat and much blood—he had bowed the people once more to that reverence towards authority, which they had forgotten—he had to do with men accustomed to take every thing in jest, and to make them then take every thing in earnest—he had to act upon the opinion of

the world, which was the seat of his power—and he had to keep the regards of men turned from the laboratory where he was forging the thunders of his power. He knew that it was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and that if the one was his throne, the other was his tomb. Thus compelled to defence, Napoleon could not for ever remain exposed to those deep and cutting sarcasms, which, as they fly from mouth to mouth, influence, nay form, the sentiments of a people. He could not remain exposed to the too certain action of these subtle dissolvents. It had not escaped Napoleon, that with the French the wit of a *bon mot* was more to be dreaded than the fire of a battalion: *Et il avoit vu dans le carquois de Mad. de Staël ces flèches qui atteindraient un homme assis sur l'arc en ciel.*"

The first of these *bon mots* that annoyed him, was her saying, "*Il n'est qu'un Robespierre à cheval.*" She tells somewhere or another rather an amusing story of her going to sup where she expected to meet with the First Consul, and of her arming herself with all the sharp and pointed sentences she could devise, for the purpose of answering him—He never once addressed her. Napoleon, however, learned one thing from her,—the use of epigram, and sententiousness as an instrument of power. Nevertheless, he did not turn this against the Ideologists with any degree of success, beyond what would necessarily attend an emperor's good sayings. He wanted wit—he knew this, and made up for it in impudence at times, at others in paradox. When set at his ease by the servility of those around him, he was very fond of indulging in that hap-hazard sort of argument, which Madame de Staël describes as excellent reasoning, when backed by an hundred thousand bayonets. He would not deign, however, to discuss his favourite principles directly; it was always *par parenthese* that he introduced

* L'Europe et L'Amerique, en 1821.

† The worthy Archbishop of Malines would be puzzled to prove this. The note quoted previously is quite sufficient to contradict these assertions and colourings.

What a ridiculous blunder was that in the Edinburgh Review, where the adventure of Madame de Staël with the coachman is related. "*What had I to conjure with, but my poor genius?*" she is made to say. This converts a humorous and characteristic trait into mere nonsense. The blundering reviewer translates *esprit* into the word *genius*; if he had read the *Allemagne*, he might have learned the difference of these words, which he makes synonymous.

"Il y a quelquefois de la méchanceté dans le gens d'esprit; mais le génie est presque toujours plein de bonté."

them, most generally under the covert of criticism, a theme he was fond of, and upon which he uttered strange opinions.

"Reasons of state, do you see me now," said Buonaparte to a well-known artist, "have among the moderns succeeded to the fatalism of the ancients. Corneille is the only one of the French dramatic writers who has comprehended this truth. And if he had lived in my time, I should have made him my prime minister."

When the "Agamemnon" of Lemercier was represented before him for the first time, Buonaparte said to the author, "Your piece is worth nothing. What right hath this Strophus to make remonstrances to Clytemnestra—he is but a valet."—"No, Sire," replied the author, "Strophus is a dethroned King, the friend of Agamemnon."—"You know nothing of Courts," said the Emperor, "there the monarch alone is anything, the rest are but valets."

This is the *morale d'égoïsme*, against which, Madame de Staël pointed all the artillery of her eloquence and wit. She delights to contrast it with the noble, but certainly puerile principle of the party, which Napoleon had overcome.

"Il y avoit eu, parmi les hommes supe-

rieurs du dix-huitième siècle en France, un superbe enthousiasme pour les principes qui fondent le bonheur et la dignité de l'espèce humaine; mais à l'abri de ce grand chêne croissoient des plantes vénéneuses, l'égoïsme et l'ironie; et Buonaparte sut habilement se servir de ces dispositions funestes."

Nothing can be more ridiculous and pernicious than this *superbe enthousiasme*, when it is left to occupy the brains of women and boys, unaccustomed to the ways or the necessities of state policy. What was heroism with our Chatham, was but blueism and cant in De Staël. It was not worth persecution, and the only part of Buonaparte's conduct, with respect to these praters, deserving censure, is his not having confined his hostility to *l'égoïsme et l'ironie*. The poetical theory of politics inculcated by De Staël, is tolerable, nay pretty, in the pointed and apophthegmatic passages of the "Considerations;" but her followers are the most prosing, dull set of canters, that ever assassinated the time of the student,—whether it be the Irish oratory of De Pradt—the pleadings of that little man of wire and quicksilver, Benjamin Constant—or the metaphorical lectures of Guizot, on which we have attended, yawning at his *inévitabile tendance* of this, that, and the other.*

* Strange coincidence! that Buonaparte and Dr Barret should have always used the same colloquial phrase—Vide mes, me, mine!

SPECIMENS OF THE ITALIAN ART OF HOAXING.

From the Novels of Lasca.

NO I.

[LICENTIOUS as were the Italian novelists of the school of Boccaccio, it is, at the same time, not to be denied, that they had attained the highest perfection in the agreeable art of story-telling, which they professed. Nor is it to be rashly concluded, because a large proportion of their writings is justly exceptionable, that they do not afford abundant matter suited to the entertainment of a much more refined class of readers than that to which they were in general addressed, or that a judicious selection might not be formed from the compositions even of the least scrupulous among them, which would not only exhibit their talent to great advantage, but afford a very familiar and entertaining insight into the domestic character and habits of a nation, which so many circumstances combine to render the most interesting under the sun. Of these narratives, so indiscriminately censured, many are of a serious, and many also of a tragical stamp; nor ought it to be forgotten, that they furnished most of our own early dramatists, and (among them) Shakespeare himself, with the subjects of their most popular and most affecting performances. This is alone a sufficient reason for always preserving to them a high

rank in the favour of the English nation ; but it is not to this class of subjects that I am now disposed to call your attention.* There are many which, belonging neither to the tragical nor romantic character, nor being liable to just reprehension on the ground of indecency or profaneness, possess the merit of exhibiting in perfection the peculiar characteristics of Italian humour, and, above all, of that species of practical wit, which, transfused into other countries under the names of Hoax and Mystification, has, nevertheless, no where flourished in such full luxuriance as in this, which I believe may safely be denominated its native soil ; and, to the credit of the Italian hoax, (in this respect eminently distinguishable from that which is fashionable in the "Land of Cockaigne," whether London or Paris,) is, that it very rarely, if ever, appears to be practised to the prejudice of modest worth, or female delicacy, but to be reserved as the merited reward of impudence or knavery. I shall endeavour to divert your readers with a few specimens of this description ; and it will be obvious, that, although bearing the general title of "Novel," now confined to fabulous narrative, the incidents recorded are told as of persons actually existing, and bear the stamp of real occurrences.

The first I send you shall be from the novels of Anton Francesco Grazzini, commonly called "*Il Lasca*," a Florentine writer, who flourished during the greater part of the sixteenth century ; and who, besides his novels, was the author of several burlesque poems, and other works of acknowledged celebrity. You have already had his tale of the good Lombard Abbot, and Master Tasso ;† but, before I present to your notice any more of his Tales, I will beg you to receive the "Introduction," which, after the example of Boccaccio, and in common with all the novelists of the age, he thought proper to prefix to his collection. The admirable narrative which ushers in the Decameron, excited, by its excellence, the spirit of imitation ; and that of "*Il Lasca*," though of a much lighter cast, will be found not altogether valueless, as illustrating the habits and character of Florentine society in the sixteenth century.]

INTRODUCTION.

The years of the fructiferous incarnation of the most high Son of the Virgin Mary, had exceeded the term of 1540, and did not yet reach the middle of the century. As Vicar of Christ, and successor of Peter, Pope Paul the Third governed the church ; Charles the Fifth, as Caesar, (to his everlasting glory,) alternately pulled in and loosened the reins with which he curbed the ancient empire of the unconquered children of Mars ; and the Gauls had for their guardian and ruler, Francis the First, the most serene monarch of France ; when, in the generous and transcendent city of Florence, on a day of festival, (the last of the month of January,) after dinner,

were assembled together at the house of a widow lady, (not less worthy and noble than rich and beautiful,) four young cavaliers, of the first and best in the city, who came to pass the afternoon and amuse themselves with her brother, a gentleman who, for learning and courtesy, had few equals, not only in Florence, but in all Tuscany ; inasmuch as, over and above his other good qualities, he was a perfect musician, and had a chamber filled with the choicest compositions, and all sorts of the best musical instruments. His companions likewise were, all of them, more or less accomplished, either as social or instrumental performers.

It happened that whilst they were

* Among the novels of *Lasca*, we find two, the subjects of which are rendered sufficiently familiar to the ears of our modern English poetry, by Lord Byron's "*Parisina*," and Millman's "*Fazio*."

† See No. LXIV. for May, 1822. I have since discovered that the "*Master Tasso*," of whom honourable mention is there made, was probably neither the poet nor the poet's father, but Giovan Battista Tasso, an artist of celebrity, and a favourite at the court of Cosmo the Great, where he did some injury to his first-acquired reputation, by pretending to skill in architecture, of which he knew nothing. He was the friend and companion of Benevento Cellini, who mentions him frequently in the *Memoirs* of his life.

diverting themselves with this agreeable recreation, the weather became suddenly overcast, and there fell so thick a snow, that it covered the ground three feet in depth, which these young men no sooner saw than they left playing and singing, and sallied forth into the court-yard of the mansion, where they began to collect snow-balls for their pastime. The lady of the house, observing in what manner they were occupied, and being herself of a most lively and pleasant disposition, took it into her head that she would play them an agreeable turn, and for that purpose called together four young ladies, (two of whom were her husband's daughters, a third her own niece, and the fourth a neighbour, who happened to be then on a visit to her, all unmarried women, beautiful, accomplished, and good-humoured in perfection, whose husbands were at that time absent upon various occasions of business,) and said to them, "I have been thinking, my dear girls, that we will go out upon the roof of the house, taking all the maids with us, where we will form an immense collection of snow-balls, and then go down with them to the windows that look into the court-yard, from which we will commence a most terrible war upon the young men who are now so actively engaged in fighting with one another. They will immediately be inclined to turn and answer our salute; but as they will be below, all our artillery will take such full effect, that, for once at least, they will find themselves to have the worst in the conflict."

This proposal pleased them mightily, so that it was no sooner said than done. To the terrace they went, they and all the maids with them, and from the terrace upon the roof, where they speedily filled three large vats and two baskets with snow-balls of the most solid and excellent construction; then, without noise, silently advanced to the windows, at the foot of one of which each of the fair engineers deposited her ammunition, and having accoutred themselves, by tying their petticoats and tucking up their sleeves for the encounter, poured forth at once a tremendous volley upon the enemy, who, still occupied in the skirmish with one another, were marvellously astounded at so unexpected and strange a salutation; and, each one lifting his face and stretching his eyes towards

the quarter of the assailants, presented a front the most favourable to a second attack, which was not delayed for an instant; so that, at the next discharge of artillery, every eye was closed, and mouth, ears, and nostrils, filled with the congealed element, which, melting, deluged their clothes, and descended in torrents over their whole persons. The lady assailants, witnessing this full success of their enterprise, could not forbear from setting up shouts of laughter and triumph, which discovered them; and thenceforth began one of the most pleasant and amusing skirmishes in the world; only the young men still had the worst of it, as, whenever they stooped to pick up their ammunition, they were thoroughly pelted, and, in turning aside to avoid one shot, were sure to receive another; besides which, it now and then happened that their feet slipped, and in falling, it was well if eight or ten balls did not hit them at once; and at every advantage so gained, the enemy shouted with exultation, so that for the full space of twenty minutes, so long as their ammunition lasted, they had entertainment and pleasure unspeakable. At last, however, their means of annoyance being exhausted, they prudently withdrew from the scene of triumph, and having closed the windows, retired to change their dresses, leaving the young men in the court-yard well drenched and bedevilled, to console themselves as well as they were able for their signal discomfiture.

The cavaliers, on their side, no sooner saw that the enemy had withdrawn, than they made the best of their way back to the apartment which they had quitted, there to repair their losses as well as they were able. But a good fire and dry clothes having recruited their spirits, they again bethought themselves of the disgrace they had sustained, and of the means of revenge; so, with one accord, they went back into the court-yard, filled their hands and pockets with snow, and then proceeded on tip-toe towards the balcony, where they expected to find their fair antagonists refreshing themselves after their victory, and wholly unprovided for their defence. In this expectation, however, they found themselves deceived; for they could not advance so secretly but they were both heard and seen from within, so that,

upon their arrival, they found the doors barricaded against them; and thus, baffled and laughed at, they were obliged to desist from the enterprize, with only the additional satisfaction of being a second time wetted to the skin by means of the very implements which they carried about them for the purposes of retaliation. Being now re-assembled in council, they began to talk of departure, but had not settled to what place they should adjourn, before the weather again changed, and torrents of rain succeeding the heavy fall of snow, with thick darkness, rendered all thoughts of a decampment abortive, and reduced them to the hard necessity of endeavouring, by help of fire and candles, and some choice madrigals for five voices, of *Verdelotto* and *Arcadette*, to pass away the time which it seemed destined that they would here consume in the Enchanted Castle.

Meanwhile the ladies, safe from the fear of reprisals, enjoyed themselves with many a hearty laugh at the expence of the vanquished, and sat round the fire discoursing on a variety of pleasant subjects, when the voices of the singers attracted their attention; and not being able, from where they were seated, to distinguish the words of the songs, which some among them, of more poetical taste than the others, were particularly desirous to learn, they held council with one another how to proceed; and, finally, all resolved that the cavaliers should be called in to join their circle, which they did the more willingly, as the whole party were, from relationship, or good neighbourhood, in the habits of familiar intercourse with each other. The lady of the mansion took upon herself the office of ambassadress; the object of her mission was not of a nature to require much support from the arts of persuasion. The terms she had to offer, were, on the contrary, joyfully accepted, and she was immediately accompanied by the gentlemen into the saloon, where they were received by all present with the most joyful welcome. And so, after they had performed six or eight madrigals, much to the satisfaction of their lovely auditory, they all took their seats round the fire, and one of them, having brought with him out of the chamber a volume of the "*Cento Novelle*," which he held under his arm, was asked by one of the ladies, what

the book was on; to which he answered, that it was the most delightful and most instructive book ever composed. "These," he said, "are the tales of *Master John Boccaccio*, more properly *St John Boccadoro*," (Golden-mouth.)—"To say the truth," observed another, smiling, "that same saint pleases me well." And, as it happened that the gentleman had a fine voice, and a graceful manner in reading, he was forthwith entreated to select one of the tales for the entertainment of the party—a task which he declined, however, being desirous that some one else should lead the way; upon which another of the ladies proposed, that, as there were ten in company, each should take a decade in turn, and that it should be decided by lot which of them was to begin.

This proposal was exceedingly well received; but now a new subject of contention arose, and while they were disputing which decade each should undertake, one preferring the fifth, another the third, another the sixth, another the seventh, and another the fourth, their fair hostess began to consider, that a favourable opportunity was now presented for carrying into execution a thought which had often before suggested itself to her fancy; so, without saying a word, she left her seat by the fire, and went to her chamber, when, having called to her the house-steward and another servant in attendance, she directed them what she would have them do, she then returned to the company, and in a gracious and merry tone thus addressed them: "Since hard necessity, rather than your good will or our providing, brave youths and fair ladies, has so unexpectedly assembled us round the fire this evening, I am constrained to entreat of you and request that you will do me a favour—To you, cavaliers, I more particularly address myself, and have so much confidence in your spirit and gallantry, that I am sure you will not fail to perform my pleasure." Whereupon all present having engaged themselves by promise and oath to do all that in them lay for the fulfilment of her high behests, she resumed—"You hear how the heavens are pouring down in a deluge; and, therefore, the favour I have to ask of you is, that you will not think of quitting me, but will sup here this

evening with your good friend, my brother, and remain till the rain has subsided, or even should it continue, there are sleeping-rooms on the ground-floor enough for a much larger party, where you may all be lodged at your ease. But, in the meanwhile, I have thought of an agreeable manner of passing the time till supper; and that is, not in reading the tales written by Boccaccio, (although it must be confessed that none more delectable, or more worthy the repeating, can any where be met with,) but in *inventing** (*trovandone*) and relating, each one in order, some of ours; the which, if they should chance to be neither equally amusing nor equally well-imagined, yet they will have the merit of being less known and familiar, so that their novelty will make amends for what they may be deficient in excellence; besides that, there is among ourselves wit, fancy, learning, and understanding in sufficient abundance. Our gentlemen, particularly, are well versed in all the academical branches of literature and humanity, familiar with the poets, not only Latin and Tuscan, but with the Greek also, so that there cannot be wanting ample room for invention and materials of eloquence. Nor shall my fair ladies be wanting in their endeavours to do you honour; and to say the truth, we are now in the midst of the carnival, at which season you know that it is lawful even for those devoted to religion to solace and divert themselves; when the holy brothers play at balls, act comedies, and sing and dance in disguise, and the most sanctified of the sisterhood hold it no sin to dress themselves in male attire, with velvet bonnets on their heads, tight hose on their legs, and swords by their sides; wherefore, then, should it be unbecoming or unsuitable in us, to give one another pleasure by story-telling? Who can blame us? What stern moralist can find in our pastime any just cause of reproof or censure? This is Thursday evening; and, as you well know, not

next Thursday, but the Thursday after, is the *Batingaccio*, (the last Thursday in the Carnival.) I therefore propose, and beg as a favour, that the next two Thursdays you will consider yourselves in like manner engaged to me and my brother—the more so, because this evening, not having time for reflection, our tales will be short; but, after a week's interval, I think we may promise ourselves much longer ones for the next, and some of our heroic diversions for our concluding supper. And so, every one among us having to tell in turn a short tale, a pretty long one, and a complete history, we shall make proof of our abilities in three distinct species of composition,—besides which, the number three is always most perfect, including within itself beginning, middle and end."

It is impossible to describe how much this harangue of their hostess delighted both the male and female part of the company, and they expressed their satisfaction by signs and tokens so manifest, that it seemed as they could scarce contain themselves for abundance of pleasure. Whereupon the lady of the mansion proceeded: "It appears to me to be necessary that all things should be arranged with due regularity, so as to give effect to our excellent design; and for this purpose, I would recommend that we should resolve ourselves, not into a kingly government, but into the form of a republic. I would also propose, (but nevertheless subject to your good-liking,) that it be decided by lot who shall begin, and who follow; and that we take three bags (*horse*), one containing tickets inscribed with the names of the gentlemen, the other those of the ladies; and that the first drawn shall draw one out of the last-mentioned bag; and accordingly, whether the ticket so drawn be the gentlemen's or the ladies' ticket, the person to be nominated shall be taken out of the gentlemen's or the ladies' bag, and so on to the last; and that, at every name so

* This phrase of "inventing" appears at first sight to throw some discredit on the genuineness of the anecdotes, which form the basis of the most amusing among the novels which follow. But there are enough of the serious and romantic cast, to which the term "invention" may apply, without extending it to the whole collection, nor am I sure that by the term itself we are necessarily to understand that the foundation of the stories is fabulous. The circumstantiality attending them is strongly in favour of their reality.

drawn out, the person on whom the lot falls shall take the post of honour next the fire, and begin his or her narration accordingly; and this will suffice for to-night's supper"

* * * * *

— Here follows a considerable gap in the manuscript—(nel manoscritto mancava una certa intersa)—and, upon emerging from the Lacuna, we find ourselves in the midst of an invocation, (by way of exordium,) by *Giacinto* (on whom the first lot has fallen,) singular enough as a relic of the old style of the romance-writers and troubadours, in which the "Dio ottimo e grandissimo" is implored for his assistance, in enabling him to relate the story which immediately follows—and of which it is enough in this place to observe, that no mutilation could render it sufficiently decent for modern hearers. I therefore pass it over, and shall proceed, without following the order in which they are related, with the specimens which I propose to furnish of the Italian hoax, or *Beffa*.

The ensuing Novel does not require any explanation, nor suggest any remark, except that the treatment of Master Neri may possibly call to mind the chastisement of Malvolio in "Twelfth Night."

That the mortification experienced by the unhappy sufferer on this occasion should have produced effects so deep and lasting, may be perhaps regarded as somewhat extravagant; but the sensibility of the Italian character to the wounds of ridicule, appears to have been acute to a degree quite unimaginable by persons of our dull northern temperature; and the intensity of pain occasioned by the infliction, doubtless, added proportionably to the keenness of relish experienced in the perpetration.

TALE THE THIRD.

"How Master Scheggia, with the aid of *Monaco* and *Pilucca*, played such a trick upon *Neri Chiaramontesi*, as to drive him to despair, so that he went away from Florence, and never returned to it till he was an old man."

IN the days of Scheggia, Monaco, and Pilacca, (who were choice friends and boon companions, and all three masters in the art of hoaxing), there was one *Neri Chiaramontesi*, a man of good birth and easy circumstances, but cunning and crafty withal as any of our city in his time; nor was there any who took greater delight in playing off his wit upon other persons. This worthy gentleman frequently found himself in company with the three before mentioned, at the table of my Lord Mario Tornaquinci, a knight of the Golden Spur, of great wealth and worship; and upon these occasions he had not scrupled to perform divers feats at the expense of his companions, for which they did not dare attempt to take any revenge, although very much to their displeasure—above all, to that of Master Scheggia, who murmured greatly at being made the butt of so many shafts of ridicule. Once upon a time it so happened, that

as they all were chirping together round a good fire at the house of this worshipful cavalier, (it being then in the depth of winter), discoursing with one another about this thing and that, says Neri to Scheggia, "Here's a crown of gold for you, if you will go directly to the house of La Pellegrina, (who was a famous courtesan in those days, and had come from Bologna), habited as you are now, but having first besmeared your face and hands with ink, and present to her this pair of gloves, without uttering a syllable."—"And here's a brace of crowns for you," said Scheggia, "if you will sally forth, armed cap-a-pie in white armour, with a lance on your shoulder, to Ceccherino the mercer's shop"—(which was at that time a noted place of rendezvous for all the rich young gallants of Florence.)—"In the name of grace," replied Neri, laughing, "hand me up the two crowns."—"Content!" answered Scheggia; "but hear me—I re-

* I cannot pretend to understand, much less to explain, the mode of election proposed to this witty and eloquent institution by its agreeable foundress; but it seems to be borrowed from the forms of the Florentine Republic.

quire, moreover, that whatsoever persons are present, you pretend to fall into a furious passion with them, and threaten that you will make minced meat of them all."—"Trust me for that," replied Neri; "only let me see the money." Whereupon Scheggia forthwith drew out of his purse two crowns, fresh from the mint, and putting them into the hands of their host, "There they are," says he, "in pawn, ready to be made over to you, as soon as you have accomplished the undertaking."

Neri, full of glee, thinking full surely that the two crowns were his own already found, which he valued more highly than any ten he possessed, thinking that a good jest he should have at the expense of one who had parted with them so lightly, began forthwith to harness on his armour—of which there were suits enough in the good knight's mansion to fit out a hundred troopers, he being a great friend of the elder Lorenzo de Medici, who at that time was at the head of all arms in Florence; and, while he was employed, Scheggia, taking Monaco and Pilucca aside, told them what he would have them do, and sent them about their business. At length Master Neri, having put on his helmet, took his lance, and his shield, and sallied forth in the direction of Ceccherino's shop, but he was forced to move slowly, both by the weight of his armour, and by the gaiters being somewhat too long, by which he was very much encumbered in lifting his feet from the ground.

Meanwhile, Monaco and Pilucca had gone upon their respective missions—the one to the shop of the haberdasher, the other to Giocchetto's fencing-school, (which was then held in the tower hard by the old market-place)—and both affirmed to the by-standers that Neri Chiaramontesi had gone out of his senses, and attempted to kill his own mother, and thrown all his household goods into a well—and that he had at last armed himself cap-a-pie in one of my Lord Tornaguinci's suits, and, with his lance in rest, was driving all the people helter-skelter before him. To which Pilucca (who was at the fencing-school) added, how he had heard him swear a terrible oath that he would go to Ceccherino's shop, to give him a drubbing—upon which the greater part of the young men who were present ran out of school to see the fun, with

so much the greater delight, as that same haberdasher was an object of general dislike, on account of his ignorance and presumption, and having the most cursed and slanderous tongue in all Florence—notwithstanding which, his shop was the resort of noble and honourable gallants, to whom Monaco was at the same time busy in relating various other particulars of the extravagance and madness of Neri.

Meanwhile, Neri himself having left the knight's house, (which was near St Marie Novella), made his progress to Ceccherino's shop, not without much wonder and laughter of all beholders; and on his arrival at the door gave a thundering rap, and bursting it open, entered with furious gestures, in complete armour as he was, exclaiming with a loud voice, "Aha! traitors—Aha! ye are all dead men"—and forthwith put his lance in rest. They who were present, alarmed by what they had just heard, as no less than by what they themselves saw and witnessed, were soon seized with a perfect panic, and fled away in all directions—some to the counting-house, some behind the counter, or under chairs and tables—some shouting, some threatening, some praying—in short, the uproar was quite prodigious.

Scheggia, who had followed close at his heels all the way, no sooner saw him entered, than he ran off full speed towards Portarossa, where dwelt his uncle, Agnolo Chiaramontesi, (an old man, one of the woollen trade, and a citizen of fair credit and reputation), and told him, quite out of breath, that he must make all haste to the shop of Ceccherino the mercer, where he would find his nephew, who was raving mad, and with lance in hand laying about him, so that it was to be feared great mischief might ensue. Whereupon Agnolo (who, having no children of his own, entertained great affection for his nephew) exclaimed, "Alas! alas! what is this you tell me!"—"Only the exact truth," replied Scheggia; and added, "Come, come away quickly; and bring with you some four or five of your workmen, to seize and bind him, and convey him, bound, to your house; and then when you have kept him three or four days in the dark, without any body to speak to, it may be hoped that he will be brought back to his senses."

Having no reason to disbelieve a

statement made with so much apparent sincerity, the old gentleman immediately rose, and calling half-a-dozen of his woolcombers and carders together, all stout young men, and telling them to provide ropes, they all went to Ceccherino's, where they found every thing in the terror and confusion already described, and Neri himself crowing with triumph at the effects of his prowess, and still laying about him with his lance in every direction where he thought he could add to their consternation, without doing any actual mischief. His uncle having observed for a while his mad actions, crept slowly towards him from behind, and suddenly laying firm hold on the instrument of fancied destruction, cried in a loud voice, "Stand firm there!—What, in God's name, are you doing, nephew?"—Then turning to his followers, "Make haste," he said, "disarm him—throw him on the ground, and bind him as fast as possible." These directions were no sooner given than followed; and before he had time to recover from his amazement, they had him stretched on the ground, some holding him by the arms; others by the legs, and, in spite of his exclamations of "What are you about?—unhand me, villains—I am not mad—unhand me!" soon finished their work, binding him hand and foot, in such a manner that he was unable to move a limb, and then laid him on a litter which they had brought with them for the purpose, and tied him down, so that he could not roll off, or slip away from them while they were carrying him. Meanwhile, Scheggia, hearing him howl and roar and blaspheme at this violent treatment, could not contain himself for joy, but was ready to leap out of his skin; and the poor terrified gentry who had fled from his fury, crept out of their hiding-places, and by their slow and timid advances towards the late object of their terrors, now in vile durance, shewed how vehement had been the alarm he occasioned them.

Imagine, then, if Neri, proud as he was by nature, and fierce in his temper, did not burn inwardly, and if he did not cry out, and threaten, and swear, and curse without ceasing, while his uncle calmly ordered his men to take the litter on their shoulders, and, throwing a cloak over him, to convey their load back to his own house,

where Monaco had already been before them to prepare his mother for their reception; and when the good old lady, accordingly, met them in tears at the door, and having, with the uncle's assistance, laid him on a bed in the best chamber, left him there, bound as he was, with intent not to speak a word to him, nor give him any thing till the morning, and then to call in physicians, and conduct themselves by their advice as might appear to be needful. And in so doing they were guided in like manner by the directions of Scheggia.

Meanwhile, the rumour of this affair was noised throughout Florence, and Scheggia, with his companions, rejoicing, went to find their good host, the Cavalier Tornaquinci, to whom they related all things as they had happened, and from which he received delight and gladness unspeakable; and, it being already on the stroke of four, they sat down to supper with so much the greater pleasure, as they knew that Master Neri was safely locked up, and could not come to disturb them with his impertinence.

Now when Master Neri found himself alone in the dark, tied to his bed as if he were a maniac, his helmet and graves only being removed, and all the rest of his armour left upon his back, he lay still a good while thinking over the events that had befallen him, and soon fixed upon Scheggia as the contriver of the whole plot, by the result of which he had come to be reputed mad, not only by his mother and uncle, but by all Florence; and this reflection gave him so much pain and displeasure, that if he had at that moment been at liberty, he would certainly have done either to himself or others a mischief. So he remained sleepless, and in an agony of rage, till past midnight, when the pains of hunger began to assault him vehemently; whereupon he cried out lustily, with all the voice that he was able to collect, and never ceased from calling, now upon his mother, now upon her maid-servant, to bring him somewhat to eat and drink; but it was all in vain, for they were determined not to hear a word he uttered.

At last, about the hour of two in the morning, his uncle came to him, accompanied by a cousin-gorman of his, who was a brother of St Mark's hospital, and by two physicians, the

first at Florence in their time; and, having opened his chamber door, they entered, preceded by his mother bearing a light, and found him lying in the same place and posture as they had left him, but so weak and exhausted with his endeavours to make himself heard, and with want of food, that he was become as tame and gentle as a lamb; at whose approach he lifted up his head, and in the most courteous manner saluted them, and then entreated that they would be content to listen to him while he said a few words, and to attend to his arguments. Whereupon Agado and the others, with like courtesy, answered, that he might say what he pleased, and they would listen with all due attention; and, thus encouraged, he related to them all that had taken place respecting the wager, affirming that Scheggia was he who had betrayed him, and had caused him to be bound hand and foot for a madman; adding, that if they wished for better evidence, they might all go to the Cavalier Tornaquinci's, where they would find the two crowns still held by him as a deposit.

The uncle and the physicians knowing Scheggia well, were disposed to give credit to all that Neri uttered. However, to be quite certain, some of them went to the cavalier's according as he had desired them, and found not only that every thing was strictly true, but that Scheggia and his companions had wound up the frolic by supping together, and enjoying themselves with the heartiest laughter imaginable. Upon receiving this information, the uncle was covered with shame and confusion for the affront so mistakenly put upon his beloved nephew; and, returning with all the speed he might, presently relieved Neri from all remaining bondage, and begged his pardon with the greatest remorse and humility. But Neri, wholly unable to recover his spirits or to forget the disgrace he had sustained, caused a good

fire to be lighted, and, after taking leave of his medical attendants, and the rest of his uncle's followers, he sat down to supper, where he made himself all the amends in his power for the privation he had been so undeservedly put to.

By this time the whole matter was noised abroad throughout Florence, not only by means of the authors of the joke, but also by the physicians who had been in attendance, so that it came at length to the ears of "The Magnificent,"* who sent for Scheggia to make himself acquainted with all the particulars; and no sooner was Neri made acquainted with this consummation of his disgrace, than it plunged him into a fit of actual desperation, during which he swore, that he would lay upon them all, but most of them all upon Scheggia, such a mountain of bastinadoes, that they should remember him the longest day of their lives. Reflecting at length, however, that he had been himself the aggressor, he began to fear, that if he attempted such revenge as his anger prompted, the tables might even yet be turned upon him; and so he prudently determined to adopt a course quite different: to the which end, without apprizing any living person of his intentions except his mother, he forthwith left Florence, and went to Rome, and thence to Naples, where he hired himself as mate to a vessel, of which he afterwards became master; nor did he ever go back to Florence again till he was quite an old man, when all memory of the transaction had perished.

Meanwhile, Scheggia having received the two crowns which had been left in pawn with the cavalier, laid them out in good cheer for himself and his comrades, who partook of it most joyfully,—not the less so, as they were thus quit for ever of the intrusion of their disagreeable visitor.

The next story, of the same description, is not very savoury, and may appear somewhat indelicate to ears of modern refinement. It is, however, not unamusing to be acquainted with what passed for wit even in the most polished circles among our own ancestors, no less than with the good people of Florence; and the narration will bring to the recollection of many a most excellent hoax,

* Lorenzo de Medici, surnamed "The Magnificent," added to his other numerous qualifications, that of being himself the best and most accomplished master of the art of hoaxing in his days; and this part of his character, which is very faintly hinted by his English biographer, receives ample illustration in one of these novels, with which we shall take an early opportunity of making our readers acquainted.

of a similar nature, recorded to have been practised by Sheridan and Tickell on the solemn impertinence of a grave citizen of the opposite party, with whom it was once their fortune to be associated in a hackney-coach in returning from a Brentford election.

It must be allowed, that the story is exceedingly picturesque, and would furnish an admirable subject for a companion to Hogarth's "Paul before Felix."

TALE THE FOURTH.

"Giannetto della Torre, by a witty allusion, represses the impertinence of a presuming jacksnapes, and delivers himself and others from his company."

TOFERS, gluttons, and tavern-haunters—all those, in short, who think of nothing but how to fill their bellies, and who make it their boast to be connoisseurs in the flavour of wines and choice morsels—are, for the most part, (as you well know) bad livers, and of broken fortunes; since, spending all their days in the tavern, they are enough (as the saying is) to melt down the Tarpeian at Rome; and so, being utterly ruined and bankrupt, they find at the year's end that their florin is in pawn for ten livres; or "bring down their nobles to nimpence." Now it often happens, that, bearing this loose kind of life, they so far lose sight of all the laws of good manners and decency, as, in the midst of their eating and drinking, to break wind both upwards and downwards, without respect of persons, in doing which they always excuse themselves by a proverbial saying, "*Alla barba di chi non lu debito*—This to the beard of whosoever is not in debt among us;" being well assured that they can thereby offend no person present, whether of their own company, or others who frequent the place of assembly.

With this preface, I proceed to relate how, in this famous city of ours, it happened that certain young gentlemen of noble birth and good fortune, who associated together, were in the habit of supping alternately at each other's houses, more for the sake of meeting and discoursing together at their ease, than from the love of filling their carcasses with choice wines and costly victuals, although these good things were also abundantly provided; and they were in number so many as to be just able to make out the week between them in rotation; having, moreover, an established rule, that the giver of the entertainment might bring what guests he pleased to add to the party, while the rest were to come alone, and without any other

companions. Now it fell out, that one Dionigi, a young cavalier, who happened to be a general acquaintance of all the members of the society, having been once an invited guest, took it upon him to consider himself as free of the company, and attended all their subsequent meetings without any invitation at all; and being of a very vain and assuming character, and wholly ignorant of the rules of good breeding—one who would never suffer any body else to talk when he was present, but was perpetually holding forth with his own frivolous and pompous discourses, nothing would serve his turn, but that he would eternally descant upon the happiness of being out of debt, insisting that there is no pleasure under the sun at all comparable to it, and that (he thanked God) he did not himself owe a single debt to any body in the world; and what was more, never incurred any, nor ever had the wish to incur any. And thus, every time that they met, he took care to deafen them all with a repetition of the same cock-and-bull story of his supreme felicity in being out of debt, so that at last he became more obnoxious to them than a continual headach. Howbeit, seeing he was the son of a very wealthy and powerful citizen, and one of great repute in his time, nobody dared to say a syllable to him openly, though they gave him many oblique hints and rebukes, which would have sufficed for any one less self-sufficient and ignorant; but he went on his own way notwithstanding, and they began to despair of finding any resource by which they might rid themselves of this plague of folly and impertinence.

They were still suffering under the oppression of this intolerable night-man, when it came to the turn of Giannetto della Torre to furnish the entertainment. This Giannetto was a fellow of infinite jest, and of consi-

derable shrewdness, and he had be-
thought himself of the means of cure,
which he forthwith resolved to put in
practice. So having primed one of his
companions, and made him promise
his assistance, they all met together
at the appointed hour, and had not
yet sat down to table, before (as was
the custom) in came Master Dionigi,
without any invitation, with a fore-
head of such assurance as if he had
been lord of the company, and inter-
rupted the conversation with his usual
string of impertinence. Giannetto,
without making any remark, ordered
the water to be handed round to wash
the hands of his guests before they be-
gan supper; which being done, Dio-
nigi was the first to place himself at
the table, in such a position as to de-
prive the rest of the company of all
benefit of fresh air from the garden,
the door to which had been left open
expressly for the purpose of cooling
the temperature of the room, it being
then in the greatest heat of summer.
Now this Dionigi was a fine figure of
a man, and had one of the handsomest,
fullest, and best-combed beards of any,
not in Florence only, but throughout
all Tuscany; jet-black, and of nicely-
proportioned length. And supper be-
ing now some way advanced, (having
arrived at the melons,) Dionigi, as
soon as he had helped himself to a slice,
and taken a full draught of wine, be-
gan to enter more at large upon his
beatitude of being out of debt, and
had got into the very midst of this
edifying harangue, when Giannetto,
tipping the wink to his accomplice,
began to hold his nose with his fingers,
which his companion observing, did
the like; and (both having taken care
to seat themselves one on each side of
Dionigi) the first, making a wry face,
exclaimed, "What an infernal stench!"
—"By Jove!" replied the other, "the
most corrupt and abominable I ever
encountered. It is worse than all the
odours that are congregated together
in the charnel-house at the back of the
old market-place."

The rest of the company, perceiving
no bad smell, looked at each other in
admiration of what this rally might
lead to; when Dionigi, falling into a
passion at seeing them hold their noses,
and glance at him such looks of suspi-
cion, asked fiercely, whether they sup-
posed it was he who occasioned the
stink. "Really," answered Gian-

netto, "if it were not that I am fear-
ful of giving offence, I would, with
the leave of this good company, ex-
plain what I consider to be the cause
of it." Whereat Dionigi, who being
a man for the ladies, and one who
passed the whole day in cleansing and
adorning and perfuming his sweet per-
son, was quite satisfied in his con-
science, eagerly exclaimed, "Say on!
say whatever you like! you have full
liberty."—"Since it is your good plea-
sure," answered Giannetto, "I will
proceed, and declare it to be my firm
persuasion, that it is that beard of
yours which stinks so damnable."—"What do you mean?" retorted Dio-
nigi; "come, explain yourself."—"Hear me out then," said the other;
"Those who are in the habit of fre-
quenting taverns to eat and drink, are,
for the most part, persons of most evil
manners, very dirty and coarse in their
habits, and who care not how often
they offend against the rules of society,
by openly venting their crepitations
and eructations at table in the very
faces of their companions, holding it
sufficient to excuse themselves for
every successive breach of politeness,
by saying, 'This is to the beard of the
man who is not in debt.' Now seeing
that, according to your own frequent
confession, you are not only out of
debt at present, but never were in debt
in the whole course of your life, (in
which respect I verily believe that you
are the only person now living in Flo-
rence, who can say the same;) and
seeing, moreover, that you have so
handsome a beard, and of such length
and thickness, that I doubt whether
there is any in the city which may
compare with it, it follows of course,
that every one of these explosions of
nausea, which has been uttered for
years past, must have lighted upon it,
and consequently that there is not a
single hair in all that venerable fabric,
but has its own peculiar stink, extract-
ed from the most rotten lungs and the
foulest stomachs in Florence. And
now I hope you will no longer marvel
at us for holding our noses; and you
would do wisely, both for your own
honour and for our advantage, if you
were no longer to be seen at our sup-
pers, unless indeed you would come to
them shaven, or (by'r Lady) in debt."

At the conclusion of this harangue,
the whole of the company present were
seized with such immoderate laughter,

that more than one were constrained to rise from the table and unbutton themselves; and more than one laughed till the tears came into their eyes, especially when they beheld the face of poor Dionigi, who stood like an angry bear, unable to utter a word for pure rage and vexation; and seeing all bursting with laughter around him, arose from his chair, (with cheeks puffed out like a basket,) and taking his clock, without saying a syllable to any one, withdrew from the room before the cloth was removed, or the dessert brought upon table. And so great and

terrible was his anger, that, from that time forward, he would come no more to their parties, nor would speak to any of them when they met him in the street, and least of all to Giannetto. They, for their parts, considered themselves as not at all the worse off for being rid of him; and not only concluded that evening with abundance of mirth and jollity at his expense, but ever after held Giannetto in the highest honour and regard among them, for having, by the readiness of his wit, effected for them so blessed a deliverance.

TALES OF THE DAFT-DAYS.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

AGAIN the cluds o' winter scowl,
An' tempests after tempests howl;
Again the unpitying Norland blast
Is rife, an' Nature shrinks aghast;
The stiff'ning yird lies cauld, and now
The curdling rivers cease to rowe,
Wanchancy fogs fu' dark and dense,
Sit dozing down, and winna hence.
In vain the breeze wi' rousing shake,
Among them drives, they downa wake.
The dwynin' sun, nae langer bauld,
Looks blear wi' age and dead wi' cauld,
Just hirplin' up to tak a glisk,
An' air a wee his sickly disk;
Fu' wistfu' up the lift to gaze,
He wot to speel in blither days,
Then downward dreep, and leave us a'
To darkness, frost, or plashy thaw.

But feed, O feed the hungry grate
Wi' coals and logs in lumps!
Let's yose thegither, that's the gaet
To cheat the dolefu' dumps;
Send round the punch, or rich wi' ream
The social trock o' tea;
While cracks an' clavers in a stream,
Burst forth an' freath wi' glee.

Wi' glee, say I—yes, glee and fun,
For now the Daft-days are begun;
Let's peck the coof wha sourly grave,
Self-plum'd wi' sense, wad awe the lave,
Check hame his merriment, the carle,
Like dog in manger, pleased to snarl.
Sure ance a-year we may be funny,
As 'tis best hay-time when it's sunny;
Ower soon the Daft-days slip away,
So let's enjoy them while we may.

Thus Tammy chirm'd fu' blithe an'
clear,
Like goldspink mid the foliage,
Auld Reekie less'n'ing in his rear,
He skelping frae the College,

To spend the Daft-days ' his frien'
O jubilee right glorious!
To younkers rev'ling in their teens,
Aye charm'd wi' what's uprarious.

Through Portobello prances he,
On shankie's naig himsel;
Through Fisher-row—by Preston-tree,
Where gullant Gair'ner fell;
Beside that thorn, wi' martial glow
He charged the kilted fae,
Deserted, wounded, welt'ring low,
Beneath that tree he lay.

Heardna his men his shouts, and burn'd
Wi' vengeance' hallow'd fire?
O Gair'ner did they hear, nor turn'd
To conquer or expire!
The dastards heard, but, wing'd wi' fear,
The recreants shamed the day;
Time maks thee, Gair'ner, but mairdear,
Mair despicable they.

Upon that thorn, an' ower thae fields,
Awhile does Tammy stare,
Wi' ardour fired, his sapling wilds,
An' hacks the whizzin' air;
He echts the battle ower again,
The leader o' some clan,
Attacks the hedge wi' might an' main,
Now ilka twig's a man.

The Peers o' France, wi' spears an'
lance,
Sic havoc used to play;
Thus Quixote flew on sheep, an' slew
And charged his wind-mill fae.
So Tammy raged till out o' breath,
His arm forjeskit sadly,
He marches frae the field o' death,
To Barley-Mains right gladly.

Arrived—the younkers ane an' a',
The little, muckle, grit an' sma',

Whid out wi' heartfelt glee to greet
 Their billie wi' a welcome sweet ;
 Around him pressing, kissing, speeling ;
 Transported, laughin', daffin', squeeling,
 Twa sounsie lassies, Jean an' Grace,
 Catch hand o's hands, and smile in's face ;
 So Angels smile on spirits blest,
 When enter'ing to eternal rest.
 Young Charlie seizing his lappells,
 Some hist'ry o' his rabbits tells,
 While Dick on's back, ay fu' o' game,
 Blindfolding him, cries, "Guess ma name."
 Blithe Ned and Fanny, young things, steal
 Ahint, an' pouk his tails an' squeel ;
 While wee wee Katie, like a blossom,
 Jumps, laughs, an' cuddles in his bosom.
 The dogs themsels around him race,
 Whine, bark, an' paw him, then gie chase ;
 Nay, turkies, hens, the ducks an' geese,
 Flock round and clamour without cease.
 There stranger-cousins, young and blate, }
 Look wi'fu' frae the neighb'ring gate, }
 Or peep ahint the paling grate ;
 While aulder folks enjoy the splore,
 Frae winnocks, or at open door.
 Acquaintance these, frien's, uncles, aunts,
 Arrived upon their annual jaunts,
 To cheer the farm-house, share its joys,
 Partake the Daft-days feasts and ploys,
 Re-live the past, when young an' gay—
 Life seem'd an afternoon o' play !
 O how desired ! but ah ! youth's dream
 Is faithless as an April's gleam ;
 The tear, the smile, the egerher blend,
 As through their lives they backward wend,
 In sweet exchange o' mind enjoy
 The hour not gien to frolic joy.
 Nay, e'en the maids frae winnocks gaze
 On Tammy an' his dandy claes ;
 Fu' eager blaw and rub the lozen,
 Keek, blaw, and rub, for sair it's frozen.

How happy he—how pleased frien's ee
 him,

An' pat an' daft him, glad to see him,
 Commend his growth and sturdy stomp,
 His looks weel-tar'd, his cheeks sae plump,
 His air and dress sae spruce—() ho !
 Exclaim the youngsters, "What a Beau !"

Now bun, short-bread, seed-cake, and
 wine,

Beluncheon o'. for late they dine.
 Some neighbors come in best array,
 To feast an' spend the Hogmanay,
 See out the year wi' suiting din,
 An' drink the new triumphant in.

The dinner ower, the toddy smokes,
 A fav'rite house o' Loudon folks ;
 Nae chilpet wines in frost for them,
 But reeking bowls to warm the frame,
 To thaw the heart, by care fast bound,
 An' send it in a gush around.

While ower the bowl some social sit,
 To reels aboon some shake a fit ;
 There Beaus and Belles to music's peal
 Yet lighter, blither, happier feel.
 The maiden's cheek yet richer glows,
 The brilliant ee yet brighter glows ;
 Salt pulses quicken, quiver, start,
 An' jump around the flutt'ring heart ;

Awaking melody and joy,
 An' love's first raptures, guiltless of allo-

The sang, the dance, or social glass,
 Thus oil the hours that scrieven pass,
 Until the knock's descending mell
 Ring out the year's funeral knell.
 Halloo at ance, the kissing, fun,
 An' gratulating, are begun.
 Wi' hand in hand the couples say,
 A guid new year, an' mony mae, }
 Syne on the sappy kiss lads lay. }
 Och ! struggling, skirling, "fie for shame,"
 Just serve to send the kiss mair hame ;
 While round the spicy het pint passes
 Frae honest men to bonnie lasses ;
 An' syne the party tak the road
 That leads them to the land o' Nod.

O Scotland ! cradle o' my youth,
 I prize thee wi' a heart o' truth ;
 In ither lands my lot though cast,
 I lo'ed thee first, will lo'e thee last—
 O bless thee an' thy kindly race,
 *The firm o' heart, the fair o' face,
 The vig'rous-minded, gentle-soul'd,
 Wha mak thee mair an' mair extoll'd !
 O bless the kindred groups that smile
 Around thy board, devoid o' guile !
 Conningling hearts—exchanging mind—
 Communion rapt'rous an' refined.
 O bless the rural train, wha gay
 In friendly bands partake the day,
 Behold the wasted year expire,
 An' Phoenix like the new aspire,
 Impatient till on them maist dear
 They've wish'd the blessings o' the year,
 Wha mingle to rework the joys
 That charn'd the buoyant-hearted boys ;
 Revive the frolic an' the fun
 That lung time ran, and lang will run ;
 Look blushing at the girl lang priz'd,
 Till full in bloom she's idoliz'd ;
 Caressing frien's for whom they feel
 A deeper love, a loftier zeal.

The mornin' dawns—an eastern haze
 Is curling, whirling ower the braces,
 Unrolling slowly, dense, an' keen,
 Turning grey morn to mirky e'en.
 Fast, fast the snawy flakes are fa'ing,
 An' corbie flights are clam'rous cawing ;
 Their course low winging in the lift,
 In black'ning flocks among the drift.
 Puir beasties, wha can envy them
 Their cauld, cauld nest, an' hungry wame,
 As cozie by the ingle's bleeze
 We feast at will, an' laugh at ease ?
 The wee wild birds frae wood an' field
 Flee flickering in, to find a bield
 Among the stacks, the shiels, or where
 To hide their head, an' chitter there.
 An' whistling to the winnock comes
 The robin, gratefu' for his crumbs.
 Afrae the doors geese, hens, ducks, drake,
 A gagging, cackling, quacking make ;
 While dowie in the strae-yard rowte,
 Mid grunting swine, the kye an' nowte ;
 Those carrying up an' down the strae,
 The sign o' stormy night or day ;
 The nowte an' kye their coods now clowin',
 Now roaring, goring, doufer growin'.

Thus Nature out o' doors appears
Oppress'd wi' languor, grief, an' fears.

Yet, cadgie by the parlour bleeze,
Sic scenes as thae by contrast please;
The blithesome grouse, at breakfast now,
May ee the storm—but there's the lowe;
A fig for tempests, snaws, an' sleet,
That neither pelt us, freeze, nor weat.
The tender sentimental Miss,
May fancy that an' fancy this;
Sae Tammy, sentimental grown,
Affects the lingo o' the town.
Alake for birdies, sheep, an' lambs!
He says and soughs—but how he crams!
Grief's unco dry, the proverbs say—
An' hungry too, or Tam's no wae;
For fish, ham, eggs, short-bread, and bun,
Adown his Craig promiscuous run,
Wi' hiney, jellies, marmalade,
On bread and butter richly laid.
Thus Tammy fares, and so do others,
Till wames are lead, and spirits feathers;
Syne Jean and Grace, with eydent care,
Arrange the shining crok'ry ware;
An' then the amusements o' the day
Rin on in mony a varied way.

Their needles some begin to thread;
If willing, vain th' attempt to read,
For here th' o'erjoy'd and soule youngers
Are at Kircuddoch on their hounkers—
A mirthfu' dance, for as they loup,
A push or pouk will gar them coup;
Nay, aulder folks will laughing look,
An' push, or wink them when to pouk;
Though stiff, yet Tammy wi' them jumps—
Och, how they skirl when ower he plumps!

Here birkie round the circle goes,
There catch the ten, or dominos,
Amain the *guesses* pass about—
How eager a' to find them out!
Here youth instils to beauty's ear
The answer which she's fain to hear;
But as the quiv'ring lips retire,
The dimpling cheek attracts them nigh'r,
'Tis touch'd, and by the touch takes fire. }
Another time the happy beau
To her th' unriddling word will owe;
This mutual confidence creates,
An' easily, sweetly, agitates;
They closer steal—their hands unite—
Ae chair grows theirs, an' a's delight.

Some pore ower puzzles—kittle thing—
To join the map, or clear the string,
Find out the word some letters make,
Or play at *totum*—prizes the stake;
Raise flimsy castles wi' the cards—
The highest bun or cake rewards;
“Blind Jocky Harry” now elates,
Now “Hunt the whistle” mirth creates,
Or “Jack's alive,” an' then the fun
Redeeming forfeits lost an' won;
Condemn'd on yonder chair is Miss
To stand, till ransom'd by a kiss—
Sweet ransom, which I've leap'd to pay,
Transported, in youth's vivid day;
Ah! doom'd, some birkie, 'mid their
squeals,
Wi' blackit face to match the deil's,

An' then to kiss some aunt or uncle,
Whase face is plough'd wi' mony a runkle.

'Twas thus the day ran scrievan aff,
Mid ploy an' frolic, joke an' laugh,
Until the hostess, wi' a smile,
Proposed that tales the rest aud wile,
That ilk sud tell, be't lang or short,
His story for the general sport,
An' aye resume them day by day,
Until the storm was pass'd away;
Wi' hearty glee the guests agreed,
An' took their various chairs wi' speed.
Just then the minister drapt in—
Nae foe to fun, although to sin—
Attended by a brace o' sons—
Ane train'd to books, and ane to guns—
A Soger this, a Student that—
A nice addition to the chat;
Wi' Dom'nie Dickson hard ahint—
Where'er there's splore he'll aye be in't;
An' these approving, like the rest,
The maister thank'd his reverend guest,
An' prest the worthy wi' decorum
To lead and push about the jorum;
Na, na, quo' he, the midden's yours,
Craw crouselly, an' we'll craw frae ours.
The maister bow'd, syne down he sat,
An' blithely thus began the chat—
But first our company let me paint,
That you an' they may grow acquaint.

THE MAISTER.

The Maister was a man who lived
Just thretty years, an' syne he wived;
His wife and farm his chief delight—
The farm by day, the wife by night;
Baith fertile proved, an', till'd wi' skill,
Bare crops o' corn, an' bairns at will;
He thrash'd them baith, yet neither hated.
Thus chaff frae grain was separated;
Content increased, his children grew,
An' Heav'n ilk Sunday got its due.
Thus life advancing smooth an' clear,
Has brought him past his fiftieth year;
Upon his face guid-nature see,
Wi' humour lurking in the ee,
His form, though waning, yet betrays
The manly mark o' iither days.

THE MISTRESS.

The Mistress, see, still fou o' life—
A mother fond—a bustling wife,
Here, there, an' every where she's seen—
An Argus, though wi' fewer e'en;
O' stature short, an' person trim,
Unlike, yet liking, liked by him;
Enkindling others by the glee
That sparkles in her vivid ee;
By lively sallies, playfu' jokes,
Awaking mirth in dourer folks;
Yet still it's evident to a',
The gudeman's pleasure is her law.
External beauty fades—what then?
Hae worth an' sense nae charms for men?
Shall virtues o' the soul an' heart
Like stars at beauty's rise depart?
Alas! this beauty's aft a bow,
That gilds a cloud and storm below.

JEANIE AN' GRACE.

Behold their daughters, Jean an' Grace,
 In virgin white, an' fair o' face,
 Twin maidens, beautiful alike,
 Though variously their beauties strike.
 The youth o' Loudon toast the pair,
 Uncertain which to deem most fair.
 An archness plays on Grace's cheek,
 Sae richly ripe, sae roundly sleek,
 That still the cheek appears to be
 The fruit o' some forbidden tree,
 Where paradise below it lies,
 An' Love the tempter, lurking to surprise.
 But Jeanie's charms, like eve, unroll
 In silence on the pensive soul;
 Rich jetty tresses veil a skin
 As spotless as the soul within;
 A soft dark ec, just made to melt,
 Betraying still the passion felt;
 The kindling blushes on her cheeks,
 Fortell th' emotion ere she speaks,
 As skies the mornin ere it breaks;
 O, fresh her form frae Nature's mould,
 An' unalloy'd pure virgin gold.

TAMMY.

There's Tammy—Maister Tammas
 yelep

By hinds, an' maids, an' folk, except
 An saucient dame, wha canna learn
 To ca' him aught but "bonnie bairn,"
 Her daintie doo, her pet, her lammy,
 Her winsome marrow, or her Tammy.
 A shrewd queer shaver, fou o' tricks,
 Although they've cost him routh o' licks.
 Whan nine, the maids said, "feckless
 chap;"
 At ten he loup'd into their lap;
 An' at eleven toun'd their tap;
 At twal they cried, "a spunkie chiel;"
 At thirteen, "young mischievous de'il;"
 At fourteen, "queer auld-farrant crater,"
 An' something else some seasons later.
 At length, a winter o' the classes
 Made Tam a deil among the lasses:
 Till now, inspired by course the second,
 The ladies' beau he'd faise he reckon'd.

AULD GRANNY.

On this side o' the chimla lug,
 Auld Granny's cosh wi' feet on rug;
 In easy-chair, an' at her case,
 Rejoicing in the chat an' bleeze.
 Now kecks she through her specs on a'
 Wi' pawky looks—now knits awa'.
 At ilka knee a bairnie stands,
 Upon it rests its tiny hands.
 E'en Baudron's purring at her feet,
 Locks up like them, wi' aspect sweet,
 Upon that faded furrow'd face,
 Where smiles to playfu' smiles gie chase,
 Like ripples ower the summer sea,
 Whan sportive zephyrs ower it flee.

THE MINISTER.

Forencot her, at his case, reclines
 Their Pastor, pleas'd as whan he dines.
 An ankle lolli'g on his kneec,
 He rubs the leg for vera glee.

Wi' grand respect to him she listens;
 At ilka joke her visage glistens;
 While bairns, like mice, in corners keep
 O'eraw'd, nor is there heard a cheep;
 But kindly words, winks, wags, an' jokes,
 Soon round him lure the little folks.
 He deals them sweeties, pats their cheeks,
 O! proud are a' o' a' he speaks.

A placid air o'er spreads his face,
 Where drollery unites wi' grace;
 Benev'lence blent wi' pleasure see
 In holy union in the ee.
 An ample wig, weel curl'd, keeps snug
 Frae winter's rudeness ilka lug.
 Erect he walks, some paunch afore,
 Beneath the burden o' theescore;
 For troth he livesna like a hermit,
 To keep fra savoury things a permit,
 To munch dry roots in rocky cell,
 An' slake his thirst frae chilly well.
 Though envious sectaries may rail,
 He taks his glass, an' sups his kail;
 Yet be it own'd, in moderation,
 Befitting weel his holy station.
 I think wi' him 'twas ne'er intended,
 That man sud starve whan man can mend
 it;

Or like a moaner, in a hammock,
 Abjure his food wi' loathing stomach.
 Nae grit religion, weel I wyte,
 In rumblin' wi' an empty kite;
 Whereas a weel-bless'd wame, I feel,
 Creates baith thankfulness an' zeal.

THE STUDENT.

His son the student's rather squab,
 But gifted greatly wi' the gab;
 Auld wives already see afar
 In him a guid an' guiding star;
 A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
 Which in its season will delight;
 Whan he that burns sae brightly now,
 Withdraws frae earth his spiritual lowe.
 Already half way through the Ha',
 They yearn until he's clear'd it a'.
 What numbers to the kirk will yoke,
 Whan first he comes to feed the flock;
 As bairn, they kent him free an' frank
 Wi' a'—nae matter what their rank—
 His father's flock—God's children they
 The maist approved wha best obey.
 Thus was he early taught to scan
 An' estimate his brither man;
 An' not by claes, or by his purse,
 That aft his folly, this his curse.

Collegian now our spark appears
 Mair serious than besecms his years—
 Appears—for glee is in his heart,
 Aft bursting forth in spite o' art.
 Hypocrisy—perhaps you cry,
 But name not this hypocrisy.
 Hypocrisy demurely cants
 About the virtues which it wants;
 Or violates, while it prefers
 Some hostile vice—thus will err,
 Insults high Heaven, mankind deceives;
 An' glories, troubles, yet not grieves.
 But struggling levity to rein,
 Whan unbecom'g, an' to gain

Due self-possession by restraint,
Is virtuous, not a moral taint.
Airs giddy, volatile, an' gay,
May players suit, not them wha pray :
Nor need the face be sour's a slae.
The pleased composure o' content
We like to see wi' graveness blent.

At first, whan turn'd a young divine,
The youth by logic hoped to shine,
By wretched sophistry, which schools
Ance taught to embryo knaves and fools ;
Which wulings wield to wage offence
'Gainst reas'ning, truth, an' common sense.
Puir dunces, wha conceive it wit
To frisk aside, an' pertly twit ;
Wha toil to vex an' circumvent
Ignoble end o' argument.

Examine—'tis their paltry plan
To cloud the subject you would scan.
Proceed—it straight becomes their aim
T'arrest you, scoff you, or defame.
Is't vanity or dullness dense
That goads, or brainless impotence
Which fires them, as wi' eunuch's spite,
To mar your rational delight ;
T' exhaust you, fret you, and disgust
Wi' quirks, in which they put their trust,
Word-quibbling, when your meaning's
plain,

An' a' th' abortions o' a leaden brain ?

THE WRITER.

A Writer's here,—as pure a wag
As ancient Huddington can brag ;
The Maister's billie, *en famille*,
That is,—wi' wife an' bairns at's heel.
A pawkie loon, wi' oily cheek ;
An' ee just form'd to wink and keek ;
As fou o' roguery as fun,
He laughs at jokes ere weel begun ;
Till drowsy prowers laugh again,
Ridic'ulous grin by growing vain.
Like simple craw, which, flatter'd, thought
Its ilka croak a dulcet note,
Essay the mair to wax jocose,
But, dunce-like, only prove verbose ;
Unconscious, that he's found in them,
An' not their jest, his fav'rite game.

HIS FAMILY.

O' portly size his Spouse appears.
How he *my loves* her an' *my dears* !
While she, benignly and mediate,
Unruffled gazes on her mate :
His jests an' waggery nae langer
Her features ruffle, or her anger ;
But calm she sits among the lave,
As if she mourn'd him in his grave.
Their son and daughter here behold,
He nineteen, and she eighteen old :
O' sylphlike form an' sprightly she ;
O' steady mind an' cozely he,
A clerk at *Leith*, an' doing weel,
Upon his *front* an' honest seal ;
While she unfaulds at boarding-school,
An' *loaves* attract by rote and rule ;
A budgent-hearted merry rump,
A heart o' nature's stamp.

THE CAPTAIN.

Beside her sits the Captain bold,
Sans scarlet, sash, or sword, or gold.
But still the hero's face declares
How little fae or fair he spares.
Some whiaker-remnants an' mustaches,
Yet speak o' killing looks an' slashes ;
A handsome face, a noble port,
Mak leddies spread a grand report.
In light dragons he serv'd a cornet,
At Frenchmen fleeing like a hornet ;
At Waterloo baith gied an' got,
An' by the peace was sent to pot.
The trav'ling name o' Captain gets,
An' lets his daddie pay his debts.

Behold, as by the fair he sits,
He hastes to exercise his wits :
Parades his airs,—now drills the ee
T' advance, retire, or seem to flee ;
The wordy volley's now discharg'd,
Fix compliments ! an' now she's charg'd ;
These, pointed at the female heart,
Dislodge it, by the rules of art ;
For, boldly charged, 'tis odds the wench
Reels, an' is conquer'd like the French.
Ah, *pointed* compliments, like steel,
Will sometimes mak c'en veterans reel !

Yes, maidens ! own, adore his power !
He loves ye—ay, perhaps, an hour.
Sae lang, perhaps, will flatter'd pride
Retain at full affection's tide,
But hope nae mair—love ebbs awa' ;
It's thus wi' vain folks, an' the braw.

Unlike the steady Clerk is he,
Whase love is truth an' constancy.
In bunker snug wi' Jeanie placed,
He shares a pleasure few can taste.
Not his the aim to cut a dash
By vain, affected, heartless clash,
Indulging vanity an' pride.
By courting flattery, not a bride ;
T' exalt himself his only aim,
By means which honest minds disclaim.
No !—self is nought, she's a' in a—
His hope, dominion, an' his law.

THE ACCOUNTANT.

The next we'll tittle to describe
Is baith a cyph'rer an' a scribe :
A shrewd Accountant, frae Auld Reekie,
O' haggiew fund an' cockie-leckie,
Hotch-potch, an' broth fu' thick an' gusty,
Fat brose, to line his ribs fu' lusty ;
O' rizzar'd haddows, fish in sauce,
Sheep's head, an' solans frae the Bass,
Black puddings, collops, cakes at will,
An' plump pandores, wi' Giles's yill.
Ilk year, a score o' times at least,
He stechs himself at strawb'ry feast ;
Thrice ilka summer hires a chaise,
To feed on Roslin's bowery brace ;
Wi' frien's deserts the weary desk,
T' enjoy the wild romantic Esk.
Whate'er his fare, aye minding weel
To hound the whisky at its heel ;
In biting drams, or sprightly toddy,
To course it gaily through the body.
Gude fare he likes, an' hance his kytic—
At least the feeding's got the wye.

Though shouthers braid, an' brawny arm,
Declare it hasna done him harm;
While arch gay looks, shew it produces
Congenial humours, pleasant juices.
But power to Hymen ne'er was gi'en
To fash an' fret, an' keep him lean;
A bach'lor he, wha shrewdly said,
That man by wedlock is waylaid;
It loup upon him, down he's knock'd,
He wakes, is robb'd, an' for it's mock'd.

'Twas thus he jested—but a jest
Is not conviction's rightfu' test;
It only aims to turn aside
The just reproach it canna bide,
An' scoffers at religion jeer,
Because religion blames them here;
As rogues laugh honesty to scorn,
Because its censures are a thorn;
As sensual men the moral jibe,
Because the moral loath the tribe:
In short, this jesting's but a masque
Employ'd when truth declines the task;
In leagae wi' wit t'outrival right
By gilding wrang wi' sallies bright.—

THE DOMINIE.

The Dom'nie see, o' stature short,
But then there's mind an' fancy for't;
He likes the laugh, an' likes to raise it,
He lo'es the jest, an' him that says it;
Wi' Homer, Virgil, an' Joe Miller,
Weel stored,—but unco scant o' siller.
A sticket preacher, as it's tauld,
Ower harum skarum for the fauld.
So prozers say, wha fancy rhyme
Some carnal or incarnate crime;
That Nick, wi' vile poetic lay,
Enticed the artless Eve away.
Indeed, the Dom'nie paas'd the time
For studying Calvin, in vain rhyme;
Till hunger cam, and wi' it sense,
An' yok'd him to, to noun an' tense.
Now arm'd wi' tawe, he struts 'mang
plough-boys;
Spares gentles w'iles, but bastes the cow-
boys.
On holidays wi' farmers dines,
An' fares on Sundays wi' divines.—

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

A spunkie youth, the beau o' Grace,
A midshipman, comes next in place;
Her cousin, fresh frae foreign seas,
Now turn'd adrift to starve at ease.
Already taught to scorn the pelf,
As heedless of it, as o' self;
As careless as the mornin' midge
That dies upon the o'en's sharp edge;
Sae wild an' tricky, yet sae warm,
There's in his prauks a nameless charm.—

THE MAN O' GRIEF.

And, last, there's ane wi' hollow cheeks,
Wha never laughs, an' seldom speaks.
Alake, on pleasures lang departed
He dwells for ay, half broken-hearted!
Then fortune smiled, an' round him threw
A brilliance dazzling to the view;

Then, blushing, to his bosom preat,
His Charlotte blest him, an' was blest.
Soon bairnies, rev'ling on his knee,
Craw'd forth their inarticulate glee;
When lo! misfortune on him fell.
Now puir, he sighs na for himsel.
His wife, his weanies, tine him sleep.
He canna eat, he canna weep.
Their prospects fled, forever fled,
Nae hame remaining—no, no bread.
To toil untaught—to beg ashamed—
By poor men pitied—rich disclaim'd.
In vain his Charlotte strives to smile,
His bairnies play an' prate the while;
The sight but maks him sad an' sadder,
An' thought but drives him mad an' mad-
der;

The mair she smiles, the mair he mourns,
An' mair wi' love an' frenzy burns;
For 'neath the smile the hectic see
Announce the fate she canna flee;
Thus struggling, struggling to be gay,
She melts apace in pale decay,
Then died and wrench'd his heart away. }
An infant son an' daughter left—
Her blest—her best endearing gift—
Like stars to gild the gloom o' life.
That tracks the setting o' a faithfu' wife.
He lived for them—his remnant joy
Was wrapt around his girl and boy.
Ah! death, too, nipt their budding bloom,
An' mark'd them early for the tomb.
The wee things hing their drooping head,
Breathe fast,—look wae,—alake! they're
dead.

In vain, in vain, he dews their bier;
Ah! what avails the groan an' tear!
In vain to foreign lands he flees
The victim o' the heart's disease;—
Now hame he's come, in aged grief,
Mid youthfu' scenes to seek relief;
Whare early life flew jocund by,
Without a care—without a sigh;
Whare Charlotte stray'd all loveliness,
All beauty bloom, an' artlessness;
To muse her men'ry, ower the grave
Whare to her dust his bairns he gave;
Whare soon he hopes to lay him down
In silence, an' rejoice his own;
Escape the broken frame an' heart
Which shroud a grief life ne'er can part.

Thus, having painted young an' auld,
Their tales in order we'll unfauld;
According as the lots they fell,
The tales were tauld, and so we'll tell.
Your favour, gentle reader, give,
O list the poet—bid him live;
Though weakly, timidly, he sing
Weak yet, an' young upon the wing,
He looks to you for fav'ring ear,
Else must he fail to charm or cheer;—
O list his lay, its source is pure,
The maid may read, the good endure.
No fame he seeks in vicious lays,
The canker's in immoral bays, }
But glory in a virtuous praise. }

C. B.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF TIMOTHY TELL,

SCHOOLMASTER OF BIRCHENDALE.

No. II.

CHAPTER III.

SOME years after this, Will Wince, having lost his wife, came to live within half a mile of my house. Will was, like myself, a great lover of books, and read a great deal; but he also used to write occasionally, therein far surpassing me, who never dreamed of such a thing. He has often come to take his tea with me, and shew me some paragraph, or letter, or copy of verses, in the newspaper or magazines, signed Y. Z., or A. B., of which he acknowledged himself the author; which I should never have guessed, or the least suspected, that Y. Z. could possibly be my poor cousin, W. W. One day he came, in unusual spirits, and communicated to me, that he actually held in his hand a newspaper, which contained the advertisement of a work of his, which was just emerging from the press. "Look," said he, exultingly, "look; here I am, in the public prints, by my own real style and title at last. No more Y. Z.'s for me—William Wince, at your service. My bookseller assures me it will take surprisingly; and it is coming out just at the right season—every body in town—and all inquiring for Wince's Treatise. I had rather see this than have a ticket in the lottery. And then the Reviews—though they are plaguy dogs to some poor devils of authors, whom they really seem to have a delight in teasing—we shall see what they will say to my Treatise; not that I care a straw about the matter, say what they will. Do read the advertisement."—He then read, in a loud pompous tone, "In the press, and speedily to be published, a Treatise, Political and Philosophical; setting forth, in a perspicuous manner, the importance of the late Crisis; and embracing every thing that can be said on the subject. By William Wince, &c. &c."

My cousin's raptures continued some time; and he then left me abruptly, saying, he was engaged to leave the next at a neighbour's house. I met him some time after he was gone,

on Will's happiness. I could not help envying him the pride of appearing to the world as an author—as one whose thoughts and meditations, like the gold in the mine, only require to be brought to light, and to receive, at the literary mint, the stamp which gives them value and currency. "Happy, happy Will!" exclaimed I; "whilst I am wearing out a long life in toils and pains which are ever to begin anew, and which have at last but an uncertain reward; far should my pupils attain, in their future walks of life, an eminence great as that of the great Newton himself, it is a thousand to one but the just tribute of praise is not paid to the master of the school at Birchendale. No—though I have dexterously trained each rude indocile mind—though I have, with an unerring and impartial hand, dealt out stripes and study—yea, though I had flayed them all into philosophers—so that from the foundation which I have laid, should rise a superstructure that the universe would admire, yet shall I not gather the due meed of honour. Some other hand will reap the glory which ought to grace my brow—my merits, my cares, will be forgotten—an eternal silence will cover my name, as though indeed I had never lived—as though the master of the village school had never flourished at Birchendale. Behold the difference of our lots! My cousin is at once raised to distinction—his name handed down to posterity—his work immortalized in the reviews—those noble productions of genius, in which truth (it was thus, gentle reader, I once fondly deemed of them) shines forth, adorned with all the graces of criticism. But as for me, when my vocation is finished—when I shall have worn out a weary life in the service of present generations—I shall sink into the silent grave; and posterity, ignorant or ungrateful, will either have forgotten, or never have known, my name."

The evening bell ringing, put an end to my reflections. I went into school

with a mind so given up to bitter cogitations, that it gave a tinge to the occupations in which I usually took so much pleasure. Never had they appeared to me distasteful before this luckless evening; and, verily, my urchins had reason to remember it—some demon of provocation seemed to possess them—they stuttered, and stumbled, and seemed to have made retrograde movements since the morning—I could no more—I broke up the class suddenly; and dealing about ample measures of the tree of knowledge, endeavoured to restore them to their faculties. The exercise proved favourable to the state of my mind; and feeling considerably relieved, I walked out to take my usual round, and resume my meditations on my accustomed seat. Here I ruminated deeply on every possible means of benefitting mankind, through the medium of our glorious press. I pondered on every subject on which I thought myself capable of disserting to advantage, but I could fix on nothing; and I remained wrapt in thought, till I was surprised by the shades of evening, ere I had excogitated anything satisfactory. Happily, thought I aloud, I might work up my last newly-digested prospectus of study for each day of the week, into a treatise on education. My experience, and I may say my success, give me some claim to predicate on that subject. I think it might do. At this moment a large owl, which had perched in the tree over my head, gave a terrific screech, so close to my ear, that I jumped up, as if electrified; and then discerning, for the first time, the approaches of night, I walked rapidly away, more than ever discouraged by the evil augury which I descried in the ominous voice which had saluted my newly-born design. I found Lucy waiting supper for me; but I pushed away my mug of ale and my lettuce, and rejected all the attempts at conversation which she timidly made; and unable to conceal my ill-humour, I went abruptly to bed; but my rest was uneasy, and I was ever and anon startled from my sleep by the fancied screech of the ill-omened bird.

The next morning was the Sabbath. I endeavoured to restore the tone of my mind, by engaging in the duties of the day. I had often lamented that the narrow circumstances of my early youth had prevented my indulging my inclinations for the clerical function. And

though a layman, I often amused myself, during the years of my scholastic labours, with composing discourses, which I fancied might not have been unprofitably predicated from the pulpit. In these I remarked on every occurrence which happened within my seminary, or in the neighbourhood, from which any practical precepts could be derived. That some advantage might arise from these lucubrations, I frequently, on a Sunday evening in the summer, would assemble my young pupils, and to them, together with the few individuals who composed my family congregation, on these occasions I read a few prayers, and concluded with one of my homilies.

While I was engaged in the previous part of the service, I heard an unhalloved sound, in the shape of a snore, proceeding from one of my juvenile auditory. My irritable feeling already unusually excited; could not endure this profanation of time and place. I snatched up this book, which lay by me, and hurled it at the quarter whence the offence arose—it missed the head of the offender, but fell to the ground with a noise which attracted my attention; and when the submissive urchin brought it to me, I received it from his hand with a thrill of delight, for I noticed, for the first time, the bulk of the little volume of homilies which I had been so long in the habit of preparing, and now, imperceptibly, it had increased to a respectable thickness; and, for the first time, it occurred to me, that this, with the addition of my treatise on education, was the embryo from which my future greatness might spring. I grasped it with inconceivable delight—I felt the author rising within me—Scarcely could I finish with decorum the remainder of the service; and when at length it came to me to read one of my homilies, I gave it out with unusual spirit and enthusiasm, fraught with the visions of glory which it inspired. I thought I had never seen my audience so attentive. When the whole was concluded, I dismissed everybody, impatient to indulge the reveries, which the subject suggested. So much was I agitated with the bright prospect which was opening before me, that I scarcely slept more than the night preceding; and I resolved, the next day, to repair to my cousin's, and consult him on this important business.

As soon as I was disengaged from

my scholastic duties, I set forward on my mission, putting my MS. in my pocket, with the intention of giving Will a specimen of my powers of composition. I walked with speed unusual for me, and soon reached his door, which his slipshod maid opened to me. On my inquiring for her master, she told me he was ill, and was not yet out of bed—that she sometimes feared he was a little light in the head, which was always rambling on some nonsense or other about books; and that there was no peace in the house, till it was full of parcels from Mr Typewell's, the bookseller at Carlisle. I asked how long he had been ill. Only since last night, she believed. I went up stairs, and proceeded softly into Will's bed-chamber. All was silent as death, and the room so dark, (the window-shutters being closed,) that I had some difficulty in finding my way to his bed-side. I gently drew aside the curtain, and called him by his name. I was answered by a deep groan. I became alarmed, and opening the shutters, I returned to the bed where he was lying, his face hid by the bed-clothes. I exhorted him to rally his spirits, and not to think of dying—that he was much younger than I, and was to share my property, which, in case of his death, would be impossible, and what should I do for an executor? These words seemed to move him; and raising his head, "What! is it you, cousin?" said he. "Doubtless, it is I," I replied in a soothing tone; indeed I was shocked at the death-like paleness which overspread his face; his eyes were sunk and red. "What aileth thee, Will?" said I—"what is thy complaint?—and what can I do for thy relief?" A long silence ensued; and I was puzzled what manner of exhortation to begin next. At length I said, "Why dost thou hide thy sickness, or thine affliction, from a friend? Perhaps something troubles thy conscience—Speak freely—What is thy besetting sin? or shall I read thee a comfortable discourse out of my manuscript collection, which I have brought with me?" Here Will suddenly burst out, "Oh Timothy! Timothy! oh those damned books—those infernal rascals!" I was again shocked—I had never heard him thus before; and what the maid had said, recurred to me as highly probable; and there was a wildness in

his looks which strengthened my belief, and quite terrified me. I stole quietly to the door, and having put it ajar, returned, and standing at a little distance from the bed, I awaited the event in silence. Presently he started up and said, "I'm a fool—I'm a fool, Timothy—that's all. I am not ill, but sick at heart; and I could not, at the first moment, even to you, relate the cause of my distress; but since you have kindly come to see me, I can't refuse to tell you the whole; but first swear to me to keep my secret. Secret! what do I talk of secrets?—Are not a thousand eyes at this moment staring at my discomfiture—a thousand tongues busily propagating the tale of my disgrace?"

Here he threw himself back upon the pillow, overwhelmed with his misery; but his looks were so much more rational, that I ventured to shut the door, and sat down beside him, waiting the rest of his explanation. "Look," said he, after a while, "at that packet of books on that table; I received them last night from Typewell; he knew my anxiety for the Reviews, in which I had expected it to be noticed. I meant to have rode over to-day to have got them; but with cruel haste to oblige me, he sent me the parcel by the carrier's boy; it was late, but I could not refrain from opening it; and I lighted a fresh candle, and sat down to revel in the delights of exploring these novelties. You may remember my receiving the first copy of my own work, and with what delight I bailed its arrival. Oh, Timothy! its perfume was sweeter to me than all the scents of Araby! I literally hugged it in my rapture; and was some time before I could coolly cut the leaves and see my well-known sentences standing forth in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious print, hot-pressed paper, and broad margin. It was a moment of ecstasy, Timothy. I looked it all over to the very end. It even seemed better in my eyes than when I first wrote it. Well, you will imagine with what anxiety I looked for the critical notice of my production, and with what a flutter of expectation I prosecuted my researches into the contents of the parcel. I found new publications; and at the very bottom were several reviews. I snatched one of them, and eagerly read over the table of contents. I soon spied my Treatise;

and with an unconceivable agitation of spirits, I turned to the article, and fastened my eyes upon it. My candle was dim—I snuffed it; and drawing my chair close to the table, and almost gasping for breath, I began. Judge, Timothy; judge of my feelings, of my horror, when these words met my eye: ‘We do not know who Mr William Wince may be, but this we know, that he has written a very bad Treatise on a subject evidently above his comprehension.’” I felt, indeed, my blood congeal with sympathetic horror; and I believe my countenance was as wan as poor Will’s. He went on: “Shocked as I was at this, I rallied, after some time, and went boldly on, resolved to meet the stroke like a man—to investigate their criticism keenly; and to mark whether they had indeed found any vulnerable part in my work. I felt convinced that the conclusion of my work must challenge their admiration, if they had a spark of taste or honesty in their natures; but what words can express the bitterness of my spirit, when I saw that they had not deigned to say another word concerning my work—not a syllable quoted from it, in arrest of judgment—not an argument brought against it; but after the words which I have repeated to you, follows a long dissertation on the subject which I have handled, I flatter myself, rather successfully; and which, with the different ramifications and considerations belonging to it, they swell into a diffuse and elaborate article of stuff, as inferior, Timothy, (trust me on the faith of an honest man,) as inferior to my Treatise, as light is to darkness. Presumptuous rascals! and am I to bear this? Is this right?—Is it fitting?—And am I an Englishman?—Liberty indeed! empty boast of slaves! a rattle for children. Lying villains!—Is this a review?—Is this criticism?—to try, judge, and condemn a work, without producing the evidence of their sentence? In short, cousin, I confess to you my indignation was so great, I was so confounded with the sense of the injustice done me, that I scarce knew what I did. You see that pyramid of dark dust and ashes on my hearth; and you are to know, that it is all that remains of that vile work, which, in the height of my fury, I sacrificed on the altar of justice; and it perished in the flames, a tribute due

to my injured fame. I sat over it, and watched the last spark extinguished, and the last visible word and letter curl and crumble into destruction: Yes, Timothy; and I have for ever forsworn those infamous productions—never shall they enter my doors again. Three numbers of other critical works remained in my parcel. They made a speedy exit out of my casement last night, never, as I trust, to encounter my eyes again. No words can express the depth and extent of my abhorrence of those volumes, which I denounce to the whole universe as masses of falsehood, vile engines of corruption, those corrupt and venal, heretical and blasphemous, base, canting, hypocritical, execrable; and infernal reviews!”

Here Will was actually out of breath; and I took advantage of the necessary pause in his harangue, to throw in some words of charity and comfort, of which I thought he stood in need. “Prithee, Will,” said I, “compose yourself; this comes, as I have before told you, of setting your mind too much on things of this world. Besides, you know, we should be slow to anger; and, moreover, to return good for evil to those that despitely use us. Now, verily, it doth appear that these most learned reviewers have entreated you a little despitely; but may you not, Will, be a little mistaken in the opinion you have formed of your own work. Perhaps it was hastily compiled; and then, these acute and learned gentlemen, to whom it has been submitted, cannot be deceived on these occasions, believe me. In truth, Will, I feel confident your Treatise deserved their censure; but you may be more fortunate another time. It is very true, an unsuccessful author does not come before the public so gracefully the second time; but take more pains—shew your next attempt to a judicious friend. I’d lay my life, had you shewn it to me previously, this disaster had not happened. But come, be not cast down; you shall find that your disgrace will make no difference in my friendship; you will find me just the same; and these wounds of mortification are doubtless inflicted for your good.” I said much more to the same purpose; but he seemed insensible to the comfort; it seemed like throwing water on hot coals; and he continued to writhe and

grown. I therefore proceeded to tell him briefly of my design of making a volume of discourses, from the MS. I held in my hand; and offered to give him a specimen of my intended work, which would, at the same time, do him good, and pour out consolation in his present calamity. I was about to begin, and had cleared my voice, and seated myself at the foot of his bed,

when he begged I would excuse him; that he had a headache, and a little quiet and sleep would be beneficial to him. After some little expostulation, for I thought he shunned his own good, I yielded, and bidding him farewell, I besought him, like a wise man, as speedily as possible, to forget his misfortune.

CHAPTER IV.

So saying, I left him and walked out of the house, desiring his maid to leave her master to his repose. As I crossed the little court, I came in contact with the critical volumes, which poor Will had thrown out of his window the night before; they were wet with dew—and moreover, had suffered from the depredations of the urchins who had laid their illiterate paws on them, and scattered many a leaf to the winds. I gathered them together, and putting them under my arm, carried them home, with feelings of reverential awe for my burden. When arrived at my house, I locked them up safely, till the duties of the day being completed, I drew them from their confinement, and sat down to enjoy the luxury of perusing them. I found in one of them a review of my poor cousin's Treatise; it was very severe—I read every word most attentively, and could not conceal from myself that I agreed with every thing they said. "Poor Will," thought I, "perhaps he had better write no more; especially as it seems that the family of the Tells will not be destitute of an author amongst them," and my eye glanced triumphantly on my MS. The more I read, the more was I astonished at the extent and variety of erudition contained in the works. I was lost in admiration, as I reckoned the number of subjects of which they treated, and all with the same ease and unerring certainty. "Poor Will," thought I, "it was indeed presumptuous in thee to hope to escape. Here is a judge to whom every department of science is familiar—be it poetry, or prose, or politics, philosophy, religion, metaphysics, with a long train of *et cetera*—it matters not; his omniscience scrutinizes each and all, with wisdom and infallibility. Oh, what a stupendous being must a Reviewer be! What would I not give to hold one! Surely he must be some

hoary-headed man, full of days, and bending under the accumulated weight of wisdom; one would almost imagine he must have as many heads as the fabled Hydra, in which he keeps separate the multifarious stores of his miraculous brains. Oh, that my eyes could be blest with the sight of the author of even one of these astonishing works, before I go hence!" My admiration and enthusiasm for these illustrious writers fermented more and more within me; and there came along with it, an uneasy doubting of my capacity to produce anything worthy of their praise; "and yet," thought I, "the subject of my lucubrations, being so purely pious and edifying, is greatly in my favour; for, doubtless, these venerable elders of our literary commonwealth, must prefer that style of writing to all others; having attained the summit of this world, and from the threshold of eternity looking down on the nothingness of all worldly pursuits, if they do deign to enter into an examination of mere earthly works, they must be greatly more pleased to see placed at the feet of their critical throne, those which create and cherish religious ardour, and which are so purely orthodoxical as my precious Pious Pieces."

Revolving my doubts and hopes, and fatigued with my walk, and with the long investigation I had made of those wondrous books, I fell into a deep slumber—my head resting on the table, and supported by the Review I had been perusing, which lay open before me. I attribute to this circumstance the singular vision which visited my slumbers. Methought I was wandering in a beautiful country, varied with woodland and valley, dell and dingle; and after pursuing for some time this delightful track, I thought I met a youth of a very cheerful aspect, who asked me whither I

was going, and what meant that packet under my arm. I replied, "that I sought the Cave of the Critic, who, I had been informed, dwelt somewhere near, and that I was desirous of throwing myself, and a certain MS. volume, at his feet." He offered to be my guide; and led me through innumerable thickets and tangled woods, till we came to a deep recess in the valley, which was terminated by a high and bare mountain. I stood looking in vain to discover the summit, but its head seemed to touch the clouds, and was lost in space, which my imperfect vision could not pierce. My courteous guide pointed out to me a flight of steps cut in the rock, which he bade me ascend, and at the top I should find the venerable being I sought. The way was long and toilsome—it wound round the mountain, and I soon attained so great a height, that I could not bear to look down on the earth beneath. I thought of the tower of Babel, while I was thus, as it were, scaling the very walls of Heaven—but I hoped without presumption—and I am afraid if it had been the road to Paradise, I could not have been more joyful.

At length the scene changed, and the top of the mountain expanded into a wide open space, where verdure and vegetation were luxuriant. I saw the entrance of a deep grotto, which I knew to be the Cave of Criticism, and fatigued with my ascent, I threw myself on a fragment of rock to look around me.

"Observe," said my guide, "the purity and clearness of the atmosphere in this empyrean region. Here dwells the Renowned Reviewer—placed far above the little vulgar cares of common life, beyond the reach of the fumes of prejudice, and the bigotry of mortals, he devotes himself wholly to the cultivation of that science which is the handmaid of learning." The atmosphere had indeed struck me—its clearness—its sparkling nature—I seemed to breathe in a manner entirely new—and all objects appeared to me as through a different medium. My guide pointed to the ivied portal, and asked me what I thought of the tablet. I saw, in beautiful sculpture, a figure of a fine old man, seated at a table laden with books; his right arm stretched out in the attitude of teaching, and before him knelt, on one knee, a youth

of a most ingenious and lively physiognomy. In this venerable figure I thought I discovered a resemblance to myself, which was heightened by the appearance of a huge rod which lay beside him. My guide informed me, "the bas-relief represented Criticism correcting and instructing Genius, who bent lowly and grateful at his feet.—But let us look within." We advanced to the mouth of the grot—"Now let us stay and observe," said my guide; "you see he is occupied." I looked, and beheld indeed the Genius of the Place, seated before a large table, groaning under the weight of countless multitudes of publications; in every corner of the grot were books upon books, so that it had the air of a vast literary pigeon-house.

"Look," said my guide, "at that ponderous volume which he places in those scales. Those are the balances of Criticism, and in those he weighs every literary performance. See, he puts that huge quarto into one scale; and, in the other, he places a single grain of common sense—Look how the quarto instantly kicks the beam, and almost leaps out of the scale. The Critic shakes his head—look how he casts his gleaming eye to Heaven, and dwells in intense thought on the merits of the case. Do you see that vial of bright liquor beside him? With that he tries all the lighter works of fancy. It has the property of that celebrated liquid which detects gold. The coarse alloy of inferior metal vanishes at its touch—thus genius, imagination, harmony of numbers, remain visible on the touchstone,—he is thus relieved from the immanent trouble of wading through these piles of letter-press, and scanty indeed is frequently the residuum." I gazed in silent wonder—"But come," continued my guide, "it is time to present yourself. This air is too sharp and cutting for one of your age and profession; for I see you are an author," said he, smiling. He then encouraged me to approach the spot where the Critic sat still wrapped in deep meditation. I copied, as nearly as I could, the attitude of Genius in the bas-relief, and laid my volume submissively at his feet. He started, and looking benignantly upon me, asked me what brought me there. I was about to reply, when it seemed to me that a person from behind, placed on my head a cap and bells, which

ring in my ears with such violence, that I seemed in sleep nearly stunned, and waking suddenly, heard the school bell ringing to evening prayers. The look of the benevolent and enlightened Reviewer still dwelt on my memo-

ry; I blessed the happy vision, and resolved to begin immediately upon my work, which being already written, required only the minor exertion of altering, correcting, and transcribing.

CHAPTER V.

I LABOURED unremittingly, and in a few weeks, to my great joy, the work was completed. All this time I saw nothing of poor Will Wince; but I was informed that he had left his house the day after I saw him, and it was not known whither he was gone. I was disconcerted at this—for I was afraid of his committing some rash action in the state of mind he was then in; and I also very much wanted his counsel and assistance. Ever since the vision of my interview with the Reviewer, an idea had been floating in my brain, on which I daily and hourly mused, resolved to mature it, and make up my mind seriously and unalterably before I announced it to my niece. This was nothing more or less than a design of seeking out the Great Critical Colossus, and beseeching his guidance and opinion of my work before I ventured to publish it. I doubted if I should repair to the severe Judgment Hall in the capital of Scotland, or seek the Cave of Criticism in the English metropolis. But I was informed that several of the critics, who are supposed to hold their divan at Edinburgh, are, in fact, inhabitants of London; and I was further induced to prefer the longer journey, as I had in London a friend whom I had not seen for thirty years, but with whom I had contracted a great intimacy some time previous to that period—he was a neighbour of mine, who had married a respectable farmer's daughter, and had set up a tea-shop in London, which prospered well; and, I had been given to understand, was in flourishing circumstances. He never forgot his old acquaintance, and every year I had the pleasure of a letter from him, reminding me where he lived, and telling me of any change of abode, and expressing a great wish to serve me in tea, or any other way. This I took very much to heart, and I endeavoured to repay his attentions by the care I bestowed on his two boys, who were left at their grandfather's in the country, and whom I educated in my best manner.

It was to this worthy person that I resolved to go, and through his means to collect every information necessary for the execution of my design. Sometimes (I will confess) I thought of the length of the journey, the perils of the way, and my own inexperience. One fine summer's evening, early in June, I put the last finish to my MS. I shut up the volume, and clasping it to my breast with transport, I folded it in a long embrace. I experienced for the first time all the feelings of a father—every fond and parental sentiment was kindling within me—and while I held my new-born offspring close pressed to my heart, I felt myself bound by every tie of affection, and by every bond of near relationship, to devote myself to its welfare and prosperity, now about to enter on a wide world—without patrons or friends—with only the author of its being to protect it from the difficulties which it would encounter in emerging from obscurity.

I burst out into a rapturous expression of my feelings; I called it the child of my age—my darling Benjamin—who would continue my name to posterity, when the author of its existence had long laid his silent ashes in the dust—and form a bright link in the chain of glory which connects me with my great ancestor whose name I bear, and whose blood, flowing distinct and clear through a multitude of generations, swells with no unworthy current in the veins of his descendant Timothy, who, in an enlightened age, will leave a monument of his attachment to letters, not inferior to the martial deeds which grace the memory of his great progenitor. I was transported—visions of honours and distinctions danced before my eyes—I heard whispers on all sides, of the excellence of my work—of the utility of its design—of the beauty of the performance. I already saw an eloquent panegyric in the Critical Registers, and my heart bounded to think that a luminous spot would mark the place of

my nativity—that my residence would be eagerly inquired after—that I should be sought and visited by all travellers who passed near my dwelling. I was so intoxicated with all these images, that I felt I should never have a more favourable opportunity of declaring my intention to my niece—as I felt a supernatural strength, which would enable me to contend with all the obstacles her tenderness would raise. Accordingly, after clearing my voice several times, and still folding my MS. to my breast, I began. “Niece, it will be necessary that you put my apparel in readiness for a journey.”—“A journey, uncle!”—“Yes, Lucy; don’t interrupt me—a journey. In a day or two, at farthest, I shall be obliged to set out on a journey of some length.”

“Oh, if you mean to Carlisle, uncle, you know you have promised to take me with you these ten years, and we have never been yet.”—“Child,” said I, “you know not what you say. I must prepare for a much longer journey than that you speak of; neither can you accompany me. Business of great importance obliges me to go to London.” The word was out. I wish my readers could have seen my niece’s face as I pronounced it. Her astonishment was quite amusing; she had no idea exactly where or how far off London was; but it was the remotest boundary of her geographical conceptions, and she had no notion of any thing beyond it. “Yes, child,” said I, again firmly pronouncing the name, “to London,” (and I felt I gained courage every time I pronounced it,) “to London must I go, and forthwith; my destinies call me there,—the good of my family, the honour of my name, nay, the welfare of mankind, is concerned; but I will not tarry longer than the time needful to execute my high emprise; and when I return, Lucy, I hope thou wilt have no cause to blush for thy uncle.” Poor Lucy was so overwhelmed with surprise, that my last words failed to comfort her. “And will you go, my dear, dear uncle,” at last cried she, “alone, too, on such a journey, and to such a place! and where you are quite a stranger, and will be lost, if not murdered? Oh, oh!” and she burst into a flood of tears. All this I had expected; and though it must be confessed, that, as she enumerated the

dangers, I felt my courage begin a little to waver, yet I resolved to put a bold face upon it, and at once to check Lucy’s importunity, which, if indulged, might shake my confidence.—“Child,” said I, “I make no doubt I shall encounter some difficulties—the path of life is full of them—but, I trust, none of the dangers you anticipate. You know I have a friend in town, under whose hospitable roof I shall be perfectly safe; were it otherwise, I own, I might hesitate about going; but I have an important mission to execute, which admits of no backslidings. Know then, Lucy, that I have an only child, whose welfare depends solely on my exertions. Would you counsel me to leave it to perish alone in the great whirlpool of the metropolis?” Lucy looked aghast. “See,” said I, hastily unfolding my MS., (fearful lest my declaration should lead her to surmise disadvantages to my character,) “see this tender babe; and know further, Lucy, that I am about to conduct this valuable work to that great city, the Mistress of the World for arts and sciences, for arms and heroes, for all the glories of war, and all the delights of peace; but for nothing more illustrious than for her literary renown. She fosters in her arms her laborious sons, who love to spread the sails of her commerce on distant oceans; but she folds to her maternal breast her darling children, who still add stone upon stone on the pyramid of her literary greatness. Yes, she, amid the general corruption and slavery of nations, she alone has remained free from the contamination of arbitrary power, that glorious bulwark of literary and personal liberty, the freedom of the press! Marvellous metropolis, which beckoneth to thy walls the favoured sons of Britain! I long to hail thy gates, thy towers, thy palaces; for there, and there only, shall I see literature flourish in perfection. I am impatient to lay my offering humbly at the foot of your luminous throne—to enrol my name in the honourable list of those who have contributed to raise the glory of thy country.—Yes, child, I am resolved to depart; and if I perish in the attempt, so have many martyrs before me. Go, and obey my voice. I feel an irresistible impulse to this enterprize, which you will vainly combat. The day after to-morrow, at

break of dawn, shall I be seen, my loins girded, my sandals on my feet, departing from my threshold, and setting out on my pilgrimage." Lucy still looked petrified with amazement throughout my speech, and gathering from the conclusion that my purpose was irrevocable, she gave herself up to tears.

My own eloquence had worked me up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that I saw her emotion unmoved. Indeed I gloried in such a testimony of the dangers I was about to encounter; and Lucy's tears now only animated me to an heroic contempt of such considerations. "Be comforted, my child," said I; "I will return as speedily as the nature of my mission will permit. Ten days or a fortnight will, I trust, restore me to my beloved home and darling niece; therefore, use your reason, of which you have enough for a woman. You must submit to what is irrevocable, and in this case it is a sin even to repine; for it is not more my will than the will of Providence, that I should take this journey. My work is dedicated to the service of religion and virtue; in these evil days, piety has more enemies than friends. I shall render an important service to the cause, by giving to the world a work (I may say thus much without vanity) eminently calculated to revive true piety. No hasty catch-penny production, but the result of a long and contemplative life, written in the vigour of my mind, chastened and corrected in the maturity of my judgment—a work replete with pure morality, the very essence of true religious fervour, Christian charity, eloquent orthodoxy, forcible argument, and elegant language; but I will not, my dear, anticipate the *Critical Journals*; you will there see the subject better handled—it does not become an author to praise himself. The intention of my journey was what I purposed explaining to you. Well, I go to town, then, to further the publication of my work; but the primary and grand object of my great undertaking, is to request a previous interview with the great pillars of criticism, the *Reviewers*. Armed with their approbation, and my work benefited, perhaps, by their strictures, I shall step, without fear or risk, on the theatre of the public—I shall see my name lifted on the

shelf of divinity—I shall not have lived in vain; but, enjoying the respect of the good and wise, and the envy of the wicked, I shall return, my child, covered with glory to my dwelling, which, peradventure, will be honoured with many a visit of veneration to the author of '*Pious Pieces*.'

I do not know which of all my topics of consolation was most effectual; but I was glad to see something like resignation dawn in Lucy's countenance. She began to dry her tears; but she now assailed me on another quarter, urging upon me the necessity of her personal attendance and assistance in such an enterprise; and throwing her arms round me, she besought me to take her along with me. I found occasion for all my fortitude here; but I exerted it, and came off victorious. "Child," said I, gently repressing her, "you know not what you ask. London, which, though I have never seen, I know very well, (for I have read much, child,)—London, I say, is a very unfit place for a young woman; so unaccustomed as you are to the fatigues of travelling, you would impede my progress. No, Lucy, a woman should be a home-keeper, no busy-body, &c. and if you want further instruction on that head, I desire you would, in my absence, learn the 5th chapter of St Paul's Epistle to my namesake Timothy, which will give you clear notions of your duty. You, in conjunction with my faithful domestic, will look to the ways of the house, and will abide in safety my return. Go, child, and prepare me changes of raiment sufficient for the emergency. I must give my mind to more important cares." Lucy shed a few more tears; but accustomed to obey, she soon dried them, and, with tolerable cheerfulness, went to execute her share in my preparations, for an event still grievous to her. Activity is the soul of cheerfulness; and soon busily immersed in the engrossing concerns of darning and hemming, it would have been difficult for a spectator to have discovered that the result of her operations was to be so painful to her; but I perceived a tear now and then start into her eye, as she vainly endeavoured to thread her needle; but I carefully abstained from noticing it, and she proceeded diligently with her work.

CHAPTER VI.

LUCY'S exertions were so indefatigable, that the next day she announced to me the readiness of my wardrobe. I resolved to encumber myself with as few trifling concerns as was possible, and to devote my whole mind to that one object in which all my anxiety centred. I had fortunately a best suit of clothes still very good. Once in five years I had a complete new change of raiment; and as the present was now only a little past the middle period of its existence, I deemed them sufficiently respectable for the first appearance of the Author of Pious Pieces before the Tribunal of Criticism. Lucy also stored my baggage with whatever she thought could contribute to my comfort if I was ill, and to my enjoyment if I was well; which last, however, was a state she could not anticipate for me absent from home. My great solicitude was how to dispose of my MS. Lucy suggested the bottom of the portmanteau, as the post of greatest security. "True," said I, "Piety is a good foundation for every thing." I mused upon this, but presently suggested that I might use the portmanteau. Lucy shuddered at the idea. I saw that the linen held at least an equal place in her consideration, but I suppressed my disdain of such a mark of ignorance. We were both at a loss. "If," said I, "I lose my portmanteau, I lose my all."—"Linen and all," said Lucy. "Manuscript and all," said I, "is gone for ever. If I carry it about my person, and any accident befall me, my MS. would then be lost to the world; whereas, if I myself perish, it might be preserved by being in the portmanteau."—"Heaven forbid," cried Lucy, sighing deeply, "that any accident should befall you." We both sat down, gazing alternately on the portmanteau and the MS. "I am of opinion," said I, at length, "that it will be better for me to carry it about my person—so secured, as to be in no danger of dropping it. Should any thing befall me, you, child, will hear of it; and you will take care, when you receive my poor remains, to search for, and secure the immortal part of me—viz. this MS., which, I trust, will live to be admired by distant posterity. But be not cast down;

VOL. XII.

I will hope the best even for my corporeal existence—In what part of my dress shall I conceal my treasure?"—"In this large pocket, I think, uncle, it would lie safely."—"Ah! Lucy, you little reck of the danger of wearing in your pockets things of such inestimable value in the town of London. Do you remember Farmer Ashley's story of the Pickpocket?" Lucy was alarmed. "What, then, should you think of my sewing it within the skirt of your coat, or between the doubles of your waistcoat, uncle, in front?"—"Ay, Lucy," said I, charmed with the idea, "let it be so, and on the left side—let it be next my heart—it shall be to me a talisman, which shall refresh me in fatigue, strengthen me in the hour of danger, and bear me on through every difficulty to the fruition of my hopes." This being determined, I took a last affectionate look at my MS. previous to its imprisonment; from whence, however, I trusted it would emerge in glory that would compensate its present obscurity. The ingenious Lucy stitched it within the ample lapel with a multitude of stitches. When the work was completed, I put on the waistcoat to try the effect. Lucy feared the weight would be unpleasant to me, but I felt not the inconvenience—I gloried in the burden. "And thus," exclaimed I, in a fervour of delight, "should every man wear his Piety at his heart!" Having thus finished my most important preparation, I began to put my worldly affairs in order—these lay in a small compass—the vacation had just commenced—my accounts closed—my toils overpast. I lined my purse with a sum that I calculated would be necessary for my expenditure; and I trusted that would not be much, as I was to be lodged at the house of my friend Hysan. I resolved to set off at break of dawn next day, and hired a boy to carry my portmanteau to Carlisle, whither I was determined to walk myself also, and take my place in the first stage that was setting out for London. All being thus arranged, I gave myself up to the contemplation of the new and extraordinary career I was about to run. When night came, the agitation of my spirits was

too great to permit me to sleep—I started continually. The sound of the coach rushing past me, and my ineffectual efforts to detain it, harassed me continually. But at last I was in a sound sleep, when I was roused by the croaking voice of my old female servant, who called me at break of day, according to my orders. I rose instantly, and dressed myself in all haste. With indescribable feelings of pride I invested myself with the garment containing the hidden treasure; and having snatched a hasty meal, and bid adieu to my niece, with many admonitions for her conduct in my absence, I departed from my beloved home.

It was the first time in my life that I had crossed the threshold of my dwelling with the intention of quitting it for any length of time. It was a perfectly new sensation to me, but I scarcely heeded it—the tone of my mind was so exalted, I felt, (in spite of my loaded bosom), so light-hearted, that I had no room for grief. I thought only of the harvest of glory I was about to reap, and the delight of my return. I seemed, for some little way, to tread upon air, and my attendant with my portmanteau had some difficulty in keeping up with me; but when I had gained the little ascent which is about half a mile from our village, and turned me about to take a last look, and descried its cheerful aspect through the trees, its white smiling cottages, and my own habitation rising with majesty above all others—the church, whose bell I had obeyed full many a time on each successive Sabbath—when I thought of my poor Lucy, left solitary and grieving for me, whose filial duty and cheerful obedience I was so much accustomed to; and when I looked round and felt myself alone in a wide world, a world, too, so unknown to me, I cannot but confess that a feeling of dejection and discouragement crossed my soul; but I would not give way to it, as my attendant was then approaching fast to overtake me, and I was resolved that no tale of my weakness should be carried back to the village: therefore, stretching out my arms in a long embrace towards that dear spot, “may I return to thee in honour,” cried I; and then quickly turning my back upon it, I hastened on again as before. Every step that I took began to remind me of the day

(how far distant!) when my steps measured the self-same road in company with my two brothers. It was a subject on which I could never think without being softened; and in the present heightened state of my mind, it was an easy transition from one emotion to another. As that had been the only distant excursion I had ever made, so I had paid remarkable attention to every circumstance of it; and now every turn of the road had its association of feelings, every stone had a story to tell. Then rushed on my mind the contrast of the sequel, with the hopes, the phantoms of joy and prosperity, which had danced in our imaginations in the course of that walk; and along with this came a doubt, a misgiving of the success of my present fondly-cherished hopes, which might be equally elusive. It was too much—I walked on, scarcely seeing my path, so dimmed were my eyes with these recollections. Afraid to indulge such a train of thought, I endeavoured to rouse my spirits—the pure and somewhat keen air of the morning braced me—I tried to listen to the carolling of the birds, and watched the appearance of the resplendent orb of day, which came, as it were, at a hand-gallop from beneath the horizon, and at once all nature seemed to beam with joy at the sight of his glorious countenance. I determined to keep near to the lad who served as my guide, and endeavoured still further to shake off my despondency, by entering into conversation with him. “Young man,” said I, “doubtless it is not the first time thine eyes have been regaled with a sight of the majesty of the orb of day rising in all its splendour. No doubt, amidst the avocations which have fallen to thy lot, it is thy daily delight to mark the first appearance of the solar ray, to observe the twittering of the birds, how they welcome the God of their idolatry, and how all creation salutes him with a grateful smile? Perhaps thou hast never yet met with an enlightened instructor to teach these things to thee.” The boy was close behind, but, hearing no answer, I turned round sharply, and seeing him look quite unconcerned, I chid his inattention, repeated the better part of what I had said, and, in conclusion, “I will explain to thy untutor’d mind this daily phenomenon, this glorious, though trite spectacle, which, if it oc-

curred but once in one's life, would fill the rest of it with wonder. What is thy unassisted idea of the solar system?"—"Anan," said the boy, taking off his hat, "did you speak?"—"Anan!" said I, indignantly, "have you not been listening to what I said?"—"Anan!" said the boy again, with provoking simplicity, "I'm a little hard of hearing; but it an't more than two miles now." I was vexed at this obstacle which presented itself to impede the boy's opportunity of gaining so much instruction, but time would not allow of my tarrying to thunder knowledge into his ears; therefore I was obliged to give up the attempt, even though the poor boy should go to his grave without an idea of the Solar System; and thus prevented from diverting my reflections, I was once more insensibly thrown back into them, in spite of the loveliness of the morning, the inspiring melody of the birds, and the exalted nature of my mission.

At that early hour, no part of the human creation was visible, save only myself and my attendant. It seemed as if the world, into which I was entering for the first time, was an unpeopled desert. I felt an awful kind of melancholy as I proceeded through this solitude, and yet I wished it would thus continue; for I dreaded encountering multitudes of creatures whom I knew not, and I had an indistinct fear of the novelty of all that awaited me. At length we entered the outskirts of the town, where all was still silent as the night. I had walked fast, and heedless of the exertion I had made; I now felt overpowered with fatigue, and was glad to seat myself on a piece of timber by the road side, and rest my wearied limbs. I cast a look back at the length of way we had past; and my mind returned to my home and Lucy. They appeared at an immeasurable distance; my heart seemed to die within me. I balanced for a moment whether I should not return and abandon a scheme so pregnant with danger. I was ruminating on the subject, when the boy reminded me we might be too late for the coach—the moment was fortunate—the vigour of my strength and spirits were returning from the rest I had taken, and without allowing further time for parley with my treacherous fears, I pushed on with alacrity, ashamed of the backsliding of the moment.

"No," said I aloud, "it shall not be said that Timothy Tell turned back from his way, on the very threshold of his enterprize. No, I will not abandon my vocation—No," said I, striking my bosom, "sacred trust, thou shalt be endeared to me by many perils."

My concealed breast-plate returned a pleasing sound, which cheered me inexpressibly as I strode through the long streets, which were entirely empty, till I came into that where I saw the coach standing at the door, in which I was to embark. There were several figures grouped here and there, and flitting about, but all with something of the serenity of sleep upon them; there was no stir, no bustle. It was just six o'clock—the church pealed the hour at that moment—the coach was ready—I took my place in the only vacant seat left—I saw the coachman take out a huge silver watch, and say he must be off, and he mounted the box as I seated myself. I had no sooner found myself fairly in the power of this machine, than I felt the die was cast. "Now, Fortune," thought I, "do thy worst." Every overpowering emotion burst at once upon me; I found the tears following each other swiftly down my cheeks. I blushed at such an introduction to my fellow-travellers, and hastily snatched my handkerchief to conceal my emotion; but what was my surprise to find I could not draw it from my pocket. An invisible power seemed to detain it there; I made several violent efforts to extricate it from this extraordinary thralldom, but in vain; and then brushing away the waters of sorrow as well as I could, I examined into the mysterious cause of the detention of my handkerchief; but how much was I surprised to find that Lucy had, with superabundant care, stitched the corner of it to the inmost recess of the pocket; terrified, I suppose, by my alarming representation of the light-fingered gentry of the metropolis. I could not help smiling at the ingenious device; but I looked round eagerly, to assure myself that no one had noticed it; for I was fearful it might be construed by my fellow-travellers into a suspicion of their honesty; and I should have been grieved if my first introduction to a new society, had been an act of offence on my part.

CHAPTER VII.

WE were now actually in motion. The novelty was so great to me, and the alarm I felt at every jolt so considerable, that I could not conceal it, nor check the first rising repinings that I had intrusted myself and my treasure to such a strange machine. But after a while, finding we still rolled and jolted on without any perceptible injury, and that none of the rest of the party seemed to participate in these terrors, I endeavoured to tranquillize myself, and had leisure to look round at my fellow-travellers. Three of the male sex occupied the front seat; on the back sat an elderly and a young woman, and myself. I made many apologies to the ladies on getting in, fearing I should crowd them. The young woman assured me I did not, but the old one said nothing. Of the gentlemen, one was a cheerful-looking middle-aged man, of a very plump good-humoured appearance. The one in the middle was a grave-looking personage, of a most singular physiognomy; he was dressed in black, and his whole air and demeanour indicated seriousness of character. But there was something in his countenance that puzzled me very much;—a tremendous long nose and chin, sharp black eyes, with a considerable cast in one of them, and an air of something in his face that attracted my notice and curiosity from the first moment. He seemed also very observant of me; and I saw him from time to time throwing long penetrating looks at the whole party. The sixth traveller, who occupied the corner seat, was a young and not agreeable-looking gentleman. He sat drawn up within himself in the corner, with a most unapproachable aspect, but whether from ill-humour or affliction, I knew not. We all travelled on in perfect silence for a considerable time. I was too much taken up with my thoughts to converse, and so it seemed with the rest of the party. At length the good-humoured man in the corner opposite me began to make several observations, which excited no reply, but by degrees the young woman joined in the conversation; this dawn of sociality was further cherished, by the same gentleman offering a pinch of snuff all round, which was accepted by all, except the young gen-

tleman and old lady. This overture was followed by many general remarks on the road, the weather, &c. by the same gentleman, who seemed of rather an inquisitive disposition, and began to put questions to the silent young man in the corner, whose answers were so repulsive, that I wondered at the courage of the questioner. At length he said, "From the north, sir, or from the Lakes, may be?" A slight bow was the reply. "A long journey, sir—a very long journey; all the way to London, I presume, sir?"—"To the devil, sir, I believe," said the young man, with a look of anger and contempt which quite shocked me. After this he drew a book from his pocket, on which he fixed his eyes, as if intent on study. The talkative traveller seemed a little mortified, and left his unhelpful fellow-traveller to his own cogitations, addressing his discourse to the rest of the party. I ventured at length to join in now and then, which seemed to be well received, and I went on more boldly. I spoke to the young woman next me, and asked her if she were not afraid of travelling in a coach.—"Afraid!" said she; "no, indeed; I am too well used to it to feel any fears."—"Truly, indeed!" said the loquacious traveller; "what should you fear? no one need fear any thing who carries with them such a pleasant agreeable look as that young lady does. For my part, give me good-humour and agreeableness—that's all I care for."—"I agree with you perfectly, sir," said the middle traveller of the grave look, breaking silence for the first time—"I agree with you; such a countenance as that young lady's is a letter of recommendation all the world over."—"Why, ay—learning's a very fine thing, and the University's a very fine thing, but what does it all come to, if it don't make a man a whit more agreeable for all that?" Some significant glances directed the observer to the real object of these remarks. The young lady smiled, and said they were pleased to compliment her, but that there was no great merit in being cheerful when there was nothing to put us out of humour; which might not be the case with every body. This good-natured speech had its effect, and calmed the somewhat ruffled brow of our talker. "Well, I'm sure I'm not

one that's unwilling to make allowances. Now, I dare say, miss, you could give us as good a discourse on patience, and fortitude, and that sort of things, and, I'll be sworn, a better example of both, than any university-man in the world—I hate universities.—I do like to see people make themselves agreeable—that's the true thing—Don't you think so, ma'am?" said he, addressing the old lady, who sat in the corner opposite the repulsive young gentleman, with her mouth pursed up, and exhibiting a tolerably accurate reflection of the expression in the countenance over-against her. "I think, sir, every body has a right to please themselves; and I don't see but what as much harm as good comes of them agreeable folk—I don't know what people go for to be so agreeable about, not I, unless it's for some bad purpose of their own." The old lady had been evidently nettled at the attention and compliments paid to the young woman, and she cast a supercilious glance at her young neighbour at the conclusion of this speech, drawing herself away as far into the corner as she could. "Thank you, madam," said the man in black, with a profound bow, "all this company and myself are infinitely indebted to you for this clue to your looks; you have put us all effectually on our guard against your first smile—That frown was to me so full of terrors, that I was far indeed from possessing that degree of civil courage which has enabled my more valiant friend here to address you; and it is indeed unwelcome intelligence to find that a change of aspect may only make our condition worse." I thought the gentleman's speech a little out of her comprehension, and I own it puzzled me—(but I have learned that there are many things in the world one must be content not to understand; it was not so at Birchendale—there I knew every thing,—at least, if I did not, nobody did).—The old lady only answered with a look of contempt, and satisfied her feelings, whatever they were, by giving a wider circuit to the compass of her arm, as she took her next pinch of snuff, which she scattered with a liberal hand, and which the middle traveller, the gentleman in black, received with mock humility and low obeisances, as it fell on the sleeve of his coat.

Soon after, a heavy shower of rain came on; and as it came in pretty

on the stiff silk gown of the elder lady, she hastily drew up the sash. No sooner had this been done, than the silent traveller, who had been leaning back with his arms folded, and apparently asleep, (though I observed his eye quickly follow this movement of the opposite party,) suddenly raising himself, violently let down the glass, and as instantaneously a shower of large drops was saluting the habiliments of our old lady. This, it seemed, was too powerful an appeal to her feelings and passions; and though she had seemed previously to range herself rather as a partizan on his side, she now forgot all sympathies, and broke out into an angry expostulation with her unpromising opponent, whose countenance assumed a sober and settled expression of the strongest contempt. Seeing how totally unmoved and disdainful of answer he sat, the lady lost all self-command. "What! don't you see my best lutestring gown will be spoilt, sir?—sir, indeed!—but I am sure you can be no gentleman, to misconduct yourself in the way you have done to me, and all these here gentle-folks, ever since you've been in the coach. Gentleman indeed!—why don't you ride outside, if you want air?—I'm sure it's the fittest place for such as you—I tell you I will have the window up!"—and she made a violent struggle to raise it; but she could not extricate the cord from the determined grasp of her antagonist, who continued apparently to read, while his countenance, even when his eyes were bent downwards, indicated awful emotions of wrathful contempt.

The shower still increasing, the lady's fury was redoubled, and the expression of her anger became quite thrcatching. At last his temper seemed thoroughly roused from the contempt he would fain have assumed; and starting up suddenly, and calling to the coachman, he asked him if that woman had not taken and paid for an outside-place.—"Woman! woman, quotha!" cried the exasperated dame, "learn to speak to your betters!—for I'm sure there isn't a tinker nor a chimney-sweeper as would not be more the gentleman than you, you villain!"—"Coachman!" cried the gentleman again, with the utmost calmness, "here's a snadwoman in the coach, and that's illegal—I'll have you fined at the next town, if you don't take her on the box into your own custody."

I felt quite terrified at this intelligence, and looked round at the rest of the company with some dismay; but a smirk on the countenance of the middle traveller, who seemed to look, as I thought, maliciously pleased with the scene, reassured me. The inquisitive traveller looked on with a face of eager curiosity, but the young woman seemed perfectly distressed, and in a low tone attempted to soften the rage of her unfeminine neighbour. In the meantime, the young man, in corroboration of his threat, made as if he would open the door, calling to the coachman, in an authoritative voice, to stop. "Why, Lord, sir!" said the old lady, much intimidated, "an't you ashamed to treat a body in this manner?—Mr Coachman, don't stop—I'll inform, I'll inform, as sure as you live!—A pretty pass, truly!"—and then her fury rising again, which fear had overcome for a moment, she poured forth such a volley of abuse and provoking epithets upon her merciless opponent, which far be it from me to repeat—(for I have ever highly censured the licentiousness of authors who, in relating their adventures, think it necessary to tell every thing they hear and see, whether it is fitting or not.)—But to return—The young gentleman, nettled by her expressions, protruded his person entirely out of the window, calling out vehemently, "Here's a madwoman!—stop! stop!" The old lady immediately raised her voice to the highest pitch, to drown his; and working herself up to a degree of frenzy, appealed to us all, commanding and entreating us by turns to say whether it was not an infamous falsehood.—"Am I mad, sir—am I?—was I mad, ma'am?—If I'm mad, I'm sure he's the devil himself in that inhuman shape."—"Why, madam," gravely answered the middle traveller, "I'm greatly honoured by your condescending to apply to me, as I am sure are all the rest of the company. As to the particular point in question, it would be presumptuous, and perhaps harsh, in so new an acquaintance, to pronounce you actually *non compos*; but I should still say (on honour) *demens*—a little *demens*. But I consider it merely a temporary aberration—I attribute it solely and entirely (upon my honour I do) simply to a little intoxication—I am always ready to take the part of a wronged person. I do therefore, madam, aver, and will maintain,

that any derangement of intellect which may strike the observation of the good company, may only arise from an extraordinary sup of coniac or whisky, with which you might have been tempted to fortify your stomach."

The storm of fury which now turned and burst on this new aggressor, was a sensible delight to the silent traveller, who rewarded his ally with a splenetic smile, the first into which he had been betrayed since he entered the coach. The old lady, overcome with passion, threw herself back, and gave way to a violent fit of hysterics. The young woman gave her every assistance in her power, and attempted to sooth her. I confess the poor woman's case interested my compassion, and I could not avoid taking up her cause; for I thought, her age and sex considered, she was hardly dealt with. "Sir," said I to the young gentleman, "I must needs say, I think the laws of Christian benevolence condemn your conduct to this lady."—"Sir," said the young man, addressing me for the first time; "if you are the keeper intrusted with the care of that insane woman, I am satisfied. I hold you responsible for her annoying me;" and so saying, he wrapped himself up in tenfold disdain, and resumed his studies. I was perfectly confounded; to be introduced to a new set of acquaintance, on my first coming out in the world in such a character, was intolerable. As soon as my consternation allowed me to speak, "You mistake this matter entirely, sir," said I.—"Mistake!" cried the old lady; "don't go to argue with such as he—we are both too good for them," said she, addressing herself to me, and very much soothed by my interference, but much more by the cessation of the rain; and the welcome rays of sunshine restored something like harmony to the community; in which still, however, a smothered fire was observable, which emitted a few sparks when judiciously blown. The good lady was now occupied in shaking her gown, and brushing the drops from the handkerchief on her neck, which was abundantly sprinkled with snuff, as well as rain, and which had formed a sort of paste of no very delicate appearance.

"This shower has happily laid the dust for us," said the provoking middle traveller, looking slyly askance at the snuff, "which otherwise I was

fearful every breeze would have wafted towards us." (The splenetic man smiled again.) "Them as are so fond of showers should sit outside," retorted the lady; "it suits them there vulgar ideas much better."—"I protest, madam, it was principally on your account that I rejoiced in the plentiful supply of air and water, afforded us by my neighbour, who, I doubt not, had also your good in view—in hysterical cases no better remedies can be found—though I never remember to have seen it applied to a lutestring gown; yet there is so much novelty in all departments of science, that it may be now the most efficacious

mode." As the middle traveller always spoke in a tone perfectly gentle and respectful, the old lady was sometimes puzzled how to take what he said; and where her sagacity was at fault, she always sneered and shewed him the most decided contempt, which he received with due meekness. As for me, I was perplexed and mortified; I sat witnessing the strange scene before me, in an uneasy silence, and I was glad when we arrived at the inn, where we all stopped to dine, to see that the splenetic traveller left the party the moment we alighted at the inn.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE gentleman whom I have designated as the middle traveller, performed the part of master of the ceremonies, in which he was extremely good-humoured and facetious. I was rather vexed, when at one time he asked me if I permitted my patient to drink wine—but I took no notice, as I wished to avoid altercation; and the repast finished, we all set out again—and every body, I believe, was pleased to find that the silent gentleman did not join us. His presence had imposed considerable restraint on some of the party; and our spirits seemed relieved from a burthen, and now rose in proportion. His place in the vehicle was taken by a little insignificant-looking man, whose appearance was of that negative character, which, while it promised no agreeable addition to our party, seemed at least to secure us from anything offensively disagreeable. The talkative traveller still took a prominent part in the conversation, informing us that he was a tallow-chandler in the city, who, from successfully vending his moulds and his dips, almost had made a round sum, and retired to live on the fat of the land; and after dwelling on this topic with great complacency, he began to ply us with questions in return. The young woman said she was going to Huntingdon, to nurse a sick aunt. He then began to sift me a little; but I evaded his inquiries, partly from prudence, partly from modesty. I did not choose my business should be known, especially as I felt the keen eye of the facetious gentleman upon me, and I congratulated myself inwardly, that (from the squint before mentioned) I could only

be subjected to one at a time. The Inquisitor then addressed the older lady, who very bluntly replied, that "her business concerned no one but herself."—"And that respectable gentleman," said the middle traveller, bowing to me.—"I knows nothing of this here gentleman," replied she fretfully, "except his civility to me just now. I don't know what you are driving at; no good, I dare to say, or you would have spoken as well as he, to that deuce of a man who was so impertinent to me."—"I beg your pardon, madam; I don't know to which of the two the partnership gives offence; but when two people agree to keep a secret, it looks suspicious, especially when every body else tells theirs." He looked at me and the old lady during this speech in so strange a manner, that I began to feel quite uneasy; and at length very much distressed, I stammered something: "Indeed, sir, I have no secret; that is, no particular secret; and as to this lady, you are quite mistaken in your supposition; for I never had the pleasure of seeing her before."—"Oh, I see, sir, clearly how the matter stands; you are a man of the world, sir, and know what you are about perfectly; you need be at no pains to persuade the present company of that; your secret cannot possibly be in better keeping. Pray, sir," continued he, eyeing me closely as he spoke,—"Pray, sir, you will pardon my inquiry; but have you not travelled a vast deal? It occurs to me, that I once passed you in the streets of Moscow, just in the turn-up to the Kremlin, if I am not mistaken, and perceiving before me a very respectable clerdy gentleman, I made way for you

to pass, which you acknowledged by a very polite bow. I am delighted to renew the acquaintance thus fortunately."—"Indeed, sir," said I, interrupting him, "you must be mistaken; it could not be me."—"Oh, pray, sir, don't take the trouble to deny it; indeed it is not worth while; I am sure what I heard of you afterwards was no way discreditable, though, to be sure, it made a little noise in Russia."—"I solemnly assure you, sir—" "Pray, don't, sir; I don't stand in need of assurance, upon my honour I don't; I am far above prying into any gentleman's private affairs. You have your reasons, I doubt not. It struck me from the first, that you must have been a great traveller in foreign parts, and have been much accustomed to foreign manners; because you did not seem quite at home in our own. That may easily be; the customs and manners of other nations, must have made such a jumble in your mind, that our old English manners, dress, and habits, are become strange to you."—"Well, I am surprised," said the talkative traveller; "I am sure nothing could make me forget Old England; and I don't think the man that does, deserves to live there; that's all I say—no offence, I hope; but when an Englishman learns to be more of a Frenchman, or a Russian, or a Turk, or whatever outlandish ways it is that this gentleman has picked up, one can't help speaking one's mind a bit, though I always like to be agreeable, and especially in a coach." I was utterly confounded at this new accusation, and in vain endeavoured to interrupt, with an assurance of my being a staunch and true Briton; but before I could get out a word, somebody was sure to begin speaking. At length I found a gap; "I assure you, gentlemen," said I, "you are all grievously mistaken; this is the very first time I ever left my own home, in the village of Birchendale; where, if you have ever been, gentlemen and ladies, you must have observed my house, a very notable house, next door to Mr Hufskin's the saddler, which I never left till now, when business of importance calls me to undertake a long journey." The middle traveller still looked incredulous, and, shaking his head, said, "Every man knew his own business best; that, to be sure, he might be mistaken; but it was not a common thing to see two men exactly alike: however, he said, he would drop

the subject, as it did not seem a pleasant one." At this, and at various parts of his speech, the gentleman whom we had taken in at the last stage seemed greatly diverted; I felt a little nettled, and eager to convince them of the truth of my assertion, and of my being as good an Englishman as any one present. "I will take my oath, sir," said I vehemently, "that I have never been out of England in my life, except, indeed," added I, a little confused, "except once;" for I just then recollected I had been born abroad. "O ho," said the inquisitive traveller, "then you confess you have been abroad; there's nothing like a good memory, after all."—"I beg, sir, don't let me perplex you," said the provoking middle traveller, "I am sorry I mentioned it; I knew you had travelled; but, if you had honestly told me your going to Moscow was a secret, it should never have escaped my lips."—"I tell you, sir," said I warmly, "I was never out of England; in my memory, that is to say."—"No, no, sir; that is all you can say in your circumstances; it is all that can be expected of you; a man is not bound to remember every trifling incident in his life; a trip to Moscow and back, or a call at Grand Cairo, or a peep at Kamtschatka, once in a way, is no such mighty thing to dwell in a man's memory."—"No, no, certainly," said the new-comer, laughing. I was greatly provoked at their obstinacy, and unbelieving. "Perhaps," said the young woman, "the gentleman means, he was abroad in his memory."—"Ay, and left it behind," said the new-comer. "That is precisely the case, young lady," said I; "the gentleman is pleased to compliment me by supposing I have seen all those places he mentions; but I never did, for all that; but I was born in the Netherlands, and was brought over when four months old, so I think I have a pretty good right to be an Englishman."—"Well, sir, I hope you will do justice to my penetration; I knew you had seen more of the world than you would at first confess."—"But, sir, I have no recollection whatever of it; how can a child at that age remember any thing?"—"I beg your pardon, sir; I don't say he can remember every thing; but his mind receives an expansion; he acquires with his first perceptions a sort of tact for novelty, which prepares his mind for all he is to meet with in the world. It makes him a perfect cos-

opolite, ready made; he is neither surprised at any thing, nor does he excite surprise in any one, as he journeys through the universe. Now, I dare to say, sir, you would not excite a whit more attention or astonishment in Crim Tartary, than you do here." I bowed to this compliment, while he gravely proceeded—"The greatest advantage, though, I imagine, of this early initiation into universal citizenship, is the singular habits of prudence which it fosters. It is the only thing I know which enables a man to wrap himself and his purposes so close in his own breast, when every body else has candidly disclosed theirs. In this little community, mutual confidence was about to be established; persons brought perhaps from the antipodes but the moment before, when jammed up in a small space like this, naturally warm into friendship. Each, as we have heard, tells his tale, and lays his concerns freely open. The cosmopolite alone sees the danger of such freedom of intercourse; and, for aught I know, he may do well; there's no saying, he may have too good reason; some deep designs may be hatching in his breast."

"Why, ay, that's very true," said the inquisitive traveller; "and now I think on it, every body told their business, but this old lady and gentleman."—"And what's that to you, Mr Busy-body?" said the irascible lady. "Sure it's no business of yours; and I'm surprised how you can go for to ask a lady or gentleman either about their affairs. Why can't you leave the old gentleman alone? I don't see but what he's better than any of you, in spite of your gibberish."—"One good turn deserves another, madam," said the middle traveller, with his usual gravity. "I like to see practical notions of gratitude; but here I see and acknowledge the wonderful power of sympathy! You have both solemnly denied any previous acquaintance, in spite of my prognostics to the contrary; but I am seldom far out—my predictions are sure to come about sooner or later; and here you are, before we have travelled together four-and-twenty hours, tumbling fast into sympathy—the common well-beaten turnpike road to love." Here was a good deal of tittering, in which even the young woman joined. "But suf-

fer me, madam," said he, with increasing gravity,—"permit me here to give you a solemn and friendly warning, how you allow your more tender affections to fasten on a cosmopolite!"—"Don't talk any of your stuff to me," said the old lady.—"Trust me, madam," continued he, "he is of all men the most uncertain, the most intangible; and while he entwines himself with inextricable bands around your too susceptible heart, all your fondness will fail to lay one silken cord on his inconstant and roving spirit. Look, do you not see in every lineament, in every fold of his vesture—do you not perceive the ceaseless mutability of his sentiments? No, madam, trust me, beware how you fall in love with a cosmopolite."—"I'm sure I wish you'd learn of him to be polite," said the lady indignantly, taking repeated pinches of snuff. "In love indeed!"—"No harm, I hope, ma'am," said the loquacious traveller, winking significantly at the gentleman in the middle: "it's no crime, I hope. What do you think of it, young lady?"—"Ay," said the new-comer, "as the old one has set you the example, it is now your turn; and as she has bespoken our old friend in the corner, it is but fair you should take your choice of the three gentlemen opposite you." The young woman laughed very good-humouredly, and said she should be puzzled, amongst so many merry gentlemen, which to fix upon. "More merry than wise," said the old lady, bridling.—"True, madam, as you sagaciously observe; these qualities are seldom seen together, which is lamentable enough. No one can possibly accuse you of being merry; therefore we are bound to conclude you wise; and I think we want no other evidence than the preference you have so judiciously shewn. I protest, madam, in your case, I should have done precisely the same. It is always your gay rambling spirits that run away with the hearts of the girls; and yours is a tender one, I am sure—only remember my caution; and since you seem fond of apothegms, I will tell you, madam, that forewarned is forearmed." Here the conversation ended, as we were interrupted by the coach rattling over the stones on arriving in the city of York.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

LETTER II.

SIR,

IN my last letter, I took occasion to animadvert on the dishonest principles which the necessities of the Country Gentlemen have induced them to adopt, and also to suggest for their consideration the outlines of a plan, by which much of the evil they are now suffering, may hereafter be prevented from recurring. I took also occasion to point out in what way they have placed themselves in the invidious situation of sinecurists, having not any better right to the possession of their estates, than the clergy to the tithes, of which they so loudly complain; nor the paupers to the poor-rates, in their opinion a still greater burden; and that by their "ignorant impatience of taxation," in causing Government to reduce so rashly the public establishments, they have themselves to thank for much of their present distress. In a word, that they have allied themselves, unconsciously I own, with the Radicals, and in consequence ought, like them, to be chastised into moderation and common sense.

It seems to be assumed by them, that taxation is absolutely an evil. I shall not undertake to demonstrate that it is a blessing; but, with your permission, I think there will be no difficulty in shewing, that, constituted as society is in this country, it naturally has arisen from the character, the circumstances, and the progress of the people. In proceeding with this task, I am aware that I shall be obliged to draw largely on your indulgence, because, in the short limits of a letter, I must often feel myself obliged to go roundly to work, and to employ expressions that may possibly stand in need of explanation—scarcely, perhaps, of extenuation.

It appears to me, Sir, that it never has been sufficiently felt and understood, that by means of the ever-renewed constitution of this ancient and most magnificent monarchy, there has grown up and been accumulated a stock of public wealth, not only greater than ever before existed in any other community, but far more estimable, even in a banker's calculation, than all the value of the earth

and stone that constitute these islands. This prodigious wealth exists in a thousand forms; sometimes it presents itself in enormous masses of the richest products of human skill; sometimes in still greater aggregates of the materials of useful and necessary manufactures—much of it is visible in the mere shape of implements, machines, and means of intercourse and transportation; but probably its universal appropriation in articles of domestic comfort and enjoyment, beyond the requisite demands of nature, comprehends the largest portion. It has, in fact, arisen to such an incredible amount, that throughout the body-politic it may be described as a plethora; and it is commonly spoken of "as more capital than we can employ."—In a word, there exists within the British community the stock and means of supplying, not only what we ourselves require, but even sufficient to supply what all the rest of the world requires—of the products of human skill formed from natural materials.

Now, Sir, if it be true, as I think it is indisputable, that our machinery is capable of manufacturing, and does manufacture, a greater quantity of goods than markets can be found for; that our roads and canals, and means of conveyance, are so multiplied, that the intercourse of society is not sufficient to support them; that our natural and domestic wants are not only supplied to superabundance, but that after glutting the markets of all the world, we have still a superfluity,—I would ask, whether the natural course of things does not point out that the circumstances of British society are such, that it can afford to maintain a larger portion of the population unproductive, at this time, than it could have done at any former period of our history?—And yet the country is filled with complaints and privations; and we are suffering all the horrors of Tantalus. There must be something, therefore, either in the frame and system of society, which causes these calamities, or we must have brought them on ourselves by deranging the political machinery of the state, and interfering with the natural current

and progress of things. My opinion is, that the evils spring entirely from the latter cause, and that a prodigious injury has been done to the common-weal by the effects of that "ignorant impatience of taxation," which the landed interest in the House of Commons have too successfully asserted.

It is, for example, consistent with the observation of every man who has an eye in his head, that the machinery employed in manufacturing articles of clothing alone, is adequate to supply thrice the wants of the three kingdoms, and that there is tenfold the amount of other capital in the country to keep that machinery employed; and yet such is the partial divisions of the stock of public wealth, that the great body of the people are not in a condition to obtain, in any degree, such apparel as the wealth of the community is capable of enabling them to wear. That wealth lies in detached masses, the property of comparatively a few, and the means of procuring portions of it, have within these few years—since the peace—been greatly abridged. The Radicals, who have a clumsy way of grasping at truth without catching it, say, that this is owing to the state of the representation—to the corruption of Parliament—and that were the House of Commons once placed on a universal basis, all the private and particular reservoirs into which the stock of public wealth is now collected, would be broken up; or, in other words, a revolutionized House of Commons would break up the great existing masses of private wealth, and cause a new system of distribution to arise, by which all our grievances would be cured.

No doubt, it is extremely desirable that every one should enjoy a competency of good things; and it would be highly gratifying to the invidia of human nature, if no man were obliged to work more than his neighbour. But if such a millenium be in store for mankind, we, in this country, are manifestly in no state or condition *yet* to partake of it. We are still unconsciously influenced by a thousand feelings and associations connected with the habitual reverence, which, from an unknown antiquity, has been so cherished among the inhabitants of these islands, as to be almost an instinct of their nature,—for the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, and a

gorgeous monarchy in all its manifold orders, pageants, homages, and domination. Our most popular literature encourages the perpetuity of that feeling; and the loftiest minds, and the most splendid efforts of our genius, have been all devoted to exalt the various sentiments and virtues that draw their origin from heroism, bravery, and honour, and the long untarnished lineages of noble birth. We are ingrained with the habits and instincts of political degrees and distinctions, and have no deeper nor more religious sentiment than a regard for the rights of property.

To suppose, therefore, that any such change as the introduction of the principle of Universal Suffrage into the representation, would, in the existing state of our feelings and institutions, cure the evils of which the Radicals and "the Wrongheads" complain, argues such a total ignorance of human nature, or such knavery of heart, that those who would act upon the persuasion of its efficacy, ought to be regarded either as fools or as felons. In what way then, it will be asked, since I admit the evil, and also that there does exist in the vast stock of private wealth, a remedy for all its modifications—in what way is the evil to be cured?—My answer is, by TAXATION—by taxation generally, but more effectually by a particular tax on property, in order to constitute a fund which will allow the community "to maintain a larger portion of the population unproductive" than it has hitherto done, and thereby enable those who may be in consequence disengaged from the physical drudgery, to apply their moral energies to improve the circumstances and condition of their fellow-subjects in the first place, and then of mankind in general.

But, Sir, this was precisely the case during the late war. By taxation, both general and particular, vast quantities were detached from the masses of private property, and so distributed by Government, that they had not only the effect of maintaining an unprecedented proportion of the population unproductive, but of creating a demand for capital to enable the productive labourers to supply their customers. Taxation, to use a figure of Mr Burke, was exhaled from the lakes, and streams, and seas of wealth, and

descended in fertilizing showers, that refreshed and invigorated the whole country. Our present situation is a superabundance of capital, and a want of the means of employing it—and this has been caused by the reduction which has taken place in the amount of taxation, and the consequences to which that reduction necessarily gave rise.

Nothing can be more plausible than to say, that light taxes are a blessing, and that taxation is therefore an evil. Certainly, in a young and agricultural state of society, there can exist but little doubt on the subject. But in a country like this, where our productive means and capital exceed the demands and wants of the world, every measure which has the effect of diminishing the number of those who, by the various modifications of the kingdom, have been brought up as public servants, is, at least, very questionable. I do not know, nor can I comprehend, how it has happened, that, in the infinite discussions respecting the rights of the fundholders, it has never occurred to their advocates, that the taxes raised to pay the interest of loans—the fundholders' annuities, properly speaking, have had the effect of taking from themselves the means of property which had previously accumulated in their hands, and of giving them to Government, by whom they were broken up and distributed to fructify the manufacturing and commercial interests—the only interests which, after religious belief has been settled, promote the moral advancement of man.

But I shall be told, that the country, at the conclusion of the late war, was in no condition to stand longer up under the enormous burden which that gigantic conflict required. The burden, however, has been greatly lightened, and her back is bent more grievously than before. The fact is, that the country was not overlaid by the taxes; on the contrary, she was only beginning to feel the effects of that superabundance beyond her wants, and the wants of her commercial customers, which has diminished the value of her capital. So far from the expenses of the late war having in any one respect whatever reduced the aggregate comforts enjoyed by the community, the aggregate was prodigiously augmented. So astonishing were the efforts, the skill, and the mechanical aids

of the labourer of this country, that his produce was not only more than sufficient to supply all the expenditure of the war, and to increase the comforts and enjoyments of the community, but even to furnish such additions to the existing stock of public wealth, as to make the mass at last excessive; inasmuch, that employment for men and capital is the grand object now to which the whole intelligence of the country is directed. And therefore, unless it can be shewn, that the expenditure of the war had the effect of impoverishing the country, of starving improvements, and of withering the population, it is worse than idle to say, that the taxes could not be borne. Indeed, I cannot for a moment imagine, how the notion has got so ingrained into public opinion, that any part or species of public income or revenue is different in its principle from another. I regard all rental, all tithes, all taxes, as the mode which society, in its progression, has unconsciously, but instinctively adopted, to maintain the greatest possible portion of the population independent of actual manual drudgery; and I am not aware that it would be easy to prove, that the public duties of the gentry, as custodiers of the soil—the enjoyers of the rental—or those of the clergy, the proprietors of the tithes,—are more necessary to the community as the world is at present constituted, than those for whom the taxes are levied, and whose rights and interests have been so cruelly sacrificed to agricultural cupidity.

Connected with the misconceptions relative to the effects of taxation, war is regarded as an unmixed and unmitigated evil. Upon this topic a great deal might be said; but it does not suit my present purpose to advert to the moral good and moral advantages of a state of war,—to the energy which its hazards call up in the character of man,—to the virtues of fortitude, honour, heroism, and generosity, which it awakens,—all lofty virtues, which have no place in “the weak piping time of peace,”—my present object is merely to remind you, that, framed and blended as society is in this country with mercantile and manufacturing interests, which, in an arithmetical calculation, greatly exceed the agricultural in value,—as I am prepared to show, and may here-

after do,—war is to commerce and manufactures an immediate blessing. It calls for new artisans, new supplies of raw materials, new vessels and means of transportation to bring them, and to carry back to the magazines the implements and the stores into which they are fabricated: it increases the money price of man. To obtain the pecuniary means of producing this stimulus, taxes are levied; and those rich and hoarding individuals, who contribute nothing from their own labour to the stock of public wealth, are thereby made to contribute towards the requisite capital. The quantity, therefore, of additional revenue which is furnished from the coffers of that class, over and above what is raised from the rest of the community, is precisely equal to the amount of additional capital which is brought into the hands of the traders and manufacturers by the expenditure of Government.

The superior practical wisdom of the moderns has taught them the folly of allowing Governments to pile up gold and silver in vaults and treasuries, subject to the waste of prodigal princes and public depredators; and hence it has grown into a custom to regulate, among us, from year to year, the public expenditure by the public levies. Instead of withdrawing treasure from sealed-up vaults like those of the ancients, we raise in the shape of loans what is requisite above the taxes, or, in other words, sell perpetual annuities, secured on the revenue, to those who have acquired the means of furnishing the Government with such extra sums as the exigencies of the public service require; and thus, in addition to the amount of that capital which is gained from the hoarders in the shape of the new taxes levied for the war, another and far greater addition is made in the appropriation and expenditure of the money raised by loans. The effect, therefore, of war and taxation, and of the funding system, is to induce at once extra employment for the intelligence and the industry of man, and to supply the means of enabling his faculties to come into full play. To a commercial and manufacturing state like ours, war, wherever it may happen to rage, must be profitable, and the nearer to ourselves the more so; provided always, that it does not approach

so near as to injure the seats and sources of our industry.

The late war, perhaps the most universal that ever raged, was exactly to us latterly of the most advantageous kind. It called for demands on the monied interest, in the shape of taxes and loans, far beyond the most sanguine anticipations of the most prodigal statesmen; and they were answered with a spirit of alacrity and liberality commensurate to the magnitude of the circumstances, and calculated to enable every trader and manufacturer to exert all his energies. Instead, therefore, of the war occasioning to us any waste, it presented immeasurable fields for enterprise and invention of every kind. Our population increased more rapidly than it had ever done in any period of peace; the produce of our machines and our industry exceeded all belief and all demands; and the very support of the fleets and armies in the most distant regions, instead of becoming a drain upon the country, became the means of assisting the immortal prodigies of patriotism and exertion which the kingdom so nobly performed. In the wake of the navy, fleets of merchantmen were seen, loaded with every commodity that the forces on board might require, or for which the countries they were destined to protect or subdue were supposed likely to afford purchasers. The armies were also similarly attended by the agents of the merchants, and the produce and manufactures of England were found wherever her standards were displayed. Thus, instead of sending money out of the country to pay the troops, we sent our manufactures, the surplus of our productive industry; and, in the form of mercantile profit, actually taxed the most remote countries to contribute to our means of carrying on the war.

But it may be said, that still, as Government had to pay the bills remitted in lieu of the prices received, in gold and silver, for the goods, the effect to the country at home must have been the same. But it was not so; and the reason is obvious.—These bills, in the process towards payment, operated as a portion of the circulating medium, giving facility and energy to mercantile speculations; by which that artificial increase was produced in the value of land, to which I have refer-

red in my last letter, and which had the effect of reconciling the landed interest to the expenditure of the war.

"O then," say the Country Gentlemen, "you are now admitting all we contend for. We confess that, simple, silly Gaffers as we are, we rejoiced in that inflated elevation of our rents; but now we are convinced of our error; and to shew our contrition for that folly, we are determined so to hamper and cripple the establishments occasioned by the war, that we will not leave a shilling to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to buy a quire of paper beyond what is absolutely necessary."—Softly, gentlemen!—I can have no objection to your introducing the most rigid system of economy practicable; for the greater economy in the distribution of the revenue raised for the support of that portion of the community, who, together with the "Country Gentlemen" and the clergy, are enabled and entitled, by the modern circumstances of society, to live free from actual labour, the more members will you be able to add to the number of those who are so fortunate as to participate in the fund. But I deny that you have any better right to consider yourselves at greater liberty to deal and dabble with the incomes of those who have been bred up in the public service, as it is called, than you have to put the clergy on half-pay, or than the army and navy have to disband you and reduce your allowances. It is true, that you have long been in the practice of considering yourselves as privileged to do so; and perhaps until the stock of public wealth had become so great as to encumber and shut up the avenues to employment, there was no harm in allowing you to go on in your delusion. But now the case is different; and a class of men has been formed by the late wars—in the public service—whose habits, if the means of employment were open to them, are not well fitted for secular concerns, but who, in consequence of the want of employment, have a natural right as you or the clergy to require that the means provided for their support should not be diminished, until they are enabled to change their habits. To reduce yourselves and the clergy to half your regular incomes, without a regard to consequences, have forced the Government to

do with respect to the class whose cause and rights I advocate, and to appropriate the saving to the reduction of the national debt, would apparently be a great relief to the country. But, gentlemen, the national debt has been too rapidly reduced, and the sinking fund, together with the reduction of the taxes, has had the effect of throwing too much capital into the market, and has prevented the government from so acting on the mass accumulated in private hands, as to render it available to the creation of new means of employment.

But "the Wrongheads" reply, they are perfectly aware that the sudden reduction of the public establishments has caused much suffering—all such things do cause distress—a gentleman cannot reduce the number of his domestics without doing so; and Government is in the condition of a landlord, that must accommodate his expenditure to his income. In this I conceive there is a great fallacy. Governments do not resemble landlords, and the blunder is in supposing they do. Landlords are members of communities—their condition is compared with that of other members of the communities to which they respectively belong. Whereas governments are entire systems within themselves, and they only resemble the relative condition of landlords with respect to other governments. The British Government, as a member of the states of Christendom, is a very different thing to the British Government considered with respect to its own empire. I beg attention to the distinction.

If the income of a landlord falls short, and he is obliged to reduce the number of his servants, those whom he pays off are absorbed by the community of which he is a member. But when the revenue of a government is curtailed, and the state is, in like manner, obliged to disband its servants, there is no community to absorb them. They remain within its bosom—they are what the Scottish law describes as *sorners*—those who, without pay or duties to perform, hovered in the halls of the barons, and consumed the means of the regular retainers. They cease to be supported as soldiers, and are maintained as paupers. The taxes which furnished the pay to their more honourable vocation, are renewed in the shape of poor-rates. But the sa-

ving which a landlord makes by the discharge of his servants, is to him clear gain. He contributes nothing to their maintenance; the community provides for them. No greater fallacy exists in the speculations of "the Wrongheads," with respect to the reduction of the Government establishments, than what is dictated by their "ignorant impatience of taxation," in supposing that there is any common principle of resemblance between one of themselves and Government, the heart of the empire through which so much of the public wealth, as is represented by the revenue, circulates—diffusing health and vigour throughout the body politic. Indeed, so firmly am I persuaded, Sir, that the main cause of the present stagnation in the means of employment, is in the rash and inordinate diminution of the taxes, and the reductions consequent, that I am convinced, were the whole amount of the taxes allotted to the actual expenses of Government, independent of the interest of the national debt taken off, there would be no change for the better among us; on the contrary, our evils would be aggravated. We are at this moment, by the aids of mechanical inventions, in a condition to undersell all the world. The price of human labour among us is reduced to a mere fraction. A child, for a few shillings a week, is able to perform among us the work of more than a score of adults. It is therefore ridiculous to institute comparisons between the price of labour in this country and the price in any other. The thing does not admit of comparison. What effect, then, could the suppression of all the taxes have on the productive powers of our machinery? for it is with respect to them, and not to the price of human labour, as affecting trade and commerce, that the jet of the question lies. But let us suppose for a moment, that the taxes were all reduced, or that, in our complex and ancient monarchical society, with all our habitual predilections, traditional habits and tastes, and that infinitude of wants which the genius of trade and art is ever augmenting, Joseph Hume, and the other one-eyed economists, could introduce a system of administration as bare as that of the young republican community of the state of New York—What would be the consequence? Have we unappropriated

public lands, to which, at a trifling expense, the disbanded public servants can retire and become farmers? Have we the American capital in timber, ready for the cutting, to furnish at once immediate abodes and implements, and the means of procuring, by barter or sale, other necessities? We have not; and what then is to become of our public servants? They must serve to swell the multitude of paupers; and all the excitement which exists in our affluent community would gradually become extinct—the liberality that gives encouragement to art would languish without means. Genius, the glorious leader of man to virtue, and to wisdom and happiness, and all that constitute the temporal rewards of the intellectual being, would droop and stand still, and with it society. The highways would become untrodden, and the briar and bramble again encumber the paths of social intercourse. Your superb canals, in consequence of the small retail that would succeed to the mighty dealings of your princely merchants, becoming useless, would spread into pestiferous marshes; and a chill and shivering, meagre and pusillanimous race of "solitary creatures," be seen sitting in the ruins of those hallowed homes, from which, with

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
The lords of human kind"

went forth to succour or to chastise the nations and kingdoms of the earth.

But the evil is—and we are no longer able to bear it, say "the Wrongheads"—our lands must be sold for our creditors, and the race of the "Gentlemen of England" become deteriorated for ever. There is no occasion for any such despairing, if you will only recollect that noble sentiment, which was spoken in thunder at Trafalgar for your safety, "England expects every man to do his duty."—Do your duty; accommodate the standard of your rents to the natural value of the land; and instead of clamouring to Government that the taxes may be taken off from luxuries, to be replaced in the shape of poor-rates—for such is the effect of what you want—strengthen the hands of Government—enable ministers to colonize on a large scale—supply in continued taxes the means of transporting such portions of the population as cannot find means of employment at home, to other regions, where, in the form of

colonies, they may become customers to your traders, and raise new markets for your manufacturers. It was a fatal error, at the close of the war, that those enlightened men, who are so richly imbued with the wisdom of antiquity, and whose opinions have so great an influence in the state, did not advert to the probable motives which induced the great conquerors among the ancients, at the close of victorious wars, to found cities and plant colonies,—perhaps to prevent those evils which the sudden dispersion of armies would then, as now, have produced. At least, it cannot be questioned, had large colonial settlements been at once formed, entirely at the public expense, from the forces before disbanding them, that by this time we might have had flourishing towns to trade with on coasts still unpeopled; and instead of poor-rates beyond endurance—and work-houses and jails filled with paupers and criminals, we would have had industrious communities constituted by those brave men who have exalted the British name, but whose privations and sufferings are working that terrible return on the agricultural interest, which the ingratitude of the “Country Gentlemen” deserves.

There is another point on which “the Wrongheads” are equally mistaken, and imperfectly informed. Having felt themselves justified in throwing idle that vast body of able men, whom the exigencies of the war may be said to have created, and thereby having at once effected a reduction in the taxes, and an increase in the poor-rates, they carry this selfish misconception of their duty still farther, and both in and out of Parliament openly talk of reducing the national debt, by wiping off a part of it. Nothing is certainly more easy than to be dishonest; and it, no doubt, sounds very feasible to say, what a blessing it would be to the nation, were we relieved from that vast amount of taxes which goes into the pockets of the fundholders. But it seems to be forgotten, that there is no capital opposite to the public debt. The capital which was advanced to Government, and by which the annuities secured in the taxes were constituted, has been dissipated in supplying the wants of the unproductive class, ~~except to the~~ and the demands of the public service. The an-

nuities, that is, the interest of the debt, paid to the fundholder, is all that is now available of the enormous capital of a thousand millions.

Now, Sir, if the fundholders may be considered an unproductive class, living on the taxes, I would ask the Country Gentlemen, what would be the effect to themselves, were that class removed out of the markets to which the produce of their estates are sent for sale? I would ask them, what would be the consequences, were all the annuitants dependant on the public dividends reduced to the condition of paupers?—for such would be the effect of wiping off the debt. Or if it be too strong to put such an extreme case, nobody having as yet proposed an entire extinction of the debt by the sponge, but only a composition with the public creditor, let us suppose that the Country Gentlemen, using their legislative powers only for their own particular advantage, as they appear so inclined to do, are only disposed to be but a little dishonest—only disposed to commit a larceny, without the smallest intention of going so far as burglary—willing to be pickpockets, but still having cowardice and character enough not to commit highway robbery—and that they wish, in the first place, in the beginning of the spoliation, not to go beyond a reduction of twenty or thirty per cent on the income of the fundholders. Be it so; certainly the evil will only be in that proportion. But as there is no capital opposite to the taxes that would thereby be reducible, a proportional diminution in the amount of the means of expenditure would still take place, and those who can now spend a hundred pounds per annum, would only be able to spend seventy or eighty; so that the sum taken from the income of the fundholders, would be so much taken from the money that is disbursed in the purchase of agricultural produce and manufactures. It will be said, however, that though this is true in one respect, it does not hold so in principle; for the money paid in taxes would, by such an arrangement, remain in the pockets of the people; and though the fundholders would be subjected to privations, the people would have so much more to spend, and thereby the one thing would balance the other.

But, Sir, who are the people?—Are

they the Country Gentlemen?—The whole supposition of the effect that would ensue is founded on a fallacy, arising from the error of applying an abstract principle to practical matters, and upon an erroneous conception of who the fundholders are. Sir, at this time the fundholders have an immediate interest and stake in the community, equal in amount, perhaps, to more than a third of the whole value of the rental of the kingdom; and they comprehend, directly and indirectly, perhaps a greater number of persons than all the landlords put together. For although, on the books of the Bank of England, the number of the public creditors, consisting of bankers, individuals, brokers, and agents, be comparatively insignificant, yet all those who have deposit accounts with bankers and agents are indirectly fundholders,—the money which they deposit being generally vested in the funds. This is perhaps not generally so considered; the common opinion being, that the bankers, for example, discount bills with the monies deposited with them. But is this the case with bankers who issue their own notes? (On the contrary, is it not the fact, that the bankers who issue their own notes are all fundholders? And, with those who do not issue their own notes, is it not the fact, that excepting a floating capital for the convenience of discounting to their customers, all the balances left in their hands by their customers are commonly vested in public securities? Thus it is that the interests of the fundholders are ramified to the remotest parts of the country; and the most distant Highlanders, who join the small savings of their parsimony, in order to be taken by the drover to some Lowland Bank, may be said to be fundholders. By the institution of the Savings Banks, the capitals of which are, with few exceptions, all vested, either directly or indirectly, in the funds, almost every labourer and servant in the kingdom is becoming a fundholder. Nothing, therefore, can be more erroneous, than to consider the fundholders as limited to those who actually hold stock in the books of the Bank of England.

Now, Sir, what would be the fiscal effects, to say nothing of the probable political consequences, of the universal consternation that would ensue, were,

we shall say, twenty-five per cent deducted from the amount of the incomes of the fundholders, without reference to those of any other class of the community? Were the reduction made over all, no evil would arise; but a coercive impoverishment of one class of the community, to say nothing of its injustice in a moral sense, could not fail to add to the distress which is every where at present felt, in so much, as it would be twenty-five per cent less than the sum commonly expended in the market; and, generally speaking, few persons are in the practice of saving much on the interest of what is called their lying money.

But it may be said, that, admitting all this, the question is not answered with respect to the beneficial consequences that would arise from those who pay the twenty-five per cent to the fundholders, having the money to spend themselves. I think, however, that in a practical sense it is answered, and that the objection is founded on a theoretical distinction of no value in the common estimate of human affairs. For I have shewn, that the manifold ramifications of society in this country have made almost every person, who has either saved money, or has dealings with bankers, liable to be affected by any change which may be operated on the amount paid in dividends to the public creditors. It is, I acknowledge, apparently true, that merchants and others, who derive their income from the management of skill or capital, would be benefitted by a reduction of twenty-five per cent on the amount of taxes raised to pay the fundholders. But that must be taken with a sweeping qualification. For it would be necessary to shew that merchants have no occasion for bank transactions, no occasion for discounts, and that artisans, dependent on their skill, have capitals sufficient to enable them to complete their articles, and to bring them for sale without assistance; and also that they always find ready-money purchasers, or can afford to give credit. Now, as that is not the case in the state in which society exists among us, and the fact being, that the merchant and artisan are dependent on the banking system, which system is dependent on the funding system, it follows of course, that whatever affects the funding system must necessarily

affect them; and that any reduction on the amount paid from the public revenue to the fundholders, would in effect be a diminution in the means, or rather in the capital, which is at present employed in assisting the operations of the merchants and manufacturers; and that no class would so immediately feel the consequences of an attack on the funds, as that class who, by the sources of their income, seem at present to have the least connexion with the fluctuations of stock. In truth, and beyond all dispute, the state of society in this country is such at this time, that we cannot afford a greater reduction of taxation than has already taken place, and which, in my opinion, has been carried too far. Our capital is already greater than our wants. It is markets and customers that we require, and not measures which have for their object the detaching of capital from the amount in circulation, and leaving it idle and heavy in the hands of the proprietors. But it does not therefore follow, because I thus contend for the preservation of the existing amount of public annuities, that I advocate the continuation of any prodigality that may be found in the administration of the public departments. That is a matter on which no difference of opinion can exist, and it has no relation to the question I have thus presumed to obtrude upon your attention. But there is one thing connected with it, which does bear on the question, and which I think of the most particular consequence. I allude to a doctrine broached in the House of Commons by Mr Hume, with respect to making the colonies maintain themselves.

Sir, the British empire is a commercial copartnership, constituted by the mother country, and the colonies. India, till lately, was the only province of the dominions, that at all resembled the connexion, which the ancient conquerors formed between their parent states and the countries they subdued; and accordingly, there the principles of ancient policy have been wisely and properly

adopted. But elsewhere, the wealth employed on the soil, and embarked in the trade, was British capital, and the profits arising from it was ultimately returned to this country. The West Indian Islands were as much British, as the West Indian Docks, in the Isle of Dogs, and they contributed, by the stimulus they occasioned, and the circulation which they gave rise to, in the floating capital of the empire, as directly to the means and resources of the state as Yorkshire itself, and on this account they are as justly entitled to British protection. There has, I allow, grown up in those islands, and in other colonies, a stock of private wealth independent of what may be said to be vested in the home interest; and perhaps the time may be coming, perhaps is at hand, when that wealth should be rendered available to the general interests of the whole British community. But the mode of doing this is not by throwing off the colonies, which, to oblige them to maintain themselves, it would virtually be, but to devise some mode of concentrating all the provincial interests of the empire into one focus. For it is manifest, as a principle, that, practically speaking, it is impossible to make the colonies support their own expenses. Natural and local circumstances, and political relations, prevent it. The very winds, by their constancy in the West Indies, are opposed to it. A navy is required for the protection of the islands. But which of them is, or how are they to be made to support that navy, which, be it observed, also protects other British interests besides those vested in the islands. But this is a topic by much too multifarious and important to be discussed here, and I have only adverted to it for the purpose of calling the attention of your readers to it, as one of the many insane schemes, to which "the Wrong-heads" are leading their country, not with the view, but with the effect of increasing the evils of our present state.

BANDANA.

Glasgow, 2d November, 1822.

THE LANARK MEETING.

I had completed this letter, when a friend drew my attention to the proceedings of the Lanark county meeting, holden at Hamilton, on Wednesday the 23d October last,—his Grace

the Duke of Hamilton in the chair. The purposes for which that meeting was convened, were to take into consideration—1st, A communication relative to the agricultural state of the



county; 2d, The price of labour connected with agriculture, and articles of consumption of the farming interest.

What was the object of the latter subject of consideration, whether to form a CONSPIRACY against the wages of the labouring poor, or a generous proposition on the part of the assembled Gaffers and "Wrongheads," that instead of bread and cheese, oatmeal porridge and skim-milk, the "*articles of consumption*" of the farming interest should hereafter be roast-beef and plum-pudding, I cannot undertake positively to assert; but if it was the former, it would appear that the meeting did not DARE to discuss the subject; and if I may judge by the report of their proceedings, I may venture to say it was nothing like the latter; for all the farago of ignorant and dishonest nonsense which was talked on the occasion, related to what I have already adverted to, namely—the wish, inclination, and DETERMINATION, if possible, on the part of the "Wrongheads," to defraud the fundholders.

The business was opened by a speech from his Grace of Hamilton, which, to do him but justice, was temperate enough; but he cuskoned the old song of reduction, delivering it as his wise opinion, that he was not aware of any other plan that could be adopted at present, but only economy and RETRENCHMENT by the government FOR THE RELIEF OF THE LANDLORD. I notice this the more particularly, as coming from the Duke of Hamilton, not as his Grace's individual opinion, but as a sentiment common to the landed interest, and expressive of their absurd notion, that because they are "the Country Gentlemen," they are of course "the country," and that government is not to think of what may be the consequences of retrenchment to others, but ought to retrench for no other end or purpose, save only "the relief of the landlord."

After the Duke, it seems one Dr Clarke rose, and in a marvellous feast of "could kail het again" radical doctrines, garnished with a plentiful ignorance of political economy, openly advocated the pick-pocket principles of "the Country Gentlemen." The learned Doctor stated, that the first cause of the agricultural distress was taxation; the next a change from war to peace; and then he went on to state, that since the year 1765 or thereby, this country

(what country?) has been uniformly an importing country till of late years. On what authority does he make this assertion? Did he never hear of the 13th of Geo. III., which continued the parliamentary bounty first granted upon the exportation of corn in 1688, the origin of which bounty, as described by Dr Adam Smith, reflects as much credit on the wisecracks of that time, as the recent corn bills do on the Gaffers of our own day. "The Country Gentlemen, who then composed a still greater proportion of the legislature than they do at present, had felt that the money price of corn was falling." It was a time of agricultural distress, and the bounty was an expedient to raise the price *artificially*, says Dr Smith, "but the government of King William was not then fully settled. It was in no condition to refuse anything to the Country Gentlemen."—But to return to Dr Clarke of Easter Moffat.

"The experience," says he, "of half a century, induced most persons to form an opinion, that this country was not able to supply itself with bread-corn. This opinion, together with the great consumption during the war, *which has now failed*—the protection supposed to be given by the late corn bills—the opening the ports without restraint betwixt Britain and Ireland,—all these causes together have occasioned an increased cultivation, and a glut in all the markets of the kingdom." Was there ever such "a shallow Pomona" as this? why, not one of all these things which the Doctor enumerates is itself a sufficient cause, but is the immediate and palpable effect of one general and deeper principle—the prosperity of the country, which set forward with a regular and constantly increasing tide, from the peace of 1763.

"The fourth and last cause," says the Doctor, "of which I shall take notice, is the derangement of the currency;" and after jabbering about Mr Peel's bill, and the other trash and nonsense that has sickened the public about the Bank Restriction act, he estimates the effect of that act to have been a depreciation in the value of commodities, to the amount of 50 per cent. Bravo, Doctor! There's nothing like a good dose when you are at it. And then having made this estimate, he proceeds to tell us, that "the act directing a return to cash payments, has caused a

depreciation in most kinds of property not affected by taxation to the amount of 50 per cent." I quote this to shew, that he has not laid hold of the arguments of which he attempts to grasp the tails and fins. The Bank Restriction act depreciated the value of commodities 50 per cent. Good! And the abrogation of that act also depreciated the value of commodities 50 per cent. Better still, Doctor.—And thus we are bound to conclude, that by the operation of these two acts, the value of commodities has been depreciated 100 per cent. Here are all our sufferings most satisfactorily explained! and this stuff was addressed to a meeting of gentlemen, who might have known that practically, Mr Peel's bill has produced no effect at all—that gold practically has not been substituted for paper—and that the circulating medium has not been diminished by the legal and theoretical change, but only by the diminished transactions between dealers, by which there are fewer bills discounted, and by the reduced expenditure of Government, both of which have occasioned less of the circulating medium to be issued. But the Doctor tells us, that the public creditors gave only ten, or twelve, or fourteen shillings, and will now, "in the enhanced value of gold, receive twenty-one."

"I maintain," says he, "that whereas the lender only gave ten, twelve, or fourteen shillings, if he receive back an equal sum, he has no reason to complain of breach of faith."

I shall spare the poor Doctor from what I might say on the principle couched in this nefarious sentence, but only observe, that he is quite aware of it—which makes it the more reprehensible, for afterwards he admits, that "most of the persons who held money in the funds or otherwise, at the time of the Bank Restriction act, have changed the nature of their property." That is, the fundholders now are not those money-lenders who lent at ten, twelve, or fourteen shillings, but another race of persons, who have bought up the interest of the original fundholders at an advanced price—we shall say, at eighteen shillings per pound. And so, Doctor, you would oblige these persons to take ten, twelve, or fourteen shillings for what they paid eighteen.

But to do the poor Doctor justice, it is manifest that he does not know what the funds are—he does not know that there is no property opposite to the public debt, but only indefinite annuities secured on the taxes; and that it has happened, by the diminution in the means of employing capital, that the value of the purchase-money of these annuities has increased from ten, twelve, or fourteen shillings in the pound, to eighteen. He also seems not to comprehend the difference between a speculator in those annuities, and a permanent purchaser. The loan-contractors with Government, were speculators who did not bargain for themselves, but for their chance with the monied interest, and their profit consisted chiefly in the advantage which they derived from the difference between the rate of contract and the rate at which they could sell the annuities to the capitalists. The value of the annuities derived from the funds has risen, as every other vendible commodity does; and it would be as sensible and honest to propose, that those who have sold estates long ago at low prices, should, upon tendering the money they received for them at the time, be entitled to get them back, with all the improvements made on them since, as to think of paying off the present race of public creditors at the rate which Government originally contracted for the loans with the money-lenders.

But I am wasting my time in troubling you with taking so much notice of this silly assemblage of Wrong-heads. The only way that the fundholder can be attacked, is by a reduction of his dividends—and the effects of that I have adverted to in my letter. Government, it is true, has, in perfect good faith, merged one class of stock into another, by which, in effect, a reduction of the amount of the dividends has been made; but there is no other way of *honestly* reducing the value of the fundholder's property in the annuities secured on the taxes. As to the string of insane resolutions which the meeting adopted, if the Wrong-heads of Scotland do dare to form "a Corresponding Society," such as the *Solomons and Solons* of Lanarkshire propose, I hope Mr Peel will have

spirit enough to order Hogg's Archy Campbell, backed by our immortal Warrender Bergerny,* to take their Preses out of the chair by the lug and the horn, as a radical sower of sedi-

tion, and the head and leader of a conspiracy, which has for its object the spoliation and plunder of a larger body of the community than the landlords.

* We are not sure if we have spelt this name properly, nor do we know who the individual alluded to is, unless it be that blasphemous personage W—— B——, who transmitted to us a most shocking parody, by himself, on Bailie Cleland's account of "the King's Visit, as far as the city of Glasgow was concerned." Nothing has prevented us from noticing the Bailie's work, but our own admirable anticipation in "the Gaithering of the West," of the learned and tasteful historian's account of the Provost's coach and the green and white footmen, who were so well powdered for the occasion. His work is so replete with all the beauties we had anticipated, that the fear of having it imputed to ourselves, alone deters us from enriching our columns with a republication.—C. N.

A TWIST-IMONY, IN FAVOUR OF GIN-TWIST,

An humble imitation of that admirable Poem, the Ex-ale-tation of Ale, attributed by grave authors to Bishop Andrews, on which point is to be consulted, Francis, Lord Verulam, a celebrated Philosopher, who has been lately be-scoped-and tendencied by Mucroy Napier, Esq.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1. | Running Index of Matters. |
| At one in the morn, as I went staggering home,
With nothing at all in my hand, but my fist,
At the end of the street, a good youth I did meet,
Who ask'd me to join in a jug of gin-twist. | Proem. |
| 2. | Gin twist. |
| "Though 'tis late," I replied, "and I'm muggy beside,
Yet, an offer like this I could never resist;
So let's waddle away, sans a moment's delay,
And in style we'll demolish your jug of gin-twist." | |
| 3. | Wines. |
| The friends of the grape, may boast of rich Cape,
Hock, Claret, Madeira, or Lachryma Christ,
But this muzzle of mine was never so fine,
As to value them more than a jug of gin-twist. | |
| 4. | Brandy. |
| The people of Nantz, in the Kingdom of France.
Bright brandy they brew, liquor not to be hiss'd;
It may do as a dram, but, 'tis not worth a damn,
When water'd, compared with a jug of gin-twist. | |
| 5. | Rum. |
| Antigua, Jamaica,—they certainly make a
Grand species of rum, which should ne'er be dismiss'd;
It is splendid as grog, but never, you dog,
Esteem it as punch, like a jug of gin-twist. | |
| 6. | Cold Punch. |
| Ye Bailies of Glasgow! Wise men of the West!
Without your rum bowls, you'd look certainly <i>tristes</i> ;
Yet I laugh when I'm told, that liquor so cold
Is as good as a foaming hot jug of gin-twist. | |
| 7. | Pot-teen. |
| The bog-trotting Teagues, in clear whisky delight,
Preferring potsheen to all drinks that exist;
I grieve, nevertheless, that it does not possess
The juniper smack of a jug of gin-twist. | |

8.

Farintosh. Farintosh and Glenlivet, I hear, are the boast.
Of those breechesless heroes, the Sons of the Mist ;
But, may I go choke, if that villainous smoke
I'd name in a day with a jug of gin-twist.

The Celtic. Yet the Celtic I love, and should join them, by Jove !
Though Glengarry should vow I'd no right to enlist ;
For that Chief, do you see, I'd not care a bawbee,
If strongly entrench'd o'er a jug of gin-twist.

10.

One rule they lay down is the reason, I own,
Why from joining their-plaided array I desist ;
Because they declare, that no one shall wear
Of breeches a pair, o'er their jugs of gin-twist.

11.

Breeches. This is plainly absurd, I give you my word,
Of this bare-rump'd regulation I ne'er saw the gist ;
In my gay corduroys, can't these philabeg Loys
Suffer me to get drunk o'er my jug of gin-twist ?

12.

Rack. In India they smack a liquor called rack,
Which I never quaff'd, (at least that I wist ;)
I'm told 'tis like tow in its taste, and if so,
Very different stuff from a jug of gin-twist.

13.

Porter and ale. As for porter and ale—'fore Gad, I turn pale,
When people on such things as these can insist ;
They may do for dull clods, but, by all of the gods !
They are hog-wash when match'd with a jug of gin-twist.

14.

Why tea we import, I could never conceive ;
To the mandarin folk, to be sure, it brings griet ;
But in our western soils, the spirits it spoils,
While to heaven they are raised by a jug of gin-twist.

*Hazlitt, Hunt,
Bohea. Z.*

Look at Hazlitt and Hunt, most unfortunate pair !
Black and blue from the kicks of a stern satirist ;
But would Mynheer Izzaaan once trouble their gizzard,
If bohea they exchanged for a jug of gin-twist ?

16.

Leibnitz. Leibnitz held that this earth was the first of all worlds,
And no wonder the buck was a firm optimist ;
For 'twas always his use, as a proof to adduce,
Of the truth of his doctrine, a jug of gin-twist.

17.

Howard. It cures all the vapours and mulligrub capers ;
It makes you like Howard, the philanthro-pist ;
Woe, trouble, and pain, that bother your brain,
Are banish'd out clean, by a jug of gin-twist.

18.

Law of hocl. You turn up your nose at all of your foes,
Abuse you, traduce you, they may if they list .
The lawyers, I'm sure, would look very poor,
If their clients would stick to their jugs of gin-twist.

29:

John Calvin.

Don't think, by its name, from Geneva it came,
The sour little source of the Kirk Calvinist—
A fig for Jack Calvin, my processes alvine
Are much more rejoiced by a jug of gin-twist.

30.

Michael Angelo
Taylor, Esq. M. P.
&c.

Let the Scotsman delight in malice and spite,
The black-legs at Brookes's, in hazard or whist;
Tom Dibdin in bocks—Micky Taylor in cooks,
My pleasure is fix'd in a jug of gin-twist.

31.

Precious Stones.

Though the point of my nose grow as red as a rose,
Or rival in hue a superb amethyst,
Yet no matter for that, I tell you 'tis flat,
I shall still take a pull at a jug of gin-twist.

32.

Wise Men of
Greece.

There was old Cleobulus, who meaning to fool us,
Gave out for his saying, *TO METPON APIET'*;
But he'd never keep measure, if he had but the pleasure
Of washing his throat with a jug of gin-twist.

33.

Knowers.

There are dandies and blockheads, who vapour and boast
Of the favours of girls they never have kiss'd;
That is not the thing, and therefore, by jing!
I kiss while I'm praising my jug of gin-twist.

34.

Plato.

While over the glass, I should be an ass,
To make moping love like a dull Platonist,
That ne'er was my fashion, I swear that my passion
Is as hot as itself for a jug of gin-twist.

35.

Calatze
Calatze.

Although it is time to finish my rhyme,
Yet the subject's so sweet, I can scarcely desist:
While its grateful perfume is delighting the room,
How can I be mute o'er a jug of gin-twist?

36.

GOD SAVE THE
KING.

Yet since I've made out, without any doubt,
Of its merits and glories a flourishing list,
Let us end with a toast, which we cherish the most,
Here's "GOD SAVE THE KING!" in a glass of gin-twist.

37.

Moral.

Then I bade him good night in a most jolly plight,
But I'm sorry to say that my footing I miss'd;
All the stairs I fell down, so I batter'd my crown,
And got two black-eyes from a jug of gin-twist.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

CHAP. VI.

When the fair breeze of Heaven is so steadily blowing,
And the stars of the blue sky are dazzling and glowing,
And the throng'd milky way its pale light is bestowing,

The Mid-Watch must surely be cheerful?—

Ah no!—for 'tis silent all—almost to weeping—
So lonely, I never loved Middle-Watch keeping:

For depend on't, the while all your comrades are sleeping;
The soul it gets lonely and fearful.

PREVIOUS to placing our hero on his first watch, we confess, we had some thoughts of explaining to our readers the manner in which they were regulated in our Navy, until it struck us how generally well known they already were to the great majority, and how comparatively useless it was, in our practical way, to be dilating on topics which many class books have long since ago torn to pieces. On second thoughts, therefore, we have counted it better to continue our excellent narration, referring our minor readers to the bottom of the page for all the explanation that is necessary.*

As the weather continued fine, with a steady moderate breeze, and both officers and men seemed somewhat ex-

hausted with the bustle of the day, the last *dog watch* passed away in a quiet orderly manner, without any thing occurring worthy of notice, and was no sooner relieved, than Edward retired to his hammock. He was hardly stretched out ere he was asleep, and hardly asleep ere his active imagination transported him back to his native city, and set him down, transported with joy, in the old happy circle of all his most intimate and dearest friends. In this terrestrial paradise of the wanderer and the emigrant, the golden hours flew rapidly away; and his animal or sentient spirits had barely time to be roused to the most joyous pitch of elevation, when the gaudy illusion was rudely levelled by the Boatswain's-

* The nautical day commences, either by observation or account, at the sun's meridian, which is generally supposed to be our twelve o'clock noon on shore. At that moment, the officer of the watch, or more commonly the master of the ship, orders the Marine sentinel to turn a half-hour sand-glass, which he has always in charge, and which has been previously run out, and strike eight bells forward; which is accordingly done, and the dinner is piped. No sooner is this glass run out, than the sentry calls, "Strike the bell *one*, forward!" and again turns it—when the grog is immediately piped. When it runs out a second time, he again calls, "Strike the bell *two*, forward!"—which is no sooner done, than the Boatswain's-mate calls the afternoon watch. Thus he proceeds until he comes to the eighth bell; which is no sooner struck than the watch expires, and the grog is again piped. Previous to this, however, in order to relieve the quarter-master, the helmsman, the look-out at the mast-head, and the sentinel at the glass, an individual of each of these classes of the watch below, goes, when the seventh bell has struck, to the Purser's steward, gets his quarter of grog unmixed, takes his supper, and is ready, as soon as the eighth strikes, to relieve his man with the rest of the watch. All hands now take supper; and when one bell again strikes, the first *dog watch* is called. This is only a watch of two hours; and accordingly, when the fourth bell has struck, the second *dog watch* is called, which lasts other two hours, and brings the supposed time pretty accurately to our eight o'clock at night. By this time, however, the hammocks having been piped down, the watch relieved generally retire to rest. The watch on deck, therefore, execute all the necessary duties of the ship until their eighth bell is struck, when the *middle watch* is called; and these again are relieved in the same time by the *morning watch*, who do the ship's duty during other eight bells; which brings the account of time to our eight o'clock in the morning, when breakfast is always piped. As usual, at one bell the forenoon watch is called, who do the duties of the deck, while the watch below are fumigating or scrubbing the lower deck, or probably mending their clothes; and thus they continue until the observation is again taken, if the weather is favourable, and any necessary correction made on the time lost or gained. When the eighth bell is once more struck, the day at sea is completed, the glass is turned to commence a new one, the dinner is piped, and the watch called as before.

mate's shrill pipe and hoarse voice, as he bellowed down the hatchway, *All the Larboard Watch, ahoy!*—This was rather too much, but there was no alternative;—Edward, therefore, after a few heavy and bitter sighs, hurried on his clothes, and sprung upon deck. “Aft there, Larbolians, to muster, d’ye hear!” bawled the impatient Boatswain’s-mate, and aft he went to the quarter-deck, where stood the Midshipman of the watch, wrapped in a great coat of the most ponderous dimensions, rubbing his eyes, while the quarter-master held up his lantern for him to muster by. No sooner was it over, than Edward was ordered on the fore-castle to relieve the look-out, who, after cautioning him to be particularly attentive in reporting to the quarter-deck any thing unusual he might see a-head, and to answer smartly whenever he was hailed by the officer of the watch, left him to his solitary meditations melancholy enough; for so strong was the contrast between the beautiful illusion of his brief slumbers, and his then actual state—a mere atom in the computed strength of a war vessel, and one, moreover, whose very existence was of far less value than the continued solidity of the merest plank of the ship—that it left an impression on his mind of such strength and tenacity as not to be easily got rid of.

He was, however, speedily aroused from such disagreeable reflections, by the loud and repeated bawlings which were made for Dennis Mahony, a fore-topman of the watch, who had absented himself from muster. After a long and careful search, both by the Boatswain’s-mate, and the sergeant of Marines, the latter appeared at the top of the fore hatchway, exclaiming in answer to the officer of the watch, “that for certain it was his firm belief, the devil had taken him to himself, for the never a Mahony could he lay his nippers on in the hooker,” when the cover of the cutter on the booms suddenly gave way, and the head of the aforesaid Dennis appeared above them, replying to the sergeant—“By the powers, now, officer of the red, you hardly give Mahony justice there, at all, at all.—The devil has taken him, has he?—Aha, my jewel, Dennis knows a ~~devil~~ worth a dozen of that; for faith, and a blessing, and he isn’t the boy that ever a devil or sergeant in the country will clapperclaw so easily.”

“Come down, you skulking lazy scoundrel, come down,” cried the second Lieutenant, who had the watch;—“What the deuce took you up there, eh?”

“Auch!—auch!” cried Dennis, yawning and coming slowly down, “the devil fetch me, your honour, if I can tell exactly; but so it was, d’ye see, that finding my head a little too heavy for my own dear shoulders, or so, I just thought, thinks I, I’ll go and be after looking after my own darling boat here;—and so, your honour, I got in to her, and put her all to rights—and so—”

“You fell asleep, I suppose,” interrupted the officer.

“Troth, and you may say it, your honour,” replied Dennis; “for somehow or other, I’ve never heard a single shake of a human tongue ever since, saving your honour’s own beautiful one, which, to be sure, was doing every thing but blessing poor Dennis Mahony, so it was.”

“Very well, Master Mahony, very well,” said the officer: “You may stand by to be reported to the Captain—that I can tell you, you swab. In the meantime, to prevent that filthy mop of yours from getting so heavy again in my watch—for I’m certain you’ve been drunk, you scoundrel—he so good as march your body off, to the fore yard’s-arm, and there cool yourself at your leisure, for the remainder of the watch.—Come, jump, you rascal, or worse may befall you.”

“Och, och!” exclaimed poor Dennis, “and bad luck to me! May the devil fly away with me; and plant me, like a murphy, in my own dear father’s potato-garden, county Kerry, says Dennis Mahony!—The fore yard’s-arm, did your honour say?—and in such a bloody cowl’d night, too? and the never a kerchief nor pee-jacket to cover me?—Och, och! plase your honour, do excuse me for this time. Just go for to think, how the blazes poor Dennis Mahony, and that’s myself, could do any other way than the way that he has done, when he was neither sensible of himself, nor heard ever a syllable of the matter, at all, at all.—Och, do, your honour!—plase do!”

“Away, you blackguard, away,” cried the Lieutenant warmly; “Jump, or I’ll give you a starting.—Boatswain’s-mate!”

“Ubbaboo!” shouted Dennis, pulling up his trowsers, “I’ve had rather

too much of him already, place your honour. By the powers! if my shoulders wouldn't pass current for a Yankee ensign, so nicely are they streaked.—No, no, the yard's-arm for Dennis, if a welting's the case.—But, may it please your goodness, your honour, since I must go, to allow me to go to the head?"

"Get along, you lubber!" cried the officer, smiling, "that's all in my eye. However, go—and do you, Bird, go along with him, and see him aloft. On your peril, let him below!—d'ye hear me?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" growled the Boat-swain's-mate, as the Lieutenant walked away.—"Come, come, matey, off to the head with you."

Meanwhile poor Dennis, grievously affronted, mourned audibly; ever and anon interrupted by Bird, who, irked and impatient, urged him on to his station of punishment.

"I'll just tell you what it is, Tom Bird," cried Dennis, impatiently leaping in on the fore-castle, "and that is the short and the long on't, for, soul of me, it's truth. I knows my duty, and can do it, ay, by the powers, as well as you, or ere a he in the hooker;—but who the devil ever heard of a poor fellow's being sent at midnight, to straddle a foreyard's-arm for seven bells in this cursed cold quarter, with his neck, and his trotters, and his every thing, as bare as the hour he was born? Soul of me, 'twould provoke the Pope himself!—Harkce, Tom, there's a fine fellow, do let me slip below, for my shoes and pee-jacket—I'll not be a jitty."

"No, no;—can't, can't," replied Bird; "Must obey orders,—so off you go. 'Sblood! you wouldn't have me sent to hear you company, would you?"

Poor Dennis was now completely at his wit's end, and was moving slowly and sadly off towards the fore rigging, when our hero, still looking-out, very gallantly offered him both his shoes and pee-jacket, would they fit him, alleging he could want them easily, seeing he could walk about.

"That's my darling!" cried the overjoyed Dennis, shaking Edward warmly by the hand. "Fit me, honey? by the bones of Saint Patrick, they've been made for me.—Thank you, thank you, matey; and maybe it may come in the way of Dennis Mahony to do you a better trick.—Good

bye, Tom Bird," cried he, ascending the rigging,—“you can now tell Mr Officer-of-yours, that Dennis is seated cheek-by-jowl with the sheet-block; and if you can chime in a word or two about the cowl'd night, you know, do, like a jewel, and I'll thank you also.” He then continued his ascent in high spirits, chaunting the following melodious flourish:

“There was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket

Fifty times as high as the moon;

‘Here I go,’ cries old Goody; ‘but, devil be thankit,

Troth, I'll complete my business soon.’

‘Old woman, old woman, pray where are you going?

Where, on that broom, are you going so high?’

‘Why, do you not see, that I'm going,’ cries she,

‘To swape the cobwebs off yon blue sky.’

The warbling of this very mellifluous morsel, which had “a dying fall,” and which Dennis appropriately quavered to one of the most lengthy hey-and-go-down drawls of the Emerald Isle, appeared to recall a variety of similar scraps to his memory, which, accordingly, getting vent as quick as they came forward, had speedily the effect of attracting a number of admiring listeners on the deck, who seemed every way disposed to give him all the applause in their power, consistent with that quietness and silence so strictly enjoined in the night-watches of the navy. This smuggled encouragement, and a secret wish, we suspect, on his own part, to attract his officer's attention to his cold and comfortless station on the yard, of which he was by this time heartily tired, urged Dennis on to keep rousing and tuning his “vocal shell” with a laudable perseverance, until, getting into the prohibited alto of a fag-end of the lively ambling Ballynafad,—to the decorative shakes of which the stendy northern blast contributed greatly,—he at last had the satisfaction of coming under review.

“Keep a good look-out forward, there!” accordingly now resounded from the quarter-deck.

“Ay, ay, sir!” responded the look-out, (for our hero had been relieved,) who immediately saw the officer of the watch advancing towards him.

“Fore-castle, there! who is that squalling so?” said the officer.

The lad made no reply, except a significant glance at the culprit on the fore-yard's arm.

The officer appeared to understand him. "Harkee, you bog-trotting potato-eater, if you don't make less noise with that cat-call of yours, I'll be after sending one aloft who will speedily change your music. Fore-yard, there! make less noise—d'ye hear me?"

"Noise, sir!" cried Dennis; "by the piper of Leinster, the devil a noise I'm after making, at all, at all. I were merely conning a stave of my ould mother's over, to kape my tongue from being froze in my head; for my teeth, d'ye see, please your honour, are ruffing away against each other just now like the Bartlemy showman's salt-box, and as for my trotters they're completely gone,—in faith are they."

"D—n your trotters!" cried the Lieutenant, laughing, and turning away; "make less noise, and come down."

"O long life to your honour, and it's spoke like yourself!" cried the happy Dennis, starting to his feet with an agility which showed how true he spoke when he said his feet were completely gone; "for if ever you have to fore-yard or make a spread-eagle of me in future, either for slapping, or singing, or doing any thing else at all, at all, my name is no longer Dennis Mahony, dear."

He was now on deck, and Edward was one of the first to advance and compliment him on his deliverance from such a very disagreeable thralldom.

"Phew!" cried this practical philosopher; "the devil an inch of me cares a morsel about it, at all, at all, now that it's over. It will all rub off when it's dry, honey. But I haven't forgot your kindness, dear, in dousing your shoes and your jacket for me.—There they are, gragh, with many thanks, and never a haypurth the worse of the wear; and if ever you stand in want of any thing, which you think either the hands or the head of Dennis Mahony can do for you, come you to him boldly, and, my ears to a rope-yarn, you'll neither find him ungrateful nor forgetful."

Thus, mutually pleased with each other, and the weather still continuing steady, did Dennis and our hero pace the lee side of the deck during the remainder of the watch, putting and an-

swering divers queries regarding their respective countries of Scotland and Ireland; from which Edward learnt, that his new friend, Mahony, was a scion of Tralee,—was a first-rate seaman, having been bred on the waters from boyhood,—and, from being early impressed, had seen a deal of service, and was intimately acquainted with the various peculiarities of ships of all sizes and shapes in the navy.

Next morning, after breakfast, *Divisions* were piped, which consisted in the two watches ranging themselves along their respective sides of the vessel, the starboard watch on the right side, and the larboard watch on the left. The Captain then appeared, and, attended by his first Lieutenant, walked along this single line, subjecting every individual to a strict scrutiny as to the cleanliness of his person and linen, and his clothes being properly mended. This business being speedily over, the *Nore draft to muster!* was then piped, and this being the draft with which Edward came on board, he was ranked up on the quarter-deck along with the others. The Captain now called them aft individually to the capstan, where he stood, surrounded by his officers, with the guard-ship's list in his hand; and here he commenced by the inquiry as to whether they had ever been at sea. If answered in the affirmative, his next question went to ability,—“Can you steer, my lad? Can you heave the lead?” &c. &c.; but if in the negative, it was then, “What trade are you, fellow? Where was you born?” and so on. The result of the whole inquiry was, that all the seamen were ordered about their business, leaving our hero and twelve other landmen standing in a line, and looking foolishly enough.

Captain Switchem and his first Lieutenant now appeared to enter into a conversation particularly regarding them; for, after taking a turn or two along the quarter-deck, the Captain said aloud, “’Pon my honour, Pyke, I really doubt it much, although I must say the project seems a good one. At all events, there can be no harm, you know, in giving it a fair trial.—Boatswain's-mate! Young Pin-afore, tell Bird to send me all the fore and main topmen aft here directly. Come, jump, young gentleman.”

“Aft on the quarter deck, there, all the fore and main topmen,” bawled

the Boatswain's-mate: "D'ye hear below, there?"

"Stop, stop a little, my lads!" cried the Captain, halting the foremost of them; "stay where you are until I call you.—Mr Fudgefort, bring me the muster-book—ay, that's right, now we'll get on smoothly. Fore and main topmen of the starboard watch, come this way." These accordingly advanced, and were put in a line opposite the landsmen, with their first and second captains at their heads. "Now you, Masters Pinafore and Ettercap," cried the Captain, pointing to Edward's co-partnery, "separate these fellows into your own watches;" which being immediately done, and those belonging to the starboard watch advanced in front, the Captain, partly consulting the muster-book, and partly directed by his first Lieutenant, called a topman, and bade him make choice of his man, and walk aft with him on the poop, which he accordingly did.

In this manner, having disposed of the awkward of both watches, he dismissed the remainder of the topmen, and calling the whole selected group around him, he treated them with the following harangue:—"I have chosen you, my lads, from all the other topmen, principally at the recommendation of Mr Fyke here, who thinks very highly of you as steady, good seamen, to be the masters for a time of those fellows you have picked out. You all know as well as I do, my lads, that his Majesty is so good as to give every one of you plenty to eat and drink, besides free quarters and handsome pay, and for all this he merely expects you to obey your officers, who execute his commands. He never meant all this, however, for idle, useless people; and, 'fore God I swear, I'll allow none such to live under my command. I have therefore resolved, that these fellows you have chosen shall constantly go with you and assist you with whatever you've got to do; as, for instance, you know, when you take your spell at the wheel, I mean them to take your lee one,—if you are working in the tops, they are to accompany you,—and, in short, where the ship's duty does not otherwise interfere, you are to take all opportunities, and to be at some pains, to make them useful as quickly as you can. I myself will diligently watch your daily progress; and he that produces me any thing

like a passable duty-man out of all these dunder-pates by the time our cruise expires, I give him my honour I will look carefully after his interest against pay day. You may now return to your duty, and I'll be happy to see you get on with them smartly.—But halt a little, my lads; for, now I think on't, there's one thing I've completely forgotten to tell you. Remember, one and all of you, that I'll have no quarrelling, nor striking, nor fighting amongst you. That I shall consider infringing on my duty; for I will allow no man nor boy to be punished in this vessel without my own express orders. If any of these fellows, therefore, refuse to obey you, or if they turn saucy and give you abuse, just bring them before me, and it will go hard with your commander, indeed, if he doesn't find a way to make them more obedient thereafter. Go to your duty."

We need hardly stop to repeat, what our intelligent readers must have foreseen, that, in this ingenious scheme for the expeditious manufacture of seamen, it fell to our hero's lot, nothing loath, to be chosen by his warm friend, Dennis Mahony,—nor shall we attempt to describe the laughter excited amongst the officers, when Dennis, in his strongest brogue, affected to play the petty tyrant, commanding Edward, with infinite gravity, to pay his obeisance to the gentlemen, and to follow that thief-looking sod-cutting rascal his master, as he, with much affected pomp, and a sort of ludicrous, awkward, bearish dignity, strutted away from the captain,—for the real matter of fact was, that both Edward and his friend were highly pleased with the result of this experiment in nautical science. We must not forget to relate, however, that when afterwards ridiculed by the Boatswain, for his choice of Edward, in preference to stouter, taller, and better-looking men, how coolly and good-humouredly friend Dennis exclaimed: "'Tis the ugliness of the monster, that first attacked the day-lights of Dennis Mahony, so it was; and by the harp of Old Ireland, ay, and the Devil's Punch Bowl of my own native Kerry too, you'll never find them at sixes or sevens; and then, besides all that, which is plenty, in faith,

when you consider what a lovely share he has got of the turnspit in these comely trotters of his, you must for certain agree with me, that, soul of me, having devil a morsel to admire about himself, he would be after paying the more attention to myself, you know, darling;—and so bring me in with a wet sheet, for a whacking share of his honour's reward, against this here coming pay-day.—Och, by the powers! let Mahony alone, he comes from Tralee, and knows what he's about.—But, ubbaboo! if there isn't Tom Bird going to pipe pork and paze soup.—Bear a hand, Ned, there's a darling—and stow away these rope-yarns in some cunning corner, else the devil an inch of them we'll ever

handle again, these starbolians are such bloody thieves.—Well behaved, Davis; that's a dear.—Never you mind what they say, love, but just be attentive, and in a hurry to learn, and bring your Mahony a tot or so of your grog after dinner, and he'll maybe do more for you than you yet think of.—So come along, my beauty—man of mine as you are now.”—And away went the happy Mahony, singing a favourite scrap:

“O the thistle is prickly, the shamrock is smooth,
But both are a beautiful green, my dear;
So the thistle and shamrock should catch other love,
And forever together be seen, my dear.”

CHAP. VII.

O such is the custom at sea, brave boys, O such is the custom at sea,
Whether reefing, or furling, or loosing, no noise, nor confusion there ever must be—
Return'd to the deck, we brouse every thing tight,
Then at once, at the roll of the drum,
As fearless as careless, for fun or for fight,
We cheerily fly to our gun:
Then we blaze away at sea, my boys, the smoke and the red flash flies free;
While the black robins sing, and the balls are on the wing,
You'd be thinking ere we had done,
By the reverberating roar of the distant unseen shore,
’Twas “a hurricane eclipse of the sun.”

In a few days, his Majesty's sloop of war the *Tottumfog* reached her cruising ground, where she continued to *knock about* between the bleak coasts of Norway and Shetland, until the commencement of October; sometimes running down the shattered and indented coast of Norway, as far as Santeroe or Christiansand, and at others standing across, and loitering off the no less bold and broken coast of Shetland,—whose black naked detached rocks, now shooting to an amazing height in a spiral form, now breasting the ocean's mighty dash in solid square masses, and now heaving aloft their ragged heads as if recently shivered by the lightnings of heaven,—are but too justly the dread of the storm-o'-ertaken mariner.

As her water was now beginning to get short and not over pure, and her rigging pretty well bleached and requiring repair, Captain Switchem determined to run into Brassay Sound to water and refit, to the great joy of all the Shetlandmen, the almost daily sight of whose well-known native coast had rendered completely restless and impatient. It was utterly against all naval etiquette, however, to go into har-

bour without making his vessel look as gay as possible; and, accordingly, her sides were newly white-washed for the occasion, her royal masts sent aloft, and the yards crossed. In this swagging state she had just got within the entrance which leads to the Sound, when a violent squall of wind rushed down a narrow gully from the headlands with such amazing force, as made her top-gallant masts bend like willows, smacked the royal masts asunder, leaving them dangling in the rigging, and nearly laid the saucy *Tottumfog* keel uppermost. Being an excellent sea-boat, however, she soon righted, and the wrecks of the royals being quickly removed, she walked majestically into the Sound, until she got fairly abreast of the fort, when the anchor was let go, and the sails furled.

The decks were barely cleared up, ere the wives and female relatives of her Shetlandmen began to arrive; and certainly the hearty warmth of their first meeting was as pleasant a sight as ever Edward had seen. There was no freezing ceremony, no affected timidity, no coquettish shyness, with these buxom Islanders; but no sooner had they fixed their keen inquiring eyes on the object

of their search, than forward they sprung with a loud cry of joy, and leaping into his arms, half smothered the poor fellow with caresses. Poor Gilbert was actually in jeopardy; having not only his wife, but two stout masculine sisters, all tearing at him at once. Having contrived, however, to shake himself clear of his sisters, he very cordially returned his housewife's embrace, accompanied with a hearty smack, and exclaimed, "God bless ye, Ailey, my woman; and how hae ye fared sin I saw ye?"

"Sober enough, Lord love thee, hinny," replied the blushing Alison; with a fresh embrace and a smile, "but a's weel now, sin I'm spared to see you again;"—and the tears of joy came so fast upon the good-woman that she could not proceed. To take them from the common gaze, and allow them to make their numerous inquiries in more privacy, was no sooner suggested than executed; and we feel we would be doing a piece of high injustice, not only to the shipmates of our hero, but to the lion hearts of the united kingdom, did we fail to describe—what was universal in the navy—with what manly gallantry and anxious carefulness these rosy-cheeked strangers were handed below, into the various mess-tables belonging to their friculs, and with what delicacy and self-denial they were immediately left to their tete-a-tete, nor again disturbed, until the Boatswain's pipe brought all hands below to dinner. By that time some of the old people had arrived—by which we mean, the fathers and mothers of our foressaid shipmates—bringing store of eggs, and milk, and fresh butter with them; so that Edward and his messmates not only made a most luxurious repast, but had it prefaced with the *novelty* of getting a blessing invoked upon it, with a fervency and a simplicity singularly becoming the grey hairs of honest Jerome Lawrenson.

This venerable patriarch very soon displayed such a host of popular qualifications, as made him speedily be looked on with a far higher regard than ever could have been expected by a common humble Shetland fisherman. His superior talents apparently subdued the affections of all ranks with ease, as he was not on board many hours before he was a universal favourite; and it was none of the least

of his triumphs, so far to excite the curiosity, and overcome the habitual, and somewhat arrogant taciturnity of Captain Switchan himself, as often, in a short conversation they had together, to extort a smile from a countenance which nature had formed of her sternest materials. Besides possessing in high perfection all those frank and agreeable qualities which so peculiarly characterize the British veteran, Jerome seemed to inherit from nature a healthy, happy, and joyous disposition, a most retentive memory, an inexhaustible fund of good humour, and a shrewdness of understanding and perception, which easily led him to mould his discourse according to the taste of those he was talking with. In short, to use the Captain's own words, "he was altogether a very agreeable and astonishing old man;" combining in his own person the united characters of a fisherman, a musician, an excellent pilot, and an *old ship* of the first water—for Jerome, like most of his ocean-bred countrymen, had seen service in his day, had fought the battles of his country, and was full of the anecdote of other years. His manner, indeed, of giving these narrations, was as original as it was irresistible—ever having the charming peculiarity of bringing his admiring listeners into the very scene of action; and when he spoke of the triumphs of a Rodney or a Douglas over a Langara or De Grasse, and described, with an eye kindled to enthusiasm, the heavenly moments of victory, so completely did he command the feelings of those around him, as to be often honoured with three cheers by way of conclusion. When we confess, that, added to all these excellencies, honest Jerome had brought two laughing-eyed bare-headed daughters along with him to see their brother, and that he had also brought his favourite fiddle, which he handled like a second Gow, surely none can blame our hero or his shipmates, if, while they enjoyed the present, they anticipated successive days of happiness in the company of these warm-hearted islanders, during the period of their anchorage. In this, however, as in many other things, they had calculated without their host. Two happy evenings, indeed, they had enjoyed, and Jerome's fiddle, aided by the drum and fife, had called forth wonderful exertions from both gen-

ders; when the devil, as if envious of seeing mortals so merry, seemed to dash the cup of joy from their lips, kick it overboard, and limp off with a grin of infernal delight. On the third day, therefore, the captain had been some hours ashore, work was knocked off, the quarter-deck was cleared up, and numerous preparations were going forward for a stylish ball, in honour of these country-women of the far-famed Troils, when the signal-man reported that a small brig was standing for the Sound under all the canvas she could carry; and of course she was immediately ordered to be boarded. When the boat returned, she brought the highly displeasing intelligence, that the brig was one of our northern traders, and had, in company with many others, been chased, by what appeared to them to be an enemy's privateer, although of this she could not be certain, as they had dispersed by order of their convoy the *Ali Croker*, who had gone herself in pursuit of the stranger. These tidings having been conveyed on shore to Captain Switchem, he instantly came on board, ordered a gun to be fired to recall the other officers and boats, and matters speedily assumed an appearance which gave a death-blow to the projected gala. The flags, which formed the ball-room awning, were immediately rolled up, the rigging re-rove, the watering-gear hurried below, top-gallant masts and yards were sent aloft, along with some sails which had been unbent for repair; and thus all bustle, and running, and bawling, did the Tottumfog in a few hours get under weigh, hardly leaving the poor astonished and disappointed Shetlanders a moment's opportunity of bidding each other a hasty adieu.

The day succeeding this hurried departure was spent in clearing the decks of every thing not indispensable, and subjecting the sails and rigging to an additional scrutiny. By day-break a look-out was ordered to the mast-head; the top-sails, being judged rather of a doubtful character for the advanced season, were unbent, and new ones sent aloft;—the top-chains being, at the same time, passed round the fore and main-yards. In short, every thing assumed a more warlike appearance than Edward had yet beheld. While the serjeant and his men were busied below in putting

the small-arms of the ship in order, the Gunner and his mate, assisted by strong crews, were loading the lockers with shot—tackling up the necessary gear around the guns—filling the cutlas rack abaft—and lashing a needful supply of boarding-pikes and tomahawks around the boom and shaft of the mainmast. Amid all this bustle, which Captain Switchem anxiously superintended in person, he would ever and anon hurry aft, and, standing on the top of the round-house, take a careful survey with his glass of the blue expanse around him, then coming forward and snatching his trumpet from the capstan, would bawl out, "Mast-head there!"

"Sir!" was the reply.

"Do you see any thing?"

"No, sir, no."

"What does the fellow say, Fyke?" inquired the Captain.

His Lieutenant replied.

"Ah, so far well—Mast-head, there!—d'ye hear me—Keep a sharp look-out all round you, but particularly to windward."

"Ay, ay, sir," hollowed down the look-out; heartily glad no doubt that the examination was over.

Having at length got matters something to his mind, Captain Switchem determined that the following day should be devoted to a trial of skill with the great guns and small-arms. He therefore ordered this his intention to be publicly announced at supper, promising to reward the best gun with two bottles, and the four best shots of small-armed men with one bottle of rum; and this promise, as no similar trial had as yet been attempted, was received by all hands with infinite applause.

Next day after breakfast, therefore, the weather being delightful, the preparations for the *rum* reward were actively commenced. The cooper had previously stoppered an empty tar-cask, and stuck a slight staff in it, which the signal-man had very nationally and gaudily adorned with the tri-coloured flag, no doubt thinking that it was the only proper object for British shot to fly at; and this popinjay of a target having been carried out to a proper distance by the boat, the drummer gave a rowl on his drum, and all hands stood instantly at quarters.

"Now, Mr Fireball," cried Cap-

tain Switchem, from the top of the round-house, where he stood amid his officers; "take the young gentlemen forward with you, and proceed as soon as you like; and, of all things, be sure and tell the fellows to take their best aim. We shall stand here, meanwhile, and be your judges."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the Gunner, walking forward.—"Men, fore and aft there, silence!—Cast loose your guns!"

"Done, sir!" resounded the several captains of these sturdy implements.

"Load with cartridge!—wad to cartridge!—Ram home!" were his next commands.

"Home, sir!" replied the captains, examining their pricking wires.

"Harkye, you blasted Shetland son of a dog-fish!" cried the Gunner, running up and collaring our old friend Gilbert Tait,—"*if I catch you again playing monkey tricks with these withered paws of yours, when they ought to be employed in stopping the vent, I'll make my fists fly through your ribs like an evil spirit. What would you have said now, if the moment that poor fellow had broke the cartridge, the gun had gone off and made him a widow of his arm?—For shame, you old fool! I'm sure you know better.*"

"Atweel I wot, sir, the deil a bone o' monkey-tricking is in my scap at present," replied Gilbert; "*I was only just thinking—*"

"Thinking be d—d, you have no business to think; but keep silence, and pay attention to your duty," said the Gunner, walking away.

"By the Lord Harry, Master Officer-of-ineine," cried Dennis, who commanded a neighbouring gun, "*that is not so easily done as you suppose, particularly when you remember what a devil of a passion Father Gibbie has been in ever since he smelt his own calf country—not to spake a morsel of his ould darling Ailie.—Stop the vent?* by St Patrick, the very command is enough to break his beautiful heart, to be sure, had he not luckily left it behind him."

"Come, come, Master Put, have done, if you please," said the Gunner, surlily; "*for, let who will speak, you have got nothing to say, being to the full as careless and inattentive as Gibbie himself.*"

VOL. XII.

"Me!—me as careless as Gibbie!" cried the undaunted Dennis; "*by the powers! now, Master Officer, you are certainly joking, for the devil a careless hair's in my carcase. I wouldn't make ne'er a he on board the hooker the widow of a nail paring—far less Davis there, that's my man, you know—no, indeed!—not for all the grog in the fleet, let alone such a tiny nut-shell of a naggin as we're to be allowed.*"

"Silence, will you?" said the Gunner in a menacing tone, and immediately resumed his drill.

"Shot to wad!—wad to shot!—Ram home!"

"Done it is, sir!" replied the captains.

"Man your tacklefalls—Run out!" cried the Gunner.

And out went the carronades with a crash.

"Now, men," continued the Gunner, "*see that your tacklefalls are properly coiled down, and shoved under the slides, ready for running; and you, captains, will all of you take your aim coolly by your side and top sights, and watch carefully for the heave before you pull your triggers. So come now, men, ready, ready O!—We commence from the bows, one at a time, mind me.—Foremost gun, there, are you all ready?*"

"All ready, sir," cried the captain, taking his aim.

"Fire, then!" cried the Gunner, jumping to the gangway to see the effect of the shot, which, however, though in a good direction, fell short of the cask.

Several broadsides had thus been fired round in succession, many shots of which got unqualified praise for their precision, ere the lucky one came that penetrated the cask, and levelled the tri-coloured flag, amid the shouts and acclamations of "*Well behaved, old Gibbie!*" from all hands.

"Ay, ay," cried Gilbert, with his usual bitter laugh, "*we're Shetland, and we're cod-fish, and we're auld fules, and fiend kens a' fat; but deil may care, we still ken something o' our duty, and can throw a shot wi' ony o' ye.*"

Captain Switchem and his officers now approached, and complimented Gilbert and his comrades in very handsome terms, promising him a few weeks liberty to see his friends the first time he touched at Shetland, and ordering

him and his gun-mates withal to go below and enjoy themselves with their promised reward.

Gilbert heard all in silence, then went below with great composure; and, on being quarrelled by some of his companions for his clownish behaviour, he tartly replied, shrugging up his shoulders, "Tuts, man, you's a blarney—mere chin music, that cam in at the tae lug, and gae'd out at the ither. He'll no maird a word o' t' a' the morn; for, ye may tak my word for't, if I suld hae the misfortune to gie that cross-grained temper o' his a bit of a wrang twist, he'll just be as ready as ever to dust my jacket, as he ca's it, ay, het and heartyower again.—Come, sirs, here's to ye a', and may ye ne'er throw a waur spent shot frae your gun!"

"Glory, skipper!—Bravo, old ship!—Success, my cock of the green!" &c. &c. were now the vociferations of all his gun-mates.

"By the Lud, you may all say so, gents," cried a cockney; "for our captain's behaved himself like the son of a real gemmen—indeed he has."

"Like the son of gentleman, you awab!" cried the indignant marine, with a propitious martial ferocity, and an astounding stroke with his fist on the mess-table,—"like the son of a nobleman at least, if you please."

But, leaving Gilbert and his happy companions in the full belief that there was not such another quorum of ability in existence, we return to the quarter-deck, where the small-armed men and marines were contending for the remaining prize, by firing at the head of a flour-cask, which, nailed to a spar, was suspended from the outer end of the fore-yard's stunsail boom. This, as might have been expected, was a brief, but a warm and spirited contest; as besides that both parties, when thus opposed, are certain of betraying a strongly marked *esprit du corps*—which ever has and ever will, we believe, form an immovable barrier to a nearer connection between them—there were thought to be a sufficient preponderance of excellent shots on their side to make it highly probable, that the blue-jackets would beat the red, in the use of their own exclusive instrument, the musket. Strongly animated, however, by their own peculiar prejudices, and by that exceeding nice feeling,—which is the

boast and glory of the British soldier, and the only thing that ever *really* appals him, as it ever attaches a certain portion of disgrace to every thing that looks like a *failure*, the red-jackets exhibited such a rich display of talent, as, at the end of the second round, to make the final result exceedingly doubtful. The third and concluding round, however, set the matter at rest, the blues beating the reds by seven additional hits, the two last of which precipitated first the one half, and then the other, of the barrel's head into the deep, leaving the spar dangling targetless, as much to the joy of the one party as it mortified the feelings of the other. Though long past meridian, such was the interest excited by this trial of skill, that dinner had never been thought of even by Captain Switchem, than whom there were few living more rigid observers of times and etiquettes. No sooner, therefore, was he reminded of the circumstance by his first Lieutenant, than he hastily declared his great satisfaction at their general proficiency, promised the marines another trial at some future period, complimented the small-armed men on their skill in musketry, and ordering both parties, with very few exceptions, a double allowance of grog, instead of the prize-bottle, he dismissed them rejoicing to dinner.

As the weather continued steady and fine, and the Captain probably thought he had exercised all hands sufficiently for a day, nothing occurred until about four bells (two o'clock P. M.) when the Boatswain's mate on deck piped, *All the Boys fore and aft to muster, hoy!*—which our hero afterwards found was for the purpose of dividing them into two classes, sending them aloft, and giving them a drill at loosing and furling top-gallant sails. This, however, was speedily put an end to by an unfortunate accident, which, though it cost one of the youngsters his life, is, we are happy to assure our readers, of very rare occurrence in the navy.

The boys had all answered muster with the exception of little Zamba, the Captain's negro-boy, who pled, in apology, the necessity he was under of getting all his plate, knives, &c. &c. cleaned and ready, preparatory to the cabin dinner. This excuse the Captain would by no means receive; but ordering one of the boys to give little Blackec a

tight lacing, he dispatched poor Zamba up the rigging, loaded with all the usual petty epithets of naval scorn and contempt. Weeping very bitterly, but nimble as a squirrel, Zamba was aloft in a twinkling, and took his station in the centre of the foretop-gallant yard. The boys in each top were now opposed to each other, with Masters Ettercap and Pinafore at their heads, and neither praise nor censure were spared in urging them on to beat their opponents both in loosing and furling. They had been thus kept very warmly at work for some time, when the luckless Zamba, fully too short in stature for the station he had chosen, in making a long stretch for the purpose of tossing up what is called the *hunt* of the sail, unfortunately lost his balance, and was precipitated with a crash to the forecabin, on which he lay without sense or motion. The shrieks of the boys on the yard, and the rush of feet from the quarter-deck, brought young and old to the forecabin in a trice; where the first thing our hero beheld, was his Captain assisting the Surgeon in examining the injuries sustained by the poor hapless Zamba. To the anxious inquiries of Captain Switchem, the Doctor shook his head with a look of the most wretched hopelessness; and certainly the appearance of the unfortunate boy bore him out in his worst apprehensions. Besides his ribs, arms, and legs, which were more or less fractured, he had received a deep ugly gash on the right temple, and from it, as well as from his ears, nose, and mouth, the blood flowed profusely. Every remedy which the Doctor could think of was tried to recall the fleeting spirit, with but little apparent success. At one time, indeed, when they were changing his position, he gave a slight movement, and called in a faint wailing voice on his mother—but it appeared to be merely an involuntary movement from excessive pain. He quickly relapsed into a state of insensibility; his little interesting sable countenance assumed a lighter and more leaden-coloured hue, and his respiration impeded and making the blood gurgle in his throat, with a heavy sigh, the spirit fled, leaving poor Zamba a heap of dust.

At this instant the forecabin exhibited a picture of considerable pathos. In the centre of as large a circle as its crowded state would admit of, lay the

unfortunate Zamba, his head a little raised on the knee of an assistant, and streaming in blood, with whom nature was evidently making her last struggle. At his feet stood Captain Switchem, his chin resting on his right hand, gazing in silence on the closing scene, and evidently struggling with feelings of the most acute emotion, if any thing at all might be attached to the deep and rapid flushings which ever and anon flashed across his palid countenance; on his left aide knelt the Doctor, every restorative now thrown aside, watching the progress of the poor boy's fast-ebbing pulse; while all around the circle, raised tier on tier, appeared a motley assemblage of faces, of all shapes, ages, and sizes, each bearing the strongest marks of sympathy and sorrow, which altogether gave an interest to the grouping and death of this poor negro boy, no way unworthy the classical pencils of our far-famed modern Athens.

The most profound silence was at length interrupted by the Doctor's dropping the little hand he had hitherto held in his own, raising himself on his feet, and declaring all was over.

"Is it so indeed, Cawdell?" groaned the Captain, in a voice hardly audible; "Poor little fellow!—alas! 'tis over with you now.—O Doctor, Doctor, it has been indeed a very shocking accident!—Hey ho!" cried he; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he hurried the handkerchief into his pocket, hemmed, and turning to his first Lieutenant, said, with much apparent coolness, "Harkye, Fyke, give you the sailmaker the necessary orders, and clear the forecabin.—Zounds! what are all the fellows staring at?—Get down all of you directly—Come, jump—quick, quick!—and get out of my way;" and so saying, he hurried aft, and retired to his cabin.

Lieutenant Fyke eyed him in silence till he disappeared from the deck, then turning to the other officers, said, in a low voice, with a knowing smile, "By the Lord Harry! gent, he's caught it seemingly, and rarely too, if I mistake not.—Now would I not wonder, though we're bored to death with his d—d dismal and sentimentals for the best part of a week to come; and then, you know, that on these cursed unhappy occasions, a muzzler of Tenebriff, or a sparkler of Madeira, is all in

my eye.—However, let us be doing." He then wheeled round, and taking a firm and deliberate look around him, he cried, in his usual sharp manner, "Come, come, my lads, this is no place for you, I believe. There is nothing wanted here now but an undertaker, and him I'll provide in the best manner I may.—Boatswain's-mate! bundle up the sailmaker to me directly, and tell him to bring his gear along with him; but, avast there, my old boy!—before you go any farther, slue yourself round, and call the watch." The whistle immediately blew, and produced all the instantaneous effects of a magician's wand, or the sword of a Harlequin, hurrying our hero and all his watchmates below, accompanied, of course, with all the more curious petty officers, idlers, the lame, and the lazy.

The melancholy fate of this unfortunate boy, however, operated like a charm on all hands, and, as might have been expected, gave a corresponding gloom to the *table-talk* below, very different from the roaring bursts which the extra allowance had previously excited. Edward was therefore no way surprised to hear the never-ending merry stories of mine landlady of Deptford, or my fancy girl of Gosport, with all the intervening critiques on the marvels of gunnery, musketry, pikes, cutlasses, and tomahawks, in broadsides, boardings, &c. &c. laid calmly aside, and as rich a treat of horrors and horrors served up to his ears, as ever his eyes had been blessed with in the witching pages of that ghosting, rawhead-and-bloody-bones fraternity, years before led on by that redoubted and popular personage, yeelpod Monk Lewis. In fact, all the most aged, most experienced, and, of course, most ignorantly superstitious, seemed to make it a matter of conscience to drag forth their most precious morsels of terror for the occasion; and of course a number of stories were related *instantly*, which, however absurd or improbable, or not *ver* original, they might appear in the eyes of our hero, seemed to gain an eager hearing, and a most devout credence, from all his companions. We confess there is

a peculiar witchery in these demented narrations at all times, but particularly in those seasons where the human mind has been previously prepared for unearthly converse, by the view of a parting soul and body. This had been the case with all hands immediately before; and several fortuitous circumstances conspired to make the hour still more favourable to the excitement of these fearful tremors; for the Captain and his officers were all cabined and quiet—the weather moderate and steady—the brig in all points snug—the twilight on deck, darkness below—and the miserable rush-lights of the purser barely making that darkness visible. All things considered, therefore, it was no doubt curious, but by no means wonderful, to see the various assemblages huddled closely around their respective orators, who, with a becoming solemnity of voice and aspect, and a most minute attention to the "pompe and circumstance," screwed gradually up their horrible ditties to such a tremendous alto, as completely unmanned many of their more credulous listeners, whose countenances and unwillingness to go about any thing like duty for some time after, sufficiently denoted what a powerful grasp an ignorant superstitious fear can take of the much-vaunted reason and judgment of humanity.

We would gladly indulge our readers with some brief specimens of what was passing in this two hours' terror-stirring confabulation, had we not unfortunately left ourselves neither room nor leisure. In our next, however, we pledge ourselves to serve up to them one of the most popular of the host, tricked out and garnished à la *Ambrosian*; and this we shall submit to them rather as a slight specimen of *method and manner*, than any thing we can say in behalf of the *matter*. We are the more inclined to make this promise at once, because while it rids us for the time of what we confess to think rather a broad-bottomed subject, it conducts us, at the same time, with an elate quite astonishing, to the end of our Seventh Chapter.

S.

THE CONGRESS.

THE European system has, since the close of the French war, assumed a new character. The *grand pensée* of Henry IV. of France contemplated the arbitration of national quarrels by a council of sovereigns. But the generosity of Henry's nature was not proof against the habits of his country; and his grand coalition was to have France at its head. Yet the good sense and piety of extinguishing the conflicts of empire were obvious, and a multitude of the best and wisest men had inculcated the advantage of restraining national injustice, by an appeal to some great Amphictyonic seat of judgment. The speculation was never reduced to practice. Even the benevolent looked upon it but as one of those theories of human happiness, in which the whole delight must be limited to speculation. The nineteenth century has shewn its practicability. But the wisdom was not of man's invention, nor the way of man's discovery. The French war, in its triumph and its catastrophe, was the teacher, under the control of that mighty and beneficent intelligence, which, at all times directing the course of things to the ultimate good of society, seems to have in those latter days both accelerated the progress and made more palpable the design. It is absurd to place the French war in the class of those conflicts, by which nation has been struggling against nation from the first ages. Its external violence, and its civil excesses, its disruption of foreign power, and its subversion of the domestic throne, have no common features with the tribe of war. It was not an army in hostility, but a people; not a people resisting a single opponent, but a people challenging conflict with the world. The overthrow of the national worship, the monarchy, the privileges of every constituted body, the subversion of property within the realm, the assault upon all exterior authority, alike allied, neutral, and inimical; the furious and sanguinary ambition, by which the ends of the earth were contemplated as not too remote for the boundaries of the French dominion, gave the war a gigantic, strange, and overwhelming character, a physiognomy of fiendish pride, unbelief,

and blood, terribly pre-eminent over all the combats of mere human ambition.

Two discoveries resulted from this tremendous convulsion; the first, that no single power could overthrow the united force of the rest; and the second, that to secure Europe from gradual ruin, a combination of the leading powers was of absolute necessity. For the first time in history, an army of empires was formed; and by the choice of Wellington for its chief, England was virtually declared the head of this most magnificent of all coalitions.

It is beyond our purpose to examine whether all that might have been done by this great arrangement has been done; whether the *Holy Alliance*, a compact of a distinct order, has been pure in all its purposes; whether the rights of nature have not been violated, in the eagerness to restrain the offences of national irritability. But one fact is unanswerable, that the great primal object of the coalition has been accomplished; that France is no more the disturbing spirit of Europe; that her Revolution, once stricken down, has been kept down; and that the gallantry which smote France has been turned into the vigilance by which its fugitive jacobinism has been coerced in its vow of foreign ruin.

One more important consideration is, what England is to suffer and to do. A new minister has been placed in charge of her external interests. We are not about to pay undue homage to his powers. His promotion has been the result of the general reliance on his abilities. There may have been private interests active in his elevation; but in the eye of the nation, he has risen on the simple conviction of his public fitness. The public voice declared at once, that no man was so competent to fill up the chasm in the Administration, and the public confidence has, with the strongest and most honourable testimonies of confidence, acknowledged the appointment of Mr Canning. The English Minister has before him the first field ever offered to a high spirit for establishing an immortal name for himself, and an irresistible, yet generous influence for his country.

The death of the late Foreign Secretary would of itself entitle him to be alluded to with respectful pity. He fell almost a sacrifice to his zeal. His personal faults we leave to the investigation of his personal enemies, if he had such; his failures as a statesman are of more allowable discussion; and yet over these his death has drawn a veil not to be touched by an irreverent hand. We are Tories; and as such, we are firm haters of the Jacobin ferocity of the Hants and Cobbets, and their abettors in all classes of society. But hating the sanguinary madness of Radicalism, we not less hate, though we much less fear, arbitrary power. The Whig of 1688 has degenerated into the Jacobin of 1822. The Tory of 1822 has adopted the principles of the freeman of 1688, and is at this hour the most effective guard upon the possible excesses of power; because he is the most rational, consistent, and sincere friend to the Constitution. If he haunt no mob meetings, propagate no calumnious folly, or make no revolutionary pilgrimages through the jails and highways of England; if he be neither *Lord Grey*, bending his aristocratic brow to the majesty of the rabble, while the nostrils of his pride are wrinkled in disdain of their rudeness; if he be no *Lord Holland*, burlesquing the Constitution by the ridicule of his defence; if he disdain the professional clamours of the Broughams, and the boyish mischievousness of the Lambtons, and similar retainers of the cause of absurdity and evil,—he exercises an honourable vigilance on the conduct of ministers, and would be among the first to atray himself in firm resistance to an attack on the liberties and honours of England. It may have been remarked, that among the public men whose conduct we found ourselves inclined to discuss, the late Marquis of Londonderry was the individual whom we the least delighted to honour. We were perfectly sensible of his good qualities, his amenity as a leader of the Commons, his freedom from venality, and

his personal fearlessness. But of all the Foreign Secretaries within our memory, he had the least of an English mind. His adoption of foreign phrases, trivial as the evidence is, takes a place among the proofs that the Marquis looked with more than English complacency upon the habits of strangers. But the heavier proof of the charge is, that in the whole new distribution of Europe, he gained nothing for the influence, the honour, or the dominion of England.* We know the folly of a too extensive dominion, the crime of a lust of power, and the fearful retributive hazard of usurped dominion. But it must not be forgotten, that at the close of a war in which we had taken the lead in danger, we were the last in compensation; that warring for the liberties of the world, we were deprived of the honour and happiness of securing them when the contest was done; and that the disarming of the French Revolution, undoubtedly a great result, was the sole consequence reaped from a triumph that ought to have been an era of constitutional freedom through the world. It is the peculiar and noble fortune of England, that her happiness, freedom, and wealth, are palpably connected with those of the whole great circle of European society. She sits on the throne of Europe by a voluntary sovereignty of good. All nations feel that the mighty Island cannot be the enslaver of the Continent; England is the great central fortress in which the suffering and the brave of all countries must take the common interest of a common safety. Her renown is their security. They rejoice to see the battlements of her power—the Acropolis of nations, rise above all the strongholds of the earth, and lie glorious in its imperishable trophies and temples; because they know that her strength and glory are the hope of freedom among mankind.

To have made those feelings of the higher minds of the Continent universal, ought to have been the labour of the Foreign Secretary. The Marquis of Londonderry occupied himself in

*No, indeed. Lord Londonderry gained nothing but honour, but honour he did gain. We cannot suffer this passage in our accomplished correspondent's paper to pass without recording our own very different and much more lofty opinion of this great departed statesman. On some early occasion we shall return to this subject, and in a more leisurely manner; but in the mean time let this caveat suffice.—C. N.

superintending the distribution of territory, not the assurance of freedom. Towns and districts were paid from hand to hand; great tracts of population in the heart of Europe were transferred with the unfeeling facility of a Russian estate, and multitudes of intelligent men, distinguished literati, great merchants, and soldiers who had bled for independence, were trafficked from power to power, like a Russian peasantry. It might have been difficult altogether to counteract this; but an English Secretary ought not to have seen those things done without an honest remonstrance. The Metterniches and Hardenbergs have sagacity enough to distinguish between the displeasure of an official note and the determination of a sincere minister. To his restorations of territory, it is not our purpose to object. They may have been improvidently liberal, they may have been wise. But we feel deeper regret in the fact, that to this hour the promises of the Continental sovereigns, either to England or their subjects, have been almost without exception eluded; that among the leading powers no constitution has been given to the people, except in France; that no free press has been given to the people, except partially in France; that no general equivalent privileges have been given, if such could be; that the favourite and honourable wish of England, the extinction of the slave trade, has been eluded in the grossest and most nefarious manner by the trading powers, and that almost a million of money has been paid for its suppression into the pockets of Spain and Portugal, which might have been as wisely flung into the sea.

But it is now gratifying to us to speak of the prospective good. Mr Canning has eminent advantages in his accession to the public service. Among the first we regard his eloquence, the next is his disengagement from foreign partialities. No man will be a favourite with the nation, or a beneficial servant of the empire, who submits himself to a foreign policy, or foreign predilections. The Englishman must have an English minister. The most popular speech of the most popular predecessor of his Majesty, was that in which he declared himself "*born a Briton*." The most popular sovereign of England

before the Brunswicks, was Cromwell, the man who declared that with foreigners no ambassador was equal to a ship of the line. The most popular minister that England ever saw—the man to whom she gave her heart and hand with unrestrained confidence—was Chatham, the avowed despiser of foreign professions, the awe of the whole tribe of slippered diplomacy abroad, and the contemptuous and resolute claimant of every right of England and human nature. Chatham is the great model for a British minister.

What Mr Canning will do, it must be idle to conjecture; what he ought to do, it would, perhaps, be presumptuous to decide. But what the people of England desire to see done, is of easy knowledge; and it is by the public will that a minister must shape his course, if he will do honour to himself, or service to the nation. Popularity is essential to his power of doing the greatest good. A submission to the honourable will of the people is the best auxiliary for his wisdom. The freedom of English discussion,—the infinite variety of mind, interest, and experience, which are called in to act on any high public matter,—places the general decision almost beyond error; and the wisest question that can be asked in a dubious Cabinet is, what is the opinion in the streets? We look upon the general public judgment as next to infallible. In the late war, full of strange and untried circumstances as was that fearful shaking of established thoughts and things, it never failed. It predicted the results of every expedition from that of Quiberon Bay to that of Walcheren; and its prediction was fatally true. It pronounced upon every commander at once; and defeat or victory followed as sure as the stroke of the flash. It is remarkable, that the first favourite general of the nation was Sir Arthur Wellesley, and that the national hopes went with him from the moment of his sailing for Portugal. It was remarkable, in other instances, how closely the opinion of the country defined, that one general would blunder bravely into death, and another meet it gallantly in retreat and repulsion; how a third would lose his presence of mind in the field to recover it on his trial; and how another would dress, dine, and sleep away an expe-

dition. The result of the higher operations of diplomacy was foreseen with the same prophetic distinctness. The failure of the successive coalitions,—the fragility of the peace of Amiens,—and the return of Napoleon from Elba,—were topics of common conviction. But this spirit of disastrous prophecy, fearfully confirmed as it was by the long calamity of Europe, was essentially separate from the professional whinnings of party. Whiggism was the screech-owl, flying wherever there was a sick-chamber, and trying to scream sickness into death. There was a nobler and more imperial bird, that, sometimes driven down by the storm, yet kept his plumes expanded, and his eye on Heaven; till, at the first gleam of sun-shine, he shook his wet and weary wing, and, eagle-like, again towered to the sun. The Spanish war was the war of the British nation. Whiggism, the universal abettor of insurrection, here found one insurrection entitled to the honour of its hostility. A mighty revolt to protect a king, not to murder him,—to protect a nobility, not to rob and massacre them,—to protect a national worship, not to wash the altars in the blood of the priests,—was a revolt repulsive to English jacobinism, and the old rejoicings over popular outrage were extinguished in the reprobation of popular virtue. The public opinion, sneered at by the Opposition, was adopted by the Government; and those noble Lords who had cheered the insane declaration, that “the troops sent to Spain under Wellington might better have been shot in St James’s Park!” were refuted by triumphs, which were at once those of ministerial energy and public opinion.

We now come to the most important inquiry:—What is the desire of the English nation in its foreign policy? The most interesting object is Greece. It is beyond all doubt the national desire, that the butchery of this war should be stopped at once. There has been much guilt and sacrifice of guilty life on both sides. But there has been a horrid barbarity let loose upon the unoffending. Islands, which took no part in the insurrection, have been scourged by the bloody and towering barbarism of Turkish avarice and revenge. For the first time during centuries we have seen a slave trade in Christian prisoners. Wo-

men of honour exposed in the human shambles of an Asiatic butcher; men of wealth and character flung into a horrid captivity, or slain; the servants of the altar racked and murdered; and the horrors of the wildest ages perpetrated by the Turk, with an open declaration, that these things have been done in hatred of Christianity. Is England, which could put a stop at once to this wolfish execution, to shrink from the common duty of humanity, and suffer it to go on? Her official notes are nothing—mockery, worse than mockery. The Turk will feel them an excuse for her shame in suffering these atrocities, and a pledge that all her hostility will be on paper. He taunts her ambassador; he repels her feeble remonstrance; he scoffs at her tardy humanity; answers note by note; and, before the seal is cold, sets forth again on his work of massacre. What treaty can bind a nation to an acquiescence in those horrors, that would not sanction an individual in a conspiracy to see murder done, and see that none impeded its being done? A few Greek revolvers landed on Scio; they were received with natural congratulation, but obtained no assistance, or none of moment. The Turk let slip his dogs of war among this people, and a great and flourishing community of the Christian world was made a smoking desert. Its population was massacred, or dragged away to indignities worse than death,—and the butcher was our ally! In Cyprus, there has been no alleged ground of devastation. The Turk found it guilty of peace, and wealth, and, more than all, of Christianity. Cyprus, one of the finest islands of the Archipelago, has, by the latest accounts, been utterly sacked;—the island a tomb; the streets full of blood; and thousands, and ten thousands, of its innocent people flung into a returnless slavery, among the ruthless passions and tauntings of the savage infidel. Is England to stand by and see these crimes before God and man committed? Is she to be justified, by unrolling her parchment treaty, and, in the midst of the hourly violation of its spirit, feel justified before Heaven and earth by pointing to the letter? If we have declared to the Turk our resolution to prohibit a cruelty worthier of the devil than of man, and if he have persisted,—all treaty is at an end,—our

faith is secure,—and then is the time to vindicate our feelings, our honour, and the privileges of nations virtually committed to the charge of England. By our present neutrality we make enemies of all. The Turk hates us for even the trivial sanction which our neutrality gives to the Greek. The Greek hates us for our alliance with the Turk. The Russian hates us for standing in his line of march to the Propontia. The desire of the British people is, to see neither the Turk trample the Greek, nor the Russian enthroned in Constantinople; but to see the Greek islands and main,—all that bore the name, dear and hallowed, of Greece,—combined into one vigorous and free shape of power. What the detail of their constitution might be, time and the general choice should decide; whether they were to be united under a monarchy,—a form of government of difficult application to their locality,—or to constitute a firmly allied system of separate governments, sending deputies to some permanent central council for the higher concerns of all; a mode of government suited to the noble recollections and the natural circumstances of Greece. The new Greek representative empire would at once check the ambition of Russia in the Mediterranean, strengthen Constantinople and Ionia, and give a powerful and honourable ally to England. Deeper and richer hopes might come forth to light from this draining of the deluge of misery and blood. The climate of Greece, its mountains and seas, its brilliant skies and balmy air, are made for the finest development of the human body, and with it of the mind. It is idle to doubt the influence of climate upon races of people, when every man feels their daily action on himself. Greece wants nothing but the impulse of honourable ambition,—the hope of distinction,—the certainty of a free range and reward for her powers,—to be the Greece of *Eschylus* and *Pericles*.

The public desire to see the Spanish civil war extinguished. They lament the havoc of Spanish life, the ruin of a noble country, and the extinction of the finest peasantry of the South—they hear of the battles, in which those unhappy men are left to the dog and vulture, with indignation and sorrow—they feel that now is the moment to

interpose. The royalist and constitutional armies are standing face to face, like charged thunder-storms; the mediation of England would conduct the lightning from both, would palpably be rejoiced in by both, the war would be at an end, and the peace and freedom of Spain would be the glorious gifts of England. The English people desire to see a constitution given to Spain. They look with aversion on all attempts to revive the abuses of the old government—they look with equal aversion on the projects of Jacobinism, thinly disguised under the name of Constitution. They would abolish the Inquisition, the Monks, the more oppressive among the noble and commercial privileges; establish a free representative legislature, a free press, independent judges; lay the foundation for the growing good cause of a religious toleration, and baptize Spain into the household of Liberty. The English Minister can accomplish much of this by a word. The declaration of his will must be powerful, when it is in unison with the obvious interests of the nation. Let him propose his plan to both, and declare that he will side with its acceptor. The weight of England's judgment might turn a more uneven balance. But the strength of *Eroles* and *Mina* seems completely equal; they are both, we believe, equally friends to a free constitution, and equally haters of Jacobinism. Our sincere interposition would save their mutual honour, might quiet their mutual claims, and sheathe the sword in Spain. But something we must do. Spain, left to herself, will, after long havoc, become directly republican—it is the fashion of the time—revolution is gregarious. A republic in Spain will seek its fellow in a republic in Italy. With Spain and Italy revolutionized, how long will France be tranquil? How long will Germany, already heaving, lie repining and murmuring, before it bursts into a resistless storm? When those things come, what will be the fate of England? Is there, even now, no secret transit for the revolutionary stream through the heart of her soil? We will pursue this topic no farther.—*Deus avertat.* But it is beyond all denial, that the whole Continent is at this hour in a state of internal convulsion; that, like the spirits of Pandemonium, there is among the more powerful minds of

Europe a sense of loss and defeat, a desperate love of fierce hazards—a wild and fiery dream of rebel grandeur, to be won by force of arms. The Frenchman, cast on the ground by the fortune of war, feels his hostility to thrones unextinguished; the German, who fought for his country under the promise of a Constitution, feels his hopes defeated; the Italian, proud of his ancient memories, and flung ten thousand fathoms deep from his late ideal independence, feels and groans; the Pole, loaded with the Russian fetter, feels and curses his degradation.—Through the whole circuit of the Con-

tinents there is but one preparation, great and terrible, for a catastrophe, of which no man can calculate the horrors or the close. The field is sown with the serpent teeth of bitterness, ruined ambition, and inveterate discord. Are we to see it send up its harvest of the spear? The thrones of the Continent stand at this hour in a mighty cemetery. It is in the will of God whether the dead shall be added to the dead, and the nations melt away, or whether the trumpet shall sound, the graves be broken up, and all be terror, judgment, and ruin.

METAMORPHOSES NOT FARULOUS.

"Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade."

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller*.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,

You acted a very friendly part by me; and your insertion of my "Meteorological Observations Extraordinary," completely disproved the insinuations of some over-kind relations of mine, who superciliously hold, that crazy folk's remarks are not worth minding. I am glad to cast in their teeth, that the whole world, by means of me, (under favour of *Maga*,) now knows what has become of the voluminous progeny of the male poetic population of these realms. Who was aware, ere it was imparted to me, and by me divulged to you, that the accumulated mass of printed poetry, which our existing minstrels generously bestowed on their contemporaries, had been rained to the stars in the shape of vapour or smoke? Lucky it is, that there are such means of consuming the poetical crop, of which we have had such abundant years lately; authorial distress, from excess of produce, would otherwise certainly have taken place,—the warehousing system would only have pampered the evil; but now pens and paper may again be fearlessly called for when the effluvia wants vent, and that awfully puzzling compound of blots, and scratches, and interlineations, and good second thoughts, and better third thoughts, a MS. POEM, may be sent to the printer, in the plural, not in the singular number—as often as gentle-men or simple-men like. But you may have observed with surprise, as I am sure I

did, that the metre-stuffed volumes, of which I saw whole barrowfuls sublimated into vapour, or "resolved into a dew," were entirely the composition of the masculine marauders upon Parnassus. Nevertheless, as there is no want in England of female hands, which can strike the lyre to some purpose, and set printing-presses going, to give their airy nothings "a local habitation (*i.e.* a drab book-covers) and a name (*i.e.* a title-page)," I did greatly wonder, that their works were spared in the metamorphosis which their tuneful brethren were made to undergo. For I mused after this fashion—If it be necessary for the superfluous copies of the poets to be cleared away, that there may be room that the said writers may publish anew, or that they may let a fresh generation of now but fledgling bards chirp their incipient strains,—is it not quite as necessary, that the clainy booklings of our poetesses, which have had their day, should also recede, in order that their mothers (if we may say so without scandal considering that our rhyming *writers* are frequently single gentlewomen) may send their later-born into the world of printing-types; or, as we said of the established poets, so of the established poetesses, that they may permit younger sisters in the craft to evulgate what they may have "lisped in numbers?" Whatever was the reason, at the seething of the pot, there was no lady's minstrelsy stewed down, though much "lady-like rhyme" was so served. I

could not account for it, and thought it odd how the booksellers, even with the most deferential complaisance towards the fair sex, could allow their shelves to remain crowded to their own detriment,—nay, to that of the very ladies themselves, who must thereby be prevented from enchanting the world with a succession of mellifluous novelties. Was there to be a virtual *non-imprimatur* in force against our songstresses, romance-inditresses, tragedianesses, sonnetteresses, or other “builders of the lofty rhyme,” or manufacturresses of fancy goods in verse? But I found I was reckoning without my host. Complimentary as the fraternity of the Paternoster-Row may be, they are wiser and better-bred than to be guilty of such false politeness, as, out of scrupulosity, to dam up the current of the feminine river of pocy. No, no; the space is free before them. They will find no obstruction from the melodious pages of their predecessors. Their leaves have not, indeed, been so spiritualized as those of the men; but they are, to all literary purposes, as much out of the way as if they, too, had ascended the welkin. By the merest accident it was that I discovered whither the imprinted poetry of our womenkind was transmitted, and converted to an appropriate use,—thence keeping the poetesses’s market from being injuriously glutted with this prolific species of produce; and you shall now hear of the strange things I was so fortunate as to see.

A friend took me to a manufactory; but when or where, I do not clearly recollect. You know my relations persist in believing me crazy—perhaps I am, and where is the harm? Is it any symptom of my being so, that I have no very accurate ideas of time and place? It tires me to death to be obliged to give dates, or to point out, as if one knew the map by heart, where things happened. I should have thought that what I saw was at Birmingham, only that I never was there; and that the time when I was carried to see these oddities was during a tour last summer, for I have never left home since;—and yet very queerly, I could almost fancy that my visit to the establishment was no longer ago than yesterday, it still seems so fresh in my mind; but this could not be, for I kept in all day and took opium, and, moreover, there is no such pile of building, or such an art practised in this

neighbourhood, as that I saw. Suffice it to say, that in some great edifice I found myself, and it signifies not a brass farthing how or when I got there, (though impertinent people often plague me with frivolous inquiries on those points,) and, to my utter astonishment, I learnt that hither are consigned all the printed poems, after they have done due service, of “The Living Bardesses of Britain.” The material which is compounded from them, *papier-maché*, a most good-natured substance, (according to the commendation which I once heard Professor Farish bestow on melted glass,) as it admits of being manipulated into any conceivable shape, and of course of being fabricated into things beyond number. Most of the articles were, to be sure, matters of the ornamental kind, such as snuff-boxes, quadrille-pools, card-racks, flower-stands, and children’s toys; but there were others in view, of some sort of domestic utility, such as tea-boards, salvers, snuffer-stands, and bottle-courers. I was delighted, however, to discover that the *papier-maché* is not deposited in one sole reservoir, nor is it confusedly made from the heterogeneous pile of books which stood before us, but each lady is separately mashed to a pulp, and the utmost judgment is exercised in adapting the prepared material to a purpose which shall have some allusion to its pre-existent nature as a poem.

We were first directed to a noble work of art, exclusively formed from the Dramas of Joanna Baillie. It was a bas-relief, and probably executed after a design by Stothard, for it was of a kindred nature to the groupes from Shakespeare’s characters, which he has combined in a very striking piece. This represented the human passions personified, and disposed with all the picturesque circumstances which Collins has thrown about them. The whole, both frame and tablet, was composed of the *papier-maché*, and surely no sculptor ever elaborated out of alabaster any thing more bold in design, or more delicate in execution, than this curiosity. The frame-work moulding should not be passed over without observation, for it was in that rich style of old English tracery, in which there is an imposing breadth and depth, luxuriating in a florid opulence of pattern. Altogether we thought the work no derogatory memorial of

that mighty mistress of those shadowy powers the passions, who,

— to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Brulking, trembling, raging, fainting.

They came before her as familiar spirits do to the possessor of a compulsory charm, and she embodied them in high-reaching Ethwald, and vindictive de Montfort, in the susceptible Basil, and the constant, the confiding, the unquenchably sanguine Aurora. One or two figures in the composition were decided failures. I conjectured that one was designed to represent how "Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear," and the other was peradventure "yalept heart-easing Mirth," but two more dismal folks cannot be imagined. We were told that the comedies were employed upon them, and by no means could an expression of jocularity be wrought out of them.

Old Mrs Barbauld's early pieces were worked up into some little classical medallions for inlaying boudoir book-cases; but all the supernumerary copies of her *brochures*, called "Eighteen hundred and eleven," were fashioned into penny trumpets for the American market. With them, that philanthropic and intellectual nation may, in spite of domestic slavery and total want of a native literature, sound till their cheeks crack, their own praises and superiority over England.

Hannah Moore's Tragedies were ordered by the venerable Authorities to be ground down forthwith, lest any farther harm should result from them; though nobody ever discovered any great harm in them, save that they grievously lacked strength, spirit, and poetry. They were directed to be concocted into merit-tickets for Sunday-schools, and very nice ones they made.

Of Helen Maria Williams' Sonnets, so many had formerly been appropriated to the making of Revolutionary assignats, that there was no great stock on hand, and of late she has wholly restricted herself to prose; but there were enough to make some miniature profiles of certain members of the left side of the French Chamber of Deputies.

Some pretty whistles, bird-calls, and pipes, the vocal apparatus of cuckoo-clocks, and of little organs to such bullfinches, were constructed from Mrs Dorset's "Peacock at home."

Miss Lucy Aikin's "Epistles on Women" were pressed into excellent mill-board, forming admirable covers for her prose "Memoirs of Elisabeth and James"—compilations which will raise her credit, in spite of her rhymes.

Out of Mrs Hemans's multifarious works, a miscellaneous collection of things was kneaded up. A delicate moulding, representing on a reduced scale the Panathenaic procession from the Elgin Marbles, was made out of her verses on Greece and Italy. Her "Sceptic" was fashioned into good orthodox sermon-cases; and her "Meeting of Wallace and Bruce" formed the most elegant snuff-mulls that ever supplied the modern snuff-taking Athens with conveniences for containing that luxury of the nostrils.

Various implements of good housewifery, huswives, pin-cushion frames, cases for knitting-needles, and very convenient reels for winding cotton and worsted, were supplied by the macerated sheets of Mrs West's "Mother," and others of her homely strains.

Some good figured beads for harps, of Gothic design, were set before us, constructed out of Miss Holford's "Wallace"—but from her "Margaret of Anjou," it was found most convenient to compound paper-weights, those conveniences of a library-table which keep loose leaves from being scattered about. It was of course necessary to make them heavy, and accordingly Margaret underwent condensation; but some comely devices were bestowed upon her.

A model of the Hecla and Griper wintering near Melville Island was made from one of Miss Porden's Poems, and it looked as if it was carved out of ivory. Another, exhibiting a plan of the geological stratification of the globe, was fabricated from her "Veils;" and as this was a large subject, and there was not quite stuff enough in the copies of that work, her "Third Crusade" was used for Palestine, and the western coasts and islands of the Mediterranean.

It was accounted for, why so few "Lays of an Irish Harp," which the *ci-devant* Miss Sydney Owenson trilled so sweetly, were consigned to this *dépôt*; most of them had been cut up, and used as the substratum in the stuffing of that easy foot-stool, "my Lady Morgan's handsome compliment," on which, perchance, at this very moment, your pampered toe, Mr

Christopher, is luxuriously reclining. A few choice exemplars, however, were saved, and at her ladyship's particular desire, worked up into tooth-pick cases for some friends of hers and of human kind in general, having ostensibly an impression on them of Buonaparte in St Helena, with this motto by the authors of "France" and "Italy"—"Philanthropic Innocence the Victim of sanguinary Legitimacy." Whether there was any cabalistic sense understood by the better initiated than myself, I cannot tell—but these *étuis* were all bespoken. One large paper copy of the "Lays" (printed on foolscap, I imagine) was wrought into a present for the Italian Carbonari—it was something mounted on a mopstick, and by a child in our party was taken for the head-gear with which old school-dames decorate a dunce; but we were much mistaken—it was the symbolic cap of a peculiar species of liberty, sometimes called Jacobinism.

From Mrs Opie's tearful stanzas, some good imitations of ancient lachrymatories and funereal lamps were constructed—from Miss Milford's "Christina, the Maid of the South Seas," some canoe work-baskets, and a natty description of dog-collars from her verses on the feats of Maria, a favourite greyhound—and from Mrs Grant of Laggan's "Highlanders," some holiday scabbards for claymores, and some rocks for spinning in the primitive method.

Manifold were the commodities into which poetry by anonymous ladies, or who, from my ignorance of their names, are all the same as anonymous, was converted. Some strains had such unpretending pretensions as to bulk, that they would but furnish forth a thread-paper, or a scissors-sheath; others were of such "linked sweetness long drawn out," and spreading over so many duodecimo pages, that very capable coal-skuttles and plate-warmers were built out of them.

I cannot resist describing some elegant trifles made from the works of a lady, whose name was not forthcoming. The *papier-mâché* was in this case treated, I presume, much in the same way as in an exhibition which travelled through the country under the name of the Papyrusæum. The present curious works of art were meant, I suppose, for card-racks, or other chimney-ornaments, and they represented two cottage scenes. One had

an old blind woman sitting before her door, and listening to her merry granddaughter, who is spinning and singing; the other shewed a young woman, half-sunk on the ground of a cottage-porch, whom a kind but homely dame is raising up, after having apparently relieved the poor fainting young mother of her infant. We were informed, that they were fabricated from "Ellen Fitz-Arthur" and "The Widow's Tale."

A Bazaar might be furnished with all due variety, from the transmogrified products of nameless female brains. Much pastoral poetry now wore the semblance of very tasteful butter-prints; elegiac quatrains issued forth in the guise of pocket-books for unpaid bills, (grim mementoes!) with a special little nook in them for Kearsley's Tax-Tables; didactic distichs were consolidated into primers and horn-books, as they were called formerly, though the horn has now vanished,—and some into perpetual almanacs, and tables of weights and measures; odes were turned into tubes for sky-rockets, as well as wings and tails for boys' kites; sonnets of a sentimental cast were fashioned into thick shoe-soles, for ladies of that turn to wear on moonlight-nights, as a defence, in their meditative rambles, against the dew; colloquial rhymes, or *vers de société*, as they are termed, were exclusively manufactured into cards for morning-calls and dinner-invitations; ballads of the Germanized raw-head-and-bloody-bones description were transformed into masks of hideous aspect, as well as the lanterns to hold the phantasmagoria; songs appeared as flageolets and shepherd's-pipes, but they mostly answered the purpose very ill, and yielded a sad monotonous *too-tooing*; nursery-poetry (of which there was a respectable shelf-full) rose again as amusement for those to whom it was primarily addressed, in dolls, domino-boxes, and rattles; while versified riddles, rebuses, and charades, (the occupation of a "peaceful province in Acrosticland," of which the fair sex had the deputation in our mothers' times, but which they do not sport over so much as they did formerly) were converted into the toys which surprise or perplex one,—such as pretended snuff-boxes, (from which if one tries to take a pinch, a friar or nun pops up against your fingers,) leap-frogs, jacks-in-a-

box, Jacob's-ladders, (which clatter away for ever, as one turns them backwards and forwards, and how they do so, I know not to this day,) conjuring-eggs, Chinese-puzzles, whiggigs, &c. Indeed there were an hundred other queer things, of which I could not bear away a distinct remembrance.

As I congratulated the public on the disappearance of all the stale copies of the works of that now extensive part of the community, the male verse-compounders, (*vide* the late parliamentary census, under the generic head—Unproductive Labourers, specific division, No. 3, entitled Poets,) I now do the same with respect to the female artisans of the craft.—Shoals and bands of you, of both sexes, rack your brains as you like; thumb (Hildon, or Byshe, or Walker, or any other legitimate "poetic bucket for dry wells," if rhymes or epithets will not spontaneously obey your bidding; ink as many reams of wire-wove as besit your fecundity or sterility; dispatch the scribbled sheets to the printing-house, either hot and hot from the brain, or cold and torpid with a nine-years' incumbency in the writing-desk; publish when and where and how you please; let your works issue in London, from the murkiness of the Row, or from the critical atmosphere of Albemarle-Street, or from Bond-Street's gayer glitter and ostentation; or come forth in Edinburgh, side by side with a new Scotch novel, since one will afford you an arm every half

year or oftener; or let our friend Ebony be your Cicerone, and you will amble in marvellous good company, if "Lights and Shadows" be your companion; advertise, get reviewed, and, as the case may be, you will, if noticed, either be bolstered up by friends, or smothered with a bolster by foes; but do all manfully and womanfully, good ladies and gentlemen, without let or gainsay from the apprehension that the world is overstocked with modern poetry, for I have lost my labour if I have not demonstrated the contrary. Replenish the vacuum. There is now room for the most corpulent poet or poetess—(I speak in metaphor, and ought not to be accused of *personality*)—and the most skinny, meagre, single-page personage (I disclaim personal allusion once more, but cannot forbear writing figuratively) will find his or her literary mate welcome in the printing world. At least I, who dote on new poems, shall hail with rapture the launch of all or any that are now on stocks.

As you, Mr North, will probably be inquisitive to know the locality of this *papier-maché* manufactory,—for probably you may have on hand a cumbersome quantity of contributed couplets, which you may like to have ground down,—I shall certainly make it a point of conscience to inform you, if ever I should discover it; till when, I am, since you have used me well,

Yours to command,

SIMON SILATTEBRAIN.

THE UNICORN AND THE MERMAID.

As all our readers by this time must be familiar with the old Japanese lady now exhibiting in London under the name *Mermaid*, we presume they would like to hear something of the *Unicorn* lately discovered in India; and their laudable curiosity will, we presume, be gratified on reading the following letter, addressed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA JOURNAL.

SIR,

ALL the Calcutta Gazettes have announced the discovery of a unicorn at the Cape of Good Hope, and in the Boutang Mountains; but the existence of this animal has been so long contested, that too many proofs cannot be collected in its favour; and I flatter myself that my testimony, added to that of the numerous travellers who have seen the unicorn, will put an end to all doubts regarding this curious animal.

While traversing the mountains of Gentya, to the north of Sylhet, I at first

Gentyapour, 20th September, 1821.

discovered a very extraordinary tooth, which could only belong to a ruminating animal of a new species; and afterwards a horn, two feet, three inches, and five lines in length, which does not belong to any known antelope. On the following day I perceived the impression of a cloven foot, like that of a stag; and the Rajah of Gentyapour, who is a keen naturalist, has made me a present of a small bit of skin covered with coarse hair, which assuredly is the hair of a unicorn.

I immediately set about questioning

the natives regarding this extraordinary animal, and the following are the results of my interrogations.

The unicorn, to which they give the name of *Boracruck*, is about the size of an ass, but its head has a particular form, which is somewhat similar to that of the Gnou of Africa, the *Antelope gnu* of Gmelin.

It is above the eyes that the horn is fixed, not perpendicularly on the head, as Pliny says, but, on the contrary, slightly inclined upon the forehead. Its eyes are small and lively; its nostrils wide, and opening laterally; its lips furnished with hairs as rough as those of a brush; and its tongue, which is covered with small horny tubercles, is as extensible as those of the animals designated by Linnaeus under the name of *Manis*, *M. pentadactyla*, *tetracl.* &c.

The ears of the unicorn hang down upon the sides of the head like those of a spaniel, and its neck is furnished with a thick mane, the hairs of which bristle up when the animal is enraged, or under the influence of the sexual appetite. Its tail is terminated by a large bunch of hair, like that of the Zebra and Dzigetai, the *Equus zebra* of Linnaeus, and *E. hemionus* of Pallas. The fore feet are higher than the hind ones, and differ in nothing from those of the common stag. A very extraordinary character which it possesses is, that the hair upon its body is directed forwards, that is to say, placed in a direction contrary to that of all other animals.

It is rather difficult to determine the colour of the unicorn, which changes according to the age and sex of the animal, and the season of the year. The natives of Cossya assert, that during the first year the unicorn is white, spotted with black; that, during the second year, the spots disappear, and the hair becomes grey; the third year it varies from sky-blue to metallic green; the fourth, it assumes a yellowish tint; and the fifth, the period at

which the animal attains its full growth, its fur is of a bright red, which becomes lighter in proportion as age advances, and this in such a manner, that on seeing the unicorn one may determine its age with considerable accuracy.*

The unicorns are very wild, and this is, without doubt, the reason why we have been so long without discovering them. They are only found in the least-frequented places, and they escape before one can get near them. These animals are furnished with so prodigious a degree of strength in their hind legs, that they can, without difficulty, clear a ditch of eighty feet; but what is no less worthy of attention, is their wonderful address in the use of their horn, with which they spit squirrels, rabbits, and partridges, which, together with grass, and the leaves and bark of certain trees, form habitual food!!!

Such, Sir, is the information that I have received among the Cossyas, who also gave me the sketch which I now send you, promising me, at the same time, the animal itself in a few days. This description, which I take from their own mouths, does not agree precisely with that of my brethren the travellers; and perhaps it may be remarked, that, among ten descriptions of the unicorn, there are not two the same. Some make it as large as a horse, others as an ass, and others again as a goat; but it is an easy matter to conciliate these different accounts, by saying that the largest is the male, the next the female, and the smallest the young. Besides, why not believe in the unicorn, when every thing concurs to prove its existence? We have a one-horned rhinoceros in India, and why should there not also be a one-horned antelope? This character extends even to the human race, for many travellers in Africa and Sumatra have observed men furnished with a horn, and even with a tail.† In the annals of medicine we find many examples

* We recommend this colour-scheme of the unicorn, to the consideration of Professor Jamieson, and advise Mr Syme to see that it is not neglected in the next edition of his "Nomenclature of Colours."—C. N.

† Monboddou left a specimen of an *original man*, that is, one with a tail, to a celebrated naturalist in Edinburgh; and we understand this curious fish is now preserved in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society of that city. After this statement, we hope no one will doubt the truth of the existence of men with tails; in earnest, to doubt of their reality would be fatal to the grand chain of Nature, and to every thing rational in regard to the natural history of the human species.—Vide Monboddou, Marco Polo, Heisterius, Stiffens, Credulæ, Transactions of various Learned Societies, &c.

of encysted tumours which formed a horn on the forehead, and we often see men provided with two!! In vain do philosophers invoke anatomy, to prove that an animal could not carry a horn on the middle of its forehead—in vain do they assert that the horn of the rhinoceros adheres only to the skin, and not to the skull. The unicorn will prove to be as truly a real animal, as the *mermen*, which have been so long kept under by ignorance, but which we are at last obliged to admit.*

Homer has sung: *Ὀὐκ ἔστιν ἄνθρωπος καὶ κούρην ἑσθλὴν*, and Horace, *Desinit in piscem, mulier formosa superne*; but naturalists have maintained that these lines expressed only poetic fictions. They have neither given credit to the Ethiopians of Agatharchides, nor to the Nereids of Pliny, nor to the Syrens of the celebrated Bartholin, nor to the Mermaids observed either in the Nile or in the sea, by Photius, Telliamed, Glover, Monconys, and other people of equal veracity. They have refuted facts by reasonings, and I even know some who have committed the pyrrhonism and impiety of doubting the accounts given in all the sacred books of the Jews, regarding the prophet Jonah (Oannès) half man and half fish, who came to instruct the people along the shores of the Red Sea. This culpable incredulity was victoriously combated by the General History of Travels, which relates, that in 1560, seven mermen and nine women of the same race were fished up

in India. You know, Sir, that another was taken in the Nile, under the Emperor Maurice; you know that another still was taken in the Baltic, which was sent to Sigismund, King of Poland, in 1591. Every body has heard tell of the Marine Monk and Bishop, figured by Rondeletius, after nature: I have under my eyes the description of a syren, fished at Exeter, in 1737, and of another stranded on the coast of Friesland in 1430. The Danes saw a merwoman at Copenhagen, and another in the Feroe Isles; lastly, Mr Editor, a stuffed triton was shown in the neighbourhood of Paris in 1755, and even a live syren in 1758. It would be an easy matter for me, Sir, to collect as many proofs of the existence of unicorns, and cite more than twenty celebrated travellers who have seen them.

I am well aware, Sir, that naturalists will not believe in the unicorn, until they have seen the head and skin; but their incredulity is mere infatuation, and I hope that the natives of Coosya, or those of Africa, or those of Thibet, or the researches that are making in Nepaul, and on the coast of Sumatra, will soon procure for us a dozen of unicorns, and the pleasure of laughing at the expense of naturalists.

Receive, Sir, the assurance of my perfect consideration.

A. D. CREDULE,
Voyageur aux Grandes Indes.

We shall be happy to hear from A. D. Credule, on the subject of the Sea-snake of the Indian Seas, which, by the by, has been discovered in the North Seas, by the lairds and justices of peace of the Orkneys, and the members of the Wernerian Society. The Royal Society at one time lent a willing ear to the numerous authentic accounts of mermaids, krakens, sea-snakes, men with tails, &c. but now, much to the discredit of their philosophical celebrity, seem to shy the whole affair. We have even heard it reported, that a celebrated President impertinently said, "However much we, as members, may relish mermaids, we absolutely deny all belief in krakens, flying-dragons, sea-snakes," &c. &c.

C. N.

* Mermaids and Mermen, we are informed on the highest authority, abound on the coasts of the far distant Scotia. The ladies of Caithness, the uallars of Shetland, and the ministers of Harris, appear to be quite familiar with them.

Cuvier advocates the cause of the non-existence of the unicorn—now, we think he must abandon his former belief; indeed, we never could see any reason for this distinguished naturalist writing in defence of mermaids, and against unicorns.—C. N.

JOHN BROWN, OR THE HOUSE IN THE MUIR.

"Quicquid delirant Reges plectuntur Achivi."

JOHN BROWN, the Ayr, or as he was more commonly designated by the neighbours, the Religious Carrier, had been absent, during the month of January, (1684) from his home in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, for several days. The weather, in the meantime, had become extremely stormy, and a very considerable fall of snow had taken place. His only daughter, a girl of about eleven years of age, had frequently, during the afternoon of Saturday, looked out from the cottage door into the drift, in order to report to her mother, who was occupied with the nursing of an infant brother, the anxious occurrences of the evening. "Help," too, the domestic cur, had not remained an uninterested spectator of the general anxiety, but by several fruitless and silent excursions into the night, had given indisputable testimony that the object of his search had not yet neared the solitary shieling. It was a long, and a wild road, lying over an almost trackless muir, along which John Brown had to come; and the cart track, which even in better weather, and with the advantage of more day-light, might easily be mistaken, had, undoubtedly, ere this, become invisible. Besides, John had long been a marked bird, having rendered himself obnoxious to the "Powers that were," by his adherence to the Sanguinar declaration, his attending field-preachings, or, as they were termed, "Conventicles," his harbouring of persecuted ministers, and above all, by a moral, a sober, and a proverbially devout and religious conduct. In an age, when immorality was held to be synonymous with loyalty, and irreligion with non-resistance and passive obedience, it was exceedingly dangerous to wear such a character; and, accordingly, there had not been wanting information to the prejudice of this quiet and godly man. Clavers, who, ever since the affair of Drumclog, had discovered more of the merciless and revengeful despot, than of the veteran or hero, had marked his name, according to report, in his black list; and when once Clavers had taken his resolution

and his measures, the Lord have mercy upon those against whom these were pointed. He seldom hesitated in carrying his plans into effect, although his path lay over the trampled and lacerated feelings of humanity. Omens, too, of an unfriendly and evil-boding import, had not been wanting in the cottage of John Brown to increase the alarm. The cat had mewed suspiciously, had appeared restless, and had continued to glare in hideous indication from beneath the kitchen bed. The death-watch, which had not been noticed since the decease of the gentleman's mother, was again, in the breathless pause of listening suspense, heard to chink distinctly; and the cock, instead of crowing, as on ordinary occasions, immediately before day-dawn, had originated a sudden and an alarming flap of his wings, succeeded by a fearful scream, long before the usual bed-time. It was a gloomy crisis; and after a considerable time spent in dark and despairing reflection, the evening lamp was at last trimmed, and the peat-fire repaired into something approaching to a cheerful flame. But all would not do; for whilst the soul within is disquieted and in suspense, all external means and appliances are inadequate to procure comfort, or impart even an air of cheerfulness. At last "Help" suddenly lifted his head from the hearth, shook his ears, sprang to his feet, and with something betwixt a growl and a bark, rushed towards the door, at which the "yird drift" was now entering copiously. It was, however, a false alarm. The cow had moved beyond the "hal-lan," or the mice had come into sudden contact and squeaked behind the rafters. John, too, it was reasoned betwixt mother and daughter, was always so regular and pointed in his arrivals, and this being Saturday night, it was not a little or an insignificant obstruction which could have prevented him from being home, in due time, at least, for family-worship. His cart, in fact, had usually been pitched up with the trams supported against the peat-stack, by two o'clock of the afternoon;

and the evening of his arrival from his weekly excursion to Ayr, was always an occasion of affectionate intercourse, and more than ordinary interest. Whilst his disconsolate wife, therefore, turned her eyes towards her husband's chair, and to the family Bible, which lay in a "bole" within reach of his hand, and at the same time listened to the howling and intermitting gusts of the storm, she could not avoid, it was not in nature that she should, contrasting her present with her former situation; thus imparting even to objects of the most kindly and comforting association, all the livid and darkening hues of her disconsolate mind. But there is a depth and a reach in true and genuine piety, which the plummet of sorrow may never measure. True religion sinks into the heart as the refreshing dew does into the chinks and the crevices of the dry and parched soil; and the very fissures of affliction, the cleavings of the soul, present a more ready and inviting, as well as efficient access, to the softening influence of piety.

This poor woman began gradually to think less of danger, and more of God, to consider as a set-off against all her fruitless uneasiness, the vigilance and benevolence of that powerful Being, to whom, and to whose will, the elements, in all their combinations and relations, are subservient; and having quieted her younger child in the cradle, and intimated her intention by a signal to her daughter, she proceeded to take down the family Bible, and to read out in a soft, and subdued, but most devout and impressive voice, the following lines:—

"I waited for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;—
At length to me he did incline,
My voice and cry to hear."

These two solitary worshippers of Him whose eyes are on the just, and whose ear is open to their cry, had proceeded to the beginning of the fourth verse of this psalm, and were actually employed in singing with an increased and increasing degree of fervour and devotion, the following trustful and consolatory expressions—

"Oh blessed is the man, whose trust
Upon the Lord relies,"

when the symphony of another and a well-known voice was felt to be present, and they became at once assured

that the beloved object of their solicitude had joined them, unseen and unperceived, in the worship. This was felt by all to be as it ought to have been; nor did the natural and instinctive desire to accommodate the weary and snow-covered traveller with such conveniences and appliances as his present condition manifestly demanded, prevent the psalm-singing from going on, and this service from being finished with all suitable decency. Having thus, in the first instance, rendered thanks unto God, and blessed and magnified that mercy which pervades, and directs, and over-rules every agent in nature, no time was lost in attending to the secondary objects of inquiry and manifestation; and the kind heart overflowed, whilst the tongue and the hand were busied in "answer meet," and "in accommodation suitable."

In all the wide range of Scotland's muirs and mountains, straths and glens, there was not to be found this evening a happier family than that over which John Brown, the religious carrier, now presided. The affectionate inquiries and solicitous attentions of his wife, of his partner trusty and tried, not only under the cares and duties of life,—but in the faith, in the bonds of the Covenant, and in all that similarity of sentiment and apprehension upon religious subjects, without which no matrimonial union can possibly ensure happiness,—were deeply felt and fully appreciated. They two had sat together in the "Torwood," listening to the free and fearless accents of excommunication, as they rolled in dire and in blasting destiny from the half-inspired lips of the learned and intrepid Mr Donald Cargil. They had, at the risk of their lives, harboured for a season, and enjoyed the comfortable communion and fellowship of Mr Richard Cameron, immediately previous to his death in the unfortunate rencounter at "Airmour." They had followed into and out through the shire of Ayr, the zealous and eloquent Mr John King, and that even in spite of the interdict of council, and after that a price had been set upon the preacher's head. Their oldest child had been baptised by a presbyterian and ejected minister under night, and in the midst of a wreath of snow, and the youngest was still awaiting the arrival of an

approved servant of God, to receive the same sanctified ordinance. And if at times a darker thought passed suddenly across the disk of their sunny hearts, and if the cause of a poor persecuted remnant, the interests of a reformed, and suffering, and bleeding church, supervened in cloud upon the general quietude and acquiescence of their souls, this was instantly relieved and dispersed by a deeper, and more sanctified, and more trustful tone of feeling. Whilst amidst the twilight beams of prophecy, and the invigorating exercise of faith, the heart was disciplined and habituated into hope, and reliance, and assurance! And if at times the halloo, and the yells, and the clatter of persecution, were heard upon the hill-side, or up the glen, where the Covenanters' cave was discovered, and five honest men were butchered under a sunny morning, and in cold blood,—and if the voice of Clavers, or of his immediate deputy in the work of bloody oppression, “Red Rob,” came occasionally in the accents of vindictive exclamation, upon the breeze of evening; yet hitherto the humble “COTTAGE IN THE MUIR” had escaped notice, and the tread and tramp of man and horse had passed mercifully, and almost miraculously by. The general current of events closed in upon such occasional sources of agitation and alarm, leaving the house in the muir in possession of all that domestic happiness, and even quietude, which its retirement and its inmates were calculated to ensure and to participate.

Early next morning, the cottage of John Brown was surrounded by a troop of dragoons, with Clavers at their head. John, who had probably a presentiment of what might happen, urged his wife and daughter to remain within doors, insisting that as the soldiers were, in all likelihood, in search of some other individual, he should soon be able to dismiss them. By this time the noise, occasioned by the trampling and neighing of horses, commingled with the hoarse and husky laugh and vociferations of the dragoons, had

brought John, half-dressed and in his night-cap, to the door. Clavers immediately accosted him by name; and in a manner peculiar to himself, intended for something betwixt the expression of fun and irony, he proceeded to make inquiries respecting one “Samuel Aitkin, a godly man, and a minister of the word, one outrageously addicted to prayer, and occasionally found with the sword of the flesh in one hand, and that of the spirit in the other, disseminating sedition, and propagating disloyalty amongst his Majesty’s lieges.” John admitted at once that the worthy person referred to was not unknown to him, asserting, however, at the same time, that of his present residence or place of hiding, he was not free to speak.—“No doubt, no doubt,” rejoined the questioner; “you, to be sure, know nothing!—how should you, all innocence and ignorance as you are? But here is a little chip of the old block, which may probably recollect better, and save us the trouble of blowing out her father’s brains, just by way of making him remember a little more accurately.” “You, my little farthing rush-light,” continued “Red Rob,” alighting from his horse, and seizing the girl rudely, and with prodigious force by the wrists,—“you remember an old man with a long beard, and a bald head, who was here a few days ago, baptizing your sister, and giving many good advices to father and mother, and who is now within a few miles of this house, just up in a nice snug cave in the glen there, to which you can readily and instantly conduct us, you know?” The girl looked first at her mother, who had now advanced into the door way, then at her father, and latterly drooped her head, and continued to preserve a complete silence. “And so,” continued the questioner, “you are dumb; you cannot speak; your tongue is a little obstinate or so, and you must not tell family secrets.—But what think you, my little chick, of speaking with your fingers, of having a pat, and a proper, and a pertinent answer just

“Red Rob,” the “Bethwell,” probably, of “Old Mortality,” was, in fact, the

ready, my love, at your finger ends, as one may say. As the Lord lives, and as my soul lives, but this will make a dainty nosegay" (displaying a thumbkin or finger-screw) "for my sweet little Covenanter; and then" (applying the instrument of torture, meanwhile, and adjusting it to the thumb) "you will have no manner of trouble whatever in recollecting yourself; it will just come to you like the lug of a stoup, and don't knit your brows so," (for the pain had become insufferable) "then we shall have you quite chatty and amusing, I warrant." The mother, who could stand this no longer, rushed upon the brutal-executioner, and with expostulations, threats, and the most impassioned entreaties, endeavoured to relax the questioner's twist. "Can you, mistress, recollect any thing of this man we are in quest of?" resumed Clavers, haughtily—"It may save us both some trouble, and your daughter a continuance and increase of her present suffering, if you will just have the politeness to make us acquainted with what you happen to know upon the subject." The poor woman seemed for an instant to hesitate; and her daughter looked most piteously and distractedly into her countenance, as if expectant and desirous of respite, through her mother's compliance. "Woman!" exclaimed the husband, in a tone of indignant surprise, "hast thou so soon forgot thy God? and shall the fear of any thing which man can do, induce thee to betray innocent blood?" He said no more; but he had said enough, for from that instant the whole tone of his wife's feelings was changed, and her soul was wound up, as if by the hand of Omnipotence, into resolution and daring. "Bravo!" exclaimed the arch Persecutor, "Bravo! old Canticle; thou wast it well; and so you three pretty innocents have laid your holy heads together, and you have resolved to die, should it so please God and us, with a secret in your breast, and a lie in your mouth, like the rest of your psalm-singing, hypocritical, cautioning sect, rather than discover guid Mr Aitkin!—pious Mr Aitkin! worthy Mr Aitkin!—But we shall try what light this little telescope of mine will afford upon the subject, pointing at the same time to a carbine or holster pistol, which hung suspended from the saddle of his horse. This

cold frosty morning requires that one," continued Clavers, "should be employed, were it for no other purpose than just to gain heat by the exercise. And so, old Pragmatical, in order that you may not catch cold by so early an exposure to the keen air, we will take the liberty," (hereupon the whole troop gathered round, and presented muskets) "for the benefit of society, and for the honour and safety of the King,—never to speak of the glory of God and the good of souls,—simply and unceremoniously, and in the neatest and most expeditious manner imaginable, to blow out your brains." John Brown dropt down instantly, and as it were instinctively, upon his knees, whilst his wife stood by in seeming composure,—and his daughter had happily become insensible to all external objects and transactions whatever.—"What!" exclaimed Clavers, "and so you must pray too, to be sure, and we shall have a last speech and a dying testimony lifted up in the presence of peat stacks, and clay walls, and snow wreaths; but as these are pretty staunch and confirmed loyalists, I do not care though we intrust you with five minutes of devotional exercise, provided you steer clear of King, Council, and Richard Cameron—so proceed, good John, but be short and pithy.—My Lambs are not accustomed to long prayers, nor will they readily soften under the pathetic whining of your devotions." But in this last surmise Clavers was for once mistaken; for the prayer of this poor and uneducated man ascended that morning in expressions at once so earnest, so devout, and so overpoweringly pathetic, that deep silence succeeded at last to oaths and ribaldry; and as the following concluding sentences were pronounced, there were evident marks of better and relenting feelings.—"And now, guid Lord," continued this death-doomed and truly Christian sufferer, "since thou hast nae mair use for thy servant in this world, and since it is thy good and rightful pleasure, that I should serve thee better and love thee more elsewhere, I leave this puir widow woman, with the helpless and fatherless children, upon thy hands. We have been happy in each other here, and now that we are to part for a while, we mair en look forward to a more perfect and enduring happiness hereafter. And as for the puir blind-

folded and infatuated creatures, the present ministers of thy will, Lord reclaim them from the error and the evil of their courses ere it be too late; and may they who have sat in judgment and in oppression in this lonely place, and on this blessed morning, and upon a puir, weak, defenceless fellow-creature, find that mercy at last from thee which they have this day refused to thy unworthy but faithful servant.—Now, Isabel,” continued this defenceless and amiable Martyr, “the time is come at last, of which, you know, I told you on that day, when first I proposed to unite hand and heart with yours; and are you willing, for the love of God and his rightful authority, to part with me thus?” To which the poor woman replied, with perfect composure, “The Lord gave, and he taketh away. I have had a sweet loan of you, my dear John, and I can part with you for his sake, as freely as ever I parted with a mouthful of meat to the hungry, or a night’s lodging to the weary and benighted traveller.” So saying, she approached her still kneeling and blindfolded husband, clasped him round the neck, kissed and embraced him closely, and then lifting up her person into an attitude of determined endurance, and eyeing from head to foot every soldier who stood with his carbine levelled, she retired slowly and firmly to the spot which she had formerly occupied. “Come, come, let’s have no more of this whining work,” interrupted Clavers suddenly. “Soldiers! do your duty.”—But the words fell upon a circle of statues; and though they all stood with their muskets presen-

ger which had power to draw the fatal trigger. There ensued an awful pause, through which a “God Almighty bless your tender hearts,” was heard coming from the lips of the now agitated and almost distracted wife. But Clavers was not in the habit of giving his orders twice, or of expostulating with disobedience. So extracting a pistol from the holster of his saddle, he primed and cocked it, and then walking firmly and slowly up through the circle close to the ear of his victim

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There was a momentary murmur of discontent and of disapprobation a-

mongst the men as they looked upon the change which a single awful instant had effected; and even “Red Rob,” though a covenanting slug still, stuck smartingly in his shoulder, had the hardihood to mutter, loud enough to be heard, “By God, this is too bad.” The widow of John Brown gave one, and but one shriek of horror as the fatal engine exploded; and then, addressing herself leisurely, as if to the discharge of some ordinary domestic duty, she began to unfold a napkin from her neck. “What think ye, good woman, of your bonnyman now?” vociferated Clavers, returning, at the same time, the pistol, with a plunge, into the holster from which it had been extracted.—“I had always good reason,” replied the woman, firmly and deliberately, “to think weel o’ him, and I think mair o’ him now than ever. But how will Graham of Claverhouse account to God and man for this morning’s work?” continued the respondent firmly.—“To man,” answered the ruffian, “I can be answerable; and as to God, I will take him in my own hands.” He then marched off, and left her with the corpse. She spread the napkin leisurely upon the snow, gathered up the scattered fragments of her husband’s head, covered his body with a plaid, and sitting down with her youngest and yet unbaptised infant, wept bitterly.

The cottage, and the kail-yard, and the peat-stack, and the whole little establishment of John Brown, the religious carrier, have long disappeared from the heath and the muir; but the little spot, within one of the windings of the burn, where the “House in the Muir” stood, is still green, amidst surrounding heath; and in the very centre of that spot there lies a slab, or flat stone, now almost covered over with grass, upon which, with a little clearing away of the moss from the faded characters, the following rude but expressive lines may still be read:—

“Clavers might murder godly Brown,
“But could not rob him of his crown;
“Here in this place from earth he took
 departure,
“Now he has got the garland of the Mar-
tyr.”

PRESBYTER.

THE LEMUR, A HALLOWEEN DIVERTIMENTO.

A Lemur, by the gate of horn,
Leaves hell, on dusky pinions borne.
But scarcely past the firm half stage,
He spies that old hag's equipage,
The Night Mare, with her nine-fold, who,
Conceal'd by day from public view,
Is doom'd her residence to fix
In a dark cave, below the Styx.
For e'en the imp and demon race,
In Tartarus bred, the witch dislike;
And never dares she shew her face,
Until the bell its summons strike,
Which nightly to their several stations,
And mischief-working occupations,
Sends to the upper world's dominions,
Th' *élite* of Plato's swarthy minions.

The Lemur is a sort of creature
Of naturally an ugly feature,
Displaying in his usual shape
Something betwixt the frog and ape.
But properties he hath extensile,
And those of short'ning, too, at will;
And therefore can, to human eyes,
Appear of any shape or size.
A partisan of locomotion,
He travels with surprising speed,
Nor doth his weight, I have a notion,
His progress very much impede;
Since, *ipso facto*, he's a shadow,
And therefore *light enough* you know!

In his capacity of shade
He has been slighted, it is said;
And those with flesh and blood endow'd,
And of their little substance proud,
Have him at a mere zero rated,—
A nobody, 'mong things created,—
And who, on that account alone,
Nor acts, nor yet is acted on.
This reasoning, however specious,
Is dangerous, and most fallacious;
For though a man as well might think
The ocean at a draught to drink,
Or fly in th' air, and reach the moon,
As touch a Lemur, subtle loon!
Yet he, an *umbra* up to trap,
Could give you, when he lists, a rap;
Could tickle you, ribs, back, and belly,
And pound you to a very jelly.
A milling here in the dark!
A merry, thumping, rattling spark,
If but a fair occasion lies—
Cross not his path, then, if you're wise!

The Lemur of our tale, I said,
Had through the horny portal sped,
When spying *Madame Cauchemar's* chaine,
Drawn by six horses of the Greys,
That tumbled dead at Waterloo,
He stept in without more ado;
And found her with *Sieur Revolution*,
A gentleman of French extraction;
A *lemon* named *New Constitution*;
With *Turbulence*, and *Faction*;

Gentlemen, whom now old Pinto,
And Mimos, prefect of police,
Were forced to banish, with a view to
Enjoy in hell a little peace;
And sent them o'er in Charon's packet,
To keep in th' upper world a racket.

The Lemur, who could not be idle,
Nor long his love of mischief baffle,
By way of fun, resolved to raise
A storm of strife within the chaise.
He waked *Sieur Revolution's* ire,
By talking of a despot dire;
By broaching a disputed right,
Made *Turbulence* with *Faction* fight;
And riot did his blows about,
By simply telling him to shout.
The hurly-burly thus began,
Had not its proper climax won,
Till Lemur bites, kicks, cuffs them all,
And not content on them to fall,
Proceeds, with giggling dim and fuss,
To touse *Mother Incubus*!!!
When they, to check his rude diversion,
Essay to use with him coercion,
He, in a fury fierce and bluff,
Tears off old *Madam Nightmare's* ruff,
Snatches the general's cocked scraper,
Bolts out, cuts in the air a caper,
And with the spoils he shoots away,
Till, guided by the moon's pale ray,
He nears the earth, and, circling round,
Alights within a burial ground.

With crooked talons there he delves,
Surrounded by a troop of elves,
Who wondering stare, nor can divine
For what, or whither he would mine;
When lo! his object is exposed—
A coffin, with its lid unclosed.
From a dead body it contains
He strips the skin, and plucks the brains,
And with the skin the cranium bound,
(The latter duly shaped fonnound).
He forms a drum, and for the nonce,
For drum-sticks takes two brachial bones;
Then beats a march—which horrid noise,
Join'd with the elves' discordant voice,
An owl, that in the old church tower
Had long possess'd an wiled bower,
Affrights away—down drops the drum,
The Lemur stands a moment glum;
Then bounding to a neighbouring street,
He chances luckily to meet
The skeleton of a cat, whose back
He mounts, and, with a thundering thwack,
Which proves a most effectual rouser
For the dead pith of *Madam Mouser*,
He urges her adown a gutter,
When, with a hideous splash and splutter,
Anxious its windings to explore,
They thread the entrance of a sewer.
Scarce had they passed it, when—what's
that?
A rat! by all the powers! a rat!

Joyous the sprite, no less was she,
 Grimalkin's stern anatomy.
 The rat beset with dread surmise,
 With sense and instinct in uproar,
 The goblin pair to baffle tries,
 And strains each nerve to keep before ;
 Now clattering on the stones he runs,
 Now plunges deep amid the stream,
 And Cloacina's Naiads duns
 To send such aid as may beseech
 Their dignity, and his hard case.
 In vain—they hearken not. The chase
 Continuing still, his onward flight
 The Lemur and his steed pursue,
 Till spent and sunk with sheer affright,
 His latest breath their quarry drew—
 His soul its coward mansion leaves,
 Ere scratch or nibble he receives !
 Ah fool ! life's prowess not to try
 'Gainst feline osteology.

Leaving the dead rat in the drain,
 The Lemur hurries out again,
 Clambers with puss in course erratic
 Up a tall house, and gains the attic ;
 In by an open skylight pops,
 And down into a chamber drops,
 Where an old beldam lumbering lies ;
 Her mantle, cap, and broom he spies,
 Seizes them as a precious prize,
 Then rushes by the chimney out
 Into the air, and flies about,
 Till, of the tabby's bones grown sick,
 A way he sends them with a kick ;
 The besom as his steed bestrides,
 And as weird sister forward rides ;
 His noddle, where the brains and skull
 Are both alike impalpable,
 He shrouds within the grannam's cap,
 With tying tails, that go flip flap ;
 While, underneath, her mantle flows,
 And a meet covering bestows,
 On what for body scarce would pass
 With any creature but an ass.

A falling star appears in view,
 Amid the dark cerulean blue,
 Brightly flaming, quivering, trailing,
 A pagrant glow, speedily failing ;
 The Lemur, in a froward mood,
 Resolved it shall not 'scape his fangs,
 His Rozinante nag of wood
 Bitterly spurs, and cruelly bangs ;
 And, were it in the power of brooms
 To throw such self-will'd reckless grooms,
 Filly of fir, so sore bestead,
 Had pitch'd the Lemur o'er her head ;
 Unable to shew all her passion,
 She yet was wicked in her fashion ;
 With skittish motions, right and left,
 Wriggling, the firmament she cleft ;
 Now would be higher than she ought,
 And now a lower region sought,
 Rear'd high in front, and flung behind,
 And whick'd her tail up in the wind.

Rapidly, rapidly yet she flew ;
 Though had the Lemur solely trusted

To her onward speed, he would, 'tis true,
 Have vainly for the meteor husted ;
 His hocus-pocus art supplies
 A way to win the flashing prize.

Scarcely a league had he gone, or more,
 When out he pokes his shadowy arm,
 As short as a man's it seem'd before,
 At present its length might cause alarm.
 He stretches, stretches it, till it had got
 Two or three hundred furlongs high,
 Dangling and floating, how I know not,
 Like a black streamer in the sky.
 Then with a wily curve it bends,
 Swifter than may be scan'd descends,
 And having attain'd the stellar glow,
 A gripping, crooked paw exposes,
 Which, branching and circling round it, lo !
 Huddles it quickly up, and closes.

The welkin's airy heights sublime
 He quits for earth in no long time,
 Changes his figure and costume,
 Those of a bully to assume ;
 A drunken watchman then assails,
 And drubs him as he loudly rails,
 Alternating with every bang,
 Abusive epithets and slang.
 Him having stretch'd upon the street,
 He spies a *soubrette*, soft and sweet,
 As, issuing from a postern door,
 She seeks her sea-boy paramour.
 Fair Sall, in lover's form caressing,
 And first with gentle fingers pressing,
 At length he pinches very soundly,
 While she, indignant, rates him roundly,
 For which, more bitterly he pinches,
 With fear and pain convulsed, she finches,
 And, roused from love's deceitful dream,
 Bursts from him with a dreadful scream,
 Flies to her kitchen, alarms the door,
 And falls in fits upon the floor.

Orlando walks along the street,
 A hero of six feet, and young,
 In person and in mind complete,
 As e'er romanced, or love-lays sung ;
 He only wanted an amour,
 His reputation to assure ;
 When, at the end of a long lane,
 A Chloe beckons on the swain—
 The Lemur 'twas, who thought the rays
 The falling meteor had lent,
 Might furnish him with certain ways
 To feed his love for merriment.
 And darting them throughout his frame,
 Its dingy vacuum they swell ;
 The hollow scape-grace, void of shame,
 Then steps me out a lightsome balle ;
 The beldam's cap upon her head,
 A turban seems with graceful folds ;
 The Cloak,—a shawl with apangles spread,
 Impending o'er her neck she holds.

Nor lacks she robe of glistering white,
 Of tissue delicate and fine,
 Her form that shews, shapely and light,
 And arms and bosom eburnine.

Her darkening eyes shoot to and fro,
A sweetly sparkling, speaking glance,
And o'er her cheek, with varying glow,
The tints of soft emotion dance.

Orlando forward runs, the fair
Receding, gains a neighbouring square;
Before he reaches her,—her hand
Waving,—she motions him to stand;
She foots it then, in measure trim,
Terpsichore in every limb,
Circling she skims, with feathery feet,
The ground that echoes not their beat;
Rises in air, in sidelong line,
With sweepings of her form divine;
Rapidly springs on high and long,
With exquisitely just aplomb;
Of tapering legs, she gives an inkling
With *cuntr'chats*, while twining, twinkling,
And more their elegant shape reveals.
When balancing on one foot she wheels;
Her rounded arms, so fair and white
Meandering swim in purple light.

She stops.—But, in another style
Replete with scenic art and wile,
She turns and moves, her every pace
Mark'd by a steaking, solemn grace;
Changed is her look, her mournful eye
Dilates with secret mystery;
Sudden she quits her air of gloom,
Gay smiles her countenance illumine,
She stops—turns round—holds out her
arms,

And woo's Orlando to her charms.
He runs, he rushes, clasps and strains—
Receives the querdon of his pains,
Fair Chloe—to a vapour shrunk,
That most abominably stunk.

Soft sounds a serenade afar;
Scarce echo on the ear of night
The tinkling tankling of guitar,
And quavering of a chaunting wight.

The Lemur, drawn by music's force,
His steps directs to where a band,
A-thrumming now, now in discourse,
A-whispering, prattling, loosely stand.

For now no one continued strain,
From flute, or harp, or hautboy flows;
In easy posture all remain,
As suits a period of repose.

Bright shines the moon on cat-gut strings,
The stars are twinkling in and out,

While glove, or kerchief, gently flings
Lavender odours all about.

Sparkle, too, in the moon, gold rings,
On tapering fingers finical,
And, fann'd by Zephyr's playful wings,
In wavy gyres they rise and fall,
The ringlets, curls, and queues of all.

Some hawk, and others blow their nose,
A bit of rosin some unroll,
With which they work along their bows,
While singing *ful la*, or *tol lol*.

Some break a jest, and now and then
Small chuckles in the air resound,
As coming from nice feeling men,
Whom loud horse laughter would
confound.

One pirouettes upon his heel,
Sucking a *fontain's* sugar'd juice;
Two their gold snuff-boxes reveal,
And one in *aparte* some *can-di-lacc*.

Adagio, zitto, calmly spoken,
And *Sigato st*, and *Sigato no*,
With other suppersies, betoken
Presence of *Millicante* bean.

Snap goes a string, a pish, a psaw,
Accompanies the slight disavow;
And jerk'd away, he 'gins to draw
Another on,—the fiddle's master.

Like cloud of dark and dubious hue,
Which oft obstructs a pleasant view;
Assuming, with a swift transition,
Changes of figure and position,
The Lemur nearer still advancing,
And in a zig-zag measure prancing,
Now bolater'd out in form capacious,
Appears a Bobadil audacious,
A fierce fire-flashing desperado,
That hacks and hews with long toledo;
Now as a monntebank he idles,
And with fantastic gestures sidles,
A Zany, lantern-jaw'd and thin,
Or a brisk tripping Harlequin;
A thing, now black and undefined,
Amorphous, and for nought design'd,
A patch of something, round or square,
He sits and flutters here and there.

TRANSLATION FROM BUCHANAN.

MR NORTH,

It seems odd enough, that, with the head of "Georgy Buchanan" duly impressed every month upon the cover of your Magazine, it should never have contained a single specimen of his productions. The following free translation of one of his elegies may amuse, perhaps, as far as it retains some portion of the quaintness of the old Latinist, though without his elegance. The other stanzas thrown in, as a make weight, are merely imitated from one of the stray German "Eclogæ recentiorum Carminum Latinorum."

Yours, T. D.

ELEGY

TO ALISA, WORN WITH A LINGERING ILLNESS.

Hath death that cheek of all its bloom bereaved?
 Art thou some shade that visits earth again?
 No—In that form I cannot be deceived—
 That step—of which the Graces might be vain;—

Those orbs, whose radiance sorrow cannot kill,
 For ever gentle—never, yet, too free—
 The modesty that waits upon thee still,
 Though not to teach—but learn to look like thee;—

Oh! they bespeak Alisa—But those sighs,
 What mean they? and that face, how changed its hue—
 Where is the joy that lived within those eyes—
 The lips—like early roses dipt in dew?

That healthful glow, still elegant the while—
 That pride becoming—pensiveness serene,
 Where are they?—Where the fascinating smile,
 And every charm that form'd the maiden Queen?

Doth some foul sorceress mould each matchless limb
 In wax, to waste before the lingering fire?
 Doth Venus' jealousy thy beauties dim,
 No longer, now, the goddess of desires?

Such was the flower.—How hard, methought, it seem'd,
 That it must yield to time—to age unkind!
 But still methought the bud was safe, nor dream'd
 That fate would be so pitiless or blind.

Oh! Hags, who shape the thread of all our years,
 And grudgingly mete out our span of day,
 This life was not intended for your shears—
 Ye should have sought for some maturer prey.

If ye delight in tears—for ever new—
 Take still the fruit—but let the blossom live;
 Call but on those whose debt of breath is due—
 Who bow them to the sentence that ye give.

Ruthless Persephone—thy boasted charms
 Ne'er conquer'd Pluto—he but loved thy frown—
 'Twas this that brought thee to the tyrant's arms—
 Yes—to thy cruelty thou owest thy crown—

Else wouldst thou turn aside the murderous dart
 From her whose fragile life is scarce begun,
 Nor give to sorrow many a bleeding heart,
 And, reckless, kill a thousand souls in one.

Beware, hard Queen—thine empire may be brief;
 If Love the gloomy heart of Dis can stir;
 * Take heed thou see'st not an unlook'd-for grief,
 And feelst thyself deserted, and for her.

Beware in time—oh, jealous Queen, beware!
 For it may hap thy close of power is near;
 In prudence seem to listen to our prayer—
 To give to Pity, what thou yieldst—to Fear.

STANZAS TO AN INFANT.

(From the modern Latin.)

Thou'rt welcome, Thomas Henry—
 Thou'rt doubly dear to me,
 Because, perchance, there are but few
 Besides to welcome thee.
 Laugh on—Of those, on whose young eyes
 Birth many friends bestows,
 How few, in this wide world, are found
 To keep them till they close!

Though I alone am nigh thee
 To answer thy weak cries;
 Or smile again when thou hast smiled,
 Or feign a glad surprise;
 Thou shalt put by the world as well,
 Though few pretend to aid;
 And if thou hast no flatterers,
 Thou canst not be betray'd.

No riches have I for thee,—
 No gold to make thee win
 An answering love where'er thou lov'st,
 And bu, thee friendships in;
 Yet, if thy heart be circumscribed,
 Thou need'st not still repine,
 —For rich men never know their friends,
 Whilst thou art sure of thine.

My Harry, like thy father,
 Thy birth's in the obscure;
 No early fame to gild thy name,
 No coat that must endure—
 But let the want of heraldry
 Give thee, my boy, no pain—
 Reflect; thou hast no name—to lose.
 But still a name—to gain.

One heritage is thine still,
 If I have play'd my part;
 A free-born soul, that will not bend,
 Join'd to an honest heart;
 With them, thou shalt be equal to
 Whatever Fate decrees,
 And what is affluence, or birth,
 Or greatness—wanting these?

O! when I gaze upon thee,
 This thought let it recall,—
 The Providence that sent me thee,
 Is kind alike to all—
 Breathes there in all this world a man
 More blest than I am now?
 And where's the babe more beautiful
 In innocence than thou?

PLAN FOR EXPEDITING THE MAIL FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH, SO THAT IT SHALL ARRIVE AT ONE O'CLOCK ON THE SECOND DAY.

	Miles. Per.	Miles. Per.
THE distance at present from London to York is	195 1	195 1
From York to Morpeth - - -	96 4	96 4
From Morpeth to Edinburgh by Berwick - -	106 7	
Ditto by the proposed improved road by Wooler		89 0
	396 4	379 5

The rate of travelling of the mail-coach from London to Edinburgh, was formerly about seven miles per hour; for a considerable time past it has been eight miles and a half per hour the whole way, exclusive of refreshments. (*Vide Evidence of C. Johnson, Surveyor of Mail Coaches, annexed to Third Report of the Committee on the Holyhead Roads, 1822, p. 43.*)

Since the Edinburgh mail began to run at the rate of eight miles and a half an hour, the whole of the road through England has, in consequence of the adoption of the measures suggested by Mr M'Adam, been greatly improved in the solidity and smoothness of its surface, and is still daily improving in these respects.

It is known to those who have been in the habit of travelling in the mail, that the increase of speed to eight miles and a half per hour, instead of being an oppression, was a relief to the horses. When the mail went at the rate of only seven miles per hour, the coachmen, having time to spare, used to stop at ale-houses and loiter it away; and often, on finding they had staid too long, in order to complete their stage in the time allowed them, drove the horses at a much faster rate than eight miles and a half per hour, over the roads in their old rough, rutted, and loose state. Now they have little time to spare, and the horses are driven steadily and regularly; consequently, though their rate on the average is much greater, they are much less distressed.

If the mail could travel eight miles and a half per hour twelve months ago, it could now, in the much improved state of the roads, travel with equal, or

greater ease, at the rate of nine miles an hour, including all stoppages.

In the course of the two years which will be required for improving the road from Morpeth by Wooler to Edinburgh, the rest of the road will be still farther improved.

The distance from London to Morpeth by York being at present 291 miles, this might be travelled, at the rate of nine miles an hour, in 32 hours.

The road from Morpeth by Wooler to Edinburgh, as proposed to be altered and improved, would be 88 miles, (nearly nineteen miles shorter than the Berwick road). As this road, if improved, would be greatly better, and more uniformly level, than almost any other part of the road, it would be travelled with the same ease at the rate of nearly ten miles an hour * 9

Making the time for the mail from London to Edinburgh - 41 hours.

Were the road from Dalkeith to Jock's Lodge straightened and levelled, some distance might be saved, and more time than in proportion to the distance, as the mail-coach would then go directly to the post-office by the Calton-hill, without being liable to those interruptions which it must meet with in the crowded streets of Edinburgh.

Forty-one hours would bring the mail into Edinburgh at one o'clock, on the second day, from London. The letters, according to Mr Freeling's evi-

* Mr Johnson, Surveyor of Mail Coaches, in his evidence before the Morpeth and Edinburgh Road Committee, proposes to travel this part of the road at the rate of nine miles an hour, without stating that there would be any difficulty in so doing.

dence, would be ready for delivery by two o'clock; when all bankers, merchants, and other persons, by sending for them, might immediately receive them. They would thus have time, even in the present arrangement of business-hours, to answer letters of consequence, and to make arrangements for the next day, for business arising out of the receipt of their letters. The post to London, of course, need not depart till midnight.

The Edinburgh mail, though it has the greatest distance to travel, is one of the very last which leaves Lombard Street. If it were sent off first, as it ought in reason to be, half an hour more might be saved. When the improvements now in progress at Weybridge, and on other parts of the road in England, are completed, it would not be difficult to gain another half hour. The mail would then arrive in Edinburgh at 12 o'clock.

By an arrangement, to be immediately mentioned, which would obviate the objections started by Mr Freeling and Mr C. Johnson, before the Morpeth and Edinburgh Road Committee, (Pp. 11. and 14.) the mail-coach might proceed immediately towards Perth, Aberdeen, &c. and cross the Queensferry at three o'clock. The disagreeable passage of this ferry at midnight would thus be avoided; the post would be expedited nine hours to the whole east and north of Scotland; and the districts sharing the advantage would not grudge to bear their part of the expense.

The reason stated by Mr Freeling and Mr C. Johnson, in their evidence, why the mail for Aberdeen, &c. could not be dispatched from Edinburgh sooner than at present, was, because the Carlisle mail, being obliged to wait for the mail from Manchester, could not set out earlier from Carlisle, and, of course, could not arrive in Edinburgh sooner than it now does; and that the mail for the north could not be accelerated with a part merely of the correspondence,—a very considerable portion of which, to the north of Edinburgh, was brought by the Carlisle mail. Mr Freeling states, that his opinion at present is, that it would

be impossible to accelerate the arrival of the Carlisle mail, because the mail from Manchester cannot be sent off earlier.

Supposing this to be the case, this difficulty may be obviated in the following manner:—

A new turnpike-road is now making with the assistance of Government, from the New Carlisle and Glasgow road, branching from Douglas or Lanark by Cumbernauld to Stirling and Perth. The gentlemen who are chiefly interested in this road, as soon as it is completed, mean to apply for a mail to run from Carlisle to Stirling; and a mail is now establishing from Glasgow by Stirling to Perth.

When these mails are established, the Manchester and Carlisle letters for Edinburgh and Leith may continue to arrive as at present. Those for Perth, and for all places to the north of it, can go by the Carlisle, Cumbernauld, Stirling, and Perth mail. The letters from Glasgow, &c. for Perth, and all places to the north of it, can go by the Glasgow and Perth mail.

The letters from Carlisle to Perth would be received there about as soon as formerly; those for places north of Perth, would, of course, not arrive in time for that day's accelerated Edinburgh mail; but they would not lie nearly a day at Perth for the next day's mail; for as the Edinburgh mail would be accelerated nine hours, besides what additional speed might be given it north of Edinburgh, the Carlisle letters for places north of Perth, would, at the most, only lie 15 hours at Perth, while all other letters would be received throughout the north and east of Scotland nine hours sooner than they are at present; for the mail might be sent north from Edinburgh at two o'clock P.M., instead of at eleven o'clock at night, as it is now. The following table shews the difference this would make to the several towns north of Edinburgh. The first column showing the time at which the mail from the south arrives at present; the second showing the time at which it may be made to arrive.

The mail arrives at			would arrive at		
	Hours.	Minutes.	Hours.	Minutes.	
Perth,	4	55 A. M.	7	5 P. M.	
Dundee,	6	35	9	35	
Arbroath,	8	50	11	50	
Montrose,	10	22	1	22 A. M.	
Aberdeen,	2	50 P. M.	5	50	
Banff,	9	23	12	23 P. M.	
Fochabers,	12	0 Midnight.	3	0	
Elgin,	1	46 A. M.	4	46	
Inverness,	6	0	9	0	

From this the mail does not depart until near nine o'clock, A. M. by which nearly three hours are lost.

Dingwall,	12	0 Noon.	3	0 A. M.
Tain,	3	35	6	35
Golspic,	9	30 P. M.	12	30 P. M.
Wick,	6	25 A. M.	9	25
Thurso,	9	55	12	55 A. M.

If the three hours' detention at Inverness were saved, all places to the north of it would receive their letters twelve hours sooner than at present. It is unnecessary here to notice any projected alterations for shortening the distance north of Edinburgh.

By this arrangement, the mail would every day in the year cross the Queens-ferry in day-light; an object of the greatest importance, as it affects the safety and comfort of those who travel by the mail-coach, and as it affects the conveyance of the mail, and the expense of it; for the contractors must find that the crossing of the Ferry at midnight has a great effect in deterring travellers from going by the mail-coach, and the expense to the Post-Office must in consequence be greater.

The advantages of this plan do not end here.

The whole of it, as hitherto detailed, may be attained by accelerating the rate of the mail-coach, and by improving the road from Edinburgh to Morpeth only; but, as Mr Telford states in his Report to the Treasury on the Morpeth Road, "between that place (Morpeth) and Boroughbridge, many important improvements might be effected." The same may be said of the rest of the road between Northallerton and York, and between York and London. Every minute gained, either by shortening, levelling, or smoothing the road between Edinburgh and London, might proportionally accelerate the mail-coach. It is, therefore, no visionary idea to anticipate, that before many years are past, the mail from London will arrive in

Edinburgh on the morning of the second day at breakfast-time.

But, in order to accomplish this, a general and strenuous effort must be made by all those who are interested, to advance the first step in the improvements; to use their united power and interest, 1st, To induce the Post-Office to do its part, by increasing the rate of travelling of the mail-coach to the requisite speed, by which part of the time may be saved; and, 2dly, To get the improvements on the road by Wooler executed with all dispatch, to save the rest of the time; for, without this, it is evident that no possible increase of speed could enable the Edinburgh mail to arrive sooner than between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of the second day.

That the Post-Master-General and the officers of the Post-Office would use every exertion to accommodate so great a portion of the country, cannot be doubted. The Committee on the Holyhead roads, in their fifth Report, in 1819, give ample assurance of the desire of the officers of the Post-Office to do all in their power to accommodate the public. They say, "Your committee cannot leave this part of the subject," viz. the regulation and acceleration of the mails, "without noticing the very praiseworthy attention and exertions of the Post-Masters-General to carry into effect the suggestions of former committees, and to give to Ireland the important advantage of a regular and rapid communication with all parts of England."

The greater improvements of the road from London to Edinburgh, must

have a beginning somewhere. Where can they begin with more propriety than from Edinburgh southward?

The road from London to Holyhead is now within a year or two of being as complete as the nature of the country, and the application of science to it, will permit; but its improvement has been gradual. It has required the indefatigable perseverance of the Chairman of the Holyhead-Road Committee, and of other members of Parliament, since 1808, and the liberal pecuniary assistance of the public, as well as the contribution of the greater part of Ireland, in the shape of an additional postage, to bring it to its present state of improvement. The very satisfactory result of the exertions of the Irish members, however, will be, that the post, which formerly only reached Dublin upon the fourth morning, will in future arrive there in thirty-eight hours. (*Vide* conclusion of Fourth Report of Committee on the Holyhead Roads, 1822.)

To obtain similar advantages for Edinburgh and the north of Scotland, similar perseverance and exertion are necessary. The whole benefit cannot be gained at once; the goal must be reached by degrees,—but to reach it at all, the race must be begun. Let it be remembered, that if to reach the first point be worth striving for, no time should be lost in starting. It will require two years from the passing of an act for the improvement of the Wooler road, before it can be in a state for the additional mail to travel on it; and until it is so, it will be impossible for the London mail to arrive in Edinburgh by one o'clock on the second day. The necessary notices for bringing in a bill to make this road, have been given; and the approaching session should not be lost. Those public-spirited individuals who have the object of the improvement of these mails at heart, should lose no time in explaining the advantages and the practicability of the plan to their neighbours, and inducing them to unite with the inhabitants of the east and north of Scotland, and with the persons interested in the roads from

Glasgow to Perth, and from Lanark, by Cumbernauld and Stirling, to Perth, in making a combined and strenuous effort to induce Government and the Post-Master-General to give their necessary assistance to carry it into execution.

The sum required to execute the improvements on this part of the road is £72,500, and the Committee of last Session recommended that the public should advance that sum at a moderate rate of interest, on repayment being secured by a sinking fund; they suggest three per cent as the rate of interest,

£2175 0 0	
And three per cent for the sinking fund,	2175 0 0
	<hr/>
	4350 0 0

In order to provide for this and the increased expense of maintaining the road, they propose an increase of the tolls on the road equal to their present amount, 3788 15 0

And an additional postage on letters carried along the road, to the annual amount of 1500 0 0

£5288 15 0

Thus, laying on the narrow district through which the road passes, more than double the burden proposed to be laid on all the rest of the country.

As by the proposed plan, the advantage would be general to the farthest point of Scotland, the additional postage should also be general. It can hardly be doubted, but all who enjoy the advantage will cheerfully contribute to its attainment—one half-penny per letter would be fully sufficient.*

Of course the arrangement must be a general one, comprehending the whole object, and all the means, but the postage should not be exigible until the road is completed, and the mail arrives at the time stipulated.

The additional postage is not to be

* The inhabitants of Liverpool and Manchester, in 1821, made a voluntary offer of an additional postage of a penny a letter on all their Irish letters, (calculated to amount to 100000, per annum,) to repay to the public a sum of about 30,000*l.*, advanced to build a bridge over the River Conway, by which their correspondence with Ireland would be expedited. The postage was imposed by an act of that Session, and the bridge will in consequence be completed next summer.

considered as a permanent burden. It must be provided in the act, that as soon as the principal and interest are repaid, the additional postage shall cease; also that, if it exceeds in any year the sum of 1500*l.*, the Commissioners shall be bound to pay such excess, in addition to the stipulated sinking fund, in farther reduction of the debt.

On the other hand, the Commissioners will exact no more of the additional tolls than is necessary for the accomplishment of the purposes of the act, and will reduce them whenever the state of their funds enables them to do so, by the reduction of the debt.

To this, as well as to every other measure of importance, various objections may be stated. These may be considered under the following heads:

1st, The increase of the rate of travelling. 2d, The inconvenience which might arise from leaving York, in going northward, earlier than at present. 3d, The inconveniences or disadvantages which might arise from the proposed division of the letters from Manchester and Carlisle. 4th, The objections which might be made by the inhabitants of the district, and by the proprietors of lands, through which the proposed new line of road to Morpeth is to run. 5th, The objections which may be raised by persons interested in the line of road from Morpeth, by Berwick, to Edinburgh.

1st, The rate of nine miles an hour, including stoppages, though considerable, is not uncommon. "The mail from Manchester to Chester travels at the rate of nine miles an hour." "This rate of speed is not at all uncommon now in various parts of the kingdom." (*Vide* Evidence of Charles Johnson, Esq. surveyor of mail coaches, annexed to the 3d Report of the Committee on Holyhead Roads, 1822.) The Bristol mail travels at this rate; the Poole mail, it is believed, travels at a still greater

rate. The Leeds coach by Ferrybridge (travelling the same road for a great way as the Edinburgh mail) went also for several years at a greater rate than nine miles an hour.

Persons connected with stage coaches say, that there would be no difficulty in conveying a stage coach of the weight of the mail coach, with its letters and passengers, at the rate of nine miles an hour along the whole road, with profit to the owners, provided it was a well-employed coach. That it would, of course, be necessary to run none but horses with some blood in them, and to drive short stages.* As the whole time of travelling the journey will be shortened, passengers will more frequently go through the whole way than at present, which will insure better employment for the mail coach; and as, for the same reason, fewer stops for refreshment will be necessary, including them in the general rate of travelling will not be so great an addition to the exertion as might at first sight appear,—they will need to be four: Breakfast, dinner, and supper, the day after setting out, and breakfast on the following day. Should it, however, be found necessary, contrary to expectation, for the Post-office to increase, in some small degree, the contract price for forwarding this mail, there ought to be no hesitation in incurring the additional expense, to obtain so great an accommodation for so large a portion of the kingdom.

2d, The inconvenience which might arise from going northwards from York earlier than at present.—Probably there might be none; for Mr. Johnson, in his evidence before the Edinburgh and Morpeth Road Committee, in speaking of the impossibility of bringing up the Hull, Scarborough, and Whitby mails, to join an Edinburgh mail which should not go by York, says,—“It would be necessary, in order to accomplish that purpose, to send the mails from Hull, Whitby, &c. a great deal sooner than at present, much to

* At present, the same horses draw the mail-coach from Haddington round by Leith to Edinburgh, a distance of about eighteen miles. At the rate at which they are forced to go this long stage no horses can stand it. If it were divided into two nine-mile stages, the horses would, of course, go considerably quicker; and the exertion being but for a short time, they would not be exhausted and worn out. The expense of tear and wear would be much less. Intelligent proprietors of post-horses are now generally aware of the advantage in point of profit, from running moderate stages, and keeping their horses in good heart. There are, unfortunately, still some who do not see their own interest in this matter.

the dissatisfaction of those places." From which it seems probable, that sending these mails off a *little* sooner than at present, and making them travel to York with a little more speed, would neither be difficult nor inconvenient. At any rate, the whole acceleration of the mail from London to York would only be one hour and twenty minutes, which would be all the acceleration in point of time that it would be necessary to give to these cross mails.

3d, No inconvenience appears likely to arise from the proposed division of the letters from Manchester to Carlisle. As it must be two years before the new Wooler road can be ready, the Glasgow and Perth, and the Lanark and Perth mail coaches, may be established before that time, when no inconvenience will be occasioned by the plan suggested.

4th, The objections of the inhabitants of the district, and of the proprietors of lands through which the improved Wooler road passes.

The only objection that could be raised by the inhabitants of the district, would be to an increase of tolls; but the advantages they will derive from the improved road, by being enabled to carry greater weights, and to travel faster with more ease to their horses, besides the saving of tear and wear, even if they paid double tolls, are so great and so apparent, that no person who has considered the matter, has the smallest doubt on the subject. In fact, the inhabitants of the district who travel the road, all look to its improvement with the greatest anxiety, considering that it will be of very great advantage to them.

Several proprietors of land through which the new road will go, have stated objections to particular parts of the line; but there is not one of them who does not acknowledge its general excellence, with the exception only of the particular part in his own immediate neighbourhood. Some of these proprietors, indeed, have most handsomely said, that no minor objections of their own should induce them to give any opposition to it. There can indeed be no *serious* objection, as Mr Telford has taken care that it shall not touch upon the pleasure-grounds, or domestic comfort, of any one person. Some gentlemen have indeed objected, that it comes too near their residences;

but in all these cases, it either passes, at the place objected to, along an existing public road, or there lies between it and the house of the person objecting, another public road still nearer, and which might, in some cases, be shut up in consequence of the making of the new road. Others object, that it rather goes farther from their houses than the present road, and only saves a mile or two of distance by doing so. Some object, that it does not go through a new and uncultivated district, and therefore does no good to the country. Others object, that it will cut some of their fields diagonally;—that it will deprive part of them of access to water, &c.; and some have started imaginary objections from not having informed themselves accurately as to the precise line proposed for the road. To all these objections, as none of them interfere with the privacy or domestic comfort of any person, there is this conclusive answer—that whatever damage is done, or can in any way fairly be alleged, will be liberally paid for, and every partial inconvenience amply compensated; and, if dissatisfied with the intentions of the Commissioners in that respect, every one has power to appeal to a jury of those who live in his own county, and who, if they have any bias, must have a favourable feeling towards their neighbour. The present road, where even it is departed from in the new line, will still have ample means for its future maintenance where it is necessary to continue it, and will in some cases be improved as part of the branch roads necessarily connected with the main line.

5th, To the objections which may be raised by persons interested in the road through East Lothian and Berwick to Morpeth, it may be sufficient to say, that, as the present mail coach is to be continued on that line, they are not entitled to any weight at all. No persons in this country have any right to say, that others shall not enjoy the benefit of an improvement because they themselves have long reaped exclusive advantages. This point is one which cannot now be argued with any grace, or hope of success.

The Committee on the Holyhead Roads, in their 4th Report of last session, (1822,) in recommending two alterations, one from Moxley to Stonebridge, by which two miles will be saved; the other from Wellington to

Chirk, by which seven miles will be saved, make the following observations: *

"Your Committee have to remark, that it may be objected to this new line," (viz. from Moxley to Stonebridge,) "that it passes to the north of Birmingham, and consequently that the town of Birmingham may lose some of the advantages it now has from the Irish travelling. But as to this plea in favour of local interests, your Committee conceive the point to have been already decided by former Committees, and by the proceedings of Parliament, so far as the communication between England and Ireland is in question. In the case of the new road across the island of Anglesey, by which the interests of some towns, said to be of great importance, and the whole property vested in a large inn were altogether destroyed, Parliament passed an act for making this road, though a petition against it was sent up from a county meeting, in order to protect the local interests connected with the old road. The right of individuals in the Ferries of Bangor and Conway, have on the same principle been taken away by Parliament. All these things have been done, and with good reason, and proper consideration, for the public interest; for if this principle was not to guide the Legislature, and the principle of attending to local interests was to predominate, the inhabitants of Northampton and of Warwick, or of Dudley and of Walsall, would have just as good a right to require the Holyhead road to be brought through these towns, as the inhabitants of Birmingham or of Shrewsbury have of requiring it to be continued where it now is, sooner than suffer the public to have a shorter road by nine miles than the present road. The principle which requires the public interests to be accommodated to the local interests, rests upon a very perverted notion of the legitimate object of a good road; those who advocate this principle must believe that the right use of a road is to enable landlords to obtain high rents for their inns, and their tenants

to make large profits from travellers; whereas the only true and proper object of a good road should be to enable travellers to pass, in the shortest possible time, between any two places or points, and with the least possible trouble and expense. Your Committee cannot imagine any thing more unjust and unreasonable than to make the long journey from Holyhead to London, still longer by ten or fifteen miles than it ought to be, in order to give to certain towns the profits to be made by the expense which this extra distance imposes in every year on ten or fifteen thousand Irish travellers, who are obliged, from business, or the performance of some public duty, to perform this journey." Afterwards, in mentioning the new line from Wellington to Chirk, the Report of the Committee says:—

"As this new line will leave out the town of Shrewsbury, the expediency of making it rests upon the same general grounds as those which have already been stated in the case of the new line from Stonebridge to Moxley."

In addition to this, it may be observed on this particular case, that the Chairman of the Morpeth and Wooler Road Committee, who is resident in and intimately connected with East Lothian, declined to have any thing to do with the Committee, until he should be satisfied that the improvement of the Wooler road would not be materially detrimental to the interests of East Lothian; he was so convinced, and he then moved for the Committee. The Committee afterwards took this point into consideration, and ordered returns from the turnpike trusts on the eastern road, between Morpeth and Edinburgh; and after due deliberation, were satisfied, as they express in the end of their Report, that the chief part of the income of the trusts would not be affected by the new road,† and that no alteration would take place in the mail-coach by Berwick. The acceleration of the mail to Newcastle will be advantageous to Alnwick, Berwick, and East Lothian,

* 4th Report on Holyhead Roads, 1822. p. 59.

† From the statements made by the clerks of the several trusts, the proportion of the income of these trusts arising from coaches and chaises, as compared with that arising from carts and similar carriages, was small,—of this the mail coach is a considerable part. The income arising from it will remain, and as the Committee justly observes,

by enabling the inhabitants to receive their London letters several hours sooner.

Any anxiety shown by those interested in the eastern road to prevent the improvement of the Wooler road, is in fact a testimony in favour of its merit; were that not considerable, no anxiety need be shewn to prevent its execution.

When arrangements are made for insuring the arrival of the London mail in Edinburgh at one o'clock on the second day, it will be proper, as those interested in the Holyhead roads have done, to consider by what means the time can be still farther diminished.

It is well known to every person in the habit of travelling between Edinburgh and London, that great improvements can be made on the road south of Morpeth.—On the south side of Newcastle, the great hill at Gateshead may, by going up the valley to the westward, be almost entirely avoided.

Between Chester-le-Street and Rushyford the road may be both shortened and much levelled.

Between Darlington and Northallerton the road may be much shortened, by making a bridge over the Tees, and a straight road from Darlington to Enter Common.

Between Northallerton and York

many bends may be taken out of the road.

The road from York towards London may be much shortened, by improving or new-making the road through the level country to Doncaster, to Bawtry, or to Retford.

From Newark to Grantham the road may be shortened, and Gunnerby-hill avoided, by taking the road straight from Long Bennington, or Foston, to the west of Gunnerby.

From Grantham to Witham Common the inequalities of the road may be much reduced; and the same may be said of the rest of the road all the way to London.

When the proper time shall arrive, application should be made to the Lords of the Treasury, to have the road from Morpeth to York, and from York to London, properly surveyed. It will be found that York is not out of the right line, though it is not in the present most direct line.

Were a proper survey made, improvements not now thought of would be pointed out, which the local trusts would adopt and execute.

On the plan which has been suggested many improvements will occur, if gentlemen, to whom it must be an object of interest, will make it the subject of their attentive consideration.

“there must always be a great deal of communication upon it by coaches, chaises, and other carriages, totally independent of mere travellers from London to Edinburgh;” and “that the chief part of the income of these trusts is derived from their own internal communication by carts and otherwise, which could not by possibility be affected by this plan.”

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The concluding volume of Mr Clarke's *Travels through Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Norway, and Russia*, with a description of the City of St Petersburg, during the tyranny of the Emperor Paul, handsomely printed in 4to. with numerous Engravings of Views, Maps, &c. is in the press.

An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. By Thomas Hartwell Horne, M.A. of St John's College, Cambridge; Curate of the United Parishes of Christ Church, Newgate Street, and St Leonard, Foster Lane. Third edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, in four large volumes, 8vo. illustrated with Maps, and numerous Fac-Similes of Biblical MSS.

At the same time will be published, with a new plate, A small Supplement to the Second Edition, (of which a limited number only will be printed,) so arranged as to be inserted in the respective Volumes without injury to the Binding.

Two Charges delivered to the Clergy in the diocese of Calcutta, in 1819 and 1821. By T. P. Middleton, D.D. F.R.S. Bishop of Calcutta.

A New Translation of Aristotle's Rhetoric, with an Introduction, explaining its relation to his exact Philosophy, and vindicating that Philosophy by proofs, that all departures from it have been deviations into error. By John Gillies, LL.D. Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland. In one volume, 8vo.

A Supplement to the 23d edition of Dr Burn's *Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer*. Containing the decided Cases to the end of the last Term, and the Statutes to the end of the last Session of Parliament; together with a variety of new Precedents and MS. Cases. By George Chetwynd, Esq. M.P. Barrister at Law, and Chairman of the Staffordshire Quarter Sessions.

The Pleasures of Memory, 21st edition, Human Life, and the Voyage of Columbus, with its last additions, elegantly printed in a Pocket Volume, with Wood Cuts. By Samuel Rogers, Esq.

On the 1st of December will be published, in 8vo., *The Loves of the Angels*, a Poem, by Thomas Moore, Esq.

Mr Beckford, author of *Vathek*, has a volume of Letters nearly ready for publication.

In the press, a reprint of Sir Robert Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia, or Observations on the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, her Times, and Favourites, in 8vo.

The Rev. John Birt of Manchester is preparing for publication, *Five Lectures on the Pretensions and Abuses of the Church of Rome*.

Thoughts on the Anglican and Anglo-American Churches, by John Bristed, is now in the press.

Truth against Falsehood, or Facts opposed to Fiction, in a series of Letters, addressed to Douglas, author of *No Fiction*, by Lefevre.

Preparing for publication, *Sketches of Field Sports*, as followed by the Natives of India, with Observations on the Animals, &c. by Dr Johnson.

Some Remarks on Southey's Life of Wesley, will appear in the course of the present month.

Popular Stories, translated from the Kinder and Haus-Marchen, collected from oral tradition in different parts of Germany, by Messrs Grimm, 12mo. with engravings.

We understand, that some curious Memoirs of the French Court will shortly appear, from the pen of the late Madame de Campan, first Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen Marie Antoinette, and Directress of the Establishment of Econen, under Napoleon.

A Series of Portraits of the Kings and Queens of Britain, to be engraved in the chalk manner, by Mr R. Cooper, from authentic originals, is about to be printed in Numbers, containing four Portraits each.

Mrs Davis, author of *Helps to Devotion*, and of *Fables and Moral Tales in Verse*, has in the press a work entitled *Christian Duties*.

A considerable portion of the treatise of Cicero, *De Republica*, discovered by Angelo Mai, keeper of the Vatican Library, in a Codex Rescriptus, will shortly appear, in 8vo.

Palaeoromana, or Historical and Philological Disquisitions, are preparing for publication.

A Complete Illustration of the Index Testeologicus, or Catalogue of Shells, British and Foreign, by William Ward, F.R.S. and L.S. is announced by subscription.

Count Las Casas has announced his intention of publishing a work in eight volumes, 8vo. under the title of *Memorial de St Helen*, in which he professes to record every thing that Napoleon said and did during the eighteen months that Las Casas was with him.

It is stated, that the *Travels of the late Count Camello Borghia, in the North of Africa*, particularly *Tunis*, have been sent to press by his widow.

Buonaparte's own Narrative of his Campaigns is about to make its appearance, under the revision of Montholon.

The Rev. E. Berlon's *Hulsean Lectures*, for 1822, are about to appear. They

consist of a series of Discourses on Scripture Difficulties, &c.

A work is in forwardness, in several languages, with the following title,—*Histoire des Superstitions. L'Histoire General des Superstitions et des Cultes, avec des Notes sur le Caractere des Pretres de toutes les Religions. Par une Societe des Philosophes.*

The Knight-Errent, a new monthly publication, will appear on the 1st of January.

Travels in the Northern States of America, by Timothy Dwight, LL. D. will appear in the course of the month.

Specimens, selected and translated from the Lyric Poetry of the German Minne-singers, or Troubadours of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, with an Introductory Dissertation, and engravings, taken from illuminations of ancient MSS.

Blossoms, by Robert Millhouse, with prefatory remarks on his genius and situation. By the Rev. Luke Bocker, LL. D.

The History and Antiquities of Canterbury Cathedral, by Mr Britton, illustrated by sixteen engravings by J. Le Keux, will be ready in a few weeks.

Mr J. P. Neale is about commencing a work illustrative of all the varieties of Ecclesiastical Architecture.

Mr W. Davis is preparing fresh materials for a *Second Journey Round the Library of a Bibliomaniac*, upon a similar plan to the first; and as there doubtless exists much really useful and curious information dispersed amongst, and in the power of Literary Men and Bibliophilists to communicate, he would feel greatly obliged by the contributions of any such,—and should this opportunity be the means of concentrating a small portion of such dispersed and original information, W. D. doubts not, that his *Second Journey* will prove greatly superior to the First, both in interest and variety.—15, Southampton Row, Russell Square.

The Memoirs of an English Countess, written by herself, in 3 vols. will soon appear.

The Precious Gift, or the Improvement

of Time the Greatest Wisdom; to which is added, the Felicity of True Religion, or the Warning Voice of Providence to Man, with Specimens of Sacred Poetry, from Henry Kirke White, Robinson, Dox's dridge, Cowper, Logan, and Watts. Second edition, considerably enlarged and corrected, with an elegant frontispiece.—Price 1s.

An Essay on the Resurrection of Christ. By the Rev. James Dore Walworth, London. Second Edition.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in one volume, 8vo. Outlines of Character.

In the press, Granger's Biographical History of England, from Egbert the Great to the Revolution. Consisting of Characters disposed in different Classes, and adapted to a methodical Catalogue of engraved British Heads; intended as an Essay towards reducing our Biography to System, and a help to the knowledge of Portraits. Interspersed with a variety of Anecdotes, and Memoirs of a great number of Persons, not to be found in any other Biographical Work. With a Preface, shewing the utility of a Collection of Engraved Portraits, to answer the various purposes of Medals. The Fifth Edition, in six volumes, 8vo. With the addition of nearly 400 New Lives, communicated, expressly for this Work, to the late Mr William Richardson, by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford; David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes; Sir William Musgrave, Bart.; James Bindley, Esq. and several other celebrated Collectors and Antiquaries. A few copies will be printed in royal 8vo. and a few in folio, to accommodate those who may be inclined to illustrate the Work; and, as the impression is limited to a very small number, early application is recommended.

A new satirical novel is announced, entitled Dublin, by the author of London, or a Month at Stevens's.

Lord John Russell has in the press a tragedy entitled Don Carlos.

A novel, entitled Isabella, will appear in the course of the present month, by the author of Rhoda, Plain Sense, &c.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *THE ORLANDO INAMORATO*, abridged from Berni, and interspersed with Specimens of Translated Verse. By William Stewart Rose, Esq. Elegantly printed in one volume, post 8vo.

A Translation of Dr Gregory's *Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ* is in the press, and will be ready for publication some time in December.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The London Catalogue of Books, with their prices, sizes, and publishers; containing the Books published in London, from the year 1800 to 1822, 8vo. 8s.

Thorpe's Catalogue of Books, Part II., for 1822. 3s.

Ogle, Duncan, and Co.'s Catalogue of Rare Books, on the History, Antiquities, and Literature of Scotland and Ireland, 8vo.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Memoir of the Life and Character of Walter Venning, Esq. By Richard Knill. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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Biblia Hebraica Manualia, ad præstantiores editiones accurata:—accesserunt, I. Analysis et explicatio var. lect. quas Kethibh et Kri vocant. II. Interpretatio Episcopus Masorethicarum singulis libris biblicis subjectarum. III. Explicatio Notarum marginalium textui s. hinc inde additarum. IV. Vocabularium omnium vocum Veteris Testamenti Hebraicarum et Chald. denuo emendatus editum. In one volume, 8vo. price 27s., or, on fine paper, 31s. 6d.

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EDINBURGH.—Nov. 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 26s. 0d.	1st, ... 23s. 0d.	1st, ... 17s. 6d.	1st, ... 16s. 0d.
2d, ... 20s. 6d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 16s. 0d.	2d, ... 14s. 6d.
3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.	3d, ... 14s. 0d.	3d, ... 13s. 0d.
Average, £1, 0s. 5d. 2-12ths.			

Tuesday, Nov. 5.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) 0s. 3d. to 0s. 5d.	Quartern Loaf . . . 0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.
Mutton 0s. 3d. to 0s. 5d.	New Potatoes (38 lb.) 0s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal 0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb. 1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork 0s. 3d. to 0s. 5d.	Salt ditto, per stone 16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter . 1s. 0d. to 1s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . . . 1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone . . 5s. 6d. to 7s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . . . 0s. 11d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—Nov. 8.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 22s. 6d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, ... 15s. 6d.	1st, ... 14s. 0d.	1st, ... 16s. 0d.
2d, ... 20s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 14s. 6d.	2d, ... 12s. 0d.	2d, ... 14s. 0d.
3d, ... 17s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.	3d, ... 13s. 0d.	3d, ... 10s. 0d.	3d, ... 12s. 0d.
Average, £1 : 0s. 3d. 1-12th.				

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended November 2.

Wheat, 30s. 5d.—Barley, 27s. 5d.—Oats, 18s. 11d.—Rye, 20s. 7d.—Beans, 26s. 1d.—Pease, 30s. 0d.

London, Corn Exchange, Nov. 4.

Liverpool, Nov. 3.

Wheat, red, old	Maple, new	Wheat, per 70 lb.	Amer. p. 190 lb.
22 to 40	28 to 29	Eng. Old . . . 4 0 to 6	6 Sweet, U.S. . . 0 to — 0
Fine ditto . . . 36 to 38	White pease . . 24 to 26	New 5 5 to 6	6 Do. mound 25 0 to 30 0
Superfine ditto 39 to 41	Ditto, boilers . . 32 to 34	Foreign . . . 5 6 to 4	6 Sour do. . . 30 0 to 32 0
Ditto, new . . . 32 to 35	Small Beans, new 26 to 29	Waterford 5 0 to 5	34 Meal, per 240 lb.
White, old . . . 26 to 40	Ditto, old . . . 27 to 31	Limerick . . 0 10 to 0	0 English . . 20 0 to 25 0
Fine ditto . . . 40 to 42	Tick ditto, new 21 to 25	Drogheda 5 5 to 5	6 Scotch . . . 20 0 to 22 0
Superfine ditto 44 to 47	Ditto, old . . . 24 to 27	Dublin 4 10 to 5	6 Irish . . . 19 0 to 21 0
Ditto, new . . . 36 to 38	Feed oats . . . 17 to 19	Scotch . . . 5 6 to 6	6 Bran, p. 2½ lb. 8 to 10
Rye 18 to 24	Fine ditto . . . 20 to 21	Irish Old . . 3 10 to 5	Butter, Beef, &c.
Barley, new . . . 21 to 27	Poland ditto . . 19 to 21	Barley, per 60 lbs.	Butter, p. cwt. s. d. s. d.
Fine ditto . . . 28 to 30	Fine ditto . . . 22 to 25	Eng. 2 10 to 3	2 Belfast, new 85 0 to 86 0
Superfine ditto 31 to 33	Poland ditto . . 20 to 21	Scotch . . . 2 10 to 3	2 Newry . . . 81 0 to 82 0
Malt 44 to 46	Fine ditto . . . 24 to 25	Scotch . . . 2 8 to 2	10 Waterford . 71 0 to 74 0
Fine 50 to 54	Scotch 26 to 27	Oats, per 15 lb.	6 Cork, p. 2d, 72 0 to 74 0
Hog Pease . . . 24 to 26	Flour, per sack 38 to 40	Eng. pots. . . 4 to 2	3 3d dry . . . 0 to — 0
Maple 25 to 27	Ditto, seconds 30 to 36	Irish do. . . 4 to 2	3 3d do. 0 to — 0
Seeds, &c.		Scotch do. . . 2 8 to 5	0 Beef, p. tierce.
		Rye, per qr. 20 0 to 23 0	0 Meal . . . 65 0 to 75 0
		Malt per 6 . . 0 to 8	0 p. barrel . . . 0 to — 0
		— Fine . . . 5 6 to 6	6 Pork, p. bl. . . 0 to — 0
		Beans, per q.	0 Meal . . . 5 0 to 52 0
Must. White . . . 8 to 10	0 Hempseed . . — to —	0 English . . 26 0 to 30 0	0 Bacon, p. cwt.
— Brown, new . . 8 to 9	0 Linseed, crush. — to —	0 Irish . . . 21 0 to 23 0	0 Shortmids. 32 0 to 34 0
Tares, per qr. 26 to 34	0 Fine — to —	0 Rapeseed, p. l. 4 8 to 20	0 Sides . . . 30 0 to 32 0
Turnips, bush. 6 to 7	0 Rye Grass . . 15 to 51	0 Pease grey . . 20 0 to 24 0	0 Hams, dry . . 0 to — 0
— Red & green 0 to 0	0 Clover, red cwt. 18 to 36	0 White . . . 20 0 to 36 0	0 Green . . . 0 to — 0
— Yellow . . . 0 to 0	0 White 28 to 38	0 Flour, English.	0 Lord, rd. p. a. — 0 to — 0
Caraway, cwt. 54 to 62	0 Coriander . . . 9 to 14	0 p. 240 lb. fine 27 0 to 30	0 Tongue, p. fr. — 0 to — 0
Canary, per qr. 30 to 34	0 Trefoil 15 to 20	0 Irish . . . 26 0 to 29 0	
Rape Seed, per last, £20 to £21.			

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Oct. 1822.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	—	246½	248½
3 per cent. reduced,	82½	—	81½	81½
3 per cent. consols,	81½	82½ 2	82½ 2	82½ 2
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	92½	93½
4 per cent. consols,	—	101½	99½	99½
New 4 per cent. consols,	100½	102	102	102½
Imper. 3 per cent.	81	—	81½	—
India stock,	—	254½	254½	255
— bonds,	49	55½	57	53
Long Anns,	—	—	20½	20½
Excise bills,	3 5	5 7	5 7	5 7
— 1000 bills, am.	5 7	5 8	7 10	6 10
— 1000 bills, am.	81½	82½	82½	82½
Consols for acc.	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cent.	92½ 70 c.	93½ 5 c.	93½ 33 c.	—
Amer. 5 per cent.	—	96½	—	—

Course of Exchange, November 5.—Amsterdam, 12: 2. C. F. Ditto at sight, 11: 18. Rotterdam, 12: 3. Antwerp, 12: 3. Hamburg, 27: 8. Altona, 37: 9. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25: 55. Ditto 25: 85. Bourdeaux, 25: 85. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburg, per rble. 9½: 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7: 7. Vienna, 10: 19 *1/2* p. Trieste, 10: 19 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36½. Bilboa, 36½. Barcelona, 36. Seville, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27: 50. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 52½. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 6d. New Doubloons, £3: 14: 9d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 0s. 0d.

PRICES CURRENT, Nov. 9.—London, Nov. 5.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.	56	to 60	54	50	51	57	54	58
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	63	74	60	72	55	74	59	71
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76	78	—	—	76	78	73	80
Fine and very fine, . .	115	150	—	—	—	—	—	—
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	96	110	—	—	—	—	61	92
Powder ditto,	88	98	98	110	—	—	—	—
Single ditto,	85	98	88	92	—	—	79	92
Small Lumps,	80	83	80	85	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	35	52	80	86	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps,	30	31	29	30	—	—	30	31
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.	95	107	96	110	85	110	80	112
Ord. good, and fine ord.	110	120	112	134	112	132	124	126
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	60	92	—	—
Dutch Trage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	94	112	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	—	—	114	132	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	122	126	—	—	94	101	—	—
St Domingo,	8½	9	—	—	8½	9	—	—
Peppers (in Bond), . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPIRITS.	1s 10d	2s 0d	1s 10d	2s 0d	1s 0d	2s 4d	1s 8d	1s 9d
Jam. Rum, 1G O. P. gall.	3 9	4 6	—	—	—	—	1 5	2 11
Brandy,	2 0	2 6	—	—	—	—	1 4	0 0
G-n-e-v-a,	6 6	6 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grain Whisky,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£35	£50
Claret, 1st Growth, bhd.	32	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Portugal Red, pipe.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt.	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Teneriffe, pipe.	10	60	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira,	47	7 7	—	—	47 10	8 0	47 15	8 15
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	—	—	—	—	8 0	8 10	9 0	9 10
Honduras,	8	—	—	—	9 0	9 10	10 0	11 0
Cannoechy,	7	8	—	—	9 0	10 0	6 0	8 10
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	9	11	—	—	11 10	12 0	9 0	11 0
Cuba,	10s 6d	11s 6d	—	—	10 0	11 0	10 0	11 6
INDIGO, Caracass fine, lb.	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	1 10	2	—	—	—	—	—	—
(Christiansend (dut. paid.)	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	1 1
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 5	2 0	1 6	1 9
St Domingo, ditto, . .	19	20	—	—	12 6	—	11 0	11 6
TAR, American, brl.	14	16	—	—	—	—	18 0	19
Archangel,	10	11	—	—	—	—	11 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	—	—	40	42	43	—	46 0	47 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	—	—	—	—	—	—	35	—
Horne melted,	—	—	—	—	—	—	£41	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	—	—	—	—	40	43	—	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
FLAX.	52	53	—	—	—	—	£54	—
Riga Thick & Draj. Rak.	50	90	—	—	—	—	42	50
Dutch,	36	40	—	—	—	—	—	—
Irish,	85	90	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES.	14	15	—	—	—	—	16	10
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	40	—	41	42	45 6	46 0	47	48
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	34	35	36	37	42 0	—	45	46
Montreal, ditto, . . .	50	—	27	28	—	—	20 0	20
Pot,	—	—	—	—	—	—	22 10	23 10
OIL, Whale,	7	7½	7½	8	0 6	0 7½	0 6	7½
Cod,	3½	5	3½	4	0 2	0 2½	0 3	0 4
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	—	—	—	—	0 6	0 9	7	9
Midling,	—	—	—	—	1 5	1 5	11	1 8
Inferior,	—	—	—	—	1 0	1 2	—	—
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	—	—	1 0	1 2	—	—
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	—	—	0 8½	0 11	0 8	0 10½
Good,	—	—	—	—	0 7	0 8½	0 8½	0 10
Muddling,	—	—	—	—	0 11	1 0	10	11
Demerara and Berbee, . .	—	—	—	—	0 9	0 10	9½	10
West India,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Pernambuco,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Maranham,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-Hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, at noon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind.		
Oct. 1	M. 43 A. 50	29.589 .57	M. 50 A. 51	SE.	Dull, with sl. showers.	Oct. 17	M. 57 A. 40	29.596 .870	M. 14 A. 11	Cble.	Dull, but fair.
2	M. 42 A. 51	.001 .560	M. 52 A. 51	E.	Dull, with sh. rain.	18	M. 56 A. 55	.350 .270	M. 41 A. 14	Cble.	Frost morn. fair day.
3	M. 46 A. 56	.410 .410	M. 54 A. 54	E.	Dull foren. after. foggy	19	M. 56 A. 42	28.909 .989	M. 11 A. 14	E.	Dull, but fair.
4	M. 47 A. 54	.401 .305	M. 55 A. 56	Cble.	Foggy foren. clear aftern.	20	M. 58 A. 43	.989 .956	M. 13 A. 17	S.	Fair morn. rainy day.
5	M. 50 A. 56	.231 .141	M. 56 A. 56	S.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	21	M. 11 A. 49	.753 23.101	M. 48 A. 17	SW.	Dull, with some rain.
6	M. 45 A. 51	28.970 .989	M. 54 A. 51	SW.	Rain	22	M. 58 A. 47	.525 .478	M. 47 A. 48	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
7	M. 40 A. 49	.679 .702	M. 51 A. 53	SW.	Fair day, h. rain night	23	M. 55 A. 45	.464 .328	M. 46 A. 40	SE.	Dull, but fair.
8	M. 13 A. 53	.691 .691	M. 52 A. 52	W.	Dull, but fair.	24	M. 56 A. 44	.160 .160	M. 51 A. 52	E.	Mod. rain most of day.
9	M. 12 A. 50	.901 .901	M. 51 A. 50	SW.	Dull, with h. sh. rain.	25	M. 42 A. 51	.156 .152	M. 57 A. 51	SE.	Rain foren. sunsh. after.
10	M. 42 A. 47	29.258 .419	M. 50 A. 49	W.	Dull, but fair.	26	M. 45 A. 54	.168 .168	M. 51 A. 50	SE.	Dull, but fair.
11	M. 40 A. 46	.560 .653	M. 49 A. 50	SW.	Very cold, but fair.	27	M. 39 A. 49	.108 .273	M. 51 A. 51	SE.	Ditto.
12	M. 41 A. 47	.580 .509	M. 49 A. 49	E.	Rain.	28	M. 38 A. 50	.110 .510	M. 49 A. 49	SE.	Fair, with sunshine.
13	M. 40 A. 35	.420 .760	M. 46 A. 43	NE.	Fair, but very cold.	29	M. 39 A. 46	.472 .490	M. 55 A. 50	S.	Rain morn. fair day.
14	M. 34 A. 39	.794 .641	M. 43 A. 43	Cble.	Dull morn. sunsh. day.	30	M. 45 A. 49	.572 .283	M. 49 A. 51	Cble.	Fair, but d. sh.
15	M. 31 A. 39	.442 .435	M. 46 A. 46	W.	Ditto.	31	M. 47 A. 49	.280 .266	M. 49 A. 53	S.	Fair, with sunshine.
16	M. 52 A. 44	.260 .260	M. 43 A. 43	Cble.	Form. sun. aft. showery.						

Average of Rain, 2.657 inches.

Average of Rain, 2.677 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of Sept. and the 20th of Oct. 1822, extracted from the London Gazette.

Allwood, C. Watcot, Somersetshire, confectioner.
Baker, S. Lieben, Essex, miller.
Blackbani, G. Cnosak, Staffordshire, grocer.
Bolton, E. Birmingham, victualler.
Bradford, G. and A. Paradise, Bristol, brokers.
Breithaupt, W. Leeds, manufacturer.
Burrow, T. Kendal, meal-merchant.
Butcher, W. Sutton in Ashfield, Nottinghamshire, mercer.
Buckley, J. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woolleach and manufacturer.
Caymo, J. Junr and F. B. Watts, Youell, Somersetshire, spirit-merchants.
Chapman, G. Old Bond-street, fruiterer.
Chambers, C. Steel-yard, Upper Thames-street, ironmonger.
Clark, W. Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, soda-water manufacturer.
Clark, G. D. Strand, merchant.
Cuff, J. Regent-street, St. James's, jeweller.
Day, J. Penchurch-buildings, merchant.
Denham, C. R. Fetter-lane, ironmonger.
Dorham, J. Lower Shadwell-street, butcher.
Everth, J. Pinners-hall, merchant and gun manufacturer.
Feuer, T. Jun. and J. Why, Holborn, brewer.
Francis, S. and F. P. Liverpool, marble-mas. ns.
Frost, J. Derby, saddler and harness maker.
Frost, J. sen. Bridlington Quay, corn-merchant.
Gray, J. Kingston, Surrey, lace-dresser.
Hanscomb, J. H. Newport Pagnell, lace-manufacturer.
Hart, S. G. Harwich, merchant.
Herbert, T. Jun. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, auctioneer.

Higginbotham, N. Macclesfield, malt and hop merchant.
Howarth, J. C. Bath, dealer.
Hutton, W. Jun. Chorlton, Lancashire, money scrivener.
Jacks, T. Bishopsgate Without, flour-factor.
Johnston, J. High-street, Wapping, grocer.
Lane, W. Alderton, Gloucestershire, cattle dealer.
Martin, J. Gatham, Surrey, wheelwright.
May, W. Wellington-place, Goswell-street, baker.
Mills, G. Warwick, vass-merchant.
Middleton, J. T. Stone, Staffordshire, coach-painter and factor.
Middleton, W. Liverpool, tea-dealer.
Morton, V. Gelding-street, Remondsey, baker.
Olffield, R. S. Hull, merchant.
Palfray, W. Hinchewick, Gloucestershire, farmer.
Paton, T. Walsford, Staffordshire, maltster.
Prideaux, P. C. Plymouth, tobacco-merchant.
Salmon, S. Regent-street, tailor.
Sharp, M. Liverpool, master-mariner.
Spencer, W. Swansea, paper-maker.
Tye, E. Sutton, Suffolk, farmer.
Waker, R. B. Gainsborough, timber-merchant.
Watson, G. B. Hook Lodge, Durham, corn merchant.
Webber, J. Bath, currier.
White, W. B. Strand, draper.
Whit, J. Jun. Abingdon, grocer.
Wood, J. Bishopsgate-street Without, grocer.
Wray, G. Bristol, ironmonger.
Yates, W. Lancaster, dealer.
Yates, G. Keelsall, Lancashire, dealer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st October, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Campbell, Dugald, candle-maker and corn merchant in Greenock.
 Carnaby, Benjamin, ship owner and merchant in Thurso.
 Conacher, James, manufacturer and dealer in linen, in Dunkeld.
 Gibson, William, junior, merchant, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh.
 Lockie, William, wright in Glasgow.
 Moll, James, cattle-dealer, at Grassmarket, and distiller at Linlith.
 Mutter, William, merchant and haberdasher in Edinburgh.
 Robertson, John, and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Stark, James, wood merchant, and timber dealer in Glasgow.
 Wren, William, sheep and cattle dealer in Darley, parish of Bar.
 Welch, and Dingwall, wood-merchants and joiners in Greenock.

DIVIDENDS.

Balfour, Ebenezer, merchant in Stirling; a dividend after 15th November.
 Lang, Robert, drysalter in Glasgow; a final dividend on 3d December.
 Meldrum, Alexander, junior, merchant in Dundee; a final dividend after 12th November.
 Maclean, Alexander, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend after 22d November.
 Rae, John, merchant in Footdee, Aberdeen; a second dividend of 1s. per pound on 6th December.
 Ruel, Alexander. The trustees on his estate having realised his property and funds, will divide the proceeds among the creditors after 3d of November.
 Skinner, Thomas, merchant, Cupar-Fife; a dividend after 28th November.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Capt. Ellard, 15 F. to be Major in the Army 15 Aug. 1822
 Lt. Mitchell, 51 F. specially employed in King's Survey of the Fields of Battle in the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal, to have the Rank of Capt. in the Army 5 Oct.
 Dr. G. C. Chastard, Cor. by purch. vice R. C. Chastard, ret. 10 do.
 Lt. Ferguson, Capt. by purch. vice Munchie, ret. 26 Sept.
 Cor. Bedford, Lt. do.
 P. B. Williams, Cor. do.
 Asst. Sur. Gibson, from 60 F. Ass. Surg. vice Bohan, 60 F. 19 do.
 Lt. Lord Howland de Walden, fin. Gren. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Tucker, ret. 3 Oct.
 Ens. Hilton, from h. p. Ens. vice Bonham, dead 26 Sept.
 Lt. McCrummen, Capt. by purch. vice Danger, ret. 10 Oct.
 Ens. Tuckett, Lt. do.
 — Walker, Ens. do.
 Lt. Dr. Light, Capt. by purch. vice Barker, ret. do.
 Ens. Banister, Lt. do.
 J. Lawson, Ens. do.
 Ens. Tydd, Adj. vice Hawker, res. Adj. only 26 Sept.
 Asst. As. Shield, As. Surg. vice M'Donnell, dead do.
 Ens. Howard, from 30 F. Ens. vice Locke, h. p. 1 Ceylon R. rec. diff. 9 Oct.
 W. S. Dalton, Ensign by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 12 Sept.
 Lt. Oliver, Capt. by purch. vice Arden, 51 F. 10 Oct.
 Ens. Palk, Lt. do.
 E. G. Elliot, Ens. do.
 Ens. Butt, Lt. vice Drummond, dead do.
 A. D. Cudby, Ens. do.
 2d Lt. Johnson, from h. p. 1 Ceylon R. Ens. (prom. diff.) vice Howard, 25 F. 9 do.
 Lt. Jull, Adj. vice Walford, res. Adj. only 10 do.
 Hosp. As. Coghlan, As. Surg. vice Gibson 15 do.
 76 Dr. Ald. Vicer, Maj. by purch. vice Donald, ret. do.
 Capt. Hogg, R. G. Art. n. from 52 F. Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Polter, ret. 26 do.
 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. Pickett, from late 7 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Dr. Gordon, ret. 1st 10 Oct.
 Ens. Irvine, Adj. vice Hogg, ret. 1st 26 Sept.

Hospital Staff.

D. Neale, from h. p. Physician, 25 Sept.
 Bl. Dep. Insp. Baillie, from h. p. Surg. vice Walter, h. p. do.
 Hosp. As. G. Dempster, fin. h. p. Hosp. As. vice Hall, prom. do.
 As. Surg. Farnan, from h. p. 25 F. As. Surg. vice Lailaw, cane. 10 Oct.
 Hosp. As. Bruce, from h. p. 1 Hosp. As. vice Coghlan, prom. do.
 — Nevison, from h. p. ditto vice Sibbald, prom. do.

Staff.

Bl. Maj. Hon. Charles Gore, 85 F. Dep. Qu. Mast. Gen. in Jamaica, with Rank of Lt. Col. in the Army, vice Couper, res. 19 Sept.

Exchanges.

Bt. Major Bowen, from 67 F. with Capt. Hay, h. p. 61 F.
 Capt. Schultz, from 12 F. with Bt. Major Jones, h. p. Port Serv.
 — Hon. G. Anson, from 3 F. G. with Captain Northey, 52 F.
 — Lockwood, from 50 F. with Capt. Bunbury, h. p. Port Serv.
 Lieut. Mogan, from 4 Dr. G. with Lieut. Lawrence, 35 Dr.
 — Archdall, from 11 Dr. with Lieut. Mulken, 17 F.
 — Clay, from 4 F. with Lieut. Carruthers, h. p. 43 F.
 — A. Maclean, from 20 F. with Lt. Barker, h. p. 58 F.
 — Wemyss, from 21 F. with Lieut. Hill, h. p. 68 F.
 — Lewen, from 2 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Campbell, h. p.
 — Richmond, from 19 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Atkinson, h. p. 48 F.
 — Mahon, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Miller, h. p.
 — Gamble, from 61 F. with Lieut. W. MacKenzie, h. p. 72 F.
 Ensign Gilbert, from 25 F. with Ensign Smart, 41 F.
 Qu. Mast. Haghaw, from Rifle Brig. with Lieut. Dutton, h. p. 84 F.
 — Morris, from 60 F. with Surg. Glasco, h. p. 59 F.
 — Bullock, from 52 F. with Surg. Walker, h. p. 1 W. 1 R.
 — Asst. Surg. Bigby, with Asst. Surg. Rossier, h. p. 7 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Col. Potter, 84 F.
Major M'Donald, 76 F.
Captain Tucker, 8 F.
— Danger, 11 F.
— Harker, 13 F.
Col. Aft. So. Devon Mll.
Cornet Robert Craufurd, 2 Dr. G.

Removed from the Service, but allowed to sell his Commission.

Captain Jedd, R. Horse Guards.

Appointment Cancelled.

Staff Assist. Sur. Laidlaw, from h. p. 66 F.

Deaths.

Lieut.-Gen. W. P. Clay, late of 40 F. Southwell, Notts. 27 Sept. 1822.
— Winter, late of Royal Marines, London. 10 Oct.
Maj. Gen. Rainford, 89 F. Madras. 22 May.
Colonel Mackintosh, late of R. Marines, 15 Sept.
Major Coultsman, 35 F. Ponnemallee, Ceylon. 22 May.
— Turner, late 8 Vet. Bn. Canterbury. 21 Sept.
Capt. Mayne, 59 F. on board the *Ganges*, at Sea. 7 July.
— O'Doherty, h. p. 25 F. London. 4 Sept.
— Grier, h. p. 100 F. Wexford. 7 Oct.
— Christie, h. p. Dunlop's Corps, Dorset. 27 Aug.
— Stirling. 14 do.
— Hill, h. p. 89 F.
— Jackson, Adj. to 2d Leeds Local Militia. 14 Sept.
Lieut. Daniel, 17 Dr. on board the ship *Partridge*, on passage from Bombay. 7 March, 1822.

— Prior, 46 F. Bellary, Madras. 6 do.
— Leroux, 48 F. Newport, Isle of Wight. 18 Oct.
— Drummond, 56 F. Mahebourg, Mauritius. 30 April
— Abraham, Invalids, Bradford. 28 July
— Groves, late 11 Vet. Bn. 31 July
— Black, h. p. 26 F. Poetles. 18 Aug.
— Usher, h. p. 32 F. Marquise, near Calais. 11 Oct.
— Bath, h. p. 78 F. Aberdeen. 31 July
— Balfour, h. p. 79 F. Chatham. 20 Sept.
— Nembhard, h. p. 98 F. 19 March
— Hall, h. p. 90 F. at William Henry, Lower Canada. 8 July
— Symons, h. p. York Rang. Bourton, Gloucester. 21 Sept.
Cornet Page, h. p. 19 Dr. (late of 4 Dr. G.). 15 Oct.
— Charlton, Somersetshire. 8 Aug.
— Emign M'Donald, Invalids, Berwick. 26 do.
— M'Lean, late Vet. Bn. Windsor. 20 do.
— Bowen, late 3 Vet. Bn. 20 do.
— Burns, h. p. 60 F.
— Saddler, h. p. Unattached, Birmingham. 10 Sept.
Quarter Master Blackie, 53 F. St. Thome, Bangalore, Madras. 25 March
— Wilkie, late Cape Regt. Camberwell. 22 July.
Medical Department Staff. Surg. Fisher, h. p. Edinburgh.
— M'Donnel, M.D. 19 F. Dublin. 8 Sept.
— Staff As. Surg. Laidlaw, previously h. p. 66 F. 16 April
— Hosp. Assist. Vm. Exter, h. p. Canada. 21 Oct. 1821.
— Provost Marshall, to the Life and Foot Guards, and Prison for Deceit. Thomas Bass, London. 12 Oct. 1822.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

March 11. At Mangalore, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Robert M'Dowall, of a son.
April 17. At Nagpore, East India, the Lady of Captain Duncan Henry Mackenzie, commanding his Highness the Rajah's Artillery, of a son.
May 29. At Madras, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Lirmond, of the Native Artillery, of a daughter.
Sept. 24. At Dalskairth, Mrs Maitland, of Auchlane, of a daughter.
30. At Versailles, the Lady of John Hallows, Esq. R. N. of a daughter.
Oct. 2. At Leith, Mrs Dr Anderson, of a son.
5. At Rosebank, the Lady of Kenneth Macleay, Esq. of Newnham, of a son.
— At Bondward House, Mrs Jerdon, of a daughter.
8. Mrs Gordon, of Waver, of a daughter.
7. Mrs Wilson, Lyndoch Place, of a son.
9. At Minto, the Countess of Minto, of a son.
10. At Stirling, Mrs Wright, of Brown, of a son.
11. At Ayr, Mrs C. D. Caird, of a son.
— At Gager-house, the Lady of James L'Amey, of Dunkenny, Esq. advocate, of a son.
— At Newhall, the Lady of John Buckle, Esq. of a daughter.
12. At Rockvale, Fife, the Lady of Major Dods, of a son.
14. In George Square, Mrs Mitchell, of a son.
— Mrs Dore, Drake Street, of a son.
16. At Kent House, Knightsbridge, Lady Augusta Fitzalan, of a daughter, still born.
— At 4, Great King Street, Mrs Poddie, of a son.
20. At Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart, of Castlehill, of a daughter.
— At 10, York Place, the Lady of John Blackwell, Esq. advocate, of twin sons, who survived but a short time.
— At Stirling, the Lady of Archibald Dow, Esq. Bengal Military Establishment, of a son.
21. In St James's Place, London, Viscountess Crenbourn, of a daughter.

21. At Viewfield, the Lady of J. A. Grant, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Glasgow, the Lady of Major Macdonald, C. B. late of Royal Regiment, of a daughter.

25. At Warnable House, the Lady of Alex Carruthers, Esq. of a daughter.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs W. Buchanan, No. 31, Drummond Place, of a son.

Lately, at Albany Barracks, Isle of Wight, Mrs Captain Macleachlan, 73rd Regiment, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 30. At Bombay, John Shepherd, Esq. Commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship *Berwickshire*, to Anne, daughter of James Stevens, Esq. Senior Judge of the Courts of Appeal and Circuit for the province of Malabar.

Aug. 5. At Naples, A. W. Heyman, Esq. of the Scots Greys, to Miss Cockburn, daughter of General Cockburn.

Oct. 1. At Bishop-Wearmouth, Lieut.-Colonel Browne, 23d Regiment, R.C.H. to Louisa Anne, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Gray, Prebendary of Durham.

5. At London, William Cathcart Boyd, Esq. only son of the late Cathcart Boyd, Esq. Examiner and Accountant of his Majesty's Customs for Scotland, to Louisa Elizabeth Richardson, daughter of the late Captain Pringle, of the Royal Navy, and widow of William Richardson, Esq.

7. At Newton Lodge, the Rev. Joseph Laurie, jun. Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Hombay, to Frances Brown, only daughter of John Barker, Esq.

— At London, Alex. Murray, Esq. of Great Russell Street, to Miss Anne Smith, late of Aberdeen.

— At Newington, George Graham Bell, Esq. advocate, to Jessie, second daughter of the late John Martin, Esq. Lauriston Place.

— At Grangemouth, John Drummond, Esq. surgeon, R. N. to Margaret, second daughter of the late Mr Adam Brooks, merchant, Edinburgh.

8. At Glasgow, James W. Alston, Esq. to Marion, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Cross, Esq. of Authintoshan.

— At St. James's Church, London, Lord Viscount Maudeville, eldest son of the Duke of Manchester, to Miss Sparrow, daughter of Lady Olive Sparrow, of Brampton Park, Huntingdonshire, and niece to the Earl of Gosford. The lady adds £30 000 a-year to the rest-rol of her noble husband.

9. At London, Charles Stuart, youngest son of Thomas Hay Allan, Esq. of Hay, to Ann, daughter of the late Right Hon. John Heresford, M. P. for the county of Waterford.

— At London, Dr. Theodore Gordon, Physician to the Forces, to Elizabeth Bruce, daughter of the Rev. Patrick Barclay.

10. At Portobello, the Rev. Peter Chalmers, one of the Ministers of Dunfermline, to Marion, youngest daughter of James Hay, Esq.

— At Kinnaird House, John Archibald Campbell, Esq. Writer to the Signet, to Emma, daughter of the late Thomas Peter Legh, Esq. of Lyne, Cheshire.

11. At Ferney Castle, near Ayrton, Mr J. S. Mack, of the Sheriff's Office, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Logan.

— At Glasgow, Francis Brown, Esq. of the Island of Trinidad, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Smith, Esq. bookseller.

12. Lieut. Bogle, Royal Navy, to Alison Dickson, only daughter of the late Thomas Brown, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

13. At Swinton House, William Burnet, Esq. of Viewfield, near Dunbar, to Mary, daughter of the late Major Mercer, of the Island of Jersey.

— At Mary Place, James Henry Archer, Esq. M. D. of Dublin Castle, Jamaica, to Mary, third daughter of the late Alex. Edgar, Esq. of Wedderley, in the Island of Jamaica.

14. At Aberdeen, Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, advocate, to Jessie Stewart, eldest daughter of the late Captain Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, of the Bengal Engineers.

15. At Grangemouth, Mr Andrew Mill, merchant there, to Martha Seloy, third daughter of the late Andrew Mackay, LL.D. F.R.S. Edinburgh, and mathematician, London.

16. At Cherrytrees, Roxburghshire, John Dugden, Esq. Writer to the Signet, to Isabella, daughter of the late John Falconer, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Bogend, near Dunee, Dr Charles Wightman, formerly physician in Alnwick, to Janet, youngest daughter of James Thomson, Esq. of Earswae.

— At Carlton Place, Glasgow, Captain Lewis Campbell, Royal Navy, to Mary, daughter of the late Robert Semple, Esq. advocate, Edinburgh.

17. At Ardornish, Argyllshire, Donald Campbell, Esq. Bruch Lacha, Island of Coll, to Jane, daughter of the late Angus Grigorson, Esq. of Ardornish.

18. At South Bar, Dr George Cunningham Monteath, to Anne Colhoun, eldest daughter of the late John Cunningham, Esq. of Craigends.

19. At Dura, Robert Dalgleish, Esq. younger of Scotstraig, to Mary, only daughter of Alex. Hayne, Esq. of Hres.

DEATHS.

Feb. 20. In the Island of Java, James Shand, Esq. eldest son of Alex. Shand, Esq. Advocate, Aberdeen.

March 10. At Calcutta, Helen, wife of Captain John Barclay, 4th Bengal Native Cavalry.

16. A few days after leaving Madras, homeward-bound from India, Mr Alexander Durward, Chief Officer of the ship Fane.

21. At Gooty, India, Alexander Ord, Ensign in the Hon. East India Company's service, youngest son of John Ord, Esq. late of Tarradale.

April 7. At sea, off the coast of Sumatra, in India, Captain Patrick Foster, son of James Foster, Esq. of Carnegie Park, near Port-Glasgow.

8. At Wallagabul, William J. Irving, Cadet, aged 17, eldest son of William Irving, Esq. Charlott Square.

22. At Trincomalee, after a short illness of fever, caught in the zealous discharge of his duty

in the Royal Naval Hospital there, William Boyd, Esq. M. D.

Aug. 1. At Maracalho, after three days' illness, Mr Robert J. Lawson, only son of the late Mr John Lawson, merchant, Dumfries.

Sept. 5. At the Manse of Killeconquhar, Mrs Maccormick, widow of Principal Maccormick, St Andrews.

10. The celebrated Natural Philosopher, Mathematician, and Philologist, the Chevalier D. Giambattista Venturini, Professor Emeritus of the University of Padua, and Member of many Learned Societies, aged 76.

13. Mrs Ann Chisholm, relict of Captain John Chisholm of Fasnakyle.

27. At Southwell, Notts, Lieut.-General Waldegrave Pelham Clay.

29. At Rome, Cardinal Gabrielli. He was born in 1714, and obtained the purple in 1801.

30. At Rosbie, Fife-shire, Mrs Isabella Fleming, wife of Mr David Dun.

31. At sea, off the Cape de Verde Islands, on his passage from Bahia to Hamburg, Mr John Skeen, merchant, Leith, son of Mr Laurence Skeen, ship-owner there.

Oct. 2. At Loders, in Dorsetshire, the Right Hon. Sir Evan Nepeau, Bart. High Sheriff of the County.

5. At Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Cecilia Cockburn, wife of Thomas Walker Baird, Esq. advocate.

— At Lasswade, Mr John Macdowall, bookseller in Edinburgh.

— At Kinghorn, the Rev. George Black, pastor of the United Associate Congregation there, in the 51st year of his age and 31st of his ministry.

4. At Aberdeen, after a tedious and complicated illness, William Livingston, M. D. Professor of Medicine in Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, and Physician to Gordon's Hospital.

— At Inverness, Alexander Clark, Esq. late Ordnance Barrack Master, Arblour, Ireland.

— In Ely Place, Holborn, London, Donald Mackellar, Esq.

— At Somersetstown, near London, Captain William O'Doherty, of the 25th Regiment of Foot.

7. At Anderson, Glasgow, Mr James Gardner, bookseller.

— At Hereford, John Jarvis, Esq. Deputy Assistant-Commissary-General to the Forces.

6. At Margate, Samuel Brooks, Esq. of the Strand.

7. At Dunee, John Smith, Esq. for many years surgeon there.

— At Newmans, Mr David Ritchie, late builder in Edinburgh.

— In Charlotte Square, Caroline, the infant daughter of Warren Hastings Anderson, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Graham Garton.

8. At Ettrick Manse, the Rev. John Bennet.

— At Girvan, Mrs Davidson, sen. Woodside.

10. In Upper Baker Street, London, Lieut.-General Winter, late Commandant of his Majesty's Royal Marine Forces at Chatham.

— At Dunfermline, David Black, Esq. of Bann-drum.

11. The infant son of James L'Amey, Esq. Advocate.

12. At Paisley, Adam White, Esq. Collector of Excise.

13. George Robertson, formerly paymaster of the Royal Dragoons.

— At Todenham Rectory, the Rev. William Elliot, curate of Wulford, county of Warwick.

— At Venice, M. Canova, the celebrated sculptor. He arrived there from Rome on the 4th inst. and felt rather unwell; he was soon after seized with violent and continued vomitings, attended with convulsive hiccough; not the smallest particle of food could remain on his stomach, which brought on a great state of debility, that his approaching dissolution was evident. He received the intimation with the greatest composure, and died with the utmost resignation—making a codicil to his will, ordering his interment at his native place of Possagno, and leaving his heart to be deposited at the Imperial Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, of which he had long been a Member, and since Chief President.—On Wednesday the 15th the body was conveyed to the Cathedral of St Mark in grand funeral procession, attended

by the Governor of Venice, the President and Society of the Belles Artes, and public authorities, members of the University of Padua, &c. and was there placed on a temporary catafalque, where a solemn dirge was performed, the Patriarch Archbishop officiating. After the service the body was removed to the hall of the Belles Artes, where a funeral oration was pronounced by his friend Count Ciccognani, President of the Society, the Governor, Archbishop, and other personages being present. He delivered the speech with much eloquence and feeling, making merited eulogiums on his character, and giving a brief sketch of his life—that his memory was engraven on the back of the past century, and on the front of the present.

14. At Fortmeat, Mrs Meek of Fordham, aged 90.
— In Minto street, Newington, George Sandilands, Esq.

15. At Kinrossburgh, Mrs Chatto, wife of Alex. Chatto, Esq. late of Mainhouse.

— At Edinburgh, Esther Christal, wife of Mr David Watson, surgeon in Edinburgh.

— Peter Brown, Esq. of Roslitz.

— At Terenure, the Rev. Thomas Ross, D.D. minister of the parish of Kilmavogue.

— At Largo, Mrs Anna Farnie, wife of Mr John Smith.

16. At her house, in the Adelphi Terrace, in her 90th year, Eva Maria, relict of the late David Garrick, Esq. who expired suddenly, while sitting in her chair. Notwithstanding her extraordinary age, she had so little previous indisposition of any kind, that she had intended to be present that evening at the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, of which she was a considerable share-holder. Her maiden name was Violette, and she was a native of Germany, not Italy, as was generally supposed. She was born at Vienna, where she was a dancer highly admired. At an early age she was taken under the protection of Lord and Lady Harrington, with whom she resided at her marriage. It is understood that Lord Burlington gave her £5000 as a marriage portion when she united with our unrivalled Roscius, in the July of 1749. Mrs Garrick was remarkably beautiful in her face and person, and till her death she retained that erect deportment which she derived from her original profession.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Walker, relict of David Walker, Esq. St Andrew.

— At Houghton, near Derington, Major John Malcolm, late of the East India Company's service.

16. Mrs Corbet, wife of Cunningham Corbet, Esq.

— At Fort William, Mrs Stevenson, wife of Mr William Stevenson, storekeeper, Fort William.

17. At Bellwood, parish of Glenconne, Miss Margaret Bertram.

19. In Great Cornam Street, London, on his way from Scotland to Geneva, Dr Alex. Macrae.

— In Leicester Square, London, after a long and painful illness, Thomas Blackman, Esq. M. P.

20. At Haddington, Mr James Forrest.

22. At Southford, Mrs Stenhouse, sen. in the 80th year of her age.

— At West Binny, Llanthegwys, Mr Thomas Vetch, farmer.

— The infant son of his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange.

— At Castle Douglas, Watson Scott, of Kilton, Esq.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr John Jaffray, late farmer, Kerenside, Roxburghshire.

24. In Maitland Street, Mrs Colender, wife of Mr Sharp Colender.

— At Dalrymple, Mrs Knox, wife of Mr Robert Knox, and daughter of Mr Robert Mure of Blackcraig, Gallowayshire, and, in two hours, her infant son.

26. Mrs Grievie, wife of Mr Alex. Grievie, paper-manufacturer, Dalbriock, Fife.

27. At Solihull, Mrs Janet Brodie, wife of William Brodie, Esq.

— At Mour Park, near Kilworth, Stephen, Earl of Mountrathel.

28. At Hunter, Alexander Johnston, Esq. many years surgeon in that place.

— At Edinburgh, Lady Gordon, relict of Sir John Gordon of Earlston, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Darling, relict of David Darling, Esq. assistant sur. on Hon. East Ind. Company's service, Rampore.

30. In Shantock Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Samson, widow of Lieut. Colonel Robert Samson.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Richard Hay, spouse of John Blackwell, Esq. advocate.

— At Corbhill, Major Charles Scott, late of the 10th regiment of foot.

— At Craib, Captain R. Macdonald, late of the 15th regiment of foot.

Lately. On Lockhaven Estate, near Colonsay Point, Island of Trinidad, Alex. Ritchie, Esq. planter, a native of Lochmaben.

— At the Old Bath, Matlock, Lady Delaval, of Ford Castle, Northumberland.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

No. LXXI.

DECEMBER, 1822.

VOL. XII.

Contents.

DEDICATION TO THE KING,	iii
NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. NO. VI.	695
ODOHERTY ON WERNER,	719
NUPTIALS IN JEOPARDY,	720
LETTERS FROM ITALY. NO. IV.	726
VARGAS, A TALE OF SPAIN,	730
AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF DONALD M'BANE, AND HIS TRANSACTIONS DURING THE WARS WITH FRANCE,	741
THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,	748
LETTER TO MR NORTH, ON A SUBJECT OF MUCH LOCAL INTEREST,	756
THE GREEK TO HIS SWORD. FROM THE ROMANIC,	759
NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO THE STATUE OF HIS SON,	760
TALES OF THE DAFT DAYS. NO. II.	761
Tale I. The Farmer's Tale; or, Fate an' the Ghost.	ib.
THE LEMUR. A HALLOWEEN DIVERTIMENTO,	764
POEMS. BY BERNARD BARTON,	767
ON THE COCKNEY SCHOOL. NO. VII. HUNT'S ART OF LOVE,	775
L'ENVOY,	781
TICKLER ON WERNER,	782
MS. NOTES ON THE LAST NUMBER OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,	785
WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION	791
MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS	793

MONTHLY REGISTER.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.	800
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS	801

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON;

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

The Royal Number.

In a few days will be published,
THE SECOND EDITION OF
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
No. LXVIII. FOR SEPTEMBER, 1822.

CONTENTS.

- I. THE KING. II. The King's Visit to Edinburgh. By a Londoner, but no Cockney. III. Edinburgh Royal Days' Entertainments.—The Second Voyage of Omai the Traveller. IV. The Gathering of the West, or, "We're come to see the King." V. The Sorrows of the Scot. VI. Hogg's Royal Jubilee, &c. VII. Letter from a Goth, on the Celts, &c. VIII. Glengarry *versus* the Celtic Society. IX. Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. VI. X. L'Envoy to the King.—Christopher North.

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH; AND
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

TO THE BINDER.

Place the Contents of each Number immediately after the Title-page of the Volume.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXI.

DECEMBER, 1822.

VOL. XII.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. VI.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
" NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
" BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

DIE VENERIS, Nocte 15ta Mensis Decemb.

PRESENT—THE EDITOR'S MOST EXCELLENT MAGAZINITY, IN COUNCIL.

NORTH, (*proloquitur.*)

Mr Odoherthy, it is to be hoped you have not come to such an affair as this, to eat the flesh of the wild boar of the forest, and the red-deer of the hills, at the expense of our noble friend, without preparing a small canticle in honour of his gifts—something in the occasional way, as it were ?

ODOHERTY.

If the Hogg will take the Boar, I will venture on the Deer.

HOGG.

Done for a saxpence—here's my thumb : Sing ye awa, Captain, and I'll be casting for an *cedra* in the meantime.

ODOHERTY.

Look sharp, if you get a nibble, Shepherd—I *nunc et versus*,—here goes then.

ODOHERTY *sings.*

I.

There's a Spanish grandee on the banks of the Dee,
A fine fellow is he—a finer is none ;
For though he's so great, and high in estate,
He is also first-rate in the perrage of fun.
Then fill to Lord Fife, in condiments rife
To the end of this life his career may he run ;
And his tree that hath stood, at the least since the Flood,
Oh, may't flourish and bud till our Planet's undone !

VOL. XII.

4 M

II.

When our Monarch was here, this munificent peer
 Did in glory, 'tis clear, make the famousest show,
 With his swapping grey fillies, and "naked-feet" gillies;
 Their Set-Outs look'd like Dillies—but his was the go.
 Even the King took delight, in that equipage bright,
 Through Auld Reekie, by night, for to ride to and fro;
 When I look'd through the pane, I saw Him and the Thane:
 Ere I die, once again let me look on them so.

III.

How genteel were his looks—not at all like some dukes,
 Who stood shivering like rooks in a pluvius day—
 Sure his graceship of Brandon has but little to stand on,
 When he doth abandon the Gothic array.
 If a man of that rank must sport such a shank,
 My Maker I thank for my humble degree;
 But I'd rather, by half, have the Thane's running calf,
 And enjoy a good laugh, with fine trows to my knee.

IV.

Fill a glass to the brim, and down pour it to Him
 Who our grave Sanhedrim doth so love and revere;
 Who hath given his command, that the fat of his land
 Be bestowed on the band of philosophers here.
 The Boar of the wood hath to-day been our food,
 And some slices we've chew'd of a very fine Deer;
 Till expires life's last ember, I'm sure we'll remember
 The fifteenth of December—the chiefest of cheer.

V.

Let us hope he'll produce such affairs for the use
 Of our gastric juice, merry years not a few:
 Our bountiful friend may on one thing depend—
 Such a feast shall not end sans disturbing the screw;
 Not by gingo, each throttle shall inhale the sun-totth*
 Of a tappit-ben bottle of Chateaumargoux,—
 Excepting old Hogg, who must stick to his grog,
 Or else speedily jog to give Satan his due.

NORTH.

Very well, Adjutant: You are all filled; take the time from me—The
 THANE!—(Here the roof is nearly brought down with a three-times-three.)

HOGG.

But wha ever heard o' wild boars in Scotland at this time o' day?

NORTH.

Why, I believe the Thane has introduced the breed among the remains of
 the old Caledonian forest on his Mar estate.

HOGG.

What a grand country that is o' the Thane's! Did you never see it, Mr
 North?

NORTH.

Only a slight view when I was at Decside, for our famous 12th of August—
 but I'm sure 'tis not for want of invitations I don't see more of it. Here is a
 letter I had from the Thane this morning, in answer to my acknowledgment
 of the hamper which has just been contributing to your comforts.

* Vide Hume *passim*.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

I believe it is acknowledged, that the Thane has as fine estates as any nobleman in Scotland, and has done a vast deal for them.

HOGG.

Oh ! nothing like that magnificent country—nothing in all the North ; and anybody may see it, for there are most noble roads through woods extremely valuable and important to the country, being now almost the only remains of the Caledonian Forests ; and if you will look at Barlow on the Strength of Timber and his Experiments, you will see that the timber there beats the Riga red pine. The Thane is careful to preserve it for the use of the country, whenever it may be wanted. The roads extend over mountains, the sides of some are defended by great dykes, and all planted to join the old wood, and to preserve the young natural plants. I assure you, Mr North, that the place is well worth your attention whenever you can find time to see it.

NORTH.

I shall go next year, I think.

TICKLER.

What is best of all is, that the comfort of the people is attended to, and I do not believe there is a Highland district where the poor are so well provided. There is one side of the country kept for sheep, and the other for deer. Some of the highest mountains in the kingdom are to be seen. One of them is considered to be as high or higher than Ben Nevis—the Dee also rises in the Forest. All through Lord Fife's country great improvements are taking place. The Abbey of Pluscardine, near Elgin, has been restored.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg, you've been "glouring frae you," and preaching long enough ; *incipit nunc, nunc !*

HOGG.

I canna sing yet, Captain : just bear wi' me till I've had another tumbler or twa—that's a good fellow, now—I'll gie ye sangs anew or the morn's morning.

NORTH.

No compulsion here ; this is Liberty Hall : but you must tell a story, Shepherd, or drink the forfeit.

HOGG.

Ae braw simmer day I was sitting wi' my corbie-craw piking at my toes ; and auld Hector, puir chield, him that's awa—and wha should stap in to tak his morning wi' me but Tammy Braidshaw, ye ken——

TICKLER.

Come, come, Chaldean sage ; we've all heard that a hundred times.

HOGG.

Weel, try your haund yoursell. I'm to tell a' my new stories here forsooth, and what would come of my new Winter Evening Tales, think ye ?

TICKLER.

To be sure mutton's a drug at present. What news from Germany, Mein-heer Kempferhausen ?

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

The celebrated professor of Ingolstadt, Doctor Blamensucker, is about to put forth his long-expected work "*De Re Chaldaea*,"—full notes, capital portraits of everybody.

NORTH.

Bravo ! Vir Clariss.—I wonder no London bookseller gets up an illustrated edition of the Chaldee—Barker for Editor.

TICKLER.

The Constitutional would be at it.

ODOHERTY.

A fig for the Constitutional—you see they don't dare to meddle with Lord Byron !

HOGG.

What has Byron been doing in their line ?

ODOHERTY.

The Liberal, you know.

TICKLER.

Poo, poo, O'Doherty, you know as well as I that he had very little to do with that humbug.

ODOHERTY.

To be sure I do—There's nothing of his in it but the Vision of Judgment, and the Letter to Granny Roberts.

NORTH.

What do you think of those compositions, Timotheus?

TICKLER.

I have never thought much about them. But it strikes me that the *Vision* is vastly inferior to *Berro*, to say nothing of the exquisite *DON JUAN*. It contains a dozen capital stanzas or so, but on the whole 'tis washy.

ODOHERTY.

What a shame it is to banter such a respectable man as Dr Southey at this rate—so uncalled for—so out of taste—so indefensible—so scurrilous!

HOGG.

Hear till him! He has face for any thing.

TICKLER.

I think Dr Southey is the fairest of all subjects, for my part. The man's arrogance and dogmatical airs are worthy of much severer castigation than they have ever yet met with. Just open one of his articles in the *Quarterly*—what slow, solemn, pompous, self-conceit runs through all he writes. Do you remember the conclusion of his *Brazil Balsam*?

NORTH.

I am ashamed to say I never saw the work.

TICKLER.

Who ever did? but at the end of those two thumping leaden quartos about *Casiques*, hieroglyphical pictures, and so forth, thus saith the Doctor—"Thus have I finished one of those great and lasting works, to which, in the full vigour of manhood, I looked forward as the objects of a life of literature."—'Tis something like that, however—did you ever hear such like stuff?

ODOHERTY.

Often from the *Lakers*. They're a high speaking set of boys.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Oh, Mr North, Mr North! that I should live to hear such words spoken at your table. I'm sure you respect Southey, and adore Wordsworth in your heart. *Mein gott! mein gott!*

NORTH.

I respect Southey as one of the most accomplished scholars of the age; but I no more dream of mentioning him in the same day with the god Pan, than I should of classing a Jeffrey with a Hogg.

TICKLER.

Allow me to utter a few mouthfuls of common sense.

OMNES.

Out with them, Timothy.

TICKLER.

The fact of the matter is this—Lord Byron overdoes his satire. People won't suffer a *Dunciad* now-a-days with but one Duncie in it. And the world were not thinking of Mouthy Southey or his hexameters.

NORTH.

There's some truth there. Nothing should be parodied but what is well known.

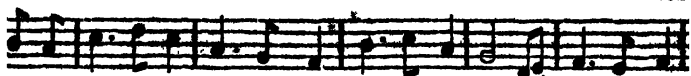
TICKLER.

Is the old song of *An Hundred Years Hence* well known?

NORTH.

Come away with your parody then, if you have it in your pocket.

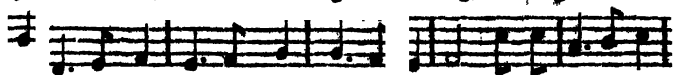
(TICKLER sings, accompanying himself on the fiddle.)



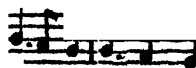
"LET us drink and be mer-ry, Dance, joke, and re-joyce, With cla-ret, and



"sher-ry, The-or-bo, and voice." So sings the old song, And a good one it



is; Few bet-ter were writ-ten From that day to this: And I hope I may



say it, And give no offence, Few more will be better An hundred years hence.

2.

In this year eighteen hundred
And twenty and two,
There are plenty of false ones,
And plenty of true.
There are brave men and cowards;
And bright men and asses;
There are lemon-faced prudes;
There are kind-hearted lasses.
He who quarrels with this
Is a man of no sense,
For so 'twill continue
An hundred years hence.

I rejoice that I saw her
Triumphant in war,
At sublime Waterloo,
At dear-bought Trafalgar;
On sea and on land,
Wheresoever she fought,
Trampling Jacobin tyrants
And slaves as she ought:
Of CHURCH and of KING
Still the firmest defence:—
So may she continue
An hundred years hence.

3.

There are people who rave
Of the national debt,
Let them pay off their own,
And the nation's forget;
Others bawl for reform,
Which were easily done,
If each would resolve
To reform Number One:
For my part to wisdom
I make no pretence,
I'll be wise as my neighbours
An hundred years hence.

Why then need I grieve, if
Some people there be,
Who, foes to their country,
Rejoice not with me;
Sure I know in my heart,
That Whigs ever have been
Tyrannic, or turnspit,
Malignant, or mean:
THEY WERE AND ARE SCOUNDRELS
IN EVERY SENSE,
AND SCOUNDRELS THEY WILL BE,
AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

4.

I only rejoice, that
My life has been cast
On the gallant and glorious
Bright days which we've past;
When the flag of Old England
Waved lordly in pride,
Wherever green Ocean
Spreads his murmuring tide:
And I pray that unbroken
Her watery fence
May still keep off invaders,
An hundred years hence.

So let us be jolly,
Why need we repine?
If grief is a folly,
Let's drown it in wine!
As they scared away fiends
By the ring of a bell,
So the ring of the glass
Shall blue devils expel:
With a bumper before us,
The night we'll commence
By toasting true Tories
An hundred years hence.

HOGG.

It is glorious! it is perfectly glorious, as Gray would say.

KEMPFERHAUSEN (*sings*.)

Stille, hersch' andacht, und der seel' erhebung,
 Rings umber! Fern sei was befleckt von sundist,
 Was dem Staub anhaftet zu klein der mencheit
 Hoperen aufschwung!
 Tilly leeri, oiko, hi oiko, hi oiko!
 Tille oiko, oiko. Tilli oi-i-oi-oiko!

NORTH.

Your voice is much improved—You really begin to sing now, Meinheer.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Give me a flash of the Rudelsheimer—(i-oiko! i-oiko—)

HOGG.

Wheesht, wheesht, callant—you're deafening Mr Tickler.

TICKLER.

Let me tip ye another bit of sense, will ye, lads?

ODOHERTY.

Indulge the quizz.

TICKLER.

That song of Privy Counsellor Kempferhausen is as bad as "Naked Feet, naked feet."

OMNES.

No, no, no, Tickler—don't dish the Privy Counsellor.

TICKLER.

Well, then, I won't for this once. But, after all, what do you think, General Christophe, of this production of Pisa?

NORTH.

I think, Colonel Timothy, that it is naught. Not that I am in any danger of joining in the vulgar cries that ring in one's ears, but really Lord Byron should remember that he is now a man towards forty—and that if he passes that era without taking up, the whole world will pronounce him an incurable.

HOGG.

Lord keep us! what for an incurable?—he's just one of the finest, cleverest chiefs of the age, and if he was here just now, he would be a delight to us all.

ODOHERTY.

Esperio crede. The odd fish is only just trying how far he may go; give him line, he'll soon come in.

TICKLER.

He must cut the Cockney.

ODOHERTY.

I lay a tester he has cut him already. Did you look at that rascally specimen of the Cockneyified Orlando Furioso.

NORTH.

I did. But what was *there* to surprise you? He had already done Theocritus into the psalm measure, (long metre)—was there any farther march in the kingdom of absurdity?

TICKLER.

No, no; but one really cannot suffer such a fellow to be choppifying and patchifying at the Orlando Furioso, without bringing a whip across his withers. Why, the whole concern is abominable, nauseous, filthy, base, gingerbread, Cockney stuff. One might read him for a mile without knowing it was Ariosto he was after, if he did not clap old Ludovico's name and surname at the top of his pages! What impudence?

ODOHERTY.

Do you see, *there*, I think you are hard on King Leigh. His description of Pisa affords me—

TICKLER.

What affectation!—

ODOHERTY.

Well, I was seriously pleased with him. There is a merit in such candour. The man tells you plainly, without going round about the bush, that he had never seen a hill or a clear stream before, and that both of them are fine things away. The Cockney is candid. I love the King. *Viva Le Hunto Signior*

NORTH.

What an abortion is that tale of the Florentine Lovers! How unavoidably the Bel Ludgato peeps out! Suffer any given Cockney to write three sentences on end in any book in the world, and if I don't point them out *ad aperturam*, dethrone me.

HOGG.

That's a stretcher, my man.

NORTH.

No; for example, just the other day, my friend little Frank Jeffrey, in one of those goodhumoured moments of utter silliness that now and then obscure his general respectability, permitted Lecturer Hazlitt to assist him in doing a review of Byron's tragedies for the Edinburgh. If any one here has brought the blue and yellow with him for the lighting of his tube, I engage, under pain of drinking double tides till noon, to mark every paragraph that Billy dipped his ugly paw in.

ODOHERTY.

By Jove, here's a libel for you! Jeffrey and Hazlitt working at the same identical article, like two girls both sewing of one flower, upon one sampler! Tell that to the marines.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

You will at least admit that Mr Shelley's version of the Mayday-night scene has its merit. I assure you 'tis goot, very goot.

NORTH.

Yes, yes, I had forgot it. 'Tis indeed an admirable *morceau*,—full of life, truth, and splendour. I think it must be very like Goothe's affair.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Oh, very like,—only the Cockney Editors did not know a word of the original, and they've blundered awfully now and then, in their printing,—for example, there is a wizzard call of "Come to me from *the Sea of rocks*," which is in my father-tongue *felsensee*. The Herr Shelly, I suppose, had noted the German word on his paper, not having an English one just ready. But the Hunts print in English "Come to me from *felsensee*,"—which is no meaning at all, any more than if they had said, "Come to me from *philabeg*."

HOGG.

Oh! what Ignoramuses—But, I dare say, you German chiefs sometimes make as braw blunders themselves, when they're yerking awa at the Queen's Wake, or the Three Perils of Man, ower bye yonder.

ODOHERTY.

'Tis like they may,—I don't doubt many of your little exquisite touches of elegance evaporate under the hands of your translators. Kempferhausen, himself, has mauled you at a time, if he would but own it.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Confiteor. Miserere Domine! I wrote a translation of Kenilworth, you know, when I was at Hamburg. Well, I had forgot that you English spell the beast with an *a*, and the tripple with an *e*, so I made mine host of Cunnor sport *the Beer and the broken ladle*, instead of *the Bear and the Ragged Staff*, for his sign-post. All Germany at this moment, believes that that was the real sign—Indeed it is now a favourite one, among our Teutonic Tintos.

HOGG.

Donna lose a night's rest for that, my man: ae thing's just as good as anither. It's nae matter what aye pits in a book; my warst things aye sell best, I think. I'm resolved, I'll try and write some awfa' ill thing this winter.

ODOHERTY.

Do,—the Agriculturists really must exert themselves in these hard times.

TICKLER.

You were always a diligent fellow, Hogg,—of course *The Three Perils* have had a fine run.—

HOGG.

That's civil.—

ODOHERTY.

One of your principal objects appears to have been *The Vindication of the Chaldee of Hogg*, (*ut cum Hengarry loquar*)—for I see one of your characters is yourself, always sporting that venerable lingo.

HOGG.

Hoot! It was just the ither five chapters of the Chaldee; them that Ebony would not print: they were lying moulding in my drawers, and I thought I would put them in to the Novel for Balaam; naeboddy fand me out,—I kent that would be the way o't.

ODOHERTY.

After all, Hogg, what devil possessed you to own the Chaldee?

HOGG.

I wish ye would let me eat my victuals, and drink my liquor in peace; I've been up since four in the morning among the drovers, and I'm no able to warstle wi' you the night.

NORTH.

Don't mind these scamps, Hogg. Why, there's not one of 'em but would give his ears to write any thing half so fine as the opening chapters of the second volume of your PERILS.

TICKLER.

Has Hogg heard or seen the Epigrams by Mr Webb, and Mr Hazlitt, on General North's arms?

HOGG.

Deil a bit o' me.—Od! there's nae wale o' Epigrams on Yarrow water.

TICKLER.

Then listen. William Hazlitt, in the first place, being asked by Leigh Hunt, why North's crest is a Rose, a Thistle, and a Shamrock, made these lines by way of answer. At least, they are attributed to him by the Whigs here. But to be sure he must have been in a sweet humour:—

"You ask me, kind Hunt, why does Christopher North
For his crest Thistle, Shamrock, and Rose blazon forth?
The answer is easy: his puges disclose
The splendour, the fragrance, the grace of the Rose;
Yet so humble, that he, though of writers the chief,
In modesty vies with the Shamrock's sweet leaf;
Like the Thistle!—Ah! Leigh, you and I must confess it,
NEMO ME (is his motto) IMPUNE LACRESSET."

HOGG.

Very weel,—vera weel, indeed—the lad's on the mending hand, I think, sir.

TICKLER.

Yet, I think Corny Webb's verses are neater:—

"Each leaf which we see over Christopher's helm
Is an emblem of part of our insular realm:
The well-fought-for Rose, is of England the bearing,
The Thistle of Scotland, the Shamrock of Erin:
And they therefore are borne by the Star of the Forth,
FOR KIT NORTH LOVES ALL THREE, AND ALL THREE LOVE KIT NORTH."

ODOHERTY.

Rather jaw-breaking that last line, like Cornelius's sonnets; but truth may well compensate for want of melody.

HOGG.

It often surprises me when I think on't. But, after a', there's but few of the first-raters, except Christopher himself here, that really excels in periodical writing;—I confess I never thought I myself for aye was ony great dab in that department.

TICKLER.

Let me see—this is an ingenious start of the Shepherd's. But after all, is there truth in what he says?—Is not he himself a goodish periodicaler?

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Donner and bitten!—do you talk so of the author of the Chaldee?

TICKLER.

Aye, there's no sic sure, is one *chef-d'œuvre*; but, on the whole, I, though I love and admire Hogg as much as any one, must honestly and fairly say, that I consider him as inferior to Jeffrey in *re periodicali*.

NORTH.

No doubt he is. In fact, Hogg has always had his eye on other affairs—perhaps on higher.

HOGG.

Na, na—nane o' your jeers, auld man!

NORTH.

I don't so much wonder at Hogg—but what do you say to Tom Campbell?

TICKLER.

Why, I don't know that we have any proper data yet to judge of Tommy. His Magazine is a very queer book. It is almost all (I mean the large print) very decently written. There is a certain sort of elegance in many papers, and a certain sort of very neatish information in others; but the chief, and indeed the damning defect, is a total want of *gist*. Is there any one who can tell me at this moment of any one purpose that work appears to keep in view?

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Mr North, did you not like the letters of Don Leucadio Doblado?

NORTH.

To be sure I did,—and did I not like the Confessions of the Opium Eater too?—but I do no more think of judging of the two London Magazines by these things, than I would think of estimating the Edinburgh Review, as a book, by the few occasional pages of the old Arch-libeller's own penmanship, which now and then adorn it, in these its degenerate days.

TICKLER.

The real defect is in my friend Tom. He is lazy, and he is timorous,—are not these qualities enough for your problem?

ODOHERTY.

Let them pass. Lord Byron is neither lazy nor timorous, and yet, you see, he is also a failure in this line.

NORTH.

Not at all—he is a man made for that sort of fun. But what would the Duke of Wellington himself do, if he were obliged to consult Jeremy Bentham about his movements? Knock off his handcuffs, (I mean the Cockneys) and you'll see Byron is a sweet fellow yet.

TICKLER.

I was distressed to see John Bull abusing the Liberal as he did—John should be above such palaver; but I see he, with all his wit, makes a few sacrifices to humbug. What now can he more exquisitely ludicrous than the anti-Catholic zeal of such a chap as Bull?

ODOHERTY, (*laying finger on nose, and eyeing Mr Editor.*)

Poo! poo! we could match that elsewhere.

NORTH, (*with an agreeable knitting of brows.*)

Silence, Standard-bearer!

HOGG.

I'll no hear Lord Byron abused, for he has ay been a kind friend to me. But, oh sirs! what could gar him put in yon awfu' words about the gude auld King—and now that the worthy sant's in heaven, too?—or whare did ever ony body see ony thing like yon epigrams on Lord Castlereagh's death?

TICKLER.

Shocking trash! shocking, shocking!

ODOHERTY.

I suppose Byron thought, since The Courier abused dead Shelly, the Liberal had a right to abuse dead Castlereagh.

NORTH.

Sir, Lord Byron thought no such thing. Lord Byron could never have thought that he had a right to insult all England, merely because one poor drivelling hypocrite had insulted his friend's memory in a newspaper. No, no, there is no defending these things.

ODOHERTY.

Particularly as they happen to be utterly dull and helpless, and as devoid of point as the Ettrick Shepherd's own gawgy under-quarter, which, by the way, I wish he would give over scratching.

NORTH.

Once more, Hogg, never mind them. Your affection for Lord Byron, and concern to see him acting amiss, do you much honour. Whatever examples other people may set or follow, I hope you will always continue to be of opinion, that the few men of genius in the world ought to respect each other, rejoice in each other's triumphs, and be cast down by each other's misfortunes. Such a way of thinking is generous, and worthy of your kind heart, my good worthy friend.

ODOHEERTY.

Sir Richard Phillips is another great genius, and yet he does not write a good Magazine.

TICKLER.

Why, Pythagoras, my dear fellow, is one of the most contemptible Magazines in the world. He is a dirty little Jacobin, that thinks there is more merit in making some dirty little improvement on a threshing-machine, than in composing an *Iliad*. He is a mere plodding, thick-skulled, prosing dunder-pate; and every thing he puts forth seems as if it had been written by the stink of gas in the fifth story of a cotton-mill—a filthy jacobinical dog, sir.

NORTH.

Poor idiot! he is hammering at Napoleon still: now, indeed, he has taken to exhibiting a two-penny-half-penny bust of him, in his house in Bridge-Street.—Gentlemen and ladies one shilling—Children and servants sixpence only!

HOGG.

Speaking about Bonapart—I was like if ye wad lend me that lad Barry O'Meara's book out wi' me for a week.—I'll return it by the next carrier.

NORTH.

Don't read it, Hogg. It's a piece of mere trash.

HOGG.

Od! I thought I saw some commendation o't in the Magazine.

NORTH.

Yes—but Mr Croker's letter of 1818 had not been published then—at least I had not seen it, else I would have scored out the paragraph.*

* Copy of the official Letter which notified to Mr O'Meara his removal from the situation of a Surgeon in the Navy.

“Admiralty Office, Nov. 2, 1818.

“Sir,—I have received and laid before my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty your letter and its inclosure of the 28th ult., in which you state several particulars of your conduct in the situation you lately held at St Helena, and request that their Lordships would, as soon as their important duties should allow, communicate to you their judgment thereupon.”

“Their Lordships have lost no time in considering your statement; and they commend me to inform you, that even without reference to the complaints made against you by Lieut. General Sir H. L., they find in your own admissions ample grounds for marking your proceedings with their severest disapproval.”

“But there is one passage in your said letter of such a nature as to supersede the necessity of any adverting upon any other part in it.

“This passage is as follows:—‘In the third interview which Sir Hudson Lowe had with Napoleon Bonaparte in the month of May, 1816, he proposed to the latter to send him away, and to replace me by Mr Baxter, who had been several years surgeon in the *Coramora* Ranger.’ This proposition was rejected with indignation by Napoleon Bonaparte, upon the grounds of the indecency of a proposal to substitute an army surgeon for the private surgeon of his own choice. Failing in this attempt, Sir Hudson Lowe adopted the resolution of manifesting great confidence in me by leaving me with civilities, inviting me constantly to dinner with him, conversing for hours together, with me alone, both in his own house and grounds, and at Longwood, either in my own room, or under the trees and elsewhere. On some of these occasions he made to me observations upon the benefit which would result to Europe from the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, of which even he spoke in a manner which, considering his situation and mine, was peculiarly distressing to me.”

“It is impossible to doubt the meaning which this passage was intended to convey, and my Lords are as little doubtful that the imputation is a calumnious falsehood; but if it were true, and if so horrible a suggestion were made to you, directly or indirectly, it was your bounden duty not to have lost a moment in communicating it to the Admiral on the spot, or to the Secretary of State, or to His Lordships.

“An overtone so monstrous in itself, and so deeply involving not merely the personal character of the Governor, but the honour of the nation, and the important interest committed to his charge, should not have been reserved in your own breast for two years, to be produced at last, and (as it would appear) from some sudden change in the last degree false and calumnious, or you can have no possible excuse for having hitherto suppressed it.

“In either case, and without adverting to the general tenor of your conduct, as stated in your letter, I should consider you to be an improper person to continue in his Majesty's service, and they have directed your name to be stricken from the list of Naval Surgeons accordingly.

“I have, &c.

(Signed) J. W. Croker.

“Mr O'Meara, 28, Chester Place, Kennington.”

HOGG.

What does Croker say about him? 'Tis like he might ken something about him in Erland.

NORTH.

Why, you see, Mr Hogg, the story was just this:—Mr O'Meara—

ODOHERTY.

O'Mára, if you please, North.

NORTH.

Well, Mr O'Marra writes to the Admiralty in 1818, saying that Sir Hudson Low had asked him to poison Buonaparte for him in 1816. Stop there, my friend, says Mr Croker, either you are telling a bit of a bouncer, and Sir Hudson never made any such proposals to you at all; or you are a pretty behaved lad (are you not?) to keep the thing in your pocket for two years, and bring it out now, not for the sake of justice, but for the sake of gratifying your own spleen. In short, "Le Docteur O'Meara" was dismissed his Majesty's service for this affair, and that's all.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Has he never made any answer to all this?

TICKLER.

Answer!—Poo! poo!—The dilemma is inevitable—he can only make his choice on which horn he is to ride.

ODOHERTY.

We shall see what he says for himself in due time. He is a cleverish kind of fellow, is O'Meara, and we must, at least, admit that he has dish'd old Walter of the Times.

TICKLER.

Not much to brag of, that, if he had done it;—but I doubt the fact.

ODOHERTY.

Well, well, as Samuel Johnson said, "'Tis no great object to arrange the precedence between a louse and a flea."

BLACKWOOD.

All I shall say is, that the more the book is abused, the better it sells. I think there is never an hour but I hear it called for. It has had as great a run as the Cook's Oracle ever had.

NORTH.

I'll lend you the book, however, old Hogg.

HOGG.

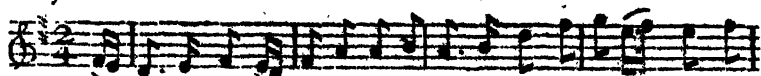
Thank ye, sir; after a' you're the discreetest of your divan, and I'll sing ye a sang for your civility.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

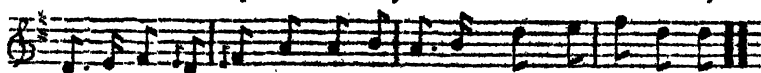
Bravo! Colonel, sing, sing—hurra! hurra! hurra!

HOGG (*sings.*)

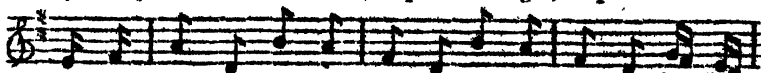
Lively.



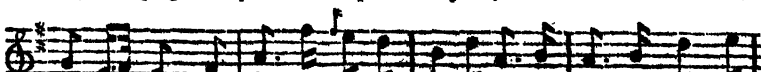
O SAINLY may I rue the day I fancied first the women-kind, For



aye sinsync I ne'er can ha'e A qui-et thought, or peace o' mind.

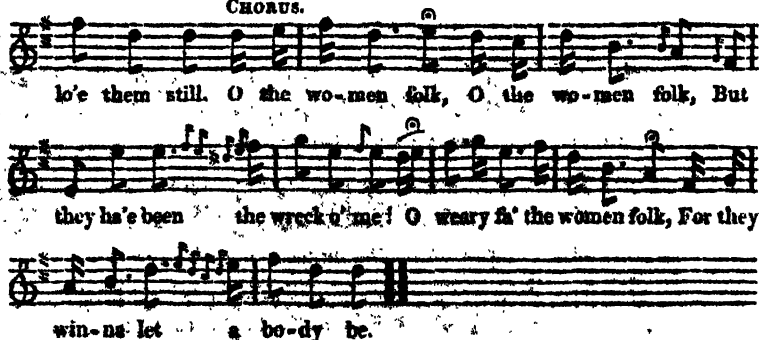


They ba'e plagued my heart, and pleased my c'e, And teased and flat-ter'd



me at will; But aye, for a' their witcherye, The paw-ky things, I

CHORUS.



I've thought, an' thought, but darna tell;
 I've studied them wi' a' my skill;
 I've he'd them better than boysel;
 I've tried again to like them ill.
 Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
 To comprehend what nae man can do:
 When he has done what nae man can do,
 He'll end at last where he began.
 O, the women folk, &c.

That they hae gentle forms, and meet;
 A man wi' half a look may see,
 An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
 An' wavin' curls aboon the brow—
 An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,
 An' een sae pawky bright and rare,
 Wad lure the lavrock frae the clud;
 But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair.
 O, the women folk, &c.

Even but this night, nae farther gane,
 The date is nouth'er lost nor lang,
 I tak' ye witness ilka ane,
 How fell they fought, an' fairly dang;
 Their point they've carried right or wrang,
 Without a reason, rhyme, or law—
 An' forced a man to sing a sang,
 That ne'er could sing a verse ava.
 O, the women folk, &c.

TICKLER.

Well done, kind Shepherd! I do love to hear your voice once more. Oh! Hogg, those were charming times when you used to pop in upon me of an evening after the cattle was on the door, and practice the fiddle till the cattle danced upon the meadow.

HOGG.

Hoh! sirs, we're a' turnin' auld noo: we've seen our best days, my dear Mr Tickler.

ODOHERTY.

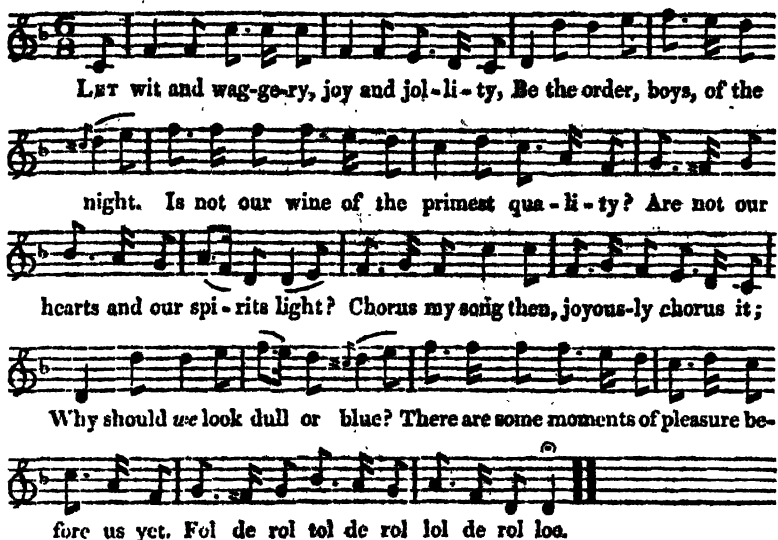
Come, come, none of your humdrum sentiment here, my hearties. I will sing you a song I heard last year on board a 74—it was sung by its author, the surgeon of the vessel—a choice lad.

NORTH.

What is it about?

ODOHERTY.

I don't recollect the words exactly, but I'll give you something to the same tune, and similar in its scope and tendency, (ut cum Macveio loquar.)—But you must be ready with a chorus, mind that—

ODOHERTY (*sings.*)


LET wit and wag-ge-ry, joy and jol-li-ty, Be the order, boys, of the
 night. Is not our wine of the primest qua-li-ty? Are not our
 hearts and our spi-rits light? Chorus my song then, joyous-ly chorus it;
 Why should we look dull or blue? There are some moments of pleasure be-
 fore us yet. Fol de rol tol de rol lol de rol loa.

2.

He who of tax or tythe is gabbling—
 Mark him down for a Jeremy Ben;—
 Or account him a blockhead babbling,
 As great a blockhead as Council Ten.

TICKLER.

Council Ten! Who is that, in the name of Grub-Street?

ODOHERTY.

An ass.—(*Sings.*)—Chorus my—

HOGG.

I never heard of him.

ODOHERTY.

Of course not; but don't interrupt the song. *Tchorus*, as Mulligan has it.—
 (*Sings.*)—Chorus my song then, &c.

3.

He who prates of Reform in Parliament,
 Send him adrift to the right or left.—
 Why need we care what the big whig Charley meant—
 Whether 'twas TREASON, or only THEFT?—
 Chorus my song, &c.

4.

He who'd bore us with jabber critical,
 On your curst scribes of verse or prose;—
 Turn him loose with the ass political;
 I never would wish to get drunk with those.
 Chorus my song, &c.

5.

Better it is to toast our pretty ones—
 To chaunt—or chorus while others sing;—
 To laugh at dull men—and laugh with witty ones;
 Or drink the health of our own dear King.

Chorus my song then, joyously chorus it ;
 Why should *we* look dull or blue ?
 There are some moments of pleasure before us yet.
 Folderol, tolderol, lolderol, loo !

HOGG, (*coughing*.)

Hoh ! hoh !—I'll be as hoarse as a cudzie for a week after this wark : And div ye no find that sangs maks a body fou as soon as whiskey ?

ONHERTY.

Yes—when they act kindly together, like Wellington and Blucher, I confess these affairs have an exhilarating scope and tendency.

HOGG.

I wush Mr Canning wad let down the tax on the sma' stells—A man like him should be aboon garrin' sac many folk sip poishon night and morn.

NORTH.

I believe the Highlands have not yet been included in the Foreign Department ; but Mr Peel was here with the King, you know, and he must have tasted good Glenlivet himself, I should suppose.

TICKLER.

I beg leave to crave a bumper—Mr Canning !

OMNES.

Mr Canning !!! !!!

NORTH.

Yes, indeed, Canning is the man to carry the country with him.

HOGG.

Is it not a very grand thing to be set as he has been at the head of things, just as it were by a kind of an acclamation ?—no doubting, nor doubting ;—every body just agreeing that he's the grandest statesman, and the maist glorious orator of the time.

NORTH.

I hope he will give himself the trouble to spend about three minutes a piece this Session upon little Grey Bennet, Lord Archibald Hamilton, and Jamie Abercrombie ; for I'm really getting sick of these prozers.

TICKLER.

How despicable is Bennet's persecution of Theodore Hooke.—Lord ! had Hooke been a Whig, like Tom Moore, how little we should have heard of all this.

NORTH.

Why, to be sure, Hooke and Moore stand precisely in the same situation—both of them clever men,—both of them wits,—both of them sent out to manage Colonial matters,—both of them meeting with queerish underlings,—both of the r underlings cutting their throats on detection—and then both of them deprived of their offices, and in arrear to the public, not through any purloining of their own, but through circumstances which every one must regret as much as themselves.

TICKLER.

Aye, but here stops the parallel.—Mr Moore is pitted by every body, and no Tory ever alluded, or will allude, to his misfortunes in the House ; while Mr Hooke is, week after week, and year after year, made the subject of attack by all that contemptible fry of the Bennets, Humes, and so forth.

NORTH.

And you think he would have been in smoother water if he had been a Whig ?

TICKLER.

I do.—Only look at their protection and *procting* of such a fellow as Northwick, a person who, according to his own story, betrayed all manner of confidence, which he himself had solicited with all manner of solemnity, for the sake of a few paltry pounds, or rather for the sake of avoiding a day's work in THE JURY COURT—where, after all, he might probably have been let off for a shilling. Just think of a gentleman like James Abercrombie taking up with such a creature—

NORTH.

And all in the silly and absurd hope of giving a little annoyance to the very

people who ennobled his own family (but for which he would have been Nobody) about twenty years ago—no more.

TICKLER.

Have you seen Alexander's pamphlet?

NORTH.

Not yet—Is there any thing new in it?

TICKLER.

Why, after all, it turns out that the Lord Advocate's signature, which they made such a work about, was a FORGERY.

NORTH.

Very likely; I think that's not by any means the most heinous of all the tricks they've been guilty of—But who forged it?

TICKLER.

Alexander does not say *who*, but he states the fact broadly.

ODOHERTY.

John Bull, who has eyes every where, ought to take it up.

NORTH.

Why Bull seldom meddles with Scotch affairs; and, after all, the scent of that humbug has got cold as charity.

TICKLER.

By the bye, what an absurd thing it is that there should not be something better here in Edinburgh in the shape of a Newspaper—Ballantyne's Journal is nothing.

NORTH.

Oh! 'tis very well for the theatricals, very well indeed; and now and then it contains good sensible business articles too; but whenever there comes any thing like a political question of importance, nobody can say, *a priori*, whether James Ballantyne is like to take the best possible view of the matter, or the worst possible one. He behaved like a very goose about the Manchester affair; and, upon the whole, 'tis an inconsistent concern—hot and cold is not the thing for me.

ODOHERTY.

Stick it into the hero;—but, after all, he's the best.

TICKLER.

Bad's the best; but, perhaps, Edinburgh is not a good place for a smart paper—too narrow and limited—people all egg-shells—damned stupid people too—all taken up with their own little jokes, that are unintelligible when you pass Cramond-Bridge.

ODOHERTY.

The BEACON, for example, what a lump of dulness it was! It seemed to me to be got up just for the private amusement of three or four spalpeens.

HOGG.

Puir callants, nae doubt they boud to hae their ain bit cackle in a corner—let them abee.

ODOHERTY.

Now what a proper name *Beacon* was. By the holy poker, a mangy mongrel could not have lifted his leg, in passing, without putting it out.

TICKLER.

A fine thing for the lawyers, however.

ODOHERTY (*sings*.)

“Ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so famously plead—
How worthy of trust!
You know black from white—
You prefer wrong to right,
As you chance to be feed.
Leave musty reports,
And forsake the King's courts,
Where Dulness and Discord have set up their thrones;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
With all your damnd entries.
Hark, away to the claret! a bumper, 'Squire Jones.”

[An accident in the gas-pipes.]

ODONERTY ON WERNER.*

WE are exceedingly sorry for Mr John Murray. Time was, when it was the finest thing in the world to be Lord Byron's publisher. The whole reading population of Great Britain and Ireland was in a breathless state—

"One general hush expectant reign'd from shore to shore"—

when a new work of the gifted Peer was announced. When it appeared, ten or twelve thousand copies were disposed of in a week or ten days; the copy-money was thus cleared in the twinkling of an eye, and fine pickings remained in the subsequent editions for the worthy bibliopolist's own private benefit and advantage. Now, alas! how are the mighty fallen! A new tragedy of Lord Byron's is degraded ere it comes forth, for it receives as many preliminary puffs, in the shape of advertisements, as even a new "Voyage" of Mother Morgan's. But out comes the production, and there is an end of even this little buzz. Very few copies are sold at the first brush—not a great many more, perhaps, than of a new book by Southey or Wordsworth. Nobody buys the pig in a poke,—that is, nobody orders the tragedy merely because that name is on the title-page. In short, that *prestige* is among the things that have gone by. Lord Byron is no longer—we do not say *the* author of the day—he is no longer among the first, scarcely even among the second-rate favourites.

Meantime,—and it is on this account we so much pity Murray,—the noble scribe is probably by no means convinced of the extent to which his reputation has "progressed" the wrong way. His demands of money—for he is well known to like cash, almost as well as fame,—still continue to be on the same sort of scale; and the unfortunate bookseller must be refunding, in the shape of *honorariums* for bulky tragedies, the very shiners which he pocketed years ago as his own fair share of the profits arising from Tales—charming little Tales—to which the said tragedist has no more resemblance than the Newcastle-waggon does to John Fife's phaeton and four.

But this is not all the extent of the evil. Every new affair of this mediocre and unpopular sort acts as a terrible drag upon the sale of Lord Byron's works, as collected in volumes. "No," says the hesitating customer, "no, my good friend, I won't bite.—I think I shall wait a little, and see whether he mends again. If it were only *Lara*, and the *Corsair*, and so forth, I would have bought your books; but, Lord love you! have not I got *Sardanapalus*, and his brethren—some of them at least—by themselves? and do you really expect me to buy *them* over again, merely because you have got them printed on a smaller type?"—In fact, a book—even a book of great merit—is unsaleable when it grows too big. What, therefore, must be the fate of such a book as the "Works of Lord Byron" now constitute! The booksellers have always sold Milton's poetry apart from Milton's prose; and in like fashion, Mr Murray must ere long, in common prudence, separate Lord Byron's early works of GENIUS from the masses of BALAAM under which he has of late been doing his best to bury all our recollections of their brightness.

There are a set of blockheads, such as "the Council of Ten," (who, by the way, are the gravest asses going,) who pretend to think that the sale of Byron's works has been knocked down merely by the public indignation against the immoralities of his *Don Juan*, and the baseness and blasphemy of his *Pisan* production, "The Liberal." But this is mere humbug. The public curiosity is always stimulated to an astonishing degree by clever blackguardism; and a book of real wickedness and real talent, although it may not always be exhibited in the Boudoir, is pretty sure to find its way into every house that has any pretensions to be "*comme il faut*." The book that cannot "be passed into families," is your stupid, your dull, your uninteresting and unreadable one—your "Hallam's Middle Ages" for example, your "Southey's History of the Peninsular War," your "Book of the Church," your "Doge

* Werner, a Tragedy. By Lord Byron. 8vo. Murray. London.

of Venice," your "Prettyman's Life of Pitt," *et hoc genus omne quod odi*. These, indeed, are works which the most hungry reader can take his chance of borrowing from the circulating library the next time he is rheumatical at a watering-place. This is not the sort of thing that turns the penny in a moment. It is precisely that clumsy kind of manufacture that breaks the back of the bookseller with its leaden weight. Therefore, look sharp, Mr Murray, and don't you buy your pigs in the poke any more than other people.

This bookseller has published a list of forthcoming works just now, that fills us with many and grievous apprehensions. The "Narrative" of Captain Franklin will do very well in hotpressed, to a moderate extent. The second series of D'Israeli's *Curiosities*, if it be as good a book as the first, will answer the turn to a hair; but if, like most second serieses, it is inferior, it will weigh down its elder brother, just as the Marino Falieros have oppressed the Giasour and Parafina. The "Suffolk Papers"!!! We wonder, after the total failure of the "Walpole Memoirs," any body has ventured on them. The "Connection of Christianity with Human Happiness" will not go down. The "Latin Grammar of Scheller" is a capital book, and if it is well translated, may have as great a run as Mrs Rundell, and put many a cool thousand in Mr Murray's pocket. The "Welsh Scenery" will not pass—remember Boydell! The "General Officer" is a fair travelling name for a book: "Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs discoverable in Italy and Sicily, by the Rev. James Blunt, A. M. Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, and late one of the Travelling Bachelors of that University," is another smooth title, and probably three hundred may be disposed of. About fifty will be the utmost sale of the "Expedition to Dongola." The "Abridgment of Paradise Lost, by Mrs Siddons"!!!—What shall we say of such a notion? The next thing, no doubt, will be an abridgment of Pope's *Homer*, by Sam Rogers. Really, really, these literary Christmas boxes should be left to "Family Bowdler."

But enough of this.—The plain truth of the matter is, that many of the works in this long list may turn out to be very good ones, in their several ways, and we hope they will do so. But

is there ONE of them that has the least chance of being considered AN ADDITION TO THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND? Certainly not, unless indeed it be "Ada Reis," which, being a novel, may of course, for aught we know, be as fine as "Anastasia," or as poor as "Graham Hamilton." With this exception, and surely we are the very soul of candour in considering it as one, Mr Murray does not announce any new book that can make a noise. Now, our fear is, that, hampered as he is with Lord Byron's prolific, and yet unproductive cacoethes, this liberal and naturally enterprising publisher is really compelled to keep out of other speculations that might, under such able management as his, have brilliant and triumphant success. He is like old Michael Scott, with the rashly conjured fiend to whom he was *obliged* to furnish work; and who, after having cleft mountains in twain, and hung eternal bridges by the touch of his wand over the most terrific torrents, was at last fain to wear out his time "in the weaving of rope-sands," an allegorical expression, no doubt, to designate the manufacture of threadless, knotless, endless, useless mysteries, tragedies, and dramas.

When Lord Byron first announced himself as a tragedian in regular form, there is no doubt that public curiosity was strongly, most strongly, excited. "Marino Faliero Doge of Venice" was a sad dumper; yet nobody could deny that there was great and novel beauty in the conception of one character, that of the old Doge's young wife; and we all said, this is a first attempt, and Byron may hereafter write a tragedy worthy of Byron. Then came *Sardanapalus*—on the whole a heavy concern also; but still there was *Myrrha*, and there was the *Vision of Nimrod* and *Semiramis*, and there was the noble arming of the roused voluptuary; and these fine things in so far checked the frown of reprehension. "The two Foscari" was greatly inferior; in fact, it contained a plot than which nothing could be more exquisitely absurd and unnatural—characters strained almost to the ludicrous—versification as clumsy as the grinding of the tread-mill—and one splendid passage,—just one. "Cain, a Mystery," was worse and worse. Byron dared to measure himself with Milton, and came off as poorly as Belial might have done from a contest with Michael. Crude metaphysics, as

old as the hills; and as barren—bald, thread-bare blasphemies, and puerile ravings, formed the staple of the piece. The only tolerable touches, those of domestic love and the like, were visibly borrowed from Goethe's *MEATH OF ANGEL*: and in short, one of the most audacious of all the insults that have ever been heaped upon the faith and feelings of a Christian land, was also one of the most feeble and ineffectual. Thank God! Cain was abandoned to the Radicals—and thank God, it was too radically dull to be popular even among them.

Nevertheless, it is not to be denied, that even in Cain some occasional flashes of Lord Byron's genius were discernible; there was some deep and thrilling poetry in Cain's contemplation of the stars—enough to recall for a moment the brighter and more sustained splendours of *Manfred*.

But now at last has come forth a tragedy by the same hand, which is not only worse than any of those we have been naming, but worse, far worse, than we, even after reading and regretting them, could have believed it possible for the noble author to indite—a lame and mutilated *refrigerium* of one of Miss Lee's *Canterbury Tales*, a thing, which, so far from possessing, scarcely even claims any merit beyond that of turning English prose into English blank verse—a production, in short, which is entitled to be classed with no dramatic works in our language that we are acquainted with, except, perhaps, the common paste-and-scissors *Dramas* from the *Waverley* novels. Ye Gods! what a descent is here for the proud soul of Harold!

We are not so absurd as to say, or to think, that a Dramatist has no right to make free with other people's fables. On the contrary, we are quite aware that that particular species of genius which is exhibited in the construction of plots, never at any period flourished in England. We all know that Shakespeare himself took his stories from Italian novels, Danish sagas, English chronicles, Plutarch's lives—from any where rather than from his own imagination. But did he take the whole of *Hamlet*, or *Juliet*, or *Richard III.*, or *Anthony and Cleopatra*, from any of these foreign sources? Did he not invent, in the noblest sense of the word, all the characters of his plays? Who dreams that any old Italian Novelist could have formed the

imagination of such a creature as *Juliet*? Who dreams that the *HAMLET* of Shakespeare, the princely enthusiast, the melancholy philosopher, that spirit refined even to pain, that most incomprehensible and unapproachable of all the creations of human genius, is the same being, in anything but the name, with the rough, strong-hearted, bloody-handed, old *AMLET* of the North? Or who is there that supposes Goethe to have taken the character of his *FAUST* from the old ballads and penny pamphlets about the Devil and Doctor Faustus? Or who, to come nearer home, imagines that Lord Byron himself found his *Sardanapalus* in *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*?

But here Lord Byron has invented nothing—absolutely, positively, undeniably, nothing. There is not one incident in his play, not even the most trivial; that is not to be found in the novel from which it is taken; occurring exactly in the same manner, brought about by exactly the same agents, and producing exactly the same effects on the plot. And then as to the characters, why, not only is every one of them to be found in the novel, but every one of them is to be found there far more fully and powerfully developed. Indeed, but for the preparation which we had received from our old familiarity with Miss Lee's own admirable work, we rather incline to think that we should have been altogether unable to comprehend the *gist* of her noble imitator, or rather copier, in several of what seem to be meant for his most elaborate delineations. The fact is, that this undeviating closeness, this humble fidelity of *IMITATION*, is a thing so perfectly new in literature, in any thing worthy of the name of literature, that we are sure no one, who has not read the *Canterbury Tales*, will be able to form the least conception of what it amounts to. Again, we must come back to the arras-work; and we now most solemnly assure our readers, that unless our worthy friend Mr Daniel Terry is entitled to be called a poet for his *Rob Roy*, or his *Guy Mannering*, my Lord Byron has no sort of title, none in the world, to be considered as having acted the part of a poet in the concoction and execution of his *WARNER*.

Those who have never read Miss Lee, will, however, be pleased with this production; for, in truth, the story is one of the most powerfully conceived,

one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are, or are ever likely to be, acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, for the first time, in these pages, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying, that we have always considered her works as standing upon the very verge of the very first rank of excellence in the species to which they belong;—that is to say, as inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting only those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the *Great Unknown*. It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that the *Canterbury Tales* exhibit more of that Species of Invention which, as we have remarked a little above, was never common in English literature, than any of the works even of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding himself. Suppose almost any one of the *Canterbury Tales* to have been put in MS. into the hands of Miss Edgeworth, or the *Known*, and suppose the work to have been re-written with that power, and the various excellence which these two great living writers possess, and there can be little question that we should have had something worthy of casting even *NIGEL OF THE ABSENTEE* into the shade,—that is to say, in so far as these books are to be considered as serious delineations of human feeling and passion. For example, take this

LORD BYRON.

Ulric. I think you wrong him,
(Excuse me for the phrase); but *Strakenheim*
Is not what you prejudice him, or, if so,
He owes me something both for past and present;
I saved his life, he therefore owes me;
He hath been plunder'd too, since he came hither;
Is sick; a stranger; and as such not now
Able to trace the villain who hath rob'd him:
I have pledged myself to do so; and the business
Which brought me here was chiefly that;
but I
Have found, in searching for another's dross,
My own whole treasure—you, my parents!
Werner. (agitatedly) Who
Taught you to mouth that name of "villain?"
Ulric. What
More noble name belongs to common thieves?

very tale of "*Kruitzner*," or "*the Landlady's Story*:"—Considering them merely as fables, we have no hesitation in saying, that they are far better fables than any original and invented one that can be found in any of the works of any of our living poets or novelists. This is high praise; but we feel that we are doing no more than justice in bestowing it.

After speaking in such terms of Miss Lee's *fab*, we shall not, of course, be so daring as to attempt an analysis of it here. Let it be sufficient to say, that we consider it as possessing mystery, and yet clearness, as to its structure: strength of characters, and admirable contrast of characters; and above all, the most lively interest, blended with and subservient to the most affecting of moral lessons.

The main idea which lies at the root of it is, the *horror of an erring father, who, having been detected in vice by his son, has dared to defend his own sin, and so to perplex the son's notions of moral rectitude, in finding that the son, in his turn, has pushed the false principles thus instilled to the last and worst extreme, in hearing his own sophistries slung in his teeth by a—MURDERER.* The scene in which the first part of this idea is developed in Lord Byron's tragedy, is by far the finest one in it; and we shall quote along side of it the original passages in the novel, in order that our readers may be enabled to form their own opinion.

MISS LEE.

" "*Stradenheim*," said Conrad, "does not appear to me altogether the man you take him for;—but were it even otherwise, he owes me gratitude not only for the past, but for what he supposes to be my present employment. I saved his life, and he therefore places confidence in me. He has been robbed last night—is sick—a stranger—and in no condition to discover the villain who has plundered him: I have pledged myself to do it—and the business on which I sought the Intendant was chiefly that."

"The Count felt as though he had received a stroke upon the brain. Death in any form, unaccompanied with dishonour, would have been preferable to the pang that shot through both that and his heart. Indignantly had he groined under the remorse of the past, the humiliation thus incurred by it he would hardly have tolerated from any human being; yet was it brought home to him, through a medium so bitterly afflictive, as defied all calculation. At the word *villain*, his lips quiver-

LORD BYRON.

MISS LEE.

Werner. Who taught you thus to brand
an unknown being
With an infernal stigma?

Ulric. My own feelings
Taught me to name a ruffian from his deeds.

Werner. Who taught you, long-dought,
and ill-faund boy! that

It would be safe for my own son to insult
me?

Ulric. I named a villain. What is there in
conscience

With such a bang and my father?

Werner. Every thing!

That ruffian in thy father!

Josephine. Oh, my son!

Beware him not—and yet!—(her voice
faltering.)

Ulric (starts, looks earnestly at Werner,
and then eyes slowly)

And you avow it?

Werner. Ulric, before you dare deepen
your father,

Learn to discern and judge his actions.
Young.

Naith, now to life, and rear'd in fury's eye,
Is it for you to measure passion's force,

Or misery's temptation? Wait—(not long,
It cometh like the Night, and quickly)—

Wait!—

Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted—
(ill)

Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your
cabin;

Famine and poverty your guests at table;
Deny your bed-fellow—then rise, but not

From sleep, and judge! Should that day
e'er arrive—

Should you see then the serpent, who hath
coil'd

Himself around all that is dear and noble
Of you and yours, he slumbering in your

path.

With but his fangs between your steps and
happence,

When he, who had but to tear from you
name,

Lends, life itself, lies at your mercy, with
Charter your conductor; midnight for your

mantle;

Thy bare knife in your hand, and earth
asleep,

Endeavour your deadliest foe, and he as 't were
Invoking death, by looking like it, while

His death alone can save you—Then!

(Ulric looks at me, content with petty plunder,
and turns aside—I did so)

Ulric. Now—

Werner. (abruptly) Hear me!

Will not break a human voice—except this!

ed, and his eyes flashed fire. It was the
vice of his character, ever to convert the
subjects of self-reproach into those of in-
dignation.

"And who," said he, starting furiously
from his seat, "has entitled you to brand
thus with ignominious epithets a being
you do not know? Who," he added with
increasing agitation, "has taught you that
it would be safe even for my son to insult
me?"

"It is not necessary to know the per-
son of a ruffian," replied Conrad indig-
nantly, "to give him the appellation he
merits:—and what is there in common be-
tween my father and such a character?"

"Every thing," said Ringendorf, bit-
terly—"for that ruffian was your father!"

"Conrad started back with incredulity
and amazement: then measured the count
with a long and earnest gaze, as though,
unable to disbelieve the fact, he felt in-
clined to doubt whether it were really his
father who avowed it.

"Conrad," exclaimed the latter, inter-
preting his looks, and in a tone that ill
disguised the increasing anguish of his own
soul, "before you thus presume to chastise
me with your eyes, learn to understand my
actions! Young and inexperienced in the
world—reposing hitherto in the bosom of
indulgence and luxury, is it for you to
judge of the force of the passions, or the
temptations of misery? Wait till like me
you have blighted your fairest hopes—have
endured humiliation and sorrow—poverty
and famine—before you pretend to judge
of their effect on you! Should that mis-
erable day ever arrive—Should you see the
being at your mercy who stands between
you, and every thing that is dear or nobil
in life! Who is ready to tear from you
your name—your inheritance—your very
life itself—congratulate your own heart, if
like me, you are content with petty plunder,
and are not tempted to exterminate a
serpent, who now lives, perhaps, to sting
us all!"

LORD BYRON.

*Listen to my own (if that be human still)—
Hear me ! you do not know this man—I do.
He's mean, doubtful, unprincipled. You
Deem yourself safe, as young and brave ; but
Learn*

*None are secure from desperation, few
From subtilty. My worst foe, Stralenheim,
Housed in a prince's palace, couch'd within
A prince's chamber, lay below my knife !
An instant—a mere motion—the least im-
pulse—*

*Had swept him and all fears of mine from
earth.*

*He was within my power—my knife was
relaxed—*

*Withdrawn—and I 'm in his :—are you not
so ?*

*Who tells you that he knows you not ? Who
says*

*He hath not lured you here to end you ? or
To plunge you, with your parents, in a dun-
geon ?*

(He pauses.)

Ulric. Proceed, proceed !

Werner. *Me he hath ever known,
And hunted through each change of time—
name—fortune—*

*And why not you ? Are you more versed in
men ?*

*He wound snares round me ; flung along my
path*

*Reptiles whom, in my youth, I would have
spurn'd*

*Even from my presence ; but, in spurning
none,*

*Fill only with fresh venom. Will you be
More patient ? Ulric—Ulric !—there are
crimes*

*Made venial by the occasion, and temptations
Which nature cannot master or forbear.*

Ulric (looks first at him, and then at Josephine).

My mother !

Werner. Ay ! I thought so : you have
now

Only one parent. I have lost alike
Father and son, and stand alone.

Ulric. But stay !

(Werner rushes out of the chamber.)

Josephine (to Ulric). Follow him not,
until this storm of passion
Abates. Think'st thou that, were it well
for him,

I had not follow'd ?

Ulric. I obey you, mother,
Although reluctantly. My first act shall
not

Be one of disobedience.

Josephine. Oh ! he is good !

Condemn him not from his own mouth,
but trust

To me, who have borne so much with him,
and for him,

That this is but the surface of his soul,
And that the depth is rich in better things.

MISS LEE.

“ ‘ You do not know this man,’ con-
tinued he with the same incoherent eager-
ness, and impetuously silencing Conrad
who would have spoken—‘ I do ! I be-
lieve him to be mean—sordid—deceitful !
You will conceive yourself safe because
you are young and brave ! Learn, how-
ever, from the two instances before you,
none are so secure but desperation or sub-
tlety may reach them ! Stralenheim in the
palace of a prince was in my power ! My
knife was held over him ! a single moment
would have swept him from the face of
the earth, and with him all my future fears :
I forbore—said I am now in his—Are you
certain that you are not so too ? Who as-
sures you he does not know you ? Who
tells you that he has not lured you into his
society, either to rid himself of you for-
ever, or to plunge you with your family
into a dungeon ? Me, it is plain, he has
known invariably through every change of
fortune or of name—and why not you ?
Me he has entrapt—are you more discreet ?
He has wound the snares of Idenstein
around me :—of a reptile, whom, a few
years ago, I would have spurned from my
presence, and whom, in spurning now, I
have furnished with fresh venom :—Will
you be more patient !—Conrad, Conrad,
there are crimes rendered venial by the oc-
casion, and temptations too exquisite for
human fortitude to master or endure.’ The
Count passionately struck his hand on his
forehead as he spoke, and rushed out of
the room.

“ Conrad, whose lips and countenance
had more than once announced an im-
patient desire to interrupt his father during
the early part of his discourse, stunned by
the wildness and vehemence with which it
was pursued, had sunk towards the close of
it into profound silence. The anxious eyes
of Josephine, from the moment they lost
sight of her husband, had been turned to-
ward her son ; and, for the first time in
her life, she felt her heart a prey to divided
affections ; for, while the frantic wildness
of Siegfried almost irresistibly impelled
her to follow him, she was yet alive to all
the danger of leaving Conrad a prey to re-
flections hostile to every sentiment of filial
duty or respect. The latter, after a long
silence, raised his inquiring looks to hers ;
and, whatever the impression under which
his mind laboured, he understood too well
the deep and painful sorrow imprinted on
her countenance not instantly to conceal it.

LORD BYRON.

Ulric. These then are but my father's principles?

My mother thinks not with him?

Josephine. Nor doth he

Think as he speaks. Alas! long years of grief

Have made him sometimes thus.

Ulric. Explain to me

More clearly, then, those claims of Stralenheim.

If this be not enough, pass to the only other scene in the play which can be supposed to possess equal interest; that, namely, in which the unhappy father is reproached by the son, whose bloody guilt he has just learnt to believe—from whose countenance he is shrinking in the most exquisite of horrors. The supposed murderer stands before father and son; he has told the terrible truth, and dreads violence; the father reassures him, and he goes on thus—

LORD BYRON.

Gabor. I have still a further shield—

I did not enter Prague alone—and should I
Be put to rest with Nersisaphim—there are
Some tongues without will wag in my be-
half.

Be brief in your decision!

Siegendorf. I will be so.—

My word is sacred and irrevocable
Within these walls, but extends no further.

Gabor. I'll take it for no more.

Siegendorf (points to Ulric's sword, still upon the ground.) Take also that—

I saw you eye it eagerly, and him
Distrustfully.

*Gabor (takes up the sword.) I will; and
so provide*

To sell my life—not cheaply.

*[Gabor goes into the turret, which
Siegendorf closes.]*

*Siegendorf (advances to Ulric.) Now,
Count Ulric!*

For now I dare not call thee—What say'st
thou?

Ulric. Hi: tale is true.

Siegendorf. True, monster!

MISS LEE.

"These are only the systems of my fa-
ther," said he, continuing earnestly to gaze
on her. "My mother thinks not with him!"

"Josephine spoke not: there was an op-
pression at her heart that robbed her of the
power." Conrad covered his face with his
hand, and reclined it for a moment on her
shoulder.

"Explain to me, said he, after a se-
cond pause, what are the claims of Stra-
lenheim."

MISS LEE.

"I have yet an additional security,"
replied the Hungarian, after a moment's
meditation. "I did not enter Prague a
solitary individual; and there are tongues
without that will speak for me, although I
should even share the fate of Stralenheim!"
—Let your deliberation, Count, be short,"
he added, again glancing towards Conrad;
"and be the future as your peril no less
than mine!—Where shall I remain?"

Siegendorf opened a door that admitted
to one turret of the castle, of which he
knew all other egress was barred; the
Hungarian started, and his presence of
mind evidently failed him. He looked
around with the air of a man who is con-
scious that, relying on a sanguine hope, he
has ventured too far, and neither knows
how to stand his ground nor to recede;
yet he read truth and security in the coun-
tenance of Siegendorf, although not un-
mingled with contempt. By an excessive
effort of dissimulation, he therefore re-
covered his equanimity, and made a step to-
wards the spot pointed out to him.

"My promise is solemn, sacred, irre-
vocable," said Siegendorf, seeing him pause
again upon the threshold. "It extends not,
however, beyond my own walls."

"I accept the conditions," replied the
other.—His eye, while speaking, fell on
the sword of Conrad; and the Count, who
perceived it did so, invited him by a look
to possess himself of it: He then closed the
door of the turret upon him, and advanced
heavily towards his son.

LORD BYRON.

Ulric. Most true, father ;
And you did well to listen to it : what
We know, we can provide against. He must
Be silenced.

Siegendorf. Ay, with half of my domains ;
And with the other half, could he and thou
Unsay this villainy.

Ulric. It is no time
For trifling or dissembling. I have said
His story's true ; and he too must be sil-
enced.

Siegendorf. How so ?

Ulric. As Stralensheim is. Are you so
dull

As never to have hit on this before ?
When we met in the garden, what except
Discovery in the act could make me know
His death ? Or had the prince's household
been

'Then summon'd, would, she cry for the po-
lice

Been left to such a stranger ? Or should I
Have loiter'd on the way ? Or could you,

Werner,

The object of the Baron's hate and fears,
Have fled—unless by many an hour before
Suspicion woke ? I sought and fathom'd
you—

Doubting if you were false or feeble ; I
Perceived you were the latter ; and yet so
Conquering have I found you, that I doubted
At times your weakness.

Siegendorf. Parried ! no less
Than common stabber ! What deed of my
life,
Or thought of mine, could make you deem
me fit

For your accomplice ?

Ulric. Father, do not raise

The devil you cannot lay, between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While you were tor-
tured,

Could I be calm ? Think you that I have
heard

This fellow's tale without some feeling ? you
Have taught me feeling for you and myself ;
For whom or what else did you ever teach it ?

Siegendorf. (Oh ! my dead father's curse !
'tis working now.

Ulric. Let it work on ! the grave will
keep it down !

Askes are feeble foes : it is more easy
To baffle such, than countermine a mole,
Which winds its blind but living path be-
neath you.

Yet hear me still !—If you condemn me,
yet

MISS LEE.

" ' You have done well,' said the latter,
raising his head at the near approach of his
father, ' to listen to this man's story.—The
evil we cannot measure, we cannot guard
against ; but it would be fruitless to tem-
porize further.—He must be silenced more
effectually.' The Count started. ' With
you,' pursued Conrad, drawing nearer and
dropping his voice, ' it would be unwise
longer to dissemble.—His narration is true.
Are you so credulous as never to have
guessed this ?' added he, on perceiving the
speechless agony of his father ; ' or so
weak as to tremble at the acknowledgment ?
Could it escape you, that, at the hour we
met in the garden at M——, nothing short
of a discovery during the very act could
have made the death of Baron Stralensheim
known to any but him who caused it ?—
Did it appear probable,' continued he, with
the tone of a man who is secretly roused to
fury by a consciousness of the horror he
inspires, ' that if the Prince's household
had really been alarmed, the care of sum-
moning the police should devolve on one
who hardly knew an avenue of the town ?
Or was it credible that such a one should,
unsuspected, have loitered on the way ?
Least of all could it be even possible that
Kruizner, already marked out, and watch-
ed, could have escaped unpursued, had he
not had many hours the start of suspicion ?
I shuddered, I fathomed your soul both be-
fore and at the moment ; I doubted whe-
ther it was feeble or artificial. I will own
that I thought it the former, or I should
have trusted you. Yet such has been the
excess of your apparent credulity, that I
have even at intervals disbelieved its exis-
tence !'

" ' Monster !' exclaimed Siegendorf,
frantic with emotion, ' what action of my
life, what sentiment of my soul, ever au-
thorised you to suspect that I would abet a
deed thus atrocious ?'

" ' Father, father,' interrupted Conrad
abruptly, and his form seemed to grow be-
fore the astonished eyes of the Count, ' be-
ware how you rouse a devil between us that
neither may be able to control !—We are
in no temper nor season for domestic dis-
ension. Do you suppose that while your
soul has been harrowed up, mine has been
unmoved ? or that I have really listened to
this man's story with indifference ?—I too
can feel for myself, for what being besides
'did your example ever teach me to feel ?
Listen to me !' he added, silencing the
Count with a wild and alarming tone :
' If your present condemnation of me be
just, I have listened to you at least once
too often !—Remember who told me, when
at M——, that there were crimes rendered
venial by the occasion ; who painted the
excesses of passion as the trespasses of hu-

LORD BYRON.

Remember *who* hath taught me once too often

To listen to him ! *Who* proclaim'd to me That *there were crimes* made venial by the occasion ?

That passion was our nature ? that the goods

Of heaven waited on the goods of fortune ? *Who* show'd me his humanity secured By his *nerves* only ? *Who* deprived me of All power to vindicate myself and race In open day ? By his disgrace which stamp'd (It might be) bastardy on me, and on Himself—a *felon's* brand ! The man who is At once both warm and weak, invites to deeds

He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange That I should *act* what you could *think* ? We have done

With right and wrong ; and now must only ponder

Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim, Whose life I sav'd from impulse, as, *unknown*,

I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew

Known as our foe—but not from vengeance. He

Was a rock in our way which I cut through, As doth the bolt, because it stood between us And our true destination—but not idly.

As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed me*

His *life* ; when due, I but resumed the debt. He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein I have plunged our enemy. You kindled first

The torch—you show'd the path ; now trace me that

Of safety—or let me !

Siegeadorf. I have done with life !

Utric. Let us have done with that which cankers life—

Familiar feuds and vain recriminations

Of things which cannot be undone. We have

No more to learn or hide : I know no fear, And have within these very walls men who (Although you know them not) dare venture all things.

You stand high with the state ; what passes here

Will not excite her too great curiosity : Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye, Stir not, and speak not ;—leave the rest to me :

We must have no *third* babble : thrust between us.

MISS LEE.

manity : *who* held the balance suspended before my eyes between the goods of fortune and those of honour : *who* aided the mischief-stirring spirit within me, by shewing me a specious probity, secured only by an infirmity of nerves. Were you so little skilled in human nature as not to know that the man who is at once intemperate and feeble engenders the crimes he does not commit ? or is it so wonderful that I should dare to act what *you* dared to think ?—I have nothing now to do with its guilt or its innocence. It is our mutual interest to avert its consequences. We stood on a precipice down which one of three must inevitably have plunged ; for I will not deny that I knew my own situation to be as critical as yours. I therefore precipitated Stralenheim !—You held the torch !—You pointed out the path !—Shew me now that of safety ; or let me show it you !

“ ‘ Let us have done with retrospection,’ said Conrad, lowering his tone, as not wholly insensible to the effect his words had produced on his father : ‘ We have nothing more either to learn or to conceal from each other.—I have courage and partisans : they are even within the walls, though you do not know them !—Siegeadorf shuddered. Alas ! these then had been the substitutes for those affectionate and innocent hearts whose welcome had rendered his return to his native domain, in the first instance, so delightful !—these were the baleful spirits before whose influence virtue and industry alike had withered !’

“ ‘ You are favoured by the State,’ pursued Conrad, ‘ and it will, therefore, take little cognizance of what passes within your jurisdiction ; it is for me to guard against distrust beyond it. Preserve an unchanged countenance. Keep your own secret, he added, glancing emphatically towards the turret ; ‘ and without your further interference I will for ever secure you from the indiscretion of a third person.’ No saying he left the hall.

Now, we have to inform our readers, that in every part of this performance the imitator has trod with almost the same degree of painful and humiliating exactness in the footsteps of his precursor; and having done so, we have just one question to ask,—could not Virgilius Knowles, could not Conscience Shiel, could not any common setter of sixpenny claptraps, have done this feat quite as well as the author of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*?

Even the passages we have quoted for a different purpose, may suffice to shew, (what, if it were worth while, we could easily shew more largely,) that in this new play Lord Byron retains the same nerveless and pointless kind of blank verse, which was a sorrow to every body in his former dramatic essays. It is indeed "most unmusical, most melancholy."—"Of," "to," "and," "for," "hys," "but," and the like, are the most common conclusions of a line; there is no ease, no flow, no harmony, "in linked sweetness long drawn out." Neither is there anything of abrupt fiery vigour to compensate for these defects. In a word, as to Invention, this performance is nothing; as to composition, it is raw, poor, and unfinished; and while the modest cost of this servile thing is five shillings and sixpence sterling, there is nothing more easy than, by spending twopence in the nearest circulating library, to enjoy the perusal of the very same story as told by its original author, gracefully, vigorously, and with all the alike indescribable and inalienable charm of originality.

WERNER, then, is, without all doubt, the most common-place and

unworthy production which Lord Byron has ever yet put forth. "Heaven and Earth," which we see advertised, and which, if we may credit the whippers of the literary circles, is nothing more than a dramatized edition of our friend Fogarty's excellent poem of *Daniel O'Rourke*,—seems not unlikely to carry the declension of this once pre-eminent star even further. In a word, we have at length lost all hopes of Lord Byron's ever doing any thing in the drama; and, therefore, the sooner he gives that affair up, the better it will be for himself, and for "all concerned."

The extremely heavy effect, speaking generally, of his Lordship's quizzical "*Vision of Judgment*," may probably have been, in one point of view, consolatory to Mr Murray's feelings; for it would have been doubly sad to be obliged to print Lord Byron's bad things, and see other and inferior people publishing good things of his, (however blackguard,) under one's nose. But we, who have ever been among the sincerest and humblest admirers of any thing that bears the stamp of true GENIUS, are, we must fairly confess it, constrained to regard the whole affair with a very gloomy eye.

The sum of all we have to say is, that we think Lord Byron is in the fair way to dish both himself and his publisher, if he goes on at the same rate for another season or two. Let him pause now, and retrieve all he has lost—and more than retrieve it—by one effort worthy of himself. This is yet in his power,—ere long it may not be so. . . . What say you, Mr Editor?

NORTH.

There are just two or three things I differ from you in, Odoherly. I expect a great deal from D'srael's new book, and the Book of the Church. I expect amusement and instruction from the first, delight and instruction from the second.

ODOHERTY.

Well, I hope you won't be disappointed—but, *quod aint*, the proof of the pudding—

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

What affectation is the dedication to Goethe! None of that poet's works, but some of his earliest and worst ones, have ever been translated; and WERNER itself contains perfect proof that Lord Byron does not know German from Dutch, for he uses *Mynheer* always for *Mein Herr*.

ODOHERTY.

Poo! poo! you know he confesses that ignorance in "*The Liberal*."

NOTA.

I shall dedicate my next thing to Foscolo.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

It is a man's own fault, in this town at least, if he does not learn German well, for you have in old Dr Gardiner a gentleman who understands it as well as any native, and can explain it far better.

NORTH.

Old Cato learned Greek at eighty. I think I shall take lessons from the worthy Doctor.

NUPTIALS IN JEOPARDY.

Private and Confidential Prologue.

To C. NORTH, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

HEREWITH is another consignment of verse. This present cruize almost completes my right to the title of a circumnavigator of the world of poetry. I have now touched at very nearly every port in that canorous sphere, whether lyric, satyric, didactic, or descriptive; and here is proof positive of my having been ashore in the territories of the drama. I have, at least in my own modest view of the matter, been very successful in my intercourse with the muses on this coasting voyage; for they are the ruling authorities of the shores in the world I spake of; and it is from them that I bring home the rich outlandish treasures which I so liberally pour into the lap of Maga.

Touching the present cargo, I beg leave to say a word. It will not be doubted that I have herein shewn great talents for the drama, and that too in a department not at all occupied by my contemporaries, to wit, poetical comedy. I do not altogether intend to insinuate that this, which is my first attempt, quite equals "As you Like it," or "Twelfth Night;" but how near their eminence the quicksilver will rise on the nicely graduated barometer of criticism, when brought within the atmosphere of my dramatic fervors, it do not become me to intimate.

I beg leave, with my Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, to enter a protest against the production of my production upon the stage. It was not written for the purpose—so avaint, Mr Elliston! paws off, old Drury!—it is Maga's property, and she alone shall act with it, or in it, as she likes. If indeed that ingenious Actress-of-all-work chooses to come out as Judith Pratt, well and good. Perhaps in this case, you yourself, all-talented Christopher, at some private theatricals, would undertake the part of Mr Broadhand—or Dr Scott might,—only as he is a ruling elder of the Kirk, it might be construed to amount to something like heresy in him, if he were to personify a member of a prelatial establishment; and even if that chitrel be got over, then it must be presumed that he shall not enunciate with

a broad Scotch accent, for it would not be at all in consonance with an English parson. As to his rotundity, this would be of advantage; and I do not see that your lameness would at all derogate from the verisimilitude of nature. Of course, the Ensign would be exquisite in Peter, if he would condescend to oust all the ordinary roguish intelligence from his countenance; but if he be still on his travels, Mr Pen Owen, who is "every thing by starts, and nothing long," might, upon application, assume the lack-a-daisied for the nonce, and supply the requisite in our *dramatis personæ*. Here, then, is the piece properly cast, and I should not have the slightest objection to see it so performed, whether in private in Maga's drawing-room, or in semi-public at Ambrose's, before a select party of "five hundred friends." Success would be insured by the merits of the actors, and the sensitive author would be relieved from all apprehension of that "strange quick jar upon the soul," which the words "off, off!—no more, no more!" are too apt to produce.

Let me venture, with all modesty, to point out some of the merits of the performance;—it is no calumny to say the world is purblind, so perhaps these felicities would not be discovered without my help. I own that I do not, by any means, admire the practice of modern dramatic-ek-ek-writers. They limit themselves almost entirely to the amazing, the horrible, and the lachrymose. Let us grant that a little sprinkling of rage, or fear, or grief, or other cause of agitation, gives spirit to the thing; and in mine will be found something of the sort—not that I suffer the distress to be very poignant—the animating perplexity of the heroine takes its birth in the doubt whether the immediate performance of the marriage-ceremony, which is to bring about the *denouement*, shall take place. A debtor and creditor inquiry goes forward, all which time the spectators are in an excited state of uncertainty, and the point is mooted, whether the gratification of impudence be intrinsically equivalent to the expense incurred under the new parliamentary

regulations concerning matrimony.—Not wishing, however, to harrow the feelings of my readers unnecessarily, I have not prolonged the suspense, and the satisfactory resolve to go forward is speedily decided upon.

Another point is worth noticing. Though mine is but one scene, yet the conclusion is the same as that which is arrived at by all the roundabout-ation of a five-act comedy. The hero and heroine make their bow and courtesy under the pleasing certainty that their nuptials are arranged. Nay more, my winding up extends beyond the ordinary stage-direction limits; for the licence is here purchased and rough-copied, though not engrossed—the priest is made aware, that his amalgamating powers will be needed between the hours of eight and twelve the next morning; and what remains but to buy the ring, (if indeed Peter be not supposed to have it in his waistcoat-pocket,) and to carve away at the bride-cake? Can any termination be nearer the perfection of a terse completeness?

Oh, Kit, if you should ever be tired of withering on the coburn-stalk of

single blessedness, how happy a thing you will find it, that you live in a land where you may go and be married in any spare half-hour! They tell me, that in Scotland there are no such boards, as this Act, erected there, threatening that spring-guns and steel-traps are set to catch youths and virgins, not qualified to take out a licence to enter upon Hymen's domains. The wish to be lawfully married is not there thought a very heinous offence. However, our legislators amused themselves for a good part of a session in making the Act, and highly righteous is the principle of one part of it; and now they may amuse themselves when they meet, in unravelling some of the knots which it was their pleasure to tie in the subordinate parts of the enactment. Whether you continue ribless, or become like a worsted stocking, or "the brown sea-sand," ribbed, believe me, ever yours,

BLAISE FITZTRAVESTY.

*Little Court, near Devil's Punch Bowl,
1st Dec. 1822.*

• NUPTIALS IN JEOPARDY.

REA. BENEDICK BROADBAND, L.L.B. a Surrogate.

PETER MINKIN, the Bridegroom elect.

JUDITH PRATT, the Bride elect.

ROBERT DRONEPIPE, Parish Clerk.

A Study, with a library-table in the centre, having an olio of papers on it—books scattered about ad libitum—A gown and hood on a peg in the back ground.

Rev. Mr BROADBAND, *solus*.

MAN needs a help-mate—there's no doubt of that—
And wedlock is a lock with many wards,
Whose key is with the Church deposited.
'Tis hard to turn it—and the bolt, once shot,
So should it aye remain.—Not iron coffins,
(Though novel in invention, legalized
By Letters Patent, and allow'd in use
By judgment in Court Ecclesiastical),
More shut-for-ever, when once solder'd down,
More tight, unyielding, and unclosable,
Than bonds of wedlock should be, when the parson,
Who holds the right of coupling man and wife,
Hath link'd them fast in matrimonial chain.
Methought we did this very well ere now,
And divers were the pairs and manifold
Whom I have yoked by parish-rousing banus,
Thrice called, thrice unreply'd to—Many, too,
By the blush-saving licence, which I granted
As Surrogate to my Right Reverend master.
Oh, Dr Phillimore, of Doctors' Commons!

In tightening bonds, that were a thought too loose,
 You acted well. E'en Surrogates allow
 Those clauses in your Act were sound and wholesome;
 But why hedge round with added obstacles
 The way that leads to pleasant matrimony?
 Why strew with thorns (in shape of affidavits,
 Oaths, and certificates, and extra fees)
 That erstwhile primrose way?—Alas! for us,
 Our labour's doubled, and we make no speed.
(Takes up a paper)—Here's Gregory Higgs can't yet be asked in
 church

To Sarah Potts, because he knows not where
 His mother litter'd him, and had him christen'd;
 Nor though he's thirty, can he find two men
 Who'll swear they've known him one-and-twenty years,
 For he has been a rover. I am vex'd,
 But of all ease—evermore cross'd and cross'd?

(Takes up an unfinished MS.)

Hence hath it happen'd, that to-morrow's sermon
(For I protest that this is Saturday)
 Is only written to the third division;
 Fourthly and fifthly are in embryo still
 Unborn. Well, well, I see now what will happen—
 Since no encouragement from my example
 Shall they, who preach extempore, derive;
 Too orthodox for such like crudities
 Is Benedick Broadband—if I must, I must,
 Vamp up an old one.

(Enter Robert Dronepipe.)

Rob. An't please your Reverence,
 A queerish couple want a licence of ye.

Mr B. Bring them in, Robin, times are alter'd now;
 We can't dispatch them as we used to do;
 The knot's not tied so quickly; now no ravelling
 Is suffer'd in the string—but come, we'll see 'em,
 And then examine if they have their papers
 All cut and dried, as Parliament requires.

(Robert introduces Mr Peter and Miss Judith.)

Mr B. Your servant, ma'am, and sir—take chairs—pray sit.
 Robin hath told me what your business is;
 But of the difficult preliminaries
 Are ye as yet advised?

Peter. Why, reverend sir,
 The sole preliminary I know of is,
 That this young lady *(hesitates)*—this fair

(Judith draws down her veil.)

Lady, sir,

Hath felt compunction for this beating heart—
 Hath crown'd my hopes—hath constituted me
 Happiest of men, by unreserved consent.
 So she, forsaking kith, and kin, and name—
 Her virgin title *Miss*, her surname Pratt;—
 Becomes to-morrow Mrs Minikin.

Mr B. Your raptures, sir—and pardon me for saying,
 They are somewhat warm—a-hein, a-hem!—considering
 My solemn function—they mislead you, sir
 From sober business. What I meant was, have you
 The proper documents for certifying
 Your age, and that of your intended lady;
 And that you know of no material reason,
 Let, gainsay, bar, charge, or impediment,
 Why you should not be joined?

Judith, (rather tartly.) A pretty business !
 What signifies the age ? we are one-and-twenty ;
 And never in our life-time have been married.
 Sure, Mr Broadband, you won't trouble us
 With any impertinent questions ?

Mr B. Madam, no—
 Far be impertinence from me ; I scorn
 To have the imputation cast upon me.
 But, ma'am, the law imperatively says,
 (See Tertio Georgii Quart. cap. 75,
 Sections the eighth and ninth especially,)
 That either party interchangeably
 Shall swear, that he himself, or she herself,
 Is of full age, and doth in fact believe
 That she or he, the other contracting party,
 (As case may be, intended wife or husband,)
 Is also not a minor. Are you prepared
 To do it ?

Judith. Yes, I'm better than twenty-one ;
 So's Mr Minikin, I'm pretty sure.

Peter. Ay, my sweet Judith speaks unquestion'd truth—
 I am not a minor—nor was I her choice
 Till she had by the law, I verily think,
 The power of choosing.

Mr B. So far then, so good :
 But other requisites the law demands.
 Have you certificates of baptism with you ?

Judith. No, sir. Is this a life assurance office ?
 I've think we are going to buy annuities ?
 Or to ask the parish for relief ? We come
 To get a marriage licence—if we can't
 Be here supplied, we'll go, sir, where we can.

Mr B. Madam, you are unnecessarily warm—
 These postulates are not of my devising—
 Go where you will, you cannot now escape 'em.

Judith. Well, then, let's have them.

Mr B. Where's your place of birth ?

Judith. Here both of us were born, baptized, and bred,
 Before you came as vicar.

Mr B. Robin, go
 And bring from the iron chest the register
 Of baptisms.

(*Exit Robin.*)

Meanwhile, madam, if you please
 To peruse this pair of clauses, you may see
 That I am acting only by instructions.

Judith. No, sir ! I don't know anything about it—
 Peter may look if he likes.

Peter. Why, honey sweet,
 Good Mr Broadband understands it best.

I can't say I'm of a capacity
 To underconstitutable Acts of Parliament ;
 They're mighty hard to construe.

(*Enter Robert, with a parchment-covered book.*)

Mr B. Well, Robin's come.
 Now, ma'am and sir, your birth-certificates
 Will cost, each eighteen-pence—So hath it been
 A custom immemorial in the parish ;
 Robin will prove, on oath, the verity
 Of what I shall extract ; but then he must
 Subscribe this testimony on a stamp—
 A half-crown stamp—so says the Tax-office.
 On such a stamp, too, must your affidavits
 Be made—so bids the Act.

Judith. Good gracious me !
Stamps without end, and fees at every turn !—
Peter, you're standing like a stock ! Why don't ye
See if this shameful charge can be avoided ?

Peter. Precious ! there's only two ways to be married,
By being asked in church, or else by licence.

Judith. Why, 'tis a shame, and I'm afraid, a sin,
To waste good money so. I've half a mind,
An 'twere not that this other way's gentler,
To wait for banns. What will be wanted then ? *

Mr B. Ma'am, you must still produce an affidavit,
And have your name stuck outside the church-door
For three whole weeks—besides—

Judith. Nay, say no more,
Go on, and make the extracts.

Mr B. (*Puts on his spectacles, and fumbles about the leaves.*) In courtesy,
Could you direct me to the year, in which
The entry of your christening-time was made ?

Judith. (*with a glum look.*) 'Tis very troublesome and nonsensical—
Why arn't we married as our mothers were ?

It can't be better done. My christening—eh !
'Twas long ago, sir,—for I'm turned of forty.

Mr B. Past forty ; I'll consult accordingly—
Here are the entries of my predecessor,
In the year seventeen hundred and eighty, madam,
And yet no Judith Pratt occurs.

Judith. Look back.

Mr B. (*Mutters.*) Seventy-nine, seventy-eight, five, four, three,
two, one—

We are back at seventy—Oh ! here's Judah Pratt—

Judith. That was my youngest brother.—I can't see why
One should be so particular—but I was
Just ten years older.

Mr B. Hom ! now we'll manage it.
In Anno Domini seventeen hundred sixty,
I find you down.

Judith. Well, make no noise about
Peter was born in fifty-eight, and therefore
Is two years older.

Peter. Right, my lovely Judith
I am sixty-four, come Whitsun-fair, and
I bear more years upon me, am abler thereto
To counsel and direct your feebler sex.
This arm, on which in love's devotedness
You lean, (at least you did so, when you entered
The room) shall be on all emergencies
Your ever sure defender.

Judith. Hold your tongue ;
Take out your purse, and see if you have brought
Silver enough, to buy these plaguy stamps ?

(*While Peter examines the state of his Exchequer, Mr B. is
writing ; he stops and turns to Peter.*)

Mr B. Shall I designate you by your employment ?

Peter. Yes, sir, my occupation is my boast.
Without my aid, sir, Beauty's robe would float
Loose to the winds ; her graceful form would lose
Half it's due praise, did I withhold the means
Of close adjustment.

Mr B. This is an enigma ;
Your passion makes you too rhetorical—
What, in plain terms, do others call your trade ?

Peter. A pin-maker.

Mr B. Ah, that's intelligible.
And for Miss Pratt—how name you her profession?

Peter. She lives upright.

Mr B. Upright? Why so I hope.

Peter. I mean that she's a milliner no longer,
But lives upon the means her worthy aunt,
Good Mrs Swelter of the Dog and Porridge Pot,
Left her by testamentary bequest.

(*Mr B. returns to his writing; Judith reckons over the money.*)

Judith. I declare, if I had known of what would happen,
I'd have been married ere the Act took place.—
Strange, Mr Minikin, you did not look to it
In proper time!

Peter. Why, charmer, you're aware,
My hopes and fears (whereof the tender passion
Is much compos'd) have swallowed up of late
All my small powers of prudent circumspection.
And though three half-crown stamps make seven-and-sixpence,
And eighteen pence twice counted is three shillings,
Which we must pay for the certificates;
And all this in addition to the stamps
Upon the bond and licence; and to that
The Reverend Mr Broadband's legal fee;
Besides, and eke, moreover, unto Robin
A title—altogether a power of money;
Yet, trust me, sweetest, dearest maid, I grudge not
The heavy outlay, since it gives me you,—
You whom I've sigh'd for, sued to, knelt to,—gain'd.
Believe me, oh believe your raptur'd Peter,
The sharpest, whitest, and best-headed pin,
Ne'er in my eyes glisten'd so beautiful,
As you do, Judith,—nay, I may say a paper
Of pins complete, evenly stuck and rank'd
In shining rows, though fine, is not a sight
Comparable to that our matrimonial licence,
Which the good Vicar is enditing for us.

Mr B. (looks round.) Pray, Mr Minikin, recollect yourself—
Reserve this fervour for a fitter season—
Respect my gown. I cannot sanction, sir,
Such indecorum.

Judith. *Peter,* you're a fool.
I wonder you've such spirits—as for me,
I've little joy in thinking of my wedding,
Considering what I'm made to pay for it.
But come, let us finish.

Peter. Lay it not to heart—
I'm in the mood to sing “Begone, dull Care.”
They say care kill'd a cat.

Judith. Don't mention cats.

Mr B. (coming forward.) Good sir, and worthy madam, I possess
Needful instructions, and can now proceed.
All your credentials shall be ready for you
To-morrow morning, and you then shall learn,
In one round sum, the charges you incur.
Come to the church within canonical hours,
And I will fix your happiness.

Peter. Oh, sir,
Doubt not I'll come, this lady at my side;
The happy bridegroom I, and she the smiling bride.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. IV.

My stomach fraught with a Paduan dinner, my head with Shakespeare, Otway, Byron, and the rest of the *splendide mendicars*, I set out for Venice towards evening, in a high state of excitement and expectation. We drove for miles along the far-famed Brenta, a river which I can compare to nothing but the Paddington-canal; narrow, and shallow, and muddy, it creeps along through the most insipid, abominable flat in Christendom—how the muses ever deigned to visit such a spot, must be an eternal marvel. *Noi de gustibus non*—poets differ. Byron has spent his utmost powers of description on this spot, while Dante resorted to it only for the purpose of comparing it to a part of hell—

"E quale i Padovan lungo la Brenta," &c.
Inf. c. 13.

It has not even the poetical accompaniment of solitude; snug, white-washed casinos stretch along its banks, the former residence, say the poets, of the merchants of Venice.—Granted—neater citizens' boxes are not to be seen; it seems the very ideal of a Cuckney Arcadia. There is the sedge canal, stirred from its slumbers every now and then by a long bark, dragged by starved horses; then comes the neat, gravelled, little road upon the bank; and then the aforesaid country-boxes, aping architecture with a profusion of fretted plaster. Look beyond, and you see nothing but a never-ending reedy swamp. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive how rivers can be so insipid, as they are in the north of Italy. The Brenta is, without exception, the ugliest in the world—flect-ditch must have been preferable; and the Adige and the Po are not much better; the latter is broad and rapid, with myriads of classic poplars along its banks; but the country through which they all roll, is duller than the worst fog of a London winter.

We were overtaken on the road by a begilded courier, in a hurry, who informed us with a face of huge importunity that he preceded the *Ministre d'etrange*, a grand milord. I expected to see Lord Londonderry drive who at that time—the car contained no other than our wor-

thy Vice-Chancellor. The courier, it seems, had lost his way, and he approached Sir John, at a small town we stopped at, to make his excuses. The side of his face next the carriage was the most obsequious and repentant imaginable, while with the other he contrived to set the whole village a-laughing.

We crossed the Lagunes by night, and saw not Venice, till we smelt it. From the petty arch of the Rialto, however, under which we passed, I guessed the disappointments of the morrow.

"Glory and Empire! once upon these towers,
With Freedom—godlike triad! how ye ate it!"

For freedom, read national independence, and the boast is true. But in his love of Venice, could the noble poet, who, in his indignation against Lord Elgin for bringing home the Athenian marbles, outstepped the bounds of gentility, and even of common sense—could he forget that his chosen city, this Venice, was the first plunderer of Greece, nay, even the very destroyer of the Greek empire? And that, if we now lament the slavery of Greece, it is the Venetians we have to thank, who, by their siege and *prise* of Constantinople, gave it, we may say, to the Turks? Whence came the lions at her arsenal gates? whence her triumphal columns, and the ornaments of her museums?—any guide-book will tell they are the plunder of Greece. Without a single classical association of her own, Venice, though the daughter of Italy, has been the Goth to Greece; and her conquests over its unfortunate emperors are the eternal boasts of her canvas. I cannot think of her history without dissenting strongly from the eulogies of the poet:

"——— for, from all days and climes,
She was the voyager's worship;—even her crimes
Were of the softer order; born of Love,
She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread."

As to her internal government, poetic as it was, no one will now stand up—

if they do, the places of the Lions' heads are there to answer. And with respect to her lamented fall, no nation ever so richly deserved it, by her meanness and coward servility. We cannot forget that almost the last act of her independence was her pawn-broking answer to the present King of France, when he demanded the sword of Henry the Fourth.* Such considerations cancel the beautiful elegiac stanzas of our poet :

"Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turned to dust and tears;
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
And even the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
The echo of the tyrant's voice along
Thy soft waves, once all musical to song."

Poets speak more truth in jest than in earnest. "Beppo" is the true picture of Venice, and, like the romance of Don Quixote in Spain, affords a fuller idea of that half European half Oriental town, than a hundred prosaic detailed accounts.

"They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians."

True—but the pretty faces are not to be met in the streets; and a foreigner who has neglected to provide himself with introductions, will certainly come to the conclusion, that the Venetian women are one of the ugliest races in Italy. The square of St Mark's was larger than my expectations, indeed it should be extensive, considering that it is the only walkable spot in Venice. The taste of Pierre for taking "his midnight walk on the Rialto," must have been inconvenient, it being extremely difficult to pass the bridge by day-light without breaking one's shins. Figure to yourself a narrow, lofty bridge, of one arch, so steep that you mount and descend by stairs, and even this strait, straitened by two rows of shops, one on each side, which gratuitously strew the bridge with filth and fruit-rind, and all the slippery commodities they can collect. To one who

treads infirm, the Rialto is a perfect Lodi to pass. In excuse of Otway, it may be said, to be sure, that the name of Rialto is not confined to the bridge, but extends to the filthy and abominable quarter around it—qually unfit for a walk, at least of meditation.

"Did'st ever see a gondola?" I expected to see a coffin in a boat, but then a neat, black, poetical vehicle; how silly to expect neatness in things analogous to our hackney-coaches, and not to foresee that black cloth continually exposed to sun and salt water turns brown! There are, nevertheless, soft cushions in the said coffins, huge and soft as feather-beds, the traditional remnants of past luxury. The only part of the gondola which is picturesque, is its lofty iron prow, fantastically carved and cut in teeth; by moonlight, these shining prows and oars, contrasted with the sombre bark and solitary gondolier in the stern, have no unpoetical effect. When rowed by a single gondolier, as is the case when you enter alone, the motion of the boat is exceedingly unpleasant, the gondolier being obliged to scull—the boat wavers from side to side, then pushes on—from side to side again, then on. With two rowers, however, the motion is not disagreeable. Noisy fellows these gondoliers, but a fine, faithful, violent race. Byron, whose name they all adore, and are ever mentioning, took one of them as his servant, the same who was supposed to have wounded the Pisan corporal. The gondolier that conducted me at Venice, asked me as an Englishman, if I had heard of this escape, or how circumstances went. I could not inform him. Though anxious to see the palace where Byron lived, and to hear anything relative to a countryman of such genius, I resolved to ask no questions. The gondolier did not wait to be asked, but pointing out the *Casa Vecchia Menecengo*, the old palace of the Menecengos (there are two) on the grand canal, told me that there his lordship had resided, and continued to relate numerous sto-

* "Louis Stanislaus Xavier, dans son indignation, montra une juste fierté que ses malheurs précédens n'avaient encore que faiblement excités. Il déclara qu'il quitterait Vérone aussitôt qu'on lui aurait rendu l'épée dont Henri IV. avait fait présent à la république, et qu'on lui aurait présenté le livre d'or pour y rayer le nom de sa famille. Cette dernière condition lui fut accordée avec dédain. 'Nous sommes prêts,' ajoute le senat, 'à vous rendre l'épée de Henri IV. si vous nous rendez les onze millions que nos aïeux prêtèrent à ce monarque.' Ceux qui faisaient cette froide ironie allaient bientôt cesser de dominer."—*Lucrèce, Proci, &c.*

ries of the same personage, some of them curious enough, but most of them instances of charity and benevolence.

We visited all the churches. It is inconceivable to one uninitiated in the secrets of architecture, how such enthusiasm as we daily read and hear, can be excited by the stone fronts of these petty brick buildings. The Redentore, which is most admired, I took for a barn or granary, not having an idea from the opposite side of the canal that such a mass of brick could have been a church. Let the ignorant enter, however, and they soon begin to divine that there is something in architecture. National jealousy leads one to deny reality or depth to those arts, which we must borrow; but architecture should be looked on like language or geometry, and considered as a thing fixed, which it is vain to attempt rivalling. It would be an idle love of national originality, that would seek to invent the alphabet, or the first book of Euclid afresh. The most interesting church to me in Venice, was that least celebrated for its architecture, that of the Jesuits, otherwise called St John and St Paul; it is the Westminster Abbey of Venice, full of the monuments of its fallen families. The floor and walls are full of those old names which romancers and dramatists so much delight in; there I marked the monument of Michael Steno himself, as ugly a Christian as ever was seen cut in marble. St Mark's church I knew not what to make of; flaming with mosaic, and gold, and porphyry, old without being venerable, and joining gorgeousness with poverty, what does it resemble? It is more like the Pavilion at Brighton than any edifice I know.

The Doge's palace is, next to the ruins of old Rome, the most interesting relic in Italy—for a relic it may now be called. There nowhere exists such a monument of the grandeur of the middle ages—the paraphernalia of empire are still untouched, the halls of the councils and of the senate, still are there, with the same seats on which sate in power and office the Venetian nobles. The paintings that record their early glories, are in the places for which they were first designed; and the very gilding and canopy that overhung their thrones, are undecayed. To enter is to surprise and start on infancy, with all the truth

of the fall of grandeur, but without the decay and oblivion which that fall entails. It is catching old Time with his scythe uplifted, and suspending the stroke to allow us a moment of admiration.

We approach the Piazzetti in a gondola, viewing the Arabesque mass of the Palace, and the Bridge of Sighs that joins to the prison, petty but interesting. Before us, as we land, are the two pillars, with the winged lion (once more the original one) and the soldier with his spear and shield, and crocodile. We take care to avoid the unlucky approach, and proceeding onward, contemplate St Mark's, and catch in profile the brazen horses over her gates. We, however, turn short to the right, and enter the court-yard of the palace, mount the Giant's stair-case, which, in contradiction to its name, is small and elegant, being so called, not from its size, but from the statues which adorn it. Opposite are the holes of the Lion's heads, which, poetical as they may be, were deservedly destroyed by the French; and mounting up another story, we find ourselves in the Hall of the Great Council. It is an immense room, with one of those splendidly carved and gilded ceilings that are only to be seen in Italy. The council it now contains is not so noisy as the one of old, the members being merely of marble and on canvass. It is, in fact, the gallery, to which end its former decorations were not unfitted; the end wall, where once the Doge used to be seated, is covered with the Paradise of Tintoretto. The pictures around relate, with vanities not always true, the conquests and glory of the Republic. They recalled to my mind Wilkie's picture recording the victory of Waterloo—what a difference! Our artist tells the story all as well, without a single object or appendage that could offend the conquered—no dragon crushed beneath a warrior's foot, or pierced by his spear—no colours trampled, or prisoners bound—and the very glee of the exultant *militaire* is of that frank, unmalicious kind, in which Napoleon himself must have joined him. That picture of Wilkie's does as much honour to the man as the artist. My Cognoscenti companion expatiated with great enthusiasm on a piece of sculpture, the eagle carrying away Ganymede, which the Venetians kept, by giving the French in

exchange I know not how many thousand manuscripts. The head of the eagle is singularly expressive of the tender passion. I don't like those knowing boasts. Amorous eagles and weeping lions formed a part of the ancient taste, that we should not adopt.

From the Hall of the Great Council, we were conducted to the halls of the more select assemblages, all rich and worthy of the great republic—the general use of the nut or hazel-wood in the furniture and seats, spoils the appearance of grandeur to an English eye. The same want of a precious wood, answering our mahogany, is remarkable throughout Italy; the hazel is but a poor substitute. The cabinet, and one of the halls, now a court of justice, are rich in choice paintings—a female Venice, by Paul Veronese, in the former apartment, struck me as very fine. Several pieces of the first masters, however, have not yet returned from Paris to fill their old compartments in the ceiling.

Of private palaces, that of the Marquis of Pesaro seems the most extensive. The largest and most splendid ones on the grand Canal, have been converted into public offices. One is a post-office, another a custom-house, another the governor's residence, &c. while many are wholly deserted. To these, it is said, the tremendous storm of St John's eve last year caused infinite damage.

"Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear."

The gondoliers sing, and most vociferously too, but not Tasso. The verses of the Jerusalem, now unheard at Venice, were never, I should think, peculiar to that city. At Florence, Rome, and Naples, they are still common. At Rome, I seldom or ever walked out without hearing them. The Cantilena at Rome is disagreeable; some of those at Florence are by no means so.

The Manfrini and Barberiogo palaces contain the best galleries of Venice. The former, if size and selectness be duly balanced in the comparison, is perhaps the best in Italy—there is scarcely an uninteresting picture in the collection. I obeyed Byron's injunction,—

"And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
That picture (howsoever fine the rest) .
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show, &c.
'Tis but a portrait of his son and wife,
And self, but such a woman! love is life!"

Cannot say I was struck with the said picture. At the palace of a Jew, is Canova's Hebe. I did not see his early work of Dædalus and his son; but from the east I can well imagine the justice of Mr Forsyth's admiration. The head is that of a vulgar artist, fitting the wing on his son, full more of the workman than the father, to reverse Forsyth's sentence, but still beautiful. The pleased vanity of Icarus is perhaps happier.

We went to the opera, heard bad music, and saw worse dancing. I never beheld any thing in my life so disgusting as the stage-dancing at Venice. Elephants in petticoats would have been more decent and more graceful; yet they

"were skilful in the dance as
Italians can be, though in this their glory
Must surely yield the palm to that which
France has."

It is a barbarism to mention French and Italian dancing in the same sentence. In Italy, it is nothing but awkward indecency; in France, it is a fourth art, almost worthy of being joined with the other three. "It is at the opera alone," said Madame de Staël, "that I regretted the ancient regime." The grandeur and the grace of the spectacle could even change the political principles of the half-republican.

Adieu.

ONOMASTY can bear witness how often we have expressed our astonishment, that so many English officers should have spent years and years in Spain and Portugal, without taking the trouble to communicate to the public at home any part of that knowledge which they must, many of them at least, have picked up about the literature, the history, or even the present state of manners and customs throughout these interesting countries. It is, to be sure, a still more serious reproach, that none of them have done any thing worth mentioning for the history of the campaigns in which they were personally engaged, and that Mr Southey, who, of all persons that ever wrote on military subjects, seems to have the least of a military eye, should be permitted to stand alone as the recorder of the Great Lord's Peninsular achievements. But here there might be some room for a species of modesty by no means uncommendable; while, as to the other affairs to which we have alluded, we are at a loss to conceive what excuse, or shadow of an excuse, can be set up for them. We are afraid that a great many of our young gentlemen, who might have turned the acquirement to a very different account, were contented to learn the language only for the sake of scolding waiters, and flirting with chamber-maids.

The Letters of Don Leucadio Dublado, (i. e. we believe, Mr Blanco White), which originally appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, and have recently been published in a separate volume, are in a high degree interesting. They are very plainly, and, at the same time, elegantly written, and the body of information they contain is worthy of the style in which it is conveyed. Whether the Novel that now lies on our table be the production of the same accomplished gentleman or not, we have no means of ascertaining. Be it whose it may, it is deserving of much more attention than even now-a-days is commonly bestowed on works of this species. It evinces an accurate knowledge of old Spanish manners, and feelings, and characters; and although the au-

thor displays little skill in the structure of a fable, he writes with a spirit that carries one through his volumes with unflagging interest. In a word, had this book appeared ten years ago, it must have produced a *sensation*.

The success of our splendid Scottish Novelist has been such, that people seem to talk of him as having not merely carried a species of writing to perfection, but as having absolutely invented one. It is nevertheless quite certain that he has done no such thing: the idea of mixing historical events and personages with fictitious events and characters, is, in fact, as old as the hills. The Essay "Sur la Maniere d'inventer une Fable," by Mademoiselle de Soudery, contains every rule that has been followed in Waverley, Nigel, &c. These works differ in *merit* only, not in *species*, even from such books as "Thaddeus of Warsaw," or "the Scottish Chiefs" of Miss Porter:—and the writer of a Spanish historical romance, has no more business to be called a follower of the Author of Waverley, (unless he imitates that great author's particular and original *style and manner*), than he, the Author of Waverley, had, when he first appeared, to be called a follower of the Author of "the Princess of Cleves."

We have thrown out this hint because we have thought it needful in general. As to the Novel of Vargas itself, we have no hesitation in saying that it is an imitation of the Waverley Novels; but it possesses merits of its own—such as call for a degree of notice very different from what we, or indeed any other critics, have ever thought it worth while to bestow on the clumsy and crude attempts at imitation of that author's manner, with which the press is continually loaded—the "Pontefract Castles"—the "Tales of my Aunt Martha"—the "Welsh Historical Romances"—*et hoc genus*. The scene is laid on a fresh and a fertile soil—the characters are strongly drawn—and the style is clear, nervous, and muscular—above all, quite free from that sickening excess of fine words, amidst the music of which too many of our pre-

* Vargas: A Tale of Spain, in three volumes. London. Baldwin, Craddock, and Joy. 1822.

sent writers of prose-fiction seem to think they may disguise the poverty of their conceptions, "whistling as they go for want of thought."

The story, as we have hinted above, is not managed with adroitness. Every now and then the reader is hurried *per saltum* from one set of actors to another, in a most inartificial manner; and the catastrophe is fully developed very long before the last volume closes. These, however, are the faults of inexperience, and may all be avoided, by a little more reflection and consideration, in a succeeding effort.

It is a very common *cant* at present, that the structure of the fable is a matter of very inferior importance—that if the characters be strongly drawn, and the particular scenes interesting in themselves—it is quite enough. Now, there is no doubt that a man of very high genius, such for example, as the author of *Waverley*, may, by excess of merit elsewhere, induce readers to pay comparatively little attention to a flimsy and inartificial story. But even in his case, are not those novels read most frequently where the plot is the best? Is not the *Bride of Lammermoor* a greater favourite than the *Legend of Montrose*? Is not *Kentworth* read over a second time with more pleasure than the *Pirate*? And in all these cases, does not a very great part, at least, of the superiority, consist in the more artful construction of the story? And does any one doubt for a moment, that if the author of these splendid works were really to set himself to work, and form, in deliberate meditation, a fable as skilful as that of *Tom Jones*, and then write that fable with all his own power, and adorn it with all his own *poetry*, he would create a work not only far superior to any he has ever yet created, but far superior to anything any preceding novelist could have imagined or dreamed of? Nobody would have been so absurd as to bid a Fielding attempt imitation of that author's peculiar excellencies; but we confess we can see no harm in suggesting to him the propriety of attempting a thing which we cannot permit ourselves to doubt his capacity of performing—if he would but take the trouble—if he would but forget his '*I cannot be pushed*.' The writer of *Vargas* will apply all these things to himself a *fortiori*.

His hero is a young man, who has

been brought up from infancy in the house of a Spanish nobleman of high rank, the Marquess de Bohorquia. No relationship being known to exist between him and his patron family, the situation held by him was somewhat equivocal. He had always, however, been treated with extreme kindness by the Marquis himself, and was a great favourite with all the household, not, of course, excepting the Marquess's young and beautiful daughter, *Cornelia*.

The loves of this couple were just beginning to blossom, when the Marquess of Bohorquia announced to Vargas, that his profession must be that of *THE CHURCH*. The youth, after a thousand efforts to convince the Marquis that he can never do any good in a profession for which he feels total disinclination—is at last threatened with a word, of all others the most awful to a Spanish ear—*THE INQUISITION*. He wanders into the gardens, his mind torn in the most perplexing meditations, when, behold, the fair *Cornelia* comes upon him while he is sitting alone in a bower. The scene in which the first open declaration of passion is wrung from Vargas, almost in the midst of his despair, is one of power and of delicacy also. *Cornelia*, overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, has not command of herself to withhold one thing—and that is a confession as full, as free as her lover's. Vargas enjoys for a moment the happiness of loving and being loved; and then, from a sense of the utter improbability that he shall ever be able to make *Cornelia* his wife, he nerves himself for a fearful sacrifice, tears himself from the bosom that has just been surrendered, and, in a word, resolves to quit the soil of Spain, rather than endanger, by remaining, the felicity of the being above all others dear to him.

Vargas flees to England, where he arrives about the period of *Throgmorton's* plot, in Elizabeth's time. Thrown upon his own resources, he applies himself to the study of the English language, and gains his bread by teaching his own. In the course of his residence in London, his attention comes to be attracted by the great subjects of religious dispute which then agitated the whole European world; and Vargas, who had left Spain out of reluctance to be a Spanish priest, and out of fear of the Inquisition, ends

with being a sincere and devout member of the Protestant church of England.

The Marquis of Bohorquia being, naturally, a very good-natured man, would soon have relented in favour of his absent favourite, but for the adverse influence exerted over his mind by his confessor and next-door neighbour, the Archbishop of Seville. This dignified Ecclesiastic being called to make some residence at Court, a priest of another sort becomes the spiritual guide of the Marquis for the time, and the result is, that ere long, a letter is dispatched to Vargas in London, in consequence of which the converted adventurer once more turns his eyes towards the Peninsula. Arrived in Spain, he throws himself at the feet of the Marquess, but the adverse influence having been restored to its authority, he soon finds it in vain to hope for any effectual bending of the stern pride of the Grandee. He subsists at Seville by teaching English, and after a long series of struggles, is privately married to Cornelia. The young lady has been converted to the adopted faith of her lover; and their views are to embrace the first opportunity of quitting Spain, to repair to England, and there to lead a humble and a happy life together.

Time passes on, and no opportunity of escape appears: in short, the situation of affairs becomes at last so pressing, that Vargas resolves to make one last desperate effort to obtain the forgiveness of the Marquess. Deceived by an external show of kindness, he, in an evil hour, determined to attempt procuring the assistance of the person who, he well knew, possessed the greatest sway over the mind of old Bohorquia. In a word, Vargas tells his love to the Archbishop of Seville. The ecclesiastic harrows all his soul, by dropping a hint that he himself is a natural son of Bohorquia, and consequently Cornelia's brother—brother at once and husband. Vargas flies from his presence in despair and desolation; and in the same hour Cornelia is in secrecy seized and conveyed to the Palace of the Inquisition of Seville, an ancient Moorish edifice, by name the Alcazar. Vargas, in the course of his flight, has an occasional rencounter with a young cavalier, Don Diego Meneses; he is wounded, and immediately conveyed into the Castle of Alange, where, through the successful combatant's kindness,

he is hospitably received and put to bed. These incidents form the chief materials of the first volume; but they are there brought out in an order of great inversion, and, as we apprehend, of needless perplexity.

It turns out that this Don Diego de Meneses is the identical cavalier whom the Marquess de Bohorquia had all along designed for his son-in-law; and whom he had just sent for, in consequence of the alarm into which he and all his household had been thrown by the sudden disappearance of Cornelia. Meneses is a true high-spirited Spanish hidalgo of the old school; and when he and Vargas have exchanged confidences, and when he finds that the lady whom he had hitherto regarded as his own affianced bride, had been for some time the wife of his new friend, he, like a cavalier as he is, determines to devote himself to the service of the unfortunate pair. He repairs immediately to Seville, to try what can be discovered as to Cornelia's fate: while Vargas, recovered from his wound, but careful of exposing himself needlessly, awaits at Alange, according to the plan that had been preconcerted, the result of Meneses' romantic endeavours in behalf of his wife. In the meantime, his attention is attracted to the violent penance daily inflicted on himself by Father Lawrence, an old ecclesiastic resident in the castle; and he learns that this habitual severity is the result of remorse for some long-past crime. But we must hasten on.

Vargas at length receives a mysterious billet from Meneses, and he quits Alange to obey its summons. But as he travels towards Seville, his Star brings him into abundance of new adventures. In the course of one of these, he finds himself obliged to sustain for a time the character of a Spanish priest, and to receive the dying confession of a certain Marchioness de Montemolin. The story told by this poor sinner, is found to have some singular points of coincidence with that of the miserable and remorseful priest at Alange. In short, this Marchioness and Father Lawrence had been both concerned in a terrible crime: that crime was murder—and the intended victim, who had escaped by a wonderful accident from the fate designed for him, was heir to all the titles and possessions of the great family of Velada. The reader already foresees

the solution of the knot. This was no other than Vargas himself; and he is at length relieved from all that portion of his troubles which had sprung from the uncertainty of his birth, and the suspicion of his being the brother of Cornelia.

The Archbishop of Seville is the scoundrel of the novel. He attempts Cornelia's virtue while in the dungeons of the Inquisition; and being repulsed with horror, determines to sacrifice her to the cruelty of that odious tribunal. Meneses, however, counterworks him. The cavalier contrives to get into the service of the Inquisition as an *Alcazil*, and at last, after a variety of very pretty perplexities and difficulties, he carries off both the Archbishop and Cornelia, by help of some gypsies whose alliance he has cultivated. The miseries of the captive Archbishop are the best of the comic materials in the whole work.

The end is, that the Marquis de Bohorquia, his eyes being opened to the rascality of the Archbishop, consents to receive Cornelia as the wife of Vargas, or rather (for such he has now been proved) of Velada. The Archbishop himself being discovered to have had a hand in the original planning of the Marchioness of Montemolin's crime, meets with a fate worthy of his complicated villainies. But nothing can reconcile Vargas and Cornelia to Spain. They quit the land of Inquisitions, and settle themselves according to their original plan, but under circumstances of a very different order, in England.

Our hurried sketch has been intended solely to give the reader some general notion of the sort of characters and events in which this author deals—by no means to forestall the interest of the performance itself. We shall now make a few extracts, to give, in a similar way, something like an idea of the style and execution.

And first, we shall quote a whole chapter out of volume the second; because it is in itself an excellent chapter, and because it has nothing to do with the main story of Don Bartolomé Vargas. It details the history of the great Catholic Festival of St Mark, at Llerena.

"On the vigil of the feast, the curate of the parish, properly apparelled and accompanied, went to the nearest herd of cattle, and pointing out a bull from amongst them,

he gave it the name of the saint; and calling it by its new and christian appellation, it instantly became as tame and domesticated as a lamb, following him to the church, where it remained while the mass was saying, and allowing women and children to decorate its horns with the garlands and little images which were abundantly offered by the devout worshippers of Saint Mark. If, perchance, the bull should prove refractory, or should refuse to obey the curate's call, the unhappy priest was immediately convicted in the minds of the people of being in the commission of some mortal sin, and shunned accordingly.

"Vespers being performed, the priest led the canonised bull along the streets of the town, and even into the patios or inner quadrangles of the principal houses. If the animal should happen to show a disposition not to enter into any one of the houses where the priest wished to lead him, it was immediately assumed by these heathen people, either that evil events were about to happen to the inhabitants of the ill-fated abode, or that some great sinner or wicked heretic resided there. After his evening's perambulation, the sacred bull passed the night under the care of the curate, and in the morning assisted at the ceremony of high mass in the church, where the same adornments and offerings took place as on the evening before. As soon as the office was finished, the miraculous interposition ceased, the bull became unsanctified; and, recovering all its natural ferocity, off it bounded to the herd again, bellowing, pawing, and giving all other indications of a real *saucine* disposition.

"Now really I think it necessary, before I proceed in my relation of what occurred to Vargas at Llerena during this miraculous ceremony, to run the risk of being thought proving by the reader, that I may defend myself from the charge of absurdity, misrepresentation, and exaggeration, which it is more than probable that he has brought against me in his mind. Good reader, I have committed no anachronism; I have not mistaken a pagan sacrifice in the second century before our Saviour for a Christian ceremony in the 18th century after his birth. Neither have I been guilty in the least degree of misrepresentation or exaggeration: I will put in a note (not to interrupt those who do not like to read hard names,) references to certain grave authors, who have written fully on the subject, describing minutely every part of the festival, and the usual performances of the miracle. Justice, however, requires that I should also state, that Pope Clement VIII. who sat in St Peter's chair in the year 1604 (after Vargas was at Llerena,) directed a bull to the Bishop of the diocese upon the subject, condemning the ceremony, and desiring that it might be discontinued. It

was not, however, given up until the beginning of the 18th century, more than a hundred years afterwards, as plainly appears from good Father Feyjoo's curious and interesting examination of the subject in his *Teatro Crítico*, and his *Cartas Eruditas*.^{*} This was an extraordinary contest between the Pope's bull and St Mark's bull; and it must be allowed that the bull of St Mark shewed remarkable courage in maintaining his ground for a whole century, against the bull of St Peter.

"Having said thus much, to secure my character from the suspicion of being tainted with a traveller's talent, I will leave my industrious readers to examine my authorities, promising them beforehand that their reward will amply recompense the trouble; and my indolent readers to take my correctness for granted, assuring them that they may do so with safety; and I will give both descriptions of readers a further illustration of the custom to which I have alluded, by carrying them with Vargas to Llerena, where he arrived shortly after noon, upon an ambling Andalusian post-horse, in a hot day, the vigil of the festival of St Mark.

"Indeed the heat was so overpowering, and his debilitated frame had been so wearied in the course of his journey, that he felt it absolutely necessary to take some repose. The bustle and crowded state of Llerena, however, afforded him but little prospect of a quiet hour of siesta; and his repugnance to the thought of remaining longer than he could possibly help, amidst the haunts of gaiety, bigotry, and folly, had determined him not to yield to his increasing fatigue, but to pursue his journey at all events to the next town, which he might probably find deserted, as its inhabitants would most likely join the devotional throng at the altar of St Mark.

"His intention was, however, altered upon finding that the approach to Llerena was through a tolerably thick wood, the shelter of which seemed to promise security at once from the rays of the sun and the intrusion of the world. Discharging his horse and guide, therefore, he desired him to take his valise to the post-house, where he would claim it in a short time; and then, diving into the recesses of the wood, he sought out a convenient spot where he might take his rest. He was prevented from choosing any of the numerous couches which presented themselves under the tent-like trees that surrounded him, by the number of cattle which crossed his path in small groups, driven by the heat of the sun

from the open pasture into the cooler retreats of the wood. As the intrusion of these would be as effectual to prevent his sleep as that of the crowd in Llerena, he endeavoured, by going further into the wood, to find some safer shelter, and he was not disappointed. The ground, which had been gradually rising, now became more hilly, and on the side of a little steep ascent there appeared a grotto, partly natural and partly artificial, into which he immediately entered. The grotto, which was wide at its opening, narrowed into a smaller path, but as it became perfectly dark, and as Vargas had more weariness than curiosity, he proceeded not far, but arranging himself for rest upon the ground, he soon fell fast asleep.

"From this refreshing and necessary slumber, he was awakened in an extremely unpleasant manner by the furious entrance of a bull into the grotto, not as having strayed there of its own accord, but evidently angered by pursuit. Vargas thought that he could not be safer than at his full length, and particularly as he was too far down the dark part of the grotto to be a striking object to the animal; he therefore determined to remain quiet until he should be more closely pressed. Two men appeared at the mouth of the grotto peeping in cautiously.

"By St Mark," said the first, "he has given us a run. If you had taken my advice, and followed the bald-faced one, we should have had him here an hour ago." "Marry—heed it not, man," replied his companion, "but make the best of it now; we have saved father Jerome from mortal sin, however;" and they both laughed. "Hail on him till you are out of the wood, Pedro," said the first speaker. "The dull beast drinketh not, and the curate may be a rare sinner yet."

"The bull, after snuffing some time in different parts of the grotto, at length put his nose into a small trough which had been placed on the ground, and drank freely of its contents.

"By the mass, thou liest," said Pedro triumphantly, "the beast drinketh and believeth the proverb, 'as much wine as a king, as much water as an ox;'† and in time hath he drank, seeing that the siesta hour is well nigh spent; and the men boldly entered the grotto.

"The effect of the wine was almost immediate upon the bull; he became stupefied, and allowed the men to approach him without the slightest resistance. As a further means of securing the tractableness of the

* The authors to whom I allude, are the Jesuit Carlos Camedei, in the 5th volume of his "*Crisis Theologica*," lib. 15. cap. 1. No. 58. Juan de Santo Thomas, vol. 6, quest. 7. The Fathers of Salamanca, vol. 6. Cura Menéndez, vol. 15, cap. 11. Thomas Garrado, *Barca Moral*, vol. 1. Tract. 5. cap. 4; and most particularly and interestingly Father Feyjoo, who wrote between the years 1720 and 1765. *Teatro Crítico*, vol. 7, dis. 8. *Cart. Erud.* vol. 3. *Cart. 16*.

† *Poco come rey, agus como bucy*; a proverb, by the way, which speaks well for the sobriety of the Spaniards.

animal, they proceeded to tie a piece of lime catgut tightly round his leg, just above the knee, and then they led him quietly by the very horns, to the mouth of the grotto, where, directing their course towards a head close by, they drove him into the midst of it. Vargas arose and followed them at a little distance, from whence he observed that one of the men remained near the herd while the other went off towards the town.

"Vargas had heard so many details of the miracle of St Mark from the good-natured wine-merchant of Xerez, and from the *mazos de posta*, that he easily conjectured that he had now witnessed the preparation for that mysterious event; and, forcibly struck by the dreadful state of mental slavery which it evinced in the people, and still more so by the blasphemous wickedness which it proved in the priesthood, he could not forbear wishing to see how both would be led by these different powers. He had not long to wait;—in a short time the noise of an approaching crowd was heard; music and singing, and loud voices. A vast concourse of people appeared through the trees, dressed out in all the gala which a whole year's pinching could provide. At the head walked a priest, richly apparelled, and supported on either side by two Dominican friars, there being a considerable Dominican convent in the town; before them walked boys in harpices with censers, and behind them was a procession of friars and other religious persons.

"When this assemblage approached the herd, the frightened animals turned to fly, but this was prevented by a detachment from the main mob, which, having got round them, arrested their flight. Silence was now proclaimed by the ringing of a bell, and there was an immediate suspension of all the other less sacred noises which had before filled the air. Not a sound was now heard, until, after a proper pause, the priest's voice gave utterance to the following invocation.

"Blessed bull, honoured above thy kind by divine permission, and for the glory of the ever-to-be-venerated Evangelist, St Mark! I call thee by his all-sanctified name, and invite thee to be present at the sacred functions to be performed this evening and to-morrow in his honour."

"At these words a shout was set up by the surrounding crowd, loud enough to frighten all the bulls in Estremadura. The sacred herd instantly reumpered off, and were not prevented from so doing this time as they had been before; but, bounding away, they left their bearded companion, prevented from making his escape both by the giddiness in his head, and the pain occasioned by the invisible ligature round the muscle of his leg. Overjoyed at this manifest miracle, the people rushed forward, carrying the priest and the procession be-

fore them by their impulse. Every one strove to be foremost in paying honour to the sacred bull; flowers and little paper ornaments were thrown upon him in profusion, and the air rung with the praise of St Mark. Meantime the attendants of the curate, having thrown a small string round the horns of the animal, led him away towards the town, surrounded everywhere by echoing exclamations of conviction and delight. 'See, the lion is led by a ribband!' 'A child may play with its horns!' 'The spirit of the saint is surely in him.' While the softer feelings of the female part of the crowd found a more characteristic mode of expression, in applying all manner of tender epithets to the huge beast, always coupling them with the name *Mascos*, in some of its various forms of diminution: 'oh, gentle *Marcitos*!' 'beautiful *Marcotillos*!' 'regaladísimo *Marcutitos*!' 'ay que angel *de tern*!' 'what an angel of a bull!' &c. &c.

"To such of my readers as have had the satisfaction of seeing Raphael's Cartoons at Hampton-Court, it will be unnecessary to give any further description of the procession of the bull of St Mark into the city of Llerena, than to call to their remembrance the painting there of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, in which the principal group of plebeian and unintellectual faces, crowding round the bull decorated for sacrifice, may be considered an exact representation of this truly pagan scene. Vargas looked on with pity, with contempt, and with horror. All that the venerable Master Walker, his English guide and director, had said, whilst drawing a comparison between pagan Rome and papal Rome, came forcibly to his mind, and its application to the present ceremony brought with it strong and overwhelming conviction.

"Vargas followed the multitude into the town, influenced, however, by a different kind of curiosity from that which acted upon the gay slaves of bigotry, who hugged their chains, and laughed at their own mental blindness. They went from the idiot curiosity of darkened minds to see the spiritualised bull bow at the altar of St Mark. He followed from the painful desire to witness how far the well-grounded security of those legerdemain priests would induce them to joust the degraded minds of their fellow-men, how far their daring impiety and practical unbelief would lead them to profane the Divine presence in his sacred temple, and to outrage decency and common sense in the prohibition. His was, perhaps, the only brow that bore the impress of melancholy, amongst the many that poured along the streets of Llerena, occupying their breadth with a surface of heads, as if an enormous cart-load of melons had been emptied into the opening space. The priest and the procession reach-

ed the temple, a term that I prefer to any that can apply to an edifice exclusively Christian, which it must be allowed would be a misnomer in the present instance; but the more general application of the word Temple is pagan, while its real significance renders it inoffensive for papal use.

"The besotted quadruped, and the more besotted biped, entered the temple, and stood in the sacred place alike for the purposes of religion. Little waxen images, and some small silver coins and relics, were presented to the animal, and hung upon its horns by children placed there on purpose to display his extreme tameness. A girl, not ten years old, appeared to hold him by having in her hands the very slight cord which alone was tied to his horns, but in fact his situation rendered it impossible that he should move, for his hinder parts rested against one of the principal pillars of the temple; whilst before him and on all sides was such a dazzling and moving scene close to his head, as would have been enough to have rendered him giddy, even if the fumes of the wine had been nugatory.

"Mass was said, and Vargas could hardly believe that he heard nothing of the names of Janus and Vesta, although the language spoken at the altar, as well as all that he saw, seemed to promise it. When the sacred elements were consecrated, and the priest raised the holy chalice from the altar, Vargas almost expected that the *Libatio* would follow, and thought to see the contents poured between the animal's horns. At the ringing of the little bell, he fancied he heard the piping of the *Tubificines*; but rather than obey the summons and prostrate himself after the heathen rites that he had witnessed, he forced himself through the crowd of people who were endeavouring to kneel, and got into the transept of the church, from whence he made his way into the street."

We shall next indulge ourselves with giving a few paragraphs from that part of volume third in which the miseries of the captive and yaggel Archbishop of Seville are well represented. The whole of that part of the work is highly diverting, and shews a real taste for the old Spanish comic. Take the following specimen.

"Juan Chaco, having provided for his beast, now seated himself by the grinning Archbishop, and kindly produced the contents of his wallet, which consisted of a large sausage, several onions, some bread, and a dozen strings of pines, or pine-

kernels, which the idle boys in Spain extract from their shells, and string in rows like necklaces, of which rows they sell eight or ten for an *ochavo*. This luxurious meal being spread, Juan delayed not to invite his companion, or prisoner, to partake of it. 'Come, friend,' said he; 'to midnight work a ready meal, says the proverb, and many an Hidalgo of known fathers and field-will breakfast to-day without a *Sevillan* sausage. Here,' holding out the length of the savoury preparation with his knife and thumb, ready to separate about six inches from it.—'Hold thy insolent tongue, thou base-born wretch!' said the Archbishop.—'By the bones of St Jerome, but I have a mind to cut out thy tongue, thou lying slave!' replied Juan; 'who art thou, to thou me, and taunt me as base-born?—base-born, forsooth!—I, whose fathers have held letters of honour, as was proved by my grandfather when he was sentenced to death, and lost his head like a gentleman, instead of being hung up by the neck like a slave. An my blood were not cooler, as it is gentler than thine, my knife would have made acquaintance with thy heart for thy lie!—but live, dog, till thou art starved to death, for breakfast of mine thou shalt have none.'

"This speech, the holdst that had ever been addressed to his illustrious Excellency in his whole life, sorely convinced him how thoroughly he was in the power of the speaker; and as the most dastardly cowardice generally accompanies the most insolent pride, the Archbishop altered his former overbearing tone, to one something more tolerable to the ears of the grandson of a man who had exerted the privilege of being beheaded in preference to being hanged.

"'Do you know, good friend, who it is that stands before you?' This was pronounced interrogatively, without any mixture of menace in the voice. The mulester did not know who his companion was, and had troubled himself no further concerning him than to know certainly that he was a little fat man, and to suppose probably that he was an enemy of those who had hired him: he therefore replied, 'I tell you what I know, and that's all too much, that you are a heavier burden for a beast than five fowls of barley, and a duller beast to drive than any that are four-footed.'

"The unhappy man, finding him ignorant of his high dignity, had no doubt of the impending effect which the knowledge of it would produce; and wishing to excite compassion as well as astonishment, he whispered, in a voice which he meant to

¹ *Ipse tenens dext. & guttorem pulcherrime Dido,*
Cunctis vasa: molis inter cornua fundit.

² *Hidalgo de casa y solar conocido.*

³ *Castes de merced, raising the persons who held them to the rank of hidalgos.*

be affecting, 'I am an unfortunate archbishop—'

"The prelate, intending to go to the extreme of the pathetic, overstepped his mark, and unfortunately got into the extreme of the ludicrous, which he quickly discovered by the burst of broad laughter which he excited in the mule-driver, who was so tickled with the incongruity in the idea of the little man before him being the awful creature who was occasionally seen in the cathedral upon grand occasions, under the stiff mass of embroidery and the towering mitre, that he gave the rein to his mirth, and laughed heartily. The Archbishop, who expected nothing less than to see the poor man prostrate before him, was exceedingly nettled, and seizing hold of the first thing that he could lay his hand upon, he was about to hurl it at the mule-driver, when his attention was distracted by observing that he held the very Seville sausage from which Juan Chaco had severed the portion that he had been devouring. The Archbishop had been accustomed to breakfast upon the finest fruits and most savoury viands, all of which he relished exceedingly; but an internal craving which he experienced at the moment, suggested the prudent opinion that a Seville sausage was a very good thing when nothing better was to be had; and, under the influence of this suggestion, he acted like Major Macpherson in a situation somewhat similar; who, having grasped a razor with a deadly purpose, wisely diverted the impulse, and applied it to a beneficial end.* In a like manner the prelate, having intended to hurl a thunder-bolt at the devoted head of the muleteer, and finding his weapon assume the goodly shape of a Seville sausage, very sensibly applied it in a more legitimate manner, and, postponing his anger, he commenced his breakfast.

"As soon as his laughter would let him, honest Juan continued his meal, saying, 'I did say that you should not have any breakfast of mine, but thou hast secured it in spite of me. If I had meant to keep my word, I should have pocketed my sausage. The art in swimming is to know how to take care of your clothes.† Thou art a merry rogue, and shall have thy meal.'

"The Archbishop sullenly continued his breakfast, without deigning to answer the peasant, who, nevertheless, did not fail to season the repast with good-natured bantering upon the high and dignified title that his companion had chosen to assume. He often addressed his Excellency interrogatively, but to no purpose; in spite of his many attempts at conversation, it was absolutely monological.

"'Poor fellow,' said he; 'an archbishop

in distress, ha! ha! ha! Would nothing less than an archbishopric suit your most illustrious Excellency?—Prior of a convent now might have satisfied a moderate madman. How does your Excellency like your archiepiscopal breakfast?'—No reply.—'I did not like to astonish you, good Archbishop, at first; and, perhaps, if you had not been so candidly communicative with me, I might have allowed you to remain ignorant of the high honour which has befallen you; but I can't keep silence now in gratitude: keep the secret, but I am the Pope in disguise.—St Peter on a pilgrimage, come to see how the archbishops of Spain do their duty; and as I heard that they sometimes travelled incognito, I thought me, diamond cut diamond, I'll put on a mask to find them a-masking; set a thief to catch a thief; no offence to your Excellency; get a pope to find out an archbishop, ha! ha! ha!'

"The Archbishop looked up at the sacrilegious jest with extreme astonishment. 'Perhaps your pious illustrissimo is upon penance for the sins of your diocese—taken prisoner by the infidels—bound to a litter, and suffering demi-martyrdom by a mad mule—defunct of fright, and brought to life again by a Seville sausage. That's a miracle—a notable miracle, or St Isidor is no saint—well deserving canonization, and thou shalt have it too, or I'm no pope. Make haste and die, and I'll send your Excellency to heaven upon the back of a bull. Saint—what's your name—Archbishoppillito?' The muleteer-pope filled up the pause in his jest with his laughter. 'Good brother Archey,' he resumed, 'your singular piety shall not go unrewarded even in this world. Would your Excellency like a cardinal's cap? Here's one very much at your service,' holding out his own broad-brimmed hat.

"The Archbishop, bursting with rage, caught hold of the proffered hat with the intention of casting it at the insolent muleteer. The rising fury apparent in his countenance was a warning to Juan, who tightened his grasp, and the prelate, meeting a resistance in the hat for which he was not prepared, was himself thrown out of his balance by the check he received, and falling upon his face with a strong impulse, rolled down the little declivity upon which they had been sitting, roaring aloud as he rolled; while the muleteer, excited to the extreme of mirth by this climax of the jest, held his sides, and shouted forth his boisterous satisfaction.

"This inconsistent combination of sounds attracted the attention of the more serious party, and Meneses hastened to the spot from whence they proceeded. He found the Archbishop lying at the bottom of the

* So instead of his throat, he cut his coat.—*Falco Alarín, or my Cousin.*
La pala de nadar es saber guardar la ropa.

little rising ground, roaring with rage, and the muleteer sitting at the top of it, roaring with laughter. 'What's the matter?' was his natural question.—'Oh! *Señor Alguazil*,' said Juan, 'the merriest matter that ever was devised in cunning brain: yon fat little gentleman is nothing more or less than an unfortunate archbishop—ha! ha! ha! by St Dominic, the poor man publishes himself for such—ha! ha! ha!' This was quite irresistible to Meneses, who joined heartily in the muleteer's mirth. After some time he attempted to look grave, and said, 'This is profane jesting.'—'Profane!' rejoined the muleteer, 'tis very sacrilege; I say; the impious fellow takes me for the pope, and asks me for a cardinal's cap and canonization.—Oh, 'tis monstrous!—ha! ha! ha!'

"Meneses with the greatest difficulty smoothed his features into apparent solemnity, and taking up the tone as he continued to wear the dress of the Holy Office, he roughly shook the Archbishop by the cape of his cloak, right happy at an opportunity of paying off something of what he had suffered in Seville. 'Infidel wretch!' said he; 'abominable heretic! ill should I discharge the duty of my office if I allowed such sacrilege to pass with impunity. You shall to the Inquisition, wretch!'

"The Archbishop was electrified with astonishment. 'Carretters, or devil,' said he, 'by what infernal possession darest thou venture upon such unaccountable audacity?'—'Hold thy tongue, wretch,' said Meneses, giving him a powerful shake; 'hold thy tongue until thou enterest the hall of torture in the palace of the Inquisition. Knowest thou such a place? Thou shalt there have a pleasanter ride on the wooden horse than thou hadst last night on the tumble down mule. The funnell and the pulley too. And then you shall be in one of those pleasant pits—mark me—on the lower range, until the next *auto da fé* sweep all the holes and corners of the Inquisition, not excepting your sanctuary—d'ye mark me?' and he repeated his paralyzing shake.

"The unusual oscillations of the Archbishop's head co-operated with the unimaginable matter of the *alguazil*'s discourse to make his brain dizzy, and he remained with a fixed gaze and open mouth, mute and immovable, when Meneses freed him from his grasp. The good-natured muleteer, who had treated the matter altogether as a jest, was sorry to see the poor lunatic, as he really considered him, so roughly handled and so fearfully menaced, particularly by so terrible a person as an *alguazil* of the Holy Office was wont to be. He attempted to intercede for him by saying, 'The unhappy man is beside himself, so please you; there is no harm in him; and he considered himself a saint, so much the

happier he, and none the worse so. It is to be hoped that lunacy is not an Inquisition crime.'—'A man must not, even in madness, jest with sacred things,' said Meneses. 'Make ready the litter and let us away. If the wretch dare to jest again with holy titles, I'll tie him under the mule's belly, as a sort of apprenticeship for riding the wooden horse.'

"The Archbishop did not recover the use of his speech during the preparations for their further progress; and, when they were completed, he allowed himself unresistingly to be perched upon the back of *Beasiera*. The whole party proceeded as before."

"Meneses soon attracted the attention of the people in the valley, and a sort of awful curiosity was excited by the appearance of an *alguazil* of the Holy Tribunal. Finding that the villagers laid aside their sport and their music, he descended, and met their respectful advances with a courtesy and condescension which, in some degree, diminished the fear that generally accompanied the presence of persons in his situation. He retained, however, the mysterious bearing which he had learnt to assume in his probation for the *alguazilship*, and which served to season the novelty of an arrival with the zest of an additional curiosity. He desired them to proceed in their sports and revels, but requested to know if the proprietor of a neighbouring cottage, or solitary house, which he observed standing in an elevated situation at a short distance from the village, was amongst them. The eyes of every one turned towards an elderly-looking hale man, of a cheerful countenance and respectable appearance, having his doublet and slashed breeches ornamented with more points than any of his fellows, and his hair tied into a long tail instead of being bound in a tress or bag of net-work, which was the headgear of most of the peasants. Upon the call of Tio Andres he came forward with evident reluctance, which was by no means diminished when Meneses said that he wished to have private converse with him.

"They walked apart, and Meneses endeavoured to restore the good man's composure by assuring him that the object of this visit to *Zafra* had no reference to himself, and that he was in no wise implicated in any business obnoxious to the Inquisition. This assurance gave Tio Andres more confidence, and he listened with great attention to what the *alguazil* had to say.

"No, my good friend," repeated Meneses, 'you have nothing to fear from the Holy Inquisition; on the contrary, you have it in your power to render an important service to that sacred tribunal, by saving it from the necessity of inflicting pu-

nishment, or at least imprisonment, where restraint only may be sufficient, and this is the object of my visit to you."—"I am unworthy of the favour of being employed by the Holy Inquisition," said Tio Andres; "and what may your worship wish me to do?"—"There is an unfortunate ecclesiastic," said Meneses, "who has become amenable to the Holy Inquisition; but it has been discovered that the miserable man is lunatic."—"Unhappy man!" ejaculated Andres—"His lunacy," continued Meneses, "shows itself in a very dreadful manner, totally unbecoming the humility of his reverend character. Ambition has made him insane. The poor man is fully persuaded that he is no less dignified a personage than an archbishop."—"San Gregorio protect us!" said Andres—"Yes, an archbishop—the Archbishop of Seville—our most illustrious metropolitan, whose dignity is thereby much offended."—"Happy innocent! would nothing less than an archbishopric serve him?"—"Most profane madness," continued Meneses; "most sinning conceit truly." But his most illustrious Excellency, the real Archbishop, having charitably taken into consideration the man's infirmity, hath commissioned me not to resort to extreme measures, but to discover some comfortable and safe retreat in which to place him for the present, until he should return to his right mind and due station."

"Tio Andres plainly saw how all this was to end; but not being over-pleased at the prospect of a mad inmate in his cortijo, he was hopelessly endeavouring to find a means of escape from what he felt was inevitable. He was silent, therefore, and Meneses continued,—"I am charged to place him in a situation which is at once solitary and secure; and, moreover, I am charged to deposit one hundred pistoles with his host, as a donation from his illustrious Excellency, promising that further communication shall be made at the forthcoming Nativity."

"Having gone thus far in his plan, Meneses proceeded to inform Tio Andres that he had fixed upon the Cortijo of Zufra, as the asylum for the so-called Archbishop; and the good farmer, thus induced, by the softening circumstances of the archiepiscopal donation and promise, to relish, or to appear to relish, the selection of his residence. Meneses proceeded further to explain, that it not being fitting that such irreverent insanity should go loose in the world, to the scandal of all pious Christians, it had been judged proper to secure his self-constituted Excellency in the palace of the Inquisition, from whence he had been taken in a manner which, to his bewildered imagination, fully confirmed his wild fantasy, and that he now believed himself to have been kidnapped from his own palace by

some extraordinary means which were quite inexplicable to any one not as mad as himself."

"No sooner had the terror of the inquisitorial presence ceased to act, than Tio Andres began to discover that he had undertaken a very difficult, as well as a very foolish charge. The man might become raving, and bite somebody; or he might escape, and he should have to account for him to the holy tribunal; or a thousand things might happen. Against all these thousand probable mischances was opposed the single fact, that now there was no alternative; and therefore, like a wise man, he submitted to necessity, and endeavoured to make the best of it."

"The room in which the Archbishop remained had been carefully secured as soon as the alcaide and his friends had departed. Food had been sent to him from the farmer's fire, and the kind-hearted Tio Andres, having finished his own dinner, instead of retiring to sleep the siesta, ventured to pay his prisoner a visit, relying upon the assurance of Meneses, that in general he was harmless, and hoping to find him free from any fit."

"Upon entering, he found the Archbishop valiantly sitting before an unoccupied platter, and his salutation was answered by a sullen demand of "Well, what are they going to do with me?"—"Treat you kindly, friend," replied Andres; "provided you do not make a different course necessary, by violent or insane behaviour. This room shall be your apartment, and the alcova there beyond, is a reposing place fit for a prince. Here you are to remain."—"Remain?" echoed the prelate: "Pablo, Archbishop of Seville, kidnapped and imprisoned in a hovel!—Impossible! the world has gone mad, or I have; and do but dream all this."—"The poor wretch is aware of his malady," thought Andres; "he is sadly to be pined." Then sitting down upon a stool not far from his prisoner, he began in soothing accents to attempt to calm his mind by sage advice. "I am glad to see you are come to a knowledge of your unhappy state, friend; but strive against it, and, above all, never let your mind turn to the archbishopric any more."—"What! I'm to be confined for life, am I? Why does not the house tumble down upon the heads of these most sacrilegious haps!" Then, with horrid imprecations, he worked himself up into such a phrensy, that the pining Tio Andres thought it advisable to make a rapid retreat; which he did, carefully securing himself against the possibility of being followed, by bolting and barring the door."

"Scenes of this nature occurred every day. Tio Andres made many attempts to

assuage the heat of his supposed madness, but all to no purpose; the moment he mentioned what the farmer believed to be his mad subject, there was no restraining the impetuosity of his phrenzy. Many were the conversations which the lunatic occasioned in the village of Zufre, and all the villagers had in turns been to look at the wretched man as at a wild beast. These visits were made with all proper caution, by placing a ladder up to the window of his apartment, which the adventurous villager ascending, peeped into the lion's den.

"Amongst other curious visitants, Jose Rasapelo, the barber of the neighbourhood, paid his respects to the prelate, at a moment when he happened to have been exceedingly irritated by the frequency of these visits. 'By my faith, Tio Andres,' said he, on descending the ladder, 'but I have found out a cure for his lunatic excellency. Water expelleth fire—marry, when he talks of being an archbishop, Iouse him, good Tio,—fishify him straight,—may be his madness is a dog madness which fleeth from the fountain.'—'Excellent good counsel, Master Scrapeekin,' said the farmer; 'by San Anton Abad, it shall forthwith have performance.'

"An enormous stable syringe, an instrument which has long been in common use in Spain, was immediately procured and filled with water, armed with which a stout peasant belonging to Tio Andres' farm, mounted the ladder and manfully stepped into the room, instead of only thrusting in his head as those who preceded him had done.

"The tormented prelate roared forth his rage in unrepeatable curses and imprecations, adding, 'Saints of Paradise! Demons of Darkness! Comes the villain to beard me thus—me, Archbishop of Seville'—"

"This sacrilegious assumption of dignity having been deemed the signal of discharge, forth rushed the overwhelming torrent from the syringe, full upon the prelate's face; and as his mouth was opening to send forth fresh curses it received a plentiful proportion of the flood which deluged him.

"The peasant having executed his orders, quickly descended the ladder, leaving Pablo, Archbishop of Seville, to recover himself as he could.

"Tio Andres ventured to visit him in the evening, but took care to be accompanied by Manuel, his labourer, with a fresh-filled syringe. The disconsolate archbishop sat brooding in silence over his misery, and answered not a word to all that the farmer said to him, until at last, when he was about to retire, the prelate suddenly spoke. 'If possible,' said he, 'that you can be aware that I am really the Archbishop of

Seville?' Manuel made ready and presented. 'Hold,' said Tio Andres; 'he raveth not; let us retire, our presence frets him.'—'But I tell you,' cried the Archbishop, 'that I do save,—that the devil would save at such usage.'—'Fire! Manuel,' said the farmer, 'or rather, Water!' and the obedient Manuel deluged the distracted archbishop.

"It is unnecessary to give any further accounts of the archiepiscopal ablutions; it may suffice to say, that they were repeated as often as the unhappy man was mad enough to pronounce the word archbishop. Tio Andres found his task very tiresome; and after some weeks fretting about it, he at last resigned his office of jailor entirely into the hands of Manuel, under whose hydrostatic applications the archbishop was reduced to the last extreme of misery. The feverish torment of his mental agony, together with his confinement and involuntary shower-baths, at length undermined his health, and he lay upon his bed unable any longer to support the miseries of his situation. Manuel now became his nurse as well as his jailor, and attended him with the same sort of care that he would have done to an obstinate mule that was physicked. He never, however, ventured into the room without his portable shower-bath, having an instinctive horror of a madman in his phrenzy fit.

"One evening, as Manuel brought him his food, the languid archbishop turned his eyes upon him, and faintly said, 'Manuel, I am dying.'—'Not yet, good master, not yet,' replied the kind-hearted peasant, who really began to feel that sort of affection which arises from habitual intercourse with any creature: 'shall I get thee a priest?' he added. 'No, Manuel, no,' replied the dying man; 'it is but going to Seville that could help me, soul or body; do you remember the goodly looking body that I carried with me some two or three months since, good Manuel?'—'Ay, by the mass,' said the peasant, 'thou hadst a mighty roundness about thee.'—'Look now, Manuel, at this flat deficiency of flesh, this hanging lowness of skin; dost think I am the same man, good lad? Oh! who would know me for Pablo, Archbishop of Seville?' Manuel produced his shower-bath."

We trust these episodic passages are enough to excite any ordinary reader's curiosity to have a sight of the book in which they occur. We assure the author, that we ourselves shall look with no small interest to the appearance of his next work; and if it relate to Spain as *she is*, tant mieux.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF DONALD M'BANE, AND HIS TRANSACTIONS DURING THE WARS WITH FRANCE.*

A hundred long years have passed by, since Donald M'Bane, the great Highland swordsmen, was "laid in the mools,"—and yet his name is still fresh and fragrant in the fields and in the mountains of his native country. We have not heard, whether or no Sir Daniel Donnelly has left behind him any memoir of his life, or if he was a man of much literary accomplishment. We believe not. But the hero, of whose life we are now going to give a slight sketch, amused his latter years by auto-biography; and when his wrist was too stiff, and his arm too feeble, to wield the sword, he exhibited a complete mastery of the pen; so much so, indeed, that his Commentaries are not, in our opinion, greatly inferior to those of Julius Cæsar.

The auto-biographical Memoir to which we refer, is appended to Donald M'Bane's, "The Art of Self-defence, printed in Glasgow, by James Duncan, in 1728." His system is a very scientific one,—and we shall probably give a short notice of its leading principles soon, if it were only for the benefit of Signior Francalanza and Mr Roland, who are now successfully putting weapons into the hands of our metropolitan youth. Meanwhile, let us speak of Donald himself.—

Donald was a poet, and his address to the reader is very winning.

"Thrice sprightly reader, it is Bane requires,

That thus his labours lighten your desires
To martial glory, while he hereby wills
And hopes you'll shun appearances of ill;
None better is than this, for *Self-Defence*,
When taken in a true and genuine sense,
Time was, the author travell'd far and near
Under the notion of a *nuquetier*;
And shortly after, to a *pica-man rose*,
Placed in the fore-front, to offend our foes;
Soon after, for the space of twenty years,
Was I one of the *Royal Grenadiers*,
Enrolled in Lord George Hamilton's com-
mand,

The hope and honour of our native land.
In sixteen battles foughten I have been,
And fifty-two great sieges I have seen;
Five score and sixteen times, I did advance,
In Flanders, Holland, Germany, and
France.

My country's cause; hot skirmishes I join'd,
And victory of my enemies I obtain'd.

My fourth course was, a *serjeant of dra-
gonns*,

Well known at Preston, and at other towns;
And lastly, I am Fort-William's *Cannon-
ier*,

Thanks be to God, my enemies I don't
fear;

Who was so oft embroil'd in bloody wars,
Indent as 'twere, and tarved with cuts and
scars,

Which fortune seem'd to favour and o'er-
look,

That I might serve you with this *little
book*,

Buy it, and try it, then, upon my word,
A good tongue still, will prove a trusty
sword.

But, when there's no crying of a strife,
Here's what will serve you, for to save your
life.

So count it not a fault in me,
If you're the father of *epics*."

The prose narrative is an illustration of the assertions in this poem. Donald was born near Inverness, and was the son of a publican. After a wild and idle youth, he enlisted into Captain M'Kenzie's company in 1687, being then twenty-three years of age. His first skirmish was with the M^cDonalds, in consequence of a feud between them and the clan of M'Intoshes. It is thus described:

"The M'Donalds came down the hill upon us, without either shoe, stocking, or bonnet on their head; they gave a shout, and then the fire began on both sides, and continued a hot dispute for an hour; then, they broke in upon us with their *sword and target*, and Lochaber axes, which obliged us to give way. Seeing my captain sore wounded, and a great many more with heads lying cloyen on every side, I was sadly affrighted, never having seen the like before. A Highlandman attacked me with *sword and target*, and cut my wooden handled bayonet out of the muzzle of my gun. I then club'd my gun, and gave him a stroke with it, which made the butt-end to fly off. Seeing the Highlandmen to come fast upon me, I took to my heels, and ran thirty miles before I look'd; every person I saw or met, I took him for my enemy; at length, I came to the garrison of Inverness; what was left of our company, came up some time after."

His next taste of fighting was at the battle of Killiecrankie, where Donald fought under M'Kay. His account of that rout is the best we know;

* The Expert Swordsman's Companion; or, The True Art of Self-Defence. With an Account of the Author's Life during the Wars with France. To which is annexed, the Art of Gunnerie. By Donald M'Bane. 12mo. Glasgow, printed by James Duncan, 1728.

and Mr Hogg ought to have printed it in his notes to his Jacobite Relics. Like many other great warriors that might be named, Donald was a good deal of a coward at first; fighting being quite an acquired taste.

"After we joined the general, we were commanded to march to the Blair of Athol, where we got a certain account of our enemy. Hearing of their number and nearness to us, we drew up at the house of Kinnaird, then passed the pass of Killiecrankie, having a great water in the rear, and another on the right of our line. We left our baggage in the rear, at the smith's house; and drew up in battle order, and stood for some time. At length our enemy made their appearance on the top of a hill; we then gave a shout, daring them, as it were, to advance, which they quickly did, to our great loss. When they advanced, we played our cannon for an hour upon them. The sun going down, caused the Highlandmen to advance on us like madmen, without shoe or stocking, covering themselves from our fire with their targets. At last they cast away their muskets, drew their broadswords, and advanced furiously upon us, and were in the middle of us before we could fire three shots a-piece; broke up, and obliged us to retreat. Some fled to the water, and some other way; (we were for most part new men.) I fled to the baggage, and took a horse, in order to ride the water—there follows me a Highlandman with sword and target, in order to take the horse, and kill myself. You'd laugh to see how he and I scampered about. I kept always the horse between him and me; at length he drew his pistol, and I fled; he fired after me. I went above the pass, where I met with another water, very deep. It was 18 foot over, betwixt two rocks. I resolved to jump it; so I laid down my gun and hat and jumped, and lost one of my shoes in the jump. Many of our men were lost in that water, and at the pass. The enemy pursuing, I made the best of my way to Dunkeld, where I layed until what of our men was left came up; then every one went to his respective regiment.

(This battle was fought in the year 89.)"

Hitherto Donald has exhibited few traits either of strength, skill, or heroism; but he soon conquered that cowardice natural to all mankind, and shewed strong symptoms of the future bully. Having had a quarrel with an old soldier, when lying in quarters at Inverloch, in Lochaber, Donald determined to demand satisfaction. He first took four or five lessons in the small-sword, and then called on the old gentleman out, who came armed with a claymore.

"I urged him so that he and I went to the back of the garrison, in the dusk of the evening, lest any person should see us.—We drew on each other; I had a *small-sword*, he had a *broad*. After two turns, he beat my sword out of my hand. I took my heels; he running after me, overtook me; and gave me a blow with the flat side of the sword, obliging me to submit to him. He carried away my sword, and pawn'd it in the *canteen* for two gallons of ale. My neighbour seeing his sword go for ale, was very displeased with me; but there was no help for what was past."

Shortly after, Donald challenged his man again, and having improved under the tuition of an old serjeant, he proved victorious, and run the veteran through the body. "This was my first adventure with the sword, in the year 1692."

Shortly after, he was drafted into a regiment serving in Flanders, and was present at the celebrated siege of Namur.

"We continued a close siege at Namur for a long time, with great loss of men on both sides. I was in six storms against the city, five of which I came off pretty safe; the sixth time I was sorely wounded—three times shot, six times stabbed with a bayonet.—In this attack the French and we went through one another, in taking the palisades. All our wounded men were carried to Bruges, to an hospital there, where the surgeons came and dressed our wounds. I keeping a good heart, I soon recovered.—This was in the year 1695."

On his return to Scotland, he enlisted into the Earl of Angus's regiment, and at Perth ran a corporal through the body. Thinking he had killed his man, he absconded.

"I was not much afraid of any man catching me. I was at that time as swift as a Highland horse. I came for Stirling; and there met me two soldiers and a drum. They asked me where I was going, and what I was? I answered, it was none of their business; they told I must give account, and better language. One of them drew his *stick*, and said I was his prisoner. Immediately I jumped over a ditch and drew my sword; then they attacked me; I thrust one through the shoulder: the drum threw his stick at my face and fled; the other one I thrust through the hand; he fearing farther danger, begged pardon, so they made the best of their way to the garrison. I fearing a party to be sent after me, went to the Torwood, where I staid that night. The next morning I came for Glasgow, and found the Captain I was recommended to, who immediately gave me a line to his serjeant then lying at Glasgow with recruits: he shipped me, and next morning we set sail for Ireland. Then I was pretty safe."

In Dublin, he fought the keeper of a respectable house in Smock-Alley, and overcame him, though assisted by his wife. The termination of that contest was highly to the honour of his antagonist's Irish hospitality. "Then he called up the landlady, and gave us six bottles of wine, and told me I was welcome when I pleased; so we parted in peace." Donald was now fast advancing to excellence in the art of self-defence.

"At that time I went to a French master to learn to push; I tarried with him a month; my fellow-scholar and I fell out; he said I was not able to do with the sword what he could do with the foil. We went to Clementon-Green, and drew on each other. I wounded him in three places; then we went and took a pot, and was good friends; and I stayed at that school a month longer."

On leaving Dublin, Donald marched with his regiment to Limerick, where he married a girl who "had twenty shillings, a cow, and a goat." The girl paid the wedding-dinner; and they cohabited twenty days. But after that, Donald discovered some flaw in the marriage ceremony, and cut his wife. This little adventure is related with a true military non-chalance.

"We made the girl believe she was married; and got her to pay the wedding-dinner out of the twenty shillings. We came home to her mother's house, and lived together twenty days; our men, in the country, got orders to march in Limerick; I left her with her mother. When I was gone, her mother went and asked the Priest if her daughter was married? He told no; then she was angry with her daughter, and the daughter was not well-pleased with her mother; then they ended their strife in a battle."

In Limerick he makes such progress in the art, that he becomes a teacher, and sets up a school.

"There was several other schools in the city with whom my master's scholars had several conflicts; at last one of the masters and I fell out about a sister of his whom I intended to marry; all the tober I got, was a duel with her brother. After which I set up for a master myself, and kept a school while our regiment lay there."

His regiment was now ordered to Holland, and Donald goes to "the Bush in Bralin;" where, says he, with much naivete,

"I met with the sergeant I had kill'd at Perth; I asked him if ever he was a corporal in Perth? He said he was. I said, was not you once kill'd at Perth, as you said yourself? He said, almost, but not altogether, by a rquish fellow called Daniel

Bane; I took him by the hand; so we went and took a bottle. He served a sergeant all the wars of Queen Anne—now he keeps a public-house in Gravesend, about twenty miles from London."

In "Bralin," Donald set up a school. But there being there no less than twenty-four battalions of English, Switz, and Dutch, there were many schools, and great rivalry among his opponents.

"They took all methods and ways to do me a mischief, which obliged me to be constantly on my guard, and to fight twenty-four times before they would be persuaded that I was master of my business. I took one of the Switz soldiers to be my servant; (he could speak some broken English) this made me acquaint with a great many of the Dutch and Switz officers, who continued at my school weeks."

Donald M'Bane was now not only a finished swordsman; but, in our humble apprehension, a finished black-guard.

"I continued keeping my school a short time after I came to know that there were four good swordsmen in the town, that kept women, and gaming, the wheel of fortune, and legermain, by which they got vast money. I resolved to have a share of that gain, at least to have a fair tryall for it. I fought all the furr, one by one; the last of them was left-handed; he and I went to the rampart, where we searched one another for fire-arms; finding none, we drew, and had two or three clean turos; at last he put up his hand, and took a pistol from the cock of his hat; he cocked it against his shoulder, and presented it to me, upon which I asked quarters, but he refused, calling me an English bouger, and fired at me, and ran for it; one of the balls went through my cravat; I, thinking I was shot, did not run as I was wont to do, but ran as I could after him, crying for the guard; the guard being half a mile distant, I was not heard; at last I overtook him over against the guard, and gave him a thrust in the buttocks; then I fled to the Flesh-Market—nobody could take me out there, it being a privileged place; I tarried there till night, then went home to my quarters, and called for his comrades that same night, who agreed to give me a brace of whoores and two petty cows a-week; with this and my school, I lived very well for that winter."

Having gone to the camp at Breda, to receive King William, on his return he found a slight derangement in his family affairs.

"When I came to the garison, I inquired for my *mistresses*; one of them had taken up with a *tinker*, and said she was married to him; I told her, married or unmarried, she must pay me a *pistole* a-

week; the *tinker* gave me my demand for three or four weeks, then he run away with her, which was a great loss to me, having but one; I applied to the gentlemen who had supplied me before, that they must give me another, who granted my request, and gave me two, so then I had three. I kept my school, and my wife kept a *cheese-house*, and sold wine; so we lived very well. My wife was never jealous of me, for I never was concerned with common women through the whole tract of my marriage life."

We cannot follow Donald through all the adventures of this part of his life, which the gentle reader will believe were sufficiently numerous, from the following comprehensive paragraphs:

"My old trade was still going on, gaming-tents, pass-banks, and whores, which brought me four pounds a-week. I was often in danger by protecting them; I risked my life four or five times in a day on their account."

"We marched from this camp to the camp at Cleeve, where Lord Cutts commanded us; we had a very plentiful camp. I went on with my old trade. I was still at wars with the Dutch and the Switzers. In this camp a great many of our men deserted to the French; but as soon as we caught them, they were hanged."

"There was a great wood in our front, called the Wood of Orleans; it was full of wild creatures. At that time there was a wild man taken by the Brandenburgs; he was a drinking at a spring-well, about sun-setting; he was eight foot high. Before they could take him, they made a net of their forage-cords; he received a great many wounds in the taking of him. The nails upon his fingers and toes were a quarter long; if he caught hold of any person, he tore clothes and skin at once. He was brought to the Dutch general, who ordered his wounds to be dressed. They called for a master of languages, but could not understand him. I can give no further account of him, whether he lived or died."

After this, Donald serves with Marlborough, and cuts and slashes away furiously, both among friends, and foes. It is difficult to know what he wished to be at. Fighting, which was formerly his abhorrence, seems now to be a disease with him; and though wounded incessantly by bayonets, swords, and grape-shot, his iron body seems always the better of it. We see the simplicity and good humour of the following paragraph:

"We encamped hard by Maastrick; while I lay there, I went in to see some of my ~~relations~~ that I had there; I asked them if they had got me any money; all I got

was three *pistoles* from six of them. I took a bottle of wine with them, and was very hearty until nine at night, at which time I left them, and came away for the camp. It was a little dark when I came by the gallows, when a great misy were hanging in chains; one of them cried in French, with a loud voice, 'Give me a drink of water;' hearing the voice, and thinking they were all dead, it made me run with speed to the camp, where I told the story to my comrades; they could not believe it. Next morning we went to see the truth of it, and there we found a man hanging in chains alive, with a penny loaf hanging within a little of his mouth; when he would snatch at it, it fled from him, and then would hit him on the mouth. He lived this way eleven days; he eat the flesh off both his shoulders. He was a spy from the French, and was designed to blow up the magazine of that garrison. The governor ordered this death for him."

At last an accident befalls our hero, which might have been fatal.

"That night our troops took possession of the fort, and looking after the dead and wounded, I was found among them, and carried into a house, that the *surgeon* might dress our wounds; when he saw me, he said it was needless to apply any thing to me, for before morning I would be dead. My wife came, and when she saw me, she clapt her hands, and cried; she ran into the city, and got milk, and rubbed me with, putting some of it in my mouth."

The account of his recovery is very affecting.

"All our wounded men were left in Luke; the surgeon would not dress my body, nor order any thing to be applied to me. I was left to the care of my wife only; she addressed herself to a *Cloyster*, where were several Englishmen, who came over and saw me. They caused two porters carry me on a *harrow* to their *Cloyster*; they took care of me; they caused a tub to be made, wherein I lay at my whole length in oil for twenty days; they opened my mouth with a knife, and poured in oil or milk. I was all this time blind; they killed two young dogs, and plyed their lights warm to my eyes, which took the heat out of my eyes in twenty-four hours; then they put me in a bed, and fed me with strong broth and wine; they suffered not my wife to come near me, but took a room for her near the *Cloyster*; in a little time I was in case to travel to the garrison. The English clergyman in the *Cloyster* gave me four *pistoles*, and took a seat for me in the stage-wagon, in which I came where our regiment lay, called the Bush in Brabant. My captain made me very welcome, and gave me my pay for the whole time I was away from the company."

"When I was perfectly recovered I set

up my school; my wife kept an alehouse. I went to look for my bread-woners (the lasses); finding they were all picked up by the Hollanders, I was obliged to fight for them, and got them; and placing them in good quarters for that winter, they were better to me than six milk-cows. I lived after this very peaceably."

Of his adventures in Bavaria, the reader may have some slight idea from what follows:—

"After taking the town, we laid our bridges on the water, and marched to the Duke of Bavaria's country; notwithstanding of my wounds, I marched with the army. In our march, we took a town with two regiments in it; they were sent prisoners to Donneward. We camped that night in a plentiful country; the people fled, and left their houses well furnished. We plundered, and lived a jolly life. In a few days' march, we came into the heart of the country to a city called Freeburgh; we camped there a good while. The French camped over against us on the other side of the water, at a great city called Osnburg. Being in an enemy's country, we had liberty to do as we pleased in it. Being fully recovered, I resolved to set up my old way of living at the Duke of Marlborough's quarters. I got my comrades, who waited on my command; we set up all sort of gaming tents; we had not above sixty campaign ladies in the quarters. Sixteen professors of the sword resolved to go to the emperor's quarters, where we got fourteen brave Dutch lasses to reinforce our quarters. Next day came twenty-four swordsmen, and demanded the lasses again, or else give them satisfaction. We made up twenty-four men, and drank together; then we fought two and two; there was eleven of the Dutch killed, and seven of our own. Our bargain was, that if they beat us, we were to give them the lasses, and pay them a tribute. We fought a second time. I being of the royal, it fell me to fight first; the first time I was soon done; but the second time, before I put up my sword, I fought eight of them; so it ended, and they promised to pay their tribute; we buried our dead, and parted. Two or three days after, we sent six pretty men to receive our tribute; but only two came back, and brought no money; the other four they shot. Our business went on, and we prospered. At length I was ordered on a command. I left one to take care of my affairs; for I had always two men's share."

Donald next takes part in the battle of Blenheim, where, says he,

"I was four times shot with ball in several parts of my body, and five times stobbed with a bayonet, and was left among the dead. About the middle of the night the Dutch of our army came a

plundering, and stript me of all except my shirt. A little after came another, and took the shirt also. I besought him to leave me it, but he gave me a stroke with the butt of his gun, because I was not quick enough to pull it off; thus was I left in a deplorable condition. A little after the ground took fire, I crept up on a dead man until the fire was past me, then I fell off him, and lay among the dead, expecting death every minute, not only by reason of wounds, but by reason of the cold and great thirst that I had. I drank several handfuls of the dead men's blood I lay beside—the more I drank, the worse I was. I continued until day-light—then came a serjeant and a soldier of our company, looking for the wounded men of our company; when the serjeant saw me, he cast his coat and put it on me, and they carried me on their shoulders to a village where the wounded were and our surgeons; then they gave me water to drink, to cause me vomit the blood I had drunk. I got my wounds dressed, then they gave me a dram, which I received."

Before he is at all recovered from his wounds, he gets impatient for another row, and makes the following one.

"I had some money, wherewith I employed a surgeon for myself, so that in a month's time I would have jumped upon my crutches, and walked through the town, where I saw my old trade of gaming going on very well. I called for the master of the game, and asked him why he gave me none of the profit; (he was an Italian in the German service.) He told me he had two comrades that were Frenchmen that knew me not;—they would give me nothing unless I would fight all the three; I told them I would have a fair trial for it, so sent for a sword. The Italian and I went to it—he was lame of his left arm, and I of my legs—you may judge how the spectators did laugh to see two lame men fight. I fought him and the other two, and wounded them all three, so I became master of the pass-book."

He then bears a part in various sieges, and has his hands tolerably full of employment.

"At the siege of Ath I was in several storms; I was throwing grenades eight hours together, where I got a ball in my head, which will mind me of it while I live. That city submitted to the Duke, and were sent prisoners to Holland. The campaign ended, and we were ordered to our garrisons: it fell the lot of our regiment to go to Bridges, where I recover-

ed of the wound in my head—I have a piece of silver in it—while I was under the cure my contributions came in to me from my comrades. When I was fully recovered I set up a school, and had very good business; I had several combats in protecting my new ladies I got there.

“In 1707 we took the field, and camped at Pungdeperie. During this camp I had good business by gaming and with my ladies. There was a wicked fellow who belonged to the Dutch Blue-Guards—he was a French gascon—he bullied all the swordsmen belonging to them.—He and I fell out about a mistress; he challenged me immediately to answer him, which I did. So we went out to the back of an old trench, where he shewed me five graves which he had filled, and told me I should be the sixth—we had a great many spectators, both Dutch and English.—If I would not yield him the lady, for shame I could not but fight him;—he drew his sword, and with it drew a line, saying, that should be my grave. I told him it was too short for me, likewise I did not love to lie wet at night, but said it would fit him better. We fell to it; he advanced upon me so that I was obliged to give way a little. I bound his sword, and made a half thrust at his breast,—he timed me, and wounded me in the mouth. I took another turn; I took a little better care, and gave him a thrust in the body, which made him very angry. He came upon me very boldly—some of the spectators cried, Stand your ground.—I wished them in my place; then I gave him a thrust in the belly—he then darted his sword at me—I parried it—he went and lay down on his root and spoke none. I took up my scabbard, and made the best of my way to the regiment, hearing no more about him, but that his comrades were glad he was off the stage, for he was very troublesome.”

Two other extracts, and we have done.

“At this time we marched to Newel, where we pursued the French, and beat up their rear, and took four regiments prisoners. After this we marched to a place called Synnie, where we waited for some time. One day, as I walked along the line, I met with a pun-bank at the front of the Dutch line; I asked a share of the money, and got at the game; the musters were made, he had a point on his sword, I told him mine had another—then I went to try it in a little wood in the back of the camp. We no sooner met, but he cried for help, and cried, follow on, follow on, follow on. There

was a great many of his countrymen grassing their horses, who came on me with swords, staves, and clubs and stones, which obliged me to take my heels. I happened with my spadron to wound their quarter-master, which put them in a great rage at me; they followed me hard. In the way as I fled there was a trench by a boot's house; I thought to jump it, but the ground broke in with me, so I fell in it. Before I got out I got many a stroke; then they drew me out. The quarter-master ordered them to beat me, and they did do it to purpose, so that I was left for dead. There was a well where they used to water their horses—he ordered me to be cast into it—there was not above a foot and a half of water in it. When I came to my senses I looked about me, but could see nothing but, as it were, a star above me. Thus I lay in a most wretched condition, being all blood and battery, my clothes rent off me—my back black with bruised blood. Some time after there came a woman to draw water; I took hold of the chain, and came up to the breast of the well. When the woman saw me, she supposed I was a devil—she quit her hands of the chain, and I went down to my old quarters; the last fall was worse than the first. There I lay bemoaning my misfortune, and like to perish every moment with cold; I cried, but nobody was to hear me in that pit. The time of watering horse came, and I was drawn up, when the men saw me they blessed themselves, and asked what I was: I told them I was drunk, and fell into it; they asked me where my clothes were; I told them that the boots took them from me. One of them called a Geneva man, and gave me a dram, and shewed him the way to the regiment; I thanked him kindly. When I thought all trouble was over, it but began with me; for, as I went along the line, all the dogs of the army came out on me—the faster I ran they followed me the harder.—at last I came to my tent. When my wife saw me in such a case, she cried pitifully; I desired her to get a surgeon. When he came, I let blood of both arms, and got a hot drink, and went to bed. I did not recover for a month's time. After this I proclaimed open wars with all such base rogues, then we went to our winter quarters. I set up my school in Ghent.”

The wars at last are over, and Donald returns to Britain. His autobiography thus concludes.

“Some time after I recovered, I went and married a wife; I kept an ale-house and a school, and lived very well in Lon-

don. I fought thirty-seven prizes in Bear-Garden.

"At the late rebellion, I left Chance-College, and listed in General Honeywood's regiment of dragoons, where I was made a serjeant. I had the honour to guard the standard at the battle of Preston. After the battle we were ordered to lie in Balton, in the muir of Lancaster, where, by reason of the long cold winter, my old wounds in my leg broke out, which caused me to draw my discharge, which was granted me, and was recommended to Chance-College as a serjeant of dragoons; yet being willing to serve his Majesty, I went as gunner to Fort-William, in the north of Scotland. In 1726, I fought a clean young man at Edinburgh; I gave him seven wounds, and broke his arm with the faulchion; this I did at the request of several noblemen and gentlemen. But now being sixty-three years of age, resolves never to fight any more, but to repent for my former wickedness."

We should wish to know what the members of the Celtic Society think of our friend Donald. Could they turn out a man who, with the broad-sword, would have had a single chance against such a hero?—Not one. We never saw a set of more decided hashers in all our born days than the majority of the Celtic. Scarcely one of them knew how to hold his claymore.—How should they?—What has a writer's clerk, or an apothecary's apprentice, or even an apothecary himself, to do with a broad-sword in his hand? Some of these sniping and glowering gentry had, most probably, never had a piece of cold iron under their control before, except a spit, in some sportive encounter with a scullion. They held their concern out before them at arm's-length, as if in danger of committing accidental suicide; and we heard a puny, blear-eyed, parrich-faced gawky ask his compeer, who was both rank and file indeed, "Dugald, isna ahe desperate heavy?" Had Donald M'Bane been let loose, single handed, against the Celtic Society, on their march down to Leith, the day of his Majesty's arrival, all the circumadjacent nursery-gardens of the Walk would have been richly manured. There is something wanting at the very bottom of the whole Society. It would take a year of Francalanza's life to make them a match for a moderate deputation of tailors.

Now, we know that we have been severely blamed for not cutting up the Celtic Society; but private friendship for many of the individuals composing it must be our excuse. God forbid that we should publicly attack a body of men, merely because their conduct appears idiotical. We prefer speaking with the members in private, and with assuring them of the most laughable figure which they cut, in open day, and in the streets of a city where many of ~~them~~ were born, and almost all of them bred, (some highly too,) with their posteriors as bare as on the hour they were first whipt into life. We appeal to their wives, or mothers, or sisters, or female relations of any denomination, if we are not speaking so as to command their warmest sympathy. We have them all on our side—the Celt only the kilt on his. But still the hairy monster stands without symptoms of repentance or remorse, glorying in his shame, and fit to get drunk with Noah.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of mankind, that there never yet has been a distinguished Celt in any profession, civil or military, except Ossian, and Dugald M'Glashan, the Paudaruz of the Tron-Kirk. If a Celt is a parson, he preaches every congregation into a snore with his snivel; if he is a barrister, he passes rich with forty pounds a-year; if a soldier, he is either instantly killed, or leads his men to be butchered.—Devil the one thing can he do, but snuff, chew, smoke, plug, drink whisky, devour oat-meal, and wear a kilt; and now, it would appear that he cannot even wear a kilt without a society to spur him on to that outrage on decency and civilization. The Celts could not even dig their own Caledonian Canal, but had to borrow those everlasting diggers, the Irishmen, to connect sea with sea. Emigration ought to be encouraged to its utmost limits; and if there is to be a Celtic Society at all, let it be numerous, and its meetings held on the other side of the Atlantic.

Fairest of Readers, do not you think it much better to wear the breeches? We are ourselves President of the Breech-Society, and, in that capacity, now bid you a tender farewell.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

We never heard the Rev. Leigh Richmond hold forth in the pulpit but once, and we thought him what you would call rather a wishy-washy preacher. He prosed away apparently with much facility, his course not being slackened by any distressing burthen of ideas. He cantered along smoothly enough, with his right leg foremost; and when he pulled up, he seemed as fresh as a two-year-old—no sweating and blowing—and without having turned a single hair. It was by no means unpleasant to look upon him in the pulpit; and although we did not remember any thing he was good enough to communicate to his audience, yet his discourse made us, if possible, more amiable than usual, and we felt towards him that grateful kindness which good people like us always entertain for weak well-meaning men, who act the public part of benefactors and instructors of their species.

Mr Richmond, we gather from his accent, is an Englishman, and we presume he has a living in the southern part of this Island. We therefore take it particularly kind of him to come down to the rude and barbarous North, and instruct us in saving knowledge. Our own clergy, it would appear from this, are not capable of taking care of their own congregations and parishioners, being a set of puny, bottle-nosed, big-bellied, apoplectical theologians, wallowing in riches, and inhabiting manse, like so many palaces in an Eastern fairy tale. So down come, once a-year, be it more or less, Mr Leigh Richmond, and other wise men of the South, to expound the Scriptures, and illuminate the darkness of our benighted understandings. Nothing can be more charitable and complimentary, and certainly the Rev. Gentleman is entitled to our warmest thanks, both in this world and in the world to come. We beg him, therefore, to accept of them now, once for all, and to point out how we can be agreeable or useful to him, for the active interest he takes in our bodily and spiritual welfare.

But we Scotch are a very touchy and touchy of heathens. It would be most

rash and unadvised thing, indeed, to conclude that we are all grateful, mild, milk-and-water creatures, because such is the character of the Editor and Contributors to Blackwood's Magazine. If they were all like us, this would be a heavenly world indeed, and Mr Richmond would have no occasion to preach at all, except just to keep us all as perfect and as pure as he found us; but we weep to say, that we are but a remnant, and that wickedness doth greatly abound among this people. Down comes our inestimable friend Leigh to shew us the road to salvation; and what is his reward? Why, almost universal scorn and contempt. The population, both rural, urban, and villatic, consider him an absolute ninny; and while they dare not to accuse him of any vice or crime, they, with almost one voice, hoot and hiss him as an impertinent interloper, who thrusts out his nose and his tongue into other people's concerns, and who deserves being returned across the Border with a flea in his ear, and a rod upon his hinder-end.

Now we are shocked at such monstrous ingratitude; for, though Mr Richmond be, as we were forced to acknowledge, a wishy-washy preacher, and a man of the very meanest abilities, still, what is that to the purpose, if he be a truly evangelical clergyman of the Church of England? He is obviously a chosen vessel, without crack or flaw, and overflowing with sound doctrine. What matters it, if he be in the shape of a cypher? The weakest we are told, often prove the strongest in a right cause; and Mr Richmond, in his uttermost imbecility, meekly descending to Zero on the intellectual scale, and preaching away, not only without any pretence to talents, but with the most winning disavowal of all human wisdom, is precisely the sort of man required as an Itinerant in the present most alarming crisis.

For, the people of Scotland are not so much a purse as a proud-proud people. They have, of late years, addicted themselves most dangerously to the use of reason; and, to the destruction of all true religion, are discontented

* *The Dairyman's Daughter*; an Authentic Narrative. Communicated by a Clergyman of the Church of England. London, W. Applegarth and E. Cowper.

and dissatisfied unless they can attach some slight meaning to the use of words, not only in temporal, but in spiritual affairs. This is indeed deplorable; and both grieved and indignant are we to say, that their pastors, instead of striving, as of old, with might and main, to stem the torrent of reason that threatens to bear down every thing unintelligible in its course, they address themselves to the understandings of their flock, absolutely teach them to found faith in intellect as well as feeling, and to read the Bible as a revelation from God to his rational creatures.

At such a crisis, Oh! for a few dozens or scores of Leigh Richmonds.—One is by far too few. He cannot preach Scotland to any effect in a fortnight per annum. If he travels by canals, he loses that precious article (a leading one in all the greater Periodicals)—Time. If he gigs it, he is sure to break down at last, and fracture his skull. If he rides, he gets saddle-sick. We see no other plan for him but to give up his living in England, and preach Scotland right and left, without stop during the remainder of his distance.

Yet there soon difficulties in the way of his ultimate and permanent success, even according to this simple scheme. It would take a more able-bodied man than Mr Richmond to reclaim, even in a life-time, the Goose-dubs and the Corbals. Camlachie would stand a long tussle; and slow would be his progress along the Glasgow gate, in the vicinity of the barracks. Glasgow alone would stand a battery of twenty great guns of the gospel, before a single breach was effected in the enemy's walls. Once more, therefore, do we fervently say, "Oh! for scores of Leigh Richmonds," or Scotland and all its inhabitants must perish.

But the prospect is not so dark after all; and a light breaks in upon our gloom. For although Mr Richmond cannot preach at all times and at all places, *in propria persona et in suo loco*, as Mr Egan, the truly evangelical author of *Boxiana*, and *Life in London*, would say; yet he can print, and thus save the Land of Cakes and Caulkers from the wrath to come. He has printed, and Scotland will yet be saved by THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER, through the medium of the Cheap Tract Society.

The name of this one of "God's real children," Mr Richmond has not fully announced to the world; he having chosen to print it thus—W——e, a very suspicious abbreviation of a young woman. The character is given from real life; and thus runs the commencement of the letter that made them first acquainted with each other:

"REV. SIR,

"I take the liberty to write to you. Pray excuse me, for I have never spoken to you.* But I once heard you, when you preached at ——— church. I believe you are a faithful preacher, to warn sinners to flee from the wrath that will be revealed against all those that live in sin, and die impenitent. Pray go on in the strength of the Lord. And may he bless you and crown your labour of love with success, and give you souls for your hire!

"The Lord has promised to be with those whom he calls and sends forth to preach his word to the end of time: for without him we can do nothing. I was much rejoiced to hear of those marks of love and affection to that poor soldier of the S. D. militia. Surely the love of Christ sent you to that poor man: may that love ever dwell richly in you by faith! may it constrain you to seek the wandering souls of men with the fervent desire to spend and be spent for his glory! May the unction of the Holy Spirit attend the word spoken by you with power, and convey deep conviction to the hearts of your hearers! May many of them experience the divine change of being made new creatures in Christ!"

The letter concludes with a request that Mr Richmond would bury the writer's sister, then in her coffin. He ought not, since this is a true story, to have altered the orthography of the poor girl's letter. Writers of fiction only should attend to effect; truth ought never to be made to submit to such sacrifices.

"I was much struck with the simple and earnest strain of devotion which this letter breathed. It was but indifferently written and spelt. But this the rather tended to endear the hitherto unknown writer, as it seemed characteristic of the union of humbleness of station with eminence of piety. I felt quite thankful that I was favoured with a correspondent of this description; the more so, as such characters were at that time very rare in the neighbourhood."

The Dairyman himself had brought

this letter to Mr Richmond, and waited an answer at the outside of the gate. He was an old grey-headed man, and the following conversation is said to have passed between him and Mr Richmond:

"What is your occupation?"

"Sir, I have lived most of my days in a little cottage at ———, six miles from here. I have rented a few acres of ground and kept some cows, which, in addition to my day labour, has been the means of supporting and bringing up my family."

"What family have you?"

"A wife, now getting very aged and helpless, two sons, and one daughter; for my other poor dear child is just departed out of this wicked world."

"I hope, for a better."

"I hope so, too: poor thing, she did not use to take to such good ways as her sister; but I do believe that her sister's manner of talking with her before she died was the means of saving her soul. What a mercy it is to have such a child as mine is! I never thought about my own soul seriously till she, poor girl, begged and prayed me to flee from the wrath to come."

"How old are you?"

"Near seventy, and my wife is older; we are getting old and almost past our labour; but our daughter has left a good place, where she lived in service, on purpose to come home and take care of us and our little dairy. And a dear, dutiful, and affectionate girl she is."

"Was she always so?"

"No, sir; when she was very young, she was all for the world, and pleasure, and dress, and company. Indeed we were all very ignorant, and thought if we took care for this life, and wronged nobody, we should be sure to go to heaven at last. My daughters were both wilful, and, like ourselves, strangers to the ways of God and the word of his grace. But the eldest of them went out to service, and some years ago she heard a sermon preached at ——— church, by a gentleman that was going to ———, as chaplain to the colony, and from that time she seemed quite another creature. She began to read the Bible, and became sober and steady. The first time she returned home afterwards to see us, she brought us a guinea which she had saved from her wages, and said, as we were getting old, she was sure we should want help; adding, that she did not wish to spend it in fine clothes, as she used to do, only to feed pride and vanity. She said, she would rather show gratitude

to her dear father and mother, because Christ had shewn such mercy to her.

"We wondered to hear her talk, and took great delight in her company; for her temper and behaviour were so humble and kind, she seemed so desirous to do us good both in soul and body, and was so different from what we had ever seen her before, that, careless and ignorant as we had been, we began to think there must be something real in religion, or it never could alter a person so much in a little time.

"Her youngest sister, poor soul! used to laugh and ridicule her at that time, and said her head was turned with her new ways. 'No, sister,' she would say, 'not my head, but I hope my heart is turned from the love of sin to the love of God. I wish you may one day see, as I do, the danger and vanity of your present condition.'

"Her poor sister would reply, 'I do not want to hear any of your preaching; I am no worse than other people, and that is enough for me.' — 'Well, sister,' Elizabeth would say, 'if you will not hear me, you cannot hinder me from praying for you, which I do with all my heart.'

"And now, sir, I believe those answers are answered. For when he was taken ill, Elizabeth went to Mr ———'s to wait in his place, and take care of her. She said a great deal about her soul, and the poor father began to be so deeply affected, and sensible of her past sin, and so thankful for her sister's kind behaviour, that it gave great hopes indeed for her sake. When my wife and I went to see her as she sick, she told us how grieved and ashamed she was of her past life but said, she had hope through grace that her sister's prayers would be her salvation too: for she felt her own sinfulness, and only wished to cast herself upon Christ as her hope and salvation.

"And now, sir, she is gone, and I hope and think her sister's prayers for her conversion to God have been answered. The Lord grant the same for her poor father and mother's sake likewise!"

"This conversation was a very pleasing commentary upon the letter which I had received, and made me anxious both to comply with the request, and to become acquainted with the writer. I promised the good Dairyman to attend on the Friday at the appointed hour; and after some more conversation respecting his own state of mind under the present trial, he went away."

Mr Richmond goes and buries the

poor girl; and it seems a sinner is opportunely converted at the grave.

"A man of the village, who had hitherto been of a very careless and even prodigal character, went into the church through mere curiosity, and with no better purpose than that of vacantly gazing at the ceremony. He came likewise to the grave, and during the reading of those prayers which are appointed for that part of the service, his mind received a deep, serious conviction of his sin and spiritual danger. It was an impression that never wore off, but gradually ripened into the most satisfactory evidence of an entire change; of which I had many and long-continued proofs. He always referred to the Burial Service, and to some particular sentences of it, as the clearly ascertained instrument of bringing him, through grace, to the knowledge of the truth."

Having thus kindly descended to bury the young girl, (and a great condescension the surviving sister considers it,) Mr Richmond, in a few days after the funeral, pays a visit to the DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER at a nobleman's seat, where she is one of the under-housemaids. He favours us with a very long and florid description of the mansion and surrounding scenery, not quite in the style of the author of *Waverley*; and perhaps rather out of place and season. After an interview, in which the girl quite abases herself before him, crying, "Sir, I take it very kind you have condescended to leave the company of the rich, and converse with the poor;" he walks away, and claps himself down upon his breech on a hill-side; the prospect from which, and all the emotions it awakened in his mind, are described with prodigious prolixity. Mr Richmond seems not to be aware, that in seeking this indulgence of his taste and feelings, he was, in fact, a considerable sensualist. He might just as well have gone into a garden and devoured gousherries, or stopt at an inn and lunched on a cold pigeon-pie. But the unsuspecting simplicity of the man is one of the most delightful qualities of his character.

Mr Richmond and the Dairymaid are now confirmed correspondents; and she takes him on his weak side. How sweetly this great and popular preacher must have been gladdened by the judicious praises of the evangelical W——e!

"DEAR SIR,

"I have felt it very consoling to read your kind letter to-day; I feel thankful to God for ministers in our church who love

VOL. XII.

and fear his name: there it is where the people in general look for salvation; and there may they ever find it, for Jesus' sake! May his word, spoken by you, his chosen vessel of grace, be made spirit and life to their dead souls! May it come from you, as an instrument in the hand of God, as sharp arrows from a strong archer, and strike a death-blow to all their sins! How I long to see the arrows of conviction fasten on the minds of those that are hearers of the Word and not doers! O, sir! be ambitious for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It will add to the lustre of your crown of glory, as well as to your present joy and peace."

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER then recollects that Mr Richmond is a married man; and writes thus prettily for both ends of the table.

"Sir, I hope Mrs —— and you are both of one heart and one mind. Then you will sweetly agree in all things that make for your present and eternal happiness. Christ sent his disciples out, not singly, but two and two, that they might comfort and help each other, in those ways and works which their Lord commanded them to pursue."

But she soon forgets the Parson's lady, and directs her battery against himself alone.

"Dear Sir, I thank you for your kindness and condescension, in leaving those that are of high rank and birth in the world, to converse with me, who am but a servant here below. But when I consider what a high calling, what honour and dignity God has conferred on me, to be called his child, to be born of his Spirit, made an heir of glory, and joint-heir with Christ; how humble and circum-spect should I be in all my ways, as a dutiful and loving child to an affectionate and loving Father! When I seriously consider these things, it fills me with love and gratitude to God, and I do not wish for any higher station, nor envy the rich. I rather pity them, if they are not good as well as great. My blessed Lord was pleased to appear in the form of a servant; and I long to be like him.

"I did not feel in so happy a frame for conversation that day, nor yet that liberty to explain my thoughts, which I sometimes do. The fault must have been all in myself; for there was nothing in you but what seemed to evidence a Christian spirit, temper, and disposition. I very much wished for an opportunity to converse with you. I feel very thankful to God that you do take up the cross, and despise the shame:

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if you are found faithful, you will soon sit down with him in glory."

All this is mightily pleasant; and the publication of it, on cheap paper, alike gratifying to Mr Richmond himself, and instructive to all Christendom.

Elevated by the reverence of the DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER, Mr Richmond strikes a loftier key, and is at once, moralist, metaphysician, poet, and divine.

"The mind of man is like a moving picture, supplied with objects, not only from contemplation on things present, but from the fruitful sources of recollection and anticipation.

"Memory retraces past events, and restores an ideal reality to scenes which are gone by for ever. They live again in revived imagery, and we seem to hear and see with renewed emotions what we heard and saw at a former period. Successions of such recollected circumstances often form a series of welcome memorials. In religious meditation the memory becomes a sanctified instrument of spiritual improvement.

"Another part of this animated picture is furnished by the pencil of Hope. She draws encouraging prospects for the soul, by connecting the past and present with the future. Seeing the promises afar off, she is persuaded of their truth, and embraces them as her own.

"The Spirit of God gives a blessing to both these acts of the mind, and employs them in the service of religion. Every faculty of body and soul, when considered as a part of 'the purchased possession' of the Saviour, assumes a new character. How powerfully does the Apostle, on this ground, urge a plea for holy activity and watchfulness! 'What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God; and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.'

"The Christian may derive much profit and enjoyment from the use of the memory, as it concerns those transactions in which he once bore a part. In his endeavours to recall past conversations and intercourse with deceased friends, in particular, the powers of remembrance greatly improve by exercise. One revived idea produces another, till the mind is most agreeably and usefully occupied with lively and holy imaginings.

This is introductory to the narrative of a visit paid to the Dairyman

and his family at their own cottage. The narrative is somewhat verbose, but we think all our readers will be delighted with the truly humble spirit exhibited in the following sentences.

"This," thought I, "is a fit residence for piety, peace, and contentment. May I learn a fresh lesson for advancement in each, through the blessing of God, on this visit!"

"Sir," said the daughter, "we are not worthy that you should come under our roof. We take it very kind that you should travel so far to see us."

"My Master," I replied, "came a great deal farther to visit us poor sinners. He left the bosom of his Father, laid aside his glory, and came down to his lower world on a visit of mercy and love; and ought not we, if we profess to follow him, to bear each other's infirmities, and go about doing good as he did?"

Mr Leigh Richmond has here instituted a sort of comparison between himself and our Saviour, in which he frankly confesses his own inferiority; but such are the prejudices of persons not evangelical, that we should not be at all surprised if this passage should be condemned by many as an atrocious and almost insane forgetfulness of the utter worthlessness of human nature and all its thoughts, before the image of a Divine Being. But the truly evangelical will know better; and feel, in this allusion to his own name and nature along with those of the Son of God, that Mr Richmond was perfectly justified by the purity of his own character so far beyond what can ever be approached by unenlightened men, and that words are in him meek and humble and pious, which in others would be most presumptuous, arrogant, and blasphemous.

Several of the DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER'S letters follow. They contain many proofs of a kind, amiable, and affectionate heart. But there is such a constant buttering of Mr Richmond, that at last we think too much of the profession of the young scribe's father, and conceive of Mr Richmond, absolutely lubricated all over with the richest oil. When any of our correspondents butter us, (which many do,) instead of publishing their letters, we throw them into the Balaam chest. This is partly to be attributed to our amiable modesty, and partly to a suspicion of being trotted. But Mr Richmond is too modest to feel any thing of the sort; and takes

as his due the whole produce of the dairy. He feels himself to be a good man, and all the world admits him to be a great one; so all this greasing is not only excusable, but praise-worthy, and bearing the character of an evangelical preacher of God's word.

But poor Betty White—for that we shall suppose is her name—falls into a galloping consumption, and Mr Richmond attends her death-bed. The situation is a pathetic one; and the reader will judge if he has done it justice.

"What is your present view of the state in which you were, before you felt seriously concerned about the salvation of your soul?"

"Sir, I was a thoughtless girl, fond of dress and folly; I loved the world, and the things that are in the world; I lived in service among worldly people, and never had the happiness of being in a family where worship was regarded, and the souls of the servants cared for either by master or mistress. I went once on a Sunday to church, more to see and be seen, than to pray or hear the Word of God. I thought I was quite good enough to be saved, and disliked and often laughed at religious people. I was in great darkness; I knew nothing of the way of salvation; I never prayed, except in the most formal and lifeless manner, nor was sensible of the awful danger of a prayerless state. I wished to maintain the character of a good servant, and was much flattered up whenever I met with applause. I was tolerably moral and decent in my conduct, from motives of carnal and worldly policy; but I was a stranger to God and Christ: I neglected my soul; and had I died in such a state, hell must, and would justly, have been my portion."

"How long is it since you heard the sermon which you hope, through God's blessing, effected the change in your heart?"

"About five years ago."

"How was it brought about?"

"It was reported that a Mr——, who was detained by contrary winds from embarking on board ship as chaplain to a distant part of the world, was to preach at —— church. Mady advised me not to go, for fear he should turn my head; as they say he held strange notions. But curiosity, and an opportunity of appearing in a new gown, which I was very proud of, induced me to ask leave of my mistress to go. Indeed, sir, I had no better motives than vanity and curiosity. Yet thus it pleased the Lord to order it for his own glory.

"I accordingly went to church, and saw a great crowd of people collected together. I often think of the contrary states of my mind during the former and latter part of the service. For a while, regardless of the worship of God, I looked around me, and was anxious to attract notice myself. My dress, like that of too many gay, vain, and silly servant-girls, was much above my station, and very different from that which becomes a humble sinner, who has a modest sense of propriety and decency. The state of my mind was visible enough from the foolish finery of my apparel.

"At length, the clergyman gave out his text: 'Be ye clothed with humility.' He drew a comparison between the clothing of the body with that of the soul. At a very early part of his discourse, I began to feel ashamed of my passion for fine dressing and apparel; but when he came to describe the garment of salvation with which a Christian is clothed, I felt a powerful discovery of the nakedness of my own soul. I saw that I had neither the humility mentioned in the text, nor any one part of the true Christian character. I looked at my gay dress, and blushed for shame on account of my pride. I looked at the minister, and he seemed to be as a messenger sent from heaven to open my eyes. I looked at the congregation, and wondered whether any one else felt as I did. I looked at my heart, and it appeared full of iniquity. I trembled as he spoke, and yet I felt a great drawing of heart to the words he uttered.

"He opened the riches of divine grace in God's method of saving the sinner. I was astonished at what I had been doing all the days of my life. He described the meek, lowly, and humble example of Christ; I felt proud, lofty, vain, and self-consequential. He represented Christ as 'Wisdom;' I felt my ignorance. He held him forth as 'Righteousness;' I was convinced of my own guilt. He proved him to be 'Sanctification;' I saw my corruption. He proclaimed him as 'Redemption;' I felt my slavery to sin, and my captivity to Satan. He concluded with an animated address to sinners, in which he exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come, to cast off the love of outward ornaments, to put on Jesus Christ, and be clothed with true humility.

"From that hour I never lost sight of the value of my soul and the danger of a sinful state. I inwardly blessed God for the sermon, although my mind was in a state of great confusion.

"The preacher had brought forward the ruling passion of my heart, which was pride in outward dress; and by the grace of God it was made instrumental to the awakening of my soul. Happy, sir, would it be, if many a poor girl, like myself, were turned from the love of outward adorning and putting on of fine apparel, to seek that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

"The greater part of the congregation, unused to such faithful and scriptural sermons, disliked and complained of the severity of the preacher: while a few, as I afterwards found, like myself, were deeply affected, and earnestly wished to hear him again. But he preached there no more.

"From that time I was led, through a course of private prayer, reading, and meditation, to see my lost estate as a sinner, and the great mercy of God through Jesus Christ in raising sinful dust and ashes to a share in the glorious happiness of heaven. And, O sir! what a Saviour I have found! He is more than I could ask or desire. In his fulness I have found all that my poverty could need; in his bosom I have found a resting place from all sin and sorrow; in his word I have found strength against doubt and unbelief."

"Were you not soon convinced," I said, "that your salvation must be an act of entire grace on the part of God, wholly independent of your own previous works or deservings?"

"Dear sir, what were my works before I heard that sermon, but evil, carnal, selfish, and ungodly? The thoughts of my heart, from my youth upward, were only evil, and that continually. And my deservings, what were they, but the deservings of a fallen, depraved, careless soul, that regarded neither law nor gospel? Yes, sir, I immediately saw that if ever I were saved, it must be by the free mercy of God, and that the whole praise and honour of the work would be his from first to last."

"There is much more in the same strain, and at least the poor girl dies, and is buried by Mr Richmond. The funeral is described at great length; and is not the following passage most naturally and affectingly introduced?

"The scenery was in unison with that tender frame of mind which is most susceptible for holy meditation. A rich and fruitful valley lay immediately beneath; it was adorned with corn-fields and pastures, through which a small river wind-

ed in a variety of directions, and many herds grazed upon its banks. A fine range of opposite hills, covered with grazing flocks, terminated with a bold sweep into the ocean, whose blue waves appeared at a distance beyond. Several villages, hamlets, and churches, were scattered in the valley. The noble mansions of the rich, and lowly cottages of the poor, added their respective features to the landscape. The air was mild, and the declining sun occasioned a beautiful interchange of light and shade upon the sides of the hills. In the midst of this scene, the chief sound that attracted attention was the bell tolling for the funeral of the Dairyman's daughter.

"Several Christian Friends," from different parts of the country, had collected together, and among others a Soldier.

"The soldier, mentioned in my last paper, reached a Bible into my hand, and said, 'Perhaps, sir, you would not object to reading a chapter before we go to the church.'

"I did so; it was the fourteenth of the book of Job. A sweet tranquillity prevailed, while I read it. Each minute that was spent in this funeral chamber, seemed to be valuable. I made a few observations on the chapter, and connected them with the case of our departed sister.

"I am but a poor soldier," said our military friend, "and have nothing of this world's goods beyond my daily subsistence; but I would not exchange my hope of salvation in the next world, for all that this world could bestow without it. What is wealth without grace? Blessed be God! as I march about from one quarter to another, I still find the Lord wherever I go; and thank be to his holy name, he is here to-day in the midst of this company of the living and the dead. I feel that it is good to be here."

"Some other persons present began to take a part in our conversation, in the course of which the life and experience of the Dairyman's daughter were brought forward in a very interesting manner. Each friend had something to relate in testimony of her gracious disposition. A young woman under twenty, who had hitherto been a very light and trifling character, appeared to be remarkably impressed by the conversation of that day; and I have since had ground to believe that divine grace then began to influence her in the choice of that better part, which shall not be taken from her."

The young creature is laid in the

dust, and Mr Richmond moralizes. Instead of the word "*Finis*," is a serpent with its tail in its mouth, emblematic of eternity.

Our readers will have collected our opinion of this story from what we have already said; but let them now hear that of Ensign and Adjutant Odohertry, abridged from a MS. now lying before us on the green table of the *sanctum sanctorum*.

Odohertry wishes much to know from Mr Richmond what were the sins of the sister of the Dairyman's daughter, of which she expressed such deep repentance on her death-bed? Were they confined to a little innocent flirtation, and the love of finery in cap, petticoat, gown, and pelisse? If so, then the poor girl was no worse than Mr Richmond himself, even in his present regenerated state; for is he not quite a pleasant man at a tea-table, and in dress, a clerical dandy?

Secondly, Odohertry hints that it is not right to throw a slur and stigma on the character of that other poor girl, and that an action will lie against Mr Richmond,—a dairyman's daughter being entitled to the privileges of the grave as much as a queen. If all her faults were confined to coarse jokes in the servants' hall—too kisses or a squeeze in dark lobbies—and too elaborate arrangement of gaudy ribbons—it should have been clearly so stated—in which case the reader would have known better what to think of the terrors, remorse, and repentance of her death-bed.

Thirdly, What, asks Odohertry, were the vices of Miss Elizabeth White herself? In his opinion, she was a very pretty behaved young woman, and ought not to have taken on so forth the few most pardonable vanities, or weaknesses of the flesh, that could be laid to her

charge either by herself, her fellow servants, or Mr Leigh Richmond. That gentleman ought to have told her so, and not to have suffered the poor, young, and pretty little thing to pine and fret herself into a consumption, for what was rather amiable than otherwise, and instead of subjecting her to any chance of damnation in the next world, ought rather to have procured her a good husband in this.

Fourthly, Odohertry objects to all sudden conversions to Christianity produced by stout evangelists thumping away upon cushions, as in the case of this thwacking minister, and the Dairyman's consumptive daughter. He thinks such appeals to the nervous system dangerous and indecorous, and that faith ought not to be driven into the heart by a *coup-de-main*.

Fifthly, The Ensign wishes to know, where lies the deadly sin of gaudy Sunday clothes? A pretty girl ought to be prettily dressed; and if her heart does beat too quickly under the consciousness of an attractive gingham, is that sin to be atoned by tears, sighs, despondency, consumption, an epistolary correspondence with Mr Leigh Richmond, and death?

Lastly, Ought all young women out at service, instead of adorning their fair bosoms, to put their wages into Savings-Banks, and their souls into the keeping of an evangelical Parson? Or may they not, *sans peur et sans reproche*, trip into a mercer's shop, eat bunn at a wake, walk with a sweet-heart by moonlight, occasionally absent themselves from church, or fall asleep over one of Mr Richmond's sermons; and, finally, take a husband, become the mother of a small family of children, grow fat, die, and go to Heaven?

LETTER TO MR NORTH, ON A SUBJECT OF MUCH LOCAL INTEREST.

SIR,—I am an old inhabitant of this city, old enough to remember corn growing not a hundred yards from the shop where your Magazine is now published in the midst of the hum of streets, and the rattling of carriages. I am, therefore, entitled to have a very great affection for the place; and in spite of all that has been written against them by critics on manners, from Geneva and America, and other fine folks, I have a great regard also for all classes of its inhabitants.

Will you allow me, without further preamble, to occupy one or two of your columns with a few words on a subject which may not, perhaps, just at first sight appear quite fitted for being discussed in a journal of this kind; I mean the plans that are now on foot for erecting a new High-school?

I understand that such a scheme had its origin last year in the ingenuity of some private individuals, who, happening to occupy houses in the newest parts of the New Town, thought it was hard they should have to send their boys so far across streets, squares, and bridges, when, by subscribing £50. a-piece, they might have a new school close to themselves, and all to themselves. The magistrates, if report speaks correctly, were alarmed when they heard of a design, which they rightly judged must materially injure the ancient and "time-honoured establishment" over the concerns of which they preside, by carrying from thence the greater part of those pupils, whose parents occupy the higher places in public consideration here. And they accordingly entered into a negotiation, the particulars of which have not been made public; but which ended at length in the private scheme being altogether abandoned—the magistrates undertaking to erect at the public expence, (or chiefly so) a duplicate of the old High-school, in some situation more easy of access to the aristocratical youth of the New City.

Pecuniary difficulties, however, have arisen, and the matter is in consequence at this moment at a stand. And it is under these circumstances that I would fain take this method of drawing public attention, not to any particular advantages or disadvantages of the different specific proposals that

have been made—but to the general principle and expediency of the whole affair, which, I would hope, may be considered as *ad hoc sub judice*.

And first, sir, is it at all certain that any benefit whatever is to be derived from splitting the juvenile population of this place into two divisions or *castes*; and having the sons of landed proprietors, fund-holders, public annuitants, and lawyers, who reside in the New Town, taught their Latin and Greek in a different school from that to which the sons of our worthy fellow-citizens, still inhabiting the Auld Reekie of our forefathers, must resort? I am decidedly for one, of the opposite opinion. I think that much good is done by that free mingling of youths of all decent order in their first places of education, to which as yet we have been accustomed. I think that such early intercourse and communion in studies and in sports, has always been attended with the best effects. I think that from it have sprung, and by its remembrance have been nourished, feelings of kindness and good-hearted interest among all ranks; and I am sure, that while very many men of humbler origin among us have had reason, throughout life, to bless the institution which threw their boyhood into equal companionship and honourable rivalry with those born their superiors, there have not been wanting abundant instances, wherein the after obligations and the after gratitude have lain upon the other side.

In fact, I look upon all this matter as the offspring of a silly and absurd species of pride, or rather, I should say, vanity, which, being a new species in Scotland, ought at once to be put out of countenance. Who, after all, are these fine people who are so much afraid of having their boys contaminated by the plebeian touch of the children of the honest citizens of Edinburgh? Look back a generation or two, and what were the progenitors of most of themselves? Or look at themselves, and what are they now for the most part but barristers and attorneys—men who gain their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, and who expend that sweat for the most part in labour that cannot surely be classed among the most dignified of all human occupa-

tions? In former days, sir, the men engaged in these professions in this place, were, it is quite certain, of much higher birth and breeding, (speaking generally of course) than they are now; but *these* did not dream of any such vagaries as are, it seems, coming into fashion: and why?

The answer is very simple. At that time there was no such broad line drawn between the Scotch lawyer, or the Scotch gentleman, if that word will please them better, and the Scotch tradesman. The most respectable families in our country were accustomed in those days to bring up the eldest son for the laird, the second perhaps for a lawyer, the third for a minister of the kirk, the fourth for a soldier, the fifth for a merchant-tailor, or mercer, or cabinet-maker. Even *honourables* were often enough to be seen behind a counter—nay, such a thing has happened even to Right Honourables. I myself, sir, can all but recollect the lawful daughter of a Scottish Earl practising the noble art obstetric in the Lawnmarket—Nay, start not, I remember to have heard a gentlemanly, that has not been long in her, rave, speak of dancing at a "Peers' Ball" with a partner, who was at one and the same moment a glover in the High-street and Viscount of the realm.

The Colonies and the wars have changed all these things, and we have become, forsooth, "*a nation of gentlemen!*" But will this last long? The new Governor-General of India is not

Scotchman, nor married to a Scotchwoman, and there are no wars, it is to be hoped, near our doors at the least. What then is to be done with all our young men? They cannot all be lairds, they cannot all be even advocates, or writers, or doctors. We shall fight on with our pride, and starve with it for a few years more, and then, unless I am greatly mistaken, we shall be fain to come down a little in some of our notions. The truth is, that *out of this town*, everybody smiles already at the sort of pretension that has been of late set up among certain orders of people here, and nothing is wanting to cure them of it but a few plain words, and one loud laugh—which last will do the business effectually, or, if it does not, Necessity will.

In short, there is no question, that if things go on in the train they are now in, (and like to continue in too,) our fine folks must be contented to

have not only sons for THE CHURCH, (for even that, *Di Boni!* has of late become unfashionable,) but sons for THE SNOP. And when that is the case, which it will be in five years, where will be the grace of the *New High School*—the *New Town High School*—the *gentle High School*? I would rather put the query than find it an answer.

It has been said, however, and it will *therefore* be said again, that competition is a fine thing—that the New High School and the Old High School will operate to the mutual advantage of each other; and that as we have better travelling on the road to the south now, than when there was but the one primeval dilly, so we shall have better scholarship than we have had, or can now have, when the day comes that sees two Rectors and two Gold Medals in the field.

It appears to me, that this is mere nonsense. For every practical purpose, the rivalry of four masters, each beginning a new class once in the four years, is quite enough. If A do not exert himself as a teacher, or has not the reputation of doing so in a kindly manner, I will keep back my boy till next October, and put him under B or C. And this principle, which is universally acted upon, as we all know, is as powerful in its effects as any thing that can be devised in its place.

Has any body, that has a voice potential in such matters among us, really studied the thing in all its bearings? I doubt it greatly. Has any one ever heard a single complaint, any thing like a complaint, against the masters or the discipline of the present school? And if not, will any sensible, any right-thinking man jump headlong into a measure, which (so powerful are the agencies of caprice, and the charms of novelty, even if there were nothing but these,) can scarcely fail, for a time at least, to put that ancient establishment out of fashion; and sadly and effectually to dispirit those worthy persons who undertook its management without any warning, and have long been discharging its duties without any suspicion of such mutations?

I am not, however, inclined merely to abuse what other people have proposed, and propose nothing myself. The immense increase in the popula-

tion of Edinburgh renders it *prima facie* probable, that we should be the better of having a larger scholastic establishment than was deemed sufficient for us 50 or 100 years ago; and the number of private teachers that are, and have for some time been, flourishing in the New Town, in opposition to a great and responsible public establishment, furnish strong evidence that the distance of the old school from the seat of a great and most respectable portion of our population, has in reality been felt as a serious inconvenience. But to meet the calls of this larger population, and to obviate all the inconveniences of which they complain, is it necessary that there should be two High Schools, one in the present situation, and one on the northern skirts of New Edinburgh? I answer, No.

There is no sort of necessity for any thing of the kind. Let the Town Council sell the old school for medical lecture rooms, or an additional infirmary, or for anything they please; but there is no doubt that such a site, and such a building, so close to the University edifices, must be very disposable property. Let them, with the money which they raise in this way, and with the other funds at their disposal, erect ONE LARGE AND SPACIOUS SCHOOL, not on the skirts of the Old Town, where the present school stands, nor on the skirts of the New Town, where they have been talking of fixing the opposition one—but at equal distances from both of these extremes, in a situation adapted equally and alike to meet the convenience of all classes of the inhabitants—IN THE VERY CENTRE OF THE WHOLE CITY.

Such a building need not be a lofty, and it ought to be a beautiful one,—indeed, what building ought not to be a beautiful one here, where we have the finest stone in the world, and where there are such architects as a Burn and a Playfair—men who want nothing but opportunities for exhibiting all that genius and art can conceive and execute? Such a building placed along the line of Prince's Street, somewhere to the eastward of the Mound, might be so contrived as not only not to interfere with, but greatly to adorn, the appearance both of Prince's Street and of the city at large. Its entrances might all be on the other side, so as to produce nothing of confusion or annoyance of any kind in the street; and in the wide

and open space below, which is at present waste and without use, (with the exception of some rope-working operations,) a fine field might be drained for a play-ground, and so what is now a vile deformity, be converted into an object alike beautiful and interesting in the highest degree. There may be some little difficulty in the way of servitudes to be dispensed with, and the like; but I can scarcely bring myself to believe, that—now more especially when that part of Prince's Street has been almost entirely abandoned to shops and hotels—there can be any difficulty, such as a little, a very little prudence in management might not overcome. A great public object should not be laid aside for paltry considerations; and I think too well of my fellow-citizens to suppose it possible, that any portion of them would be seriously intrustable, if such an object as this were fairly proposed to their consideration by their municipal authorities; and above all, by such a one as our present Chief Magistrate, who so perfectly unites in himself, and so eminently adorns, the characters both of the CITIZEN and of the GENTLEMAN.

Around the field set apart for the lads, plantations and shrubberies might be inclosed; and then the ravine which separates the Old Town from the New, would, in the whole of its extent from the West Kirk to the Bridge, form one series of gardens. The elegant edifices about to be erected on the Mound, by the Royal Society, and some other public bodies, would rise in the midst above alternate groves and lawns, and Prince's Street be, even far beyond what is now the case, a thing unrivalled in the whole world.

It may be quite proper, it may be quite necessary, that there should be more teachers than there are at present. Let their numbers be doubled, then—let there be eight masters under one rector, in place of four; but let them all teach under one roof, in one building. Let all the boys be free to associate in their games and exercises, and no fear but, both within doors and without, there will be "ample room and verge enough" for them all.

I confess that I have trespassed on you too long, considering the local nature of the subject; but it is one, in regard to which I do feel extreme interest, and I hope that may furnish my best apology. I confess that I

should be sorry to think of any essential change being introduced rashly, and at hazard, into a system which has hitherto been found (the Edinburgh Reviewers may deride the phrase, but the thing is good notwithstanding,) "*to work well.*" I should be sorry to think that the time were coming when the poorest boy that can afford to learn Latin and Greek in Edinburgh must not expect to learn it at the side of those whom fortune has placed a little higher than himself in the ranks of life—when the honest tradesman's son must no longer be able to say to himself, "the ancestor of the boy whose place I have won to-day was, a century, or two centuries ago, a plain citizen of Edinburgh, such as my own father is at this moment;—why should not I raise myself in the world, as others have done before me?" And in parting let me whisper, that there is at this moment no impropriety in such

reflections, even although a young **CLERK** of Pennikuit, or **DICK** of Priestfield, or **PRESTON** of Craigmillar, or **WARRENDER** of Lochend, aye, or **HOPE** of Hopetoun, may be the boy that gives rise to them; for the founders of all these distinguished houses, and indeed I may say the founders of almost all the great families that are now established round us here in Mid-Lothian, were, in their day, humble, industrious, excellent **CITIZENS** of "the Gude Town."

I am very sure the richest of them all—the richest, not in possessions only, but in all the honours that virtue, arts, science, and arms can bestow, is not ashamed of remembering that such is his origin, any more than your humble servant, who now subscribes himself (by no assumed title,) **AVUS EDINENSIS.**

Heriot-Row, 9th Dec. 1822.

THE GREEK TO HIS SWORD.

(*From the Roman.*)

Now forth I draw thee, glittering blade,
Thy scabbard thus I cast away;
And we shall pass on undismay'd,
Though foes should thicken like a shade
Around our path, on battle day!

Too long in scabbard hast thou lain
Unused, amid Oppression's gloom;
When thralldom round us wove her chain—
When suffering mercy pled in vain;
And hope was none—save in the tomb!

Now forth, my sword! oh, better far
To fight, to fall in Freedom's cause,
Than crouch before Oppression's car,
And, sickening at the thought of war,
With trembling brook a tyrant's laws.

Too long beneath our native skies,
Hath Tyranny her flag unroll'd;
"Forth, forth!" the voice of Nature cries,
"And o'er the necks of foemen rise,
"As did your patriot sires of old!"

The warrior's hand hath never toil'd
In nobler cause than ours, before;
Nor shall our patriot's hopes be foil'd,
For prosperous Fate hath ever smiled
On such, as dared themselves restore.

'Tis not in foreign hearts, and hands,
To plead our cause and fight our fields;
(Our hope is in our native brands,
'Tis Duty's iron voice commands,
And cursed be every son that yields!

On—on, my blade, nor let us turn,
Though blood rain round in purple showers;
May every heart for glory burn;
At chains and flight alike we spurn;—
Let Freedom or the Grave be ours!

Shades of the Helots, round us rise,
Point out our steps in glory's path!
Point out our islands—seas—and skies!
Point out our Greece, and bid us rise
Above the abject fear of death!

There is a voice which cheers us on—
Life dragged in chains is worthless dross;
Say, shall we turn from Danger's frown?—
No! with the Turkish crescent down!
Exalt on high the blessed cross!

On—on, to danger—let us on;
And oh, my country! if we be
By Tyranny's vaunting hosts o'erthrown,
Yet Honour falls to us alone,
Who, spurning fetters, dared be free!

Too long hath storm, and tempest cloud,
O'ershadowed earth, and veil'd our skies;
Now hill calls out to hill aloud—
Of Darkness burst the envious shroud,
And let the sun of Hope arise!

The spirits on the mountain hear
The spirits answering from the glen;
From ruined wall and sepulchre,
From heaven and earth a voice we hear,—
"Awake! arise! once more be men!"

On—on, my true and trusty brand,
To fields and foemen let us on;
And let us from our native land
Sweep, one by one, each turban'd band,
Who pluck the vine-trees not their own!

NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO THE STATUE OF HIS SON.

My dearest thought—my darling son—
 My beautiful Napoleon ;
 My dream by night, my waking care—
 My only boy, so young and fair !—
 As on thy sculptured lines I gaze,
 Thou conjurest up my pride of days,
 When my wide hopes, beyond control,
 Survey'd the world—and grasp'd the whole !
 Thou beam'st at me a star of light,
 From out the yawning womb of night ;
 Thou comest a streak of hope, all fair,
 Piercing the depths of my despair—
 And shedding o'er my cheek the while,
 A transient, unaccounted smile !
 Thou on my sunk heart dost impress
 The very weight of happiness ;
 The visions that I cherish'd long,
 To burning recollection throng,
 And fill the chambers of the breast
 With soothing calm, and placid rest !—
 When thus thy filial face I see,
 I seem myself renew'd to be,
 And to my longing soul is given
 All that the frail may taste of heaven !

Farewell ! ambition—lofty schemes—
 Heroic deeds—and daring dreams !
 Farewell ! the field of death and doom—
 The pealing gun—and waving plume !
 Farewell ! the grandeur of the great—
 The pomp and pageantry of state !
 For, climbing, I have mock'd at fall—
 Dared every thing, and master'd all—
 For what ?—To find my bosom's pride,
 Possessing, was unsatisfied—
 Regardless of the past, and still
 A slave to stern, regardless will ;
 'Mid pain and peril pressing on
 From field to field—from throne to throne.

I seem my proud eminence cast down ;
 Deprived of mine imperial crown ;
 Torn from the host of hearts away,
 Whose swell exulted in my sway,
 Here am I captiv'd ; I, whose soul
 Did scan wide earth from pole to pole,
 Disdain'd to rest, and loved to range
 Unsatisfied, in search of change !
 Fearless as lions, when they haste
 Athwart the long Numidian waste,
 Were France's hosts, when I, their lord,
 Forth to the battle front did fly,
 With ardent soul, and flashing sword,
 And cheer'd them on to victory—
 Tameless as tempests, and as free,
 Kings trembled when they thought of me,
 And, in my sovereign nod, did own
 The tie by which they held their throne !—
 From leagues'd walls, and tented war,
 From courts and capitals afar,
 Here am I captiv'd ;—round my gate
 Frown precipices desolate ;
 And nought disturbs the silence, save
 The dashing of the far-off wave,
 The wild wind's melancholy sigh,
 Or sea-bird's shrill and savage cry ;

And nought is seen within the dell,
 Save, to and fro, the sentinel
 Pacing his round,—a sign to me
 Of uttermost captivity.

Once, at my name's imperial sound,
 France through her vallies echoed round
 The citizen and soldier's cry,—
 It spake of fame and victory ;
 And, terror-smitten, France's foes
 Did quiver with convulsive throes.
 As, like a harbinger of Fear,
 'Twas wafted on the unwilling ear !—
 Once, when my arm on high was rear'd,
 The craven shook, the fearless fear'd ;
 For danger and for death prepared,
 Five hundred thousand blades were bared—
 Five hundred thousand bosoms beat,
 Expanding with heroic heat !

But that is past.—Ambition's car
 Hath fall'n 'mid chance-deciding war,
 And I, the reckless charioteer,
 A hopeless exile linger here ;—
 I, who, amid the battle's tide,
 Cover'd with glory should have died,
 And left behind to man and fame
 An empty throne, and matchless name !

How shall my fate the world avail ?
 What is the moral of my tale ?—
 'Tis this—that what I dearest loved,
 A mockery, a vision proved,—
 A phantom glow, whose rainbow dyes,
 Flashing, did cheat the dazzled eyes—
 And, like the false mirage, did play
 To lure and lead the steps astray ;
 And that, amid my deep distress,
 The objects which I valued less
 Did grow to treasures, and impart
 Sweet balm to sooth a wounded heart.

Oh, wert thou with me ! wert thou here,
 My only boy ! my child so dear !
 Before thy filial smile should fly
 The miseries of captivity ;
 And I, 'mid earth's lone desert blind,
 Should know there bloom'd one flower be-
 hind !—

That is a boon denied ; dark Death
 Must show his shadows o'er my path,
 Before thy face I can behold—
 Before thy form I can enfold—
 Before thy voice, in accents dear,
 Again like music fills mine ear !
 Men, for my sake, shall gaze on thee ;
 Thy steps shall not unheeded be ;
 Mean jealousy new fears shall find
 In blossoms of thy opening mind ;
 And snare shall in thy path be laid ;
 But thou shalt pass on, unafraid,
 If in thy swelling heart remains
 One red drop from thy father's veins !

Adieu, adieu ! beloved boy !
 My latest care, and only joy,

Thou solace of my deep distress,
Thou pole-star in my wretchedness !
Wide oceans roll and roar between,
Broad lands and mountains intervene ;
But distance cannot dissipate
The tie that links me to thy fate,
Nor quench the love, so warm and wild,

With which a father views his child.—
Adieu, adieu ! my dearest son !
For me life's sands must soon be run ;
Wild flowers above my bosom wave,
And island winds sigh o'er my grave ;—
Smile on thy mother, and may she
In thy young looks remember me !

TALES OF THE DAFT DAYS. NO. II.

TALE I.

The Farmer's Tale ; or, Pate an' the Ghost.

THE Hairst was ower, the barnyard fill'd,
The tatoes hing'd, the mart was kill'd ;
In short, as far as I remember,
'Twas near the middle o' November,
Some fifteen years or mae sin syne,
A rantin party met to dine ;
Resolved to moistify our skin—
The trysting-place North-Berwick Inn.

We met—twal honest hearty farmers
As ever blithen'd Geordie Armour's ;
That night as staunch a pack, I trow,
As ever gart the punch-bowl jow,
As e'er to table cleek'd an' clung fast
Till th' ee was dazed, an' eke the tongue fast.
In short, as brave a corps o' topplers
As ever warr'd wi' corks an' stoppers.

Among the lave was Pate, alas !
New wedded to a westlin lass ;
The toast o' Stirling won awa
Frae woovers richer an' mair braw.
But what are riches, what are braws,
When woman's ee decides the cause ?
The manly form, the honest heart,
Find pleaders aye to plead their part.
Then wealth an' baffled pride in ire
Non-suited, hurriedly retire.
Yet weak the judge, an' biass'd still
Gainst reason whiles, nay, whiles the will,
So corrupt, that he'll yield a case
To bribery o' the form an' face,
Despite o' worth, that meekly sues,
An' hallow'd love, which warmly wooes ;
Or, prizing gold as earth's chief good,
Denies the suit in scornfu' mood,
Quick gain this arbitrary judge
O' Cupid's court—else will your suit not
budge.

Pate's dwelling,—where he hous'd his
Dear,

Stands not a hundred miles frae here ;
Sax feet he measur'd, and an inch ;
What mortal mould could gar him flinch ?
Goliath-like his bances were knit ;
The ground would shake beneath his fit ;
Fu' roundly could he claw the bicker,
Hence clouts frae him wer waur than sicker.
Keep bogles aff, an' wraiths an' kelpies,
He'd do't himself, and ne'er cry, help us ;
A nat'ral dread somehow he had
O' that inexplicable squad,
An' by the sequel ye'll discern
How Pate in this was still the bairn.

The claith remov'd, in bumpers a'
Drink King, an' Liberty, an' law ;
For Loudon farmers, lead an' free,
Ay stood by them, an' aae will we.
The next, the lass we prize we toast,
Some bashfu' name, some name an' boast.
Syne sentiments around us pass,
To help the toddy frae the glass.
Carousing thus, drink soon began
Its frolics wi' the inward man.
Again we plough'd, we harrow'd, dung'd,
An' drill'd, and saw'd, till the best lung'd
The best convinc'd ; for, aft thegither,
The feck o's mixt at ance our blether,
Which aft at inns maun be the case,
When wit to wine resigns its place.

But Pate, amid our rantin' noise,
Seem'd pondering on connubial joys,
Cover'd up, an' silent as a mouse,
An' fon o' naething but his spouse.
His saul was wi' her—we'd his body,
An' kindly strave to cheer't wi' toddy ;
Yet, Och ! the mair pair Patie drank,
His spirits low and lower sank.
Another time, wi' half a mickle,
I've seen him up, in glorious pickle,
On tables dancing—smashing glasses—
Pursuing, tozzling a' the lasses.
Alake ! how wedlock tames the spunk,
Nay, keeps him sober while he's drunk !
For though he's grave as gravest judge,
Wi' drink he's fairly fear'd to budge.
Alake ! pair honest absent man,
His neebors lent a helping han',
By sleight o' airt they led the plot,
An' mony an extra glass he got.
Indeed at times my sides were sair
Wi' laughing at his pond'rous stare,
When bumpers, that he'd bumper'd clean,
Seem'd brimming yet beneath his een.

Besides, a target to us, too,
Our jokes like bullets at him flew.
In short, we pepper'd him aae hetly,
His husbandship grew rather nettly ;
For jests an' jeers about the bride,
An' hincey-moon, are sair to bide.
Then ilk an angel deems his rib ;
Quo' Time, " an angel ! " 'tis a fit.
Just sic an angel Clotie was—
He fell, an' syne 'twas found he'd claws.
At first ilk pair's in Paradise,
Like Eve an' Adam free o' vice.

Without a care to dim the scene,
Or cloud their pleasures morn or e'en ;
Delight an' love lead on to bowers,
An' beds o' ever-fragrant flowers,
Where hope its gladsome measure warbles,
Which tuneless life see vilely garbles ;
But ay some folly tamps the pair—
They taste, an' wake fu' soon to care :
Frae Paradise too soon they're thrust,
T' experience strife, dislike, disgust,
Contempt or hate—to rage, to fret,
In short to weary an' regret—
That is at times, an' chief wi' them
Whase love an' phrenzy seem the same,
Wha woo a wife in moony fits,
Syn'e wonder at her in their wits.
For me, I courted in my senses—
A wise sae won a' recompenses.

Alake ! Pate, I blame mysel'
For biding here sae lang frae Bell :
Thou'rt doun at hame, my dearest dear,
While I, the mair's the shame, am here.
Alane she marks the curving reek,
Sae lonesome by the chimla cheek,
While here I sit mysel' bemuddling.
When in her arms I might be cuddling .
But three short days hae scamper'd aff
Sin' tapt I join'd my better half,
Sin' on her alabaster finger
I slid the ring, an' hame did bring her :
To reap at will the hairst o' kisses,
That wives should yield, but never Misses,
Three short, short nights, sin' I, auld far-
rant,

My pris'ner seiz'd by Hymen's warrant,
Confin'd her, flut'ring wi' alarms,
In the saft bondage o' thae arms :
Now why remain a-fuddling here.
My wife alane, an' midnight near ?
I'll forth an' bridle, saddle, sae
Felt hame like stour the nearest way.

This said, he bauldly bounces up,
An' roars for great coat, spurs, an' whup ;
While a' wi' universal voice
Set up a Babylonish noise,
An' coach him to his chair—but na,
Ye'd sooner move North-Berwick Law.
Our fleeching vain, away he reels.
Mid thoupin', jumpin', squeals, an' peals,
Mid clink o' glasses, crash o' chairs,
An' tings an' pokers thundering martial
airs.

But think na, Peter, to get hame
Sae cannilie as whan ye came ;
A chap's amang us, an' a chief
Unmatch'd at soukin' bottles yield—
As blithe as cock, as gay an' game,
As e'er wi' liquor warm'd a wame ;
The kintra ca'd him Dainty Davie,
For mony a prank an' mirthfu' shavie.

Ti' absconder scarce syont the door,
Our Davie rose, an' Davie swore,
He'd lend the recalcitric a fleg,
An' send him back on's fleetest leg.

Amain he gets a mulch an' sheet,
An' whisks awa' through wind an' weat ;
Sae staid the corner, on a dike,
Tak' up his stand a' ghaistly like—

A lighted lantern 'neath the sheet,
To shew his ghaistship mair complete.

Pate, mounted on his frisky colt,
Wheels up the loanin' like a bolt,
When pop he flounders on the spright—
Lord save's ! is a' he says for fright—
Frae tap to tae he grices an' shakes,
The vera colt wi' terror quakes.
Sae snorta, an' blawa, an' rears, that Pate.
Like Balaam, thought t' have heard his
fate ;

But better skill'd to race than spout,
The headlong courser wheel'd about,
An' back again to stable flew.
Pate whipping, spurring, praying too ;
For close ahint the ghaist appears,
A moment mair it disappears ;
The sheet blown aff, the light blew out—
'Twas thus th' event was brought about ;
While Pate could swear, though mortel
drunk,

The sprite in terra-firma sunk,
Had feathery wings that flap't abroad
Frae this to that side o' the road,
A fiery head, an' sic a skirl
As e'en on buried bones wad dir.

The ghaist scene o' the farce thus play'd.
In Davie ran, while we huzza'd ;
Ne'er, ne'er was actor bravo'd, (1),
As we applauded David, (2).
Whase short description o' the scene,
Squeez'd tears o' joy frae twine ten ern,
Making our sides wi' laughing sae sair.
Thata' exclaim'd. For godesake, nae mair !

At length, as was expected. Pate
Shot in his hair-erected tate
His glowin' een, like cats' a-hawin',
An' up an' down, an' sideways moun ;
In course wi' looks to sadness screw'd.
Yet chuckling hearts his plight we view'd.
Enquir'd, lamented, an' consol'd.
Turn'd round to laugh, an' syne consol'd ;
But not a word wad Pate confess,
Concealing close his real distress.
Some roar'd for doctors, dreadfu' scourge
To rein in nature, or to urge.
In vain he speaks, exclaims, insists ;
Persuades, beseeches, roars, resists ;
We closer crowd, an' louder grane,
Aye making deeper, sadder wane,
Lament his malady's merse,
An' grieve an' deave him without cease.
Till Davie, metamorphos'd, comes
To act the doctor's ha' an' hum's ;
Enjoins at once a total silence,
By hints anent a fever's violence ;
An' av as Pate attempts the truth,
Claps up his loof upon his mouth.
Now paws upon the pulse are laid,
An' thus a reconnaissance made ;
The patient's tongue then scans he closely.
(The while descanting on't verbosely ;
Syn'e shakes his head, an' looks sagacious,
While Pate again grown contumacious ;
But ay the ready loof ascends,
And Pate's harangue in mumblyng ends.
The virtues o' warm-water, then,
Our sage Sangrado did explain :

How, mingling wi' the fluids gross,
 It melts an' sweeps awa the dross :
 " Swith, fetch me up a half a gallon,
 'Twill mend my patient when it's all in.'
 In vain the victim pray'd relief,
 The leech was callous, gruff, and brief ;
 The patient vow'd he'd drunk his fill,
 An' thoughts o' mair but made him ill.
 " Plethoric," cried Sangrado, " Zounds !
 For bleeding here are glorious grounds,—
 My lancets, ho ! " " Oh, doctor, wait !
 I'll rather drink than bleed," quo' Pate.
 " Then drink, Sir, an' be hang'd," replies
 The man o' physie ; an' he tries.
 Wi' ruelu' looks he grasps the dish.
 " Courage ! drink, sir, like a fish."
 Pate gulps an' strains, an' blaws an' chokes,
 A sight that boundless mirth provokes ;
 The doctor hawking as he's swilling,
 An' bowlin' after bowlin' filling ;
 We, struggling sair t' appear decorous,
 A task, indeed, wi' Pate before us.
 Some forc'd to bounce ayont the door,
 Unable to contain their roar,
 There vent themselves in lusty peals,
 An' thump, an' pump, an' clank their heels.
 Thus Pate carous'd, till nature rose
 Against the sickening aqueous dose.
 " O, bravely quaff'd ! " the doctor cries,
 " O, bravely quaff'd ! " the rest replies.
 " Right," quo' the doctor, " sic a guzzle
 Is precious in a sick man's muzzle."
 Ah now, the Doctor bade us sparkies
 Unleash true elces Pate's portly carrack.
 As vultures pounce upon their prey,
 We scold'd him, seeming to obey ;
 But Pate's countenance seem'd transferr'd,
 Wi' a' its aspect an' its herd—
 The scolding roars, an' mingling yells,
 Were borrow'd by the dea's themselves ;
 The Pate had round him, ray'd and swore,
 Dash'd chairs and tables—burst the door,
 A landlord, ostler, scodgie-maid,
 Alarum'd, flew up to lend their aid.
 Oho, sad finisher ! on the stairs
 Pate bursts upon them unawares—
 Puir Geordie ower his ostler coups,
 Dugs them and scodgie on their
 No looks their attitudes an' cries,
 But desperate to the stable hies,
 Pate's forth his steed—buys on the saddle,
 An' all as neat as legs can paddle.
 Amid the bustle o' the affray,
 The Doctor, learning how 'twad gae,
 Had fled his patient, an' made haste,
 Wi' mair an' shoon to act the ghast ;
 An' now upon the dike, again
 Awaits the coming o' the swain ;
 Upon his hoof a pickle powder,
 To pluff, an' mak puir Pate mair thro' ther.
 Nae tongue can tell his dire terrors,
 The fiery ghast again before him ;
 The pluff gaes off, whan sick a yell
 Comes baith frae spirit an' himself :
 Plunging amain through thick an' thin,
 A moment sees him at the inn.
 Ah ! here another ghast is drest,
 To welcome our expected guest,

Wi' racing, screeghin', and hallooin',
 As if the world were gawn to ruin,
 Wi' fearfu' yelloch on he skelps,
 While mony a cur ahint him yelps.
 As through the town he spurs an' roars,
 Folk rush frantic to their doors,
 Exclaiming murder, fire, or thieves !
 Some arr'd wi' pokers, some wi' nieves.
 Sans coatsies some—an' some sans breeks,
 Mid skirko' bairns, an' gramphies' squeaks ;
 While Pate, unconscious o' their panic,
 Like Johnie Cope, hands on for Alnwick,
 Nor deigns to look glint for fear o'—
 In imitation o' that hero.

Still east or south the courser flies,
 An' mony a ghast the rider sees ;
 Sae strong th' impression's on his brain,
 His sense o' sight is waur than name ;
 For bushes, yetts, slaps, ailes, appear
 Terrific sprights, inspiring fear.
 As aft he roars, the kintra wakes,
 Where'er his course his racer takes ;
 Fills Linton wi' alarm, for some
 Auld women cry the French are come !
 Upon Traprene the beacon's fir'd,
 By some wi' fear or fun inspir'd !
 The Kintra's up, an' far an' wide
 The yeomanry courageous ride ;
 E'en we ourselves, afore the dawn,
 Accounter'd rode, wi' horses blawn.
 East, west, south, north, our volunteers
 Turn'd out, wi' cannon guns an' spears,
 West-Barns beholds beside her camp ;
 Their bits th' artillery horses champ.
 Militia frae their barracks jostle,
 An' form the line wi' patriot bustle.
 At Haddington they beat to arms,
 Militia an' dragoons in swarms.
 Frae hame, frae barracks, billets pelt
 The lads wha never powther smelt,
 To meet the fae wi' Scottish heart,
 An' nolly act a Scottish part.

Frae Linton west the courser scuds,
 Then down by Beanton's beauteous woods ;
 An' soon they reach'd the wish'd-for hame
 Where trembling sat Pate's tender dame.
 How Pate got there—an' syne what pass'd
 Till safe he lay in bed at last,
 He minded not—though for a time
 He felt like aye convinc'd o' crime.
 Nae mairmar pass'd the lips he lov'd,
 But then thae lips nae mair approv'd ;
 This pierc'd him deeply, for he felt
 His conduct near akin to guilt.
 Approv'd by aye as fair as pure,
 Could she the drunkard spouse endure ?
 Endure him, sunk to beastly state,
 Her chosen love, but worthless mate ?
 Receive in fondness to her breast
 The sunken wretch she maun detest ?
 This thought upon him prey'd sae lang,
 It cur'd a habit deep and strang.
 A warm an' generous heart like Pate's
 Will never basely wound its mate's ;
 No ! still its dearest joy will be
 To fill thae faithfu' heart wi' glee.
 An' thus, you see, our night's carouse
 Brought lasting peace to Pate's spouse.

How happy they whose mates are found
Wi' heart like his, baith warm an' sound !
But mair—it cared him in the end
O' ghaist-belief, which some defend.
For weakest heads aye see the maist,
By nature's law, o' witch and ghaist.

In short, nae langer he descried them,
Began to doubt, an' syne denied them.
An' frae that date, our volunteers
Ne'er heard o' Frenchmen, but wi' jeers.

(To be Continued.)

THE LEMUR.—A HALLOWEEN DIVERTIMENTO.

(Continued from No. LXX.)

WHILE nimble thus in transformation,
He hears the notes of preparation.
Flutes spluttering, in rapid race
Run from the treble to the base.
The deep timbrel sends out its rough,
Clamorous, desultory puff ;
The fiddle with prelude squeaks
Each auditory fibre twacks.
And last, the tapping bow invokes
Th' attention with repeated strokes.
Arms, fingers stretch'd, eyes fix'd, demure,
Off springs at once the overture.
When closed, the vocal part is led
By voice repress'd—small as a thread,
Most delicately sweet, refined,
And scarcely floating on the wind,
It utters the remonstrance faint,
The wire-drawn, feeble, lowly plaint
(Of soul with slavish love imbued,
Long since fast fetter'd, and subdued.
Next fuller, and more vigorous grown,
It takes a livelier, bolder tone ;
And, as the theme attains its close,
Strong, cheerful, confident, it flows.

SONG.

The spirit pines, the thought reels
On Death's releasing hour,
Life's flick'ring paly flame declines,
And midnight shadows lower.

The eye so dim, the feeble limb,
The frame that wastes away,
Announce the fell destroyer grim,
And lo! the o'er-ruling day.

While threatens fate, ere yet too late,
Ye murmur'ing strains reveal
To Laura's ear ; she shudders,
Or cure the pangs I feel.

See ! pity rue, and softly woo
Thy condescending grace,
While trembling smiles and tears diffuse
Their rictic o'er her face.

Ah ! Sympathy, with dark blue eye,
To lend her succour deigns,
And rushing down from yonder sky,
Accords our mingled strains.

Hark ! Hope now sings, his golden wings
Are brushing o'er our wreathe
And as his charming descant rings,
The soul's bliss aspires.

The voice of singer being hush'd,
The instruments together rush'd,
Up and down the bows are taking,
Empty heads, and shoulders shaking,
At length, with sharp staccato bar,
Upon the ear *flaak* jars.

Short the pause, with manful flourish,
Th' attention to rouse and cherish,
The leader stamps upon the ground,
The signal of a clashing sound ;
A movement temperately sweet
Runs on another voice to meet.

SONG.

The weary captive sinks to sleep.
The sleeping slave is free, Laura !
But we thy slaves our vigil keep,
Enchain'd to love and thee, Laura !

Our varying passions firmly bound,
Are all in harmonie, Laura !
Or, in a master passion bound,
That seeks one object—these, Laura !

Resentment in the soul that burns,
Can ne'er with love agree, Laura !
But into love it quickly turns,
Whene'er approaching thee, Laura !

And pride, that elevates the thought,
That never bends the knee, Laura !
To humble lowliness is brought,
And prostrate stoops to thee, Laura !

From fierce revenge, from envy, hate,
From all ambition free, Laura !
True liberty we gain, since fate
Hath made us slaves to thee, Laura !

Ceases the strain, and all are mute,
When, ringing light, a single lute
A slow *andante* duly meters,
While a rich tenor voice repeats.

SONG.

The light of love is wandering free,
A light that never dies, dear !
It rests a little while with me,
And now to thee it flies, dear !

It burns by day, and when by night,
Nor moon nor star we spy, dear !
It burns afar, a beacon bright,
To shape our footsteps by, dear !

And o'er the deep it wont to speed,
The bounding ship before, dear !
And never fails to point and lead,
Where lies the homeward shore, dear !

And oft it moves athwart the place,
Mark'd by the frequent grave, dear !
And stops to shed its winning grace,
Where sleep the good and brave, dear !

Ah ! look above, for there it flies,
It ne'er so bright was seen, dear !
For now it darts from Laura's eyes,
Its native fount serene, dear !

Ended the strain, another space
Of inactivity takes place.

The instruments are put aside ;
The smaller into pocket glide ;
Upon the ground the larger lie
In social proximity.

The snuff-boxes again peep out,
Are handed neighbourly about,
And pinches of a varying dose
Conform to each particular nose
Are taken out. *A stranger box*
Is oft emulged by stranger folks.
At times, most persons play the glutton,
When dining off their neighbour's mut-
ton ;

Nay, some (I speak it to their shame)
Consider snuff-boxes fair game ;
Stark moss-troopers without order,
As ever foraged on the border ;
They think, that while they laud your
snuff,

They ne'er can carry off enough.
Some e'en with paper are provided,
To which a portion is confided ;
Absolute thieves, at larceny
Scrupling not to save their penny ;
Snuff-highwaymen, in open day,
Who make you contributions pay,
And with an easy smiling grace
Plunder your store before your face.

Our minstrels (I proceed to state)
Their noses duly recreate ;
Some stuff their nostrils to the full,
Without or measurement or rule ;
Others, who moderate fruition
Esteem the happiest condition,
Holding a pinch 'twixt thumb and finger,
O'er its consumption muse and linger.
A few again, with affectation,
Eschewing close approximation,
Take up a box, look at it wisely,
And smell it neatly and precisely.
In th' interim, on various matter,
With careless unconcern they chatter ;
A little languor steps between,
And several yawning are seen ;
The posture for the moment shifted,
The arms above the head uplifted,
And jump ta'en casually in th' air.
The creeping lassitude declare.
A fellow pulls his time-piece out,
And with determination stout

Resolves by peering, and the power
Of moonlight, to detect the hour.
When idle and supine are all,
And rather lackadaisical,
Peals out a most unusual note,
That 'mong them strange confusion
wrought.

Something it had of all combined,
That wont to charm the ear refined :
A very captivating sound
Of mellow beauty, clear, and round.
The whole of them in a pothor,
Look'd wistfully at each other,
And then their eyes foolishly bent
On this, or on that instrument,
Which lay the while void of pretence,
In calm unconscious innocence.
Now had their wits been duly season'd,
Or had they for a moment reason'd,
They would have sworn that note of won-
der

Arose above them, and not under.
In queer astonishment they waited,
Like men bamboozled, or checkmated ;
When, lo ! the note rung out anew,
And set them in a greater stew.
No words they utter'd till a third
Note, like the other two was heard.
Then burst out oath and exclamation,
Produced by vehement sensation,
And frothed in every direction,
Like barn relieved from cork subjection.
Next there follow'd shrewd suspicions,
Sage conjectures, suppositions,
And positive assertions on
The cause of this phenomenon.
While busied thus, and ere suggestion
Had thrown a light upon the question,
Their roving thoughts again were pent
In ecstasy of wonderment ;
For broke a fine articulate strain
Above them in the light champagne
Of Ether, with continuous flow ;
A winding wreath of soften'd woe,
Which finally scatter'd, died away
In tinkling, sprinkling, showery spray.

SONG.

From ether's loftiest height
I come a lonely lay.
A wanderer of the night,
With naught to guide my way.

* But once, a thing divine,
Though now so lost I be,
I circled round thy shrine,
Spirit of harmony !

From light of rosy hue,
Thy secret central place,
The vital warmth I drew
To run my many race.

A thousand other lays
That round thy temple ride,
Pursuing separate ways,
Or mingling in a tide,

No more, alas ! will join,
Amid the blue profound,
Their melody with mine,
In sweet consociate sound.

By wanton vein betray'd,
A devious path I took;
And onward as I stray'd,
My native sphere forsook,

And never could regain ;
But wander here and there,
In idle search and vain,
Through boundless fields of air.

Late by attraction strong,
Down through a fearful space
Lapsing, I float along,
And hover o'er this place,

My bourn ! For trembling, faint,
Now sinks my vital fire ;
And with a murmur quaint,
Dissolving, I expire.

Rooted fast with drinking cars,
All the company appears ;
Gaping mouths, or trembling lips,
Fetching breath with rapid sips ;
Tongue hung forward in the guise
Of idiot ; uplifted eyes ;
Tiptoe-eagerness to list ;
Clasped hands, or clinched fist ;
Angry look of temper ruffled,
If a foot unsteady shuffled,
Show'd that sense and soul were rapt
In absorbing pleasure lapt.

Now came rattling over head,
Apparently from fiddle sped,
A solo, elegant and glowing,
The ease, the delicacy showing,
The witchery, the tasteful trick
Of Haydn, or of Jarroldick.
To this it added something more
Than music had express'd before :
Wantonness of movement, mischief
Of sentiment, beyond belief ;
Excursive wildness, almost tending
To ugliness ; but always ending
In a new beauty, that affected
The more, as coming unexpected.

Listening, every eye was bent
Upon the moonlight firmament,
And gazed around in each direction,
But nought presented for inspection ;
Until a certain scrutinizer,
A meddling fellow, an adviser,
To whom it ever was a law,
To make the most of what he saw,
Who ever had in contemplation
Some desperate hit at observation,
Declares he spied a murky cloud
That something preternatural shew'd.
For once he happen'd to be right,
It actually appears in sight,
Above them in the zenith quite.

Sure mischief in its bosom lurks ;
It niches, and wanders, warps, and works,

And gradually its shape forsakes ;
Instead, the human outline takes,
Evolves a head, a nose, an eye,
Self-constituted statuary !
Moulds legs, arms, hands, a perfect riddle !
And—heaven and earth ! it grasps a fiddle.
It grins—the transformation speeds,
Flutt'ring away the stolen weeds,
The beldam's cap and cloak appear
Enveloping that thing of fear,
That goblin subtle, light, and limber,
The Lemur on his steed of timber.

A dreadful spectacle, I grant ye,
For the whole tribe of dilletanti,
That hideous, wildly wanton shade,
Far greater men 'twould make afraid.

Starting, shuddering with terror,
They whirl round in mazy error,
Through instruments impeding dash,
And stumbling fall with rumbling crash.

Fiddle board is driven in,
Bridge o'erthrown with snapping din ;
Crash'd with fracture in the middle,
Fiddlesstick condoles with fiddle ;
'Neath a treading foot that humbles,
Violoncello rudely grumbles ;
Kick in reckless hurry given,
Jingling tambourine bath riven ;
Flutes upon the stones are rolling,
Basely into kennel strolling ;
Horn and harp, guitar and lyre,
Lie wreck'd and puddled in the mire.

The scrambling minstrels gain their feet,
And hurry skurry all retreat.
The place, so late with tuneful themes
Resounding, now a desert seems.

The ape and nap of foul delusion,
Author of the dire confusion,
Still, however, keeps his station,
Fiddling for his recreation.

Playing on—his shape unsteady,
Always pliable and plastic,
Always for mutation ready,
Changes in a mode fantastic.

As it curls and sharply bends,
With a stifled hellish laughter,
Fiddle in the air succeda,
Frighten'd fiddlesstick flies after.

Writhing, twisting, till complete
A scathery unsubstantial mock,
Up he springs with talon'd feet,
Upon the bosom-shank a cock !

Wlating still he floats and flows,
Attaining to a monstrous size ;
Then thrice with note of triumph crows,
And vanishes amid the skies.

S. MEINLE.

POEMS, BY BERNARD BARTON.*

WE have been told, by good authority, that in several Cockney Coteries, various speculations have been sported respecting the causes of our silence towards the productions of Mr Bernard Barton, the Quaker Poet. One is, that we have neglected him altogether, and are determined always to do so, because he has contributed to the London Magazine; and another, equally original and true, is, that we hate the sound of his very name, because he has been favourably noticed in the Edinburgh Review. With regard to the first bold and daring theory of our silence, we can only say, that so ignorant are we of what is going on in the London literary world, that we did not know, till very lately, when we were told of it, the important fact that Mr Barton had contributed a copy of verses to the above respectable Miscellany. That by doing so, he should have kindled our deadly animosity, is a supposition that could only have entered into the clink of a Cockney's skull. We heard the circumstance announced with the most unruffled equanimity of mind, and did not feel ourselves defrauded out of a poetical contributor, because the worthy Quaker had paid his court to the Lady of Ludgate. Long may he live to contribute to the happiness of every mistress who may be disposed to receive his chaste addresses! Mags, we know, will not be jealous, and will even look with kindness on the fruit of his connexions, as long as, as in this case, they are full-farmed and legitimate, and marked by the sensible and amiable features of both parents.

As to his favourable reception from the Edinburgh Review, it is greatly to his credit; few absolute numskulls having been lauded by that caustic Periodical. To be praised by the Edinburgh, is a presumption, certainly, in favour of an author's talents and acquirements; and its treatment of Mr Barton was creditable to both parties, the approbation being, we believe, sincere, judicious, and well-deserved.

We have alluded to these speculations, as illustrative of the despicable spirit of Cockneyism. Knowing that no Cockney can ever hope for mercy with

us, and that we have damned, in this world, a pestiferous crew who have no belief in another, they strive to get hold of any easy-natured man of worth, whom we have not chanced hitherto to have been in the mood of noticing, and to embitter him against us, by which means they suppose that they may gain him to themselves, and so strengthen their Bimsey and fainting phalanx. They know that a few words from us are enough to embalm or putrefy a man. Truth, they well know, is a libel—the only one we are ever guilty of,—and thus they charge our very silence with a sentence of excommunication or death, and cry upon those whom we have not meddled with at all, to join the shrieks of those miserable wretches whose ears we have nailed to the pillory, and made everlastingly infamous. A Cockney—not an ape—is indeed the link which connects man with the brute creation.

Now, it is somewhat hard to be forced to ransack our memory in search of reasons for not having reviewed Mr Bernard Barton; but since we must do so, we have discovered the following: First, for a long time after he appeared as a writer of verses, we never saw any of his compositions.—Secondly, when we did see some of them, they did not happen, somehow or other, greatly to delight us.—Thirdly, there was something in them, indifferent as they seemed, that determined us not to cut them up.—Fourthly, we cherished hopes of his doing better things, of which we thought him easily capable.—And fifthly, having much to do,—in getting up this Magazine, in setting our countrymen right on a vast variety of important subjects, and in eating, drinking, and sleeping, Mr Bernard Barton did as utterly desert the receptacle of our past impressions, as if he had never been born into this wicked world. We beg his pardon, and have no intention of being rude, but we as utterly forgot him and his poetry, as any old woman who may have sold us plums in our boyhood. There is nothing like being candid—plain dealing is best—and besides, great wits have short memories, which

must be our excuse for unintentionally consigning many a worthy man to oblivion.

But the mist and vapour have rolled away from our remembrance, and up starts the decent and demure Quaker. Friend, give us thy hand, and be not afraid. We are glad of this opportunity of being introduced to you, and have no doubt that, with the admiration, or even reverence, which you have long felt for Christopher North, will soon be mingled the kindness of friendship and affection. We are apt to be a little gruff now and then in our gout; but never have we wounded, never shall we wound, the feelings of an unpretending, amiable, and enlightened man.

But let us, if possible, be serious for a few minutes, and tell the public precisely what they ought to think of Mr Bernard Barton.

In the first place, he is a Quaker. Prodigious is the mass of Cockneyism which has been uttered and muttered in the peculiar lingo of that land, on the connexion between the poetical character, and the character of that peculiar religious persuasion to which our author belongs. It seems, that because a man wears a drab coat, he must therefore see all external nature under a drab light. This is the Cockney theory. Pray, does a clergyman, because he wears black clothes, see all nature black? Does a sailor, because he wears blue clothes, see all nature blue? Does a soldier, in the British army, see every object red? and do sharpshooters opine that snow is green? Surely not. Let then the idiots hold their tongue.

If the question is thus put—pray what sort of people are Quakers? Then, on the answer depends our opinion of the probable merits of their poetry. Were we to speak from experience, we should say that Quakers are somewhat heavy, bigotted enough, narrow-ranged, selfish, puritanical, grey, and sectarianish exclusive in their sympathies. All that is unpromising for good poetry.

On the other hand, their feelings are under control, and therefore not likely to be wasted and frittered away; they do not squander either their money or their energies; they observe in others passions, violent and turbulent, which in themselves they keep down by a strict system of internal police; they are in no danger of attaching undue

importance or weight to any of those mere accidental circumstances extrinsic to the human being, which it is the foundation of their faith to despise; and their spirits, pent in within limits described distinctly, are content with the room assigned, and may be quiet without being tame, calm without being cold, and stumber without being torpid. A common Quaker is, indisputably, a very absurd and hopeless case of a human being; but a Quaker, as good as he may be, is not to be sneered at, and possesses, we are assured, equality and power of feeling, thinking, acting, speaking, and writing, like a man.

Certainly an outrageously wicked Quaker is almost an impossible conception. The sect will never produce a Byron, nor a Napoleon Bonaparte, nor a Jack the Painter, nor a Thistlewood, nor a Caesar Borgia, nor a Mrs Brownrigg. No Quaker, we lay a thousand pounds, will ever wade through slaughter to a throne. Very few Quakers indeed have been hanged. When they are, they always pretend to be merely Unitarians. Now, great crimes and first-rate poetry seem in nature to be indissolubly linked together in the potentiality of the human soul; and we, for our single selves, shall never believe that any absolute *bona fide* Quaker can ascend to the top of Parnassus, till we have seen a fellow mount the scaffold in front of Horse-monger lane. The sect may produce pretty lines and petty larceny; but we shall not credit a great poet among them, till with our own eyes we have seen them produce a first-rate murderer.

We are disposed to think, that by taking a Quaker and stripping him of the most exclusive and identical of his sectarian peculiarities and principles, and leaving untouched his simplicity, (if he has any) and the other really excellent qualities essentially inherent in his substance, a very passable poet might be the result. Now, perhaps, Mr Bernard Barton is one of this description. Perhaps he is not a very broad-brimmed Obadiah—happily his drab is doubtful, and his speech spurious. If so, and if a corresponding leaning to liberalism is in his mind, then why should he not be able to produce poetry worthy of being lauded in this Magazine? He has done so, and we are about praise.

We cannot, however, deny that we

have some difficulty in bringing ourselves to praise him as much as we wish, and as he must very naturally wish likewise; and, accordingly, he will no doubt be teased by seeing us going about and about the bush, and not stopping at once upon our panegyric. But a Quaker ought not to be impatient; so, if he be at all a wet one, let him put down the Magazine, turn up his little finger, draw breath, and at it again.

Mr Barton will find the subject of the following discourse in a passage which we beg leave to quote from his Preface:—

"The writer is well aware, that the power of absolute talent displayed in this volume, cannot bear comparison with those examples of high poetical genius, which are afforded in the works of several of the popular poets of the present day. He had never imposed upon himself by believing that he could enter into competition with these in point of ability; but he did think, nevertheless, that it was possible his humble productions might be usefully and not untily permitted to take their chance for public favour.

"They have found this in a degree beyond his anticipation; and their success, without altering his original estimation of his own talent as a poet, has given him pride as an author beyond what he could have experienced in the assurance of owing that success to genius of the first order.—The indulgence with which these pieces have been received proves to him that the most poignant temptations, and brilliant seductions, addressed to the public taste and moral sentiment, have not yet extinguished, in the public breast, a genuine attachment to the sober and simple exercise of the gentler faculties of the muse; and that, even under the disadvantage of inferior power, readers willingly welcome those lays that appeal only to the pure, and quiet, and conscientious feelings of the heart.

"He does not scruple to confess, that his delight in this conviction is increased by what is personal to himself in the testimony just mentioned; but he can most sincerely declare, that the pleasure of finding his compositions generally praised for the absence of all deleterious moral quality, and their tendency to strengthen impressions favourable to virtue and to religion, has far outweighed other considerations in his mind."

This is a very well-written passage; but let us think a little on its assertions.—And, first, what does he mean by being surprised that there is still unextinguished in the public heart a

genuine attachment to the sober and simple exercise of the gentler faculties of the muse, and so forth? Does he absolutely so grossly deceive himself, as to think that his poetry is remarkable, in any way whatever, above the rest of the poetry of this age, for purity of moral sentiment? With the single exception of Byron—a great genius—all the poetry of this age is full to overflowing of the best—finest—purest—brightest—simplest—and indestructible emotions. There is not, indeed, in the whole range of English Poetry, one poet who may not be said to be a benefactor to his species. When, therefore, Mr Barton speaks of his own compositions as meeting an unexpected reception, it is absurd for him to wonder that the purity or gentleness of their spirit had the charm of novelty. Nothing of the kind. In that respect, he is just as far inferior to the best living or dead poets, as he is inferior in reach and grasp of thought, in power of passion, and in winged imagination. As to Byron's poetry, it never would have prevailed as it has done by mere pictures of ferocity or wild wickedness—it is charged with beauty, tenderness, and pathos, and often thrills to the inmost heart, by the power of one line or word, more delightfully than all the verses Mr Barton ever wrote, or ever will write, till the extinction of Quakerism.

Secondly, Mr Barton rates his "power of absolute talent" below that of "several of the popular poets of the present day." Now, he ought to be told, that it is below that of at least thirty writers of verse. Yet, notwithstanding, if he rank only as thirty-one, or forty-one, or fifty-one, he has no need to be ashamed, at a time when there are living, to our certain personal knowledge, about two thousand very respectable poets—not one of whom, any more than Mr Barton, has ever been reviewed in Blackwood.

Thirdly, Mr Barton declares that it gives him more satisfaction to think that his poetry is innocent and useful, than it would give him to know that he was a great and original genius. Now, confound us, if we can believe that. No doubt the honest Quaker speaks what he thinks the truth; but he is quite mistaken. If he really were a man of genius he would be miserable, unless the world allowed it; and although doing good to our fellow-

creatures, by writing amiable verses, must be highly gratifying to every good Christian, yet Mr Barton may depend upon it, that he would exchange that consciousness, and that reputation, for the conviction and the fame of being a sad fellow indeed, but a great poet. Would he rather be *BARTON* than *BYRON*? We hope not—not only for his own sake, but for that of Quakerism and human nature at large.

It appears, however, that Mr Barton's volumes have met with considerable success; and, in our opinion, they deserve it. There may be something in the novelty of a Quaker Poet, though he is not the first of that sect who has wooed the muse with tolerable effect. Scott of Amwell* was, we believe, rather a popular versifier in his day; but he was far inferior to Mr Barton. He was rather given to drivelling, and

* "Scott of Amwell, the Quaker and Poet, was, doubtless, a modest and amiable man, for Johnson declared 'he loved him.' When his poems were collected, they were reviewed in the *Critical Review*; very offensively to the Poet; for the Critic, alluding to the numerous embellishments of the volume, observed, that

"There is a profusion of ornaments and finery about this book, not quite suitable to the plainness and simplicity of the Barclan system; but Mr Scott is fond of the Muses, and wishes, we suppose, like Captain Macheath, to see his ladies well dressed."

"Such was the cold affected witicism of the Critic, whom I intimately knew—and I believe he meant little harm! His friends imagined even that this was the solitary attempt at wit he had ever made in his life; for, after a lapse of years, he would still recur to it as an evidence of the felicity of his fancy, and the keenness of his satire. The truth is, he was a physician, whose name is prefixed as the editor to a great medical compilation, and who never pretended that he had any taste for poetry. His great art of poetical Criticism was always, as Pope expresses a character, 'to dwell in decencies;' his acumen, to detect that terrible poetic crime, false rhymes, and to employ indefinite terms, which, as they had no precise meaning, were applicable to all things: to commend, occasionally, a passage not always the most exquisite; sometimes to hesitate, while, with delightful candour, he seemed to give up his opinion; to hazard sometimes a positive condemnation on parts which often unluckily proved the most favourite with the poet and the reader. Such was this poetical Reviewer, whom no one disturbed in his periodical course, till the circumstance of a plain Quaker becoming a poet, and suffering in the finical ornaments of his book, provoked him from that calm state of innocent mediocrity, into miserable humour, and illiberal Criticism.

"The effect, however, this pert criticism had on poor Scott, was indeed a calamity. It produced an inconsiderate 'Letter to the Critical Reviewers.' Scott was justly offended at the stigma of Quakerism, applied to the Author of a literary composition; but too gravely accuses the Critic of his scurrilous allusion to Macheath, as comparing him to a highwayman—he seems, however, more provoked at the odd account of his poems: he says, 'You rank all my poems together as *bad*, then discriminate some as *good*, and to complete all, recommend the volume as an *agreeable and amusing collection*.' Had the Poet been personally acquainted with this tantalizing Critic, he would have comprehended the nature of the Criticism—and certainly would never have replied to it.

"The Critic, employing one of his indefinite terms, had said of 'Amwell,' and some of the early 'Elegies,' that 'they had their share of poetical merit;' he does not venture to assign the proportion of that share, but 'the Arabian and oriental eclogues, odes, epistles, &c. now added, are of a much weaker texture, and many of them incorrect.'"

"Here Scott loses all his dignity as a Quaker and a Poet—he asks what the Critic means by the affected phrase *much weaker texture*; the style, he says, was designed to be somewhat less elevated; and thus addresses the Critic:

"You may, however, be safely defied to pronounce them with truth, deficient either in strength or melody of versification! They were designed to be like Virgil's, descriptive of Nature, simple and correct. Had you been disposed to do me justice, you might have observed that in these eclogues I had drawn from the great prototype Nature, much imagery that had escaped the notice of all my predecessors. You might also have remarked, that when I introduced images that had been already introduced by others, still the arrangement or combination of those images was my own. The praise of originality you might at least have allowed me."

"As for their *incorrectness*!—SCOTT points that accusation with a note of admiration, adding, 'with whatever defects my works may be chargeable, the last is that of *incorrectness*.'"

"We are here involuntarily reminded of Sir Fretful in the Critic,

"I think the interest rather declines in the fourth act."

did not fully and freely exercise the little power he possessed, owing to a perpetual fear of dying of the small-pox; which, we understand, he absolutely did at last, in verification of his own prophecies. This was being a Qua-

“*Rise!* you mean, my dear friend!”

“Perhaps the most extraordinary examples of the irritation of a Poet’s mind, and a man of amiable temper, are those parts of this letter in which the Author quotes large portions of his poetry, to refute the degrading strictures of the Reviewer.

“This was a fertile principle, admitting of very copious extracts; but the ludicrous attitude is that of an Adonis inspecting himself at his mirror.

“That provoking see-saw of Criticism, which our learned physician usually adopted in his Critiques, was particularly tantalizing to the Poet of Amwell. The Critic condemns, in the gross, a whole set of eclogues; but immediately asserts of one of them, that ‘the whole of it has great poetical merit, and paints its subject in the warmest colours.’ When he came to review the odes, he discovers that ‘he does not meet with those polished numbers, nor that freedom and spirit, which that species of poetry requires;’ and quotes half a stanza, which he declares is ‘abrupt and insipid.’—‘From twenty-seven odes!’ exclaims the writhing Poet—‘are the whole of my lyric productions to be stigmatized for four lines which are flatter than those that preceded them!’ But what the Critic could not be aware of, the Poet tells us he designed them to be just what they are. ‘I knew they were so, when they were first written; but they were thought sufficiently elevated for the place.’ And then he enters into an inquiry what the Critic can mean by ‘polished numbers, freedom, and spirit.’ The passage is curious.

“By your first criticism, *polished numbers*, if you mean melodious versification, this perhaps the general ear will not deny me. If you mean classical, chaste diction, free from tautologous repetitions of the same thoughts in different expressions; free from bad rhymes, unnecessary epithets, and incongruous metaphors; I believe you may be safely challenged to produce many instances wherein I have failed.

“By *freedom*, your second criterion, if you mean daring transition, or arbitrary and desultory disposition of ideas, however this may be required in the greater ode, it is now, I believe, for the first time, expected in the lesser ode. If you mean that careless, diffusive composition, that conversation-verse, or verse loitering into prose, now so fashionable, this is an excellence which I am not very ambitious of attaining. But if you mean strong, concise, yet natural easy expression, I apprehend the general judgment will decide in my favour. To the general ear, and the general judgment, then, do I appeal, as to an impartial tribunal.’ Here several odes are transcribed. ‘By *spirit*, your third criticism, I know nothing you can mean but enthusiasm; that which transports us to every scene, and interests us in every sentiment. Poetry without this cannot subsist; every species demands its proportion, from the greater ode, of which it is the principal characteristic, to the lesser, in which a small portion of it only has hitherto been thought requisite. My productions, I apprehend, have never before been deemed destitute of this essential constituent. Whatever I have wrote, I have felt, and I believe others have felt it also.’

“On ‘*epistles*’ which had been condemned in the gross, suddenly the Critic turns round courteously to the Bard, declaring ‘they are written in an easy and familiar style, and seem to flow from a good and a benevolent heart.’ But then sneeringly adds, that one of them being entitled ‘An Essay on Painting, addressed to a young Artist,’ had better have been omitted, because it had been so fully treated in so masterly a manner by Mr Hayley. This was letting fall a spark in a barrel of gunpowder. SCOTT immediately analyses his brother poet’s poem, to shew they have nothing in common; and then compares those similar passages the subject naturally produced, to shew that ‘his poem does not suffer greatly in the comparison.’—‘You may,’ he adds, after giving copious extracts from both poems, ‘persist in saying that Mr Hayley’s are the best. Your business then is to prove it.’ This, indeed, had been a very hazardous affair for our medical Critic, whose poetical feelings were so equable, that he acknowledges ‘Mr Scott’s poem is just and elegant,’ but ‘Mr Hayley’s is likewise just and elegant;’ therefore, if one man has written a piece ‘just and elegant,’ there is no need of another on the same subject ‘just and elegant.’

“To such an extreme point of egotism was a modest and respectable Author most cruelly driven, by the callous playfulness of a poetical Critic, who himself had no sympathy for poetry of any quality or any species, and whose sole art consisted in turning about the canting dictionary of Criticism. Had Homer been a modern candidate for poetical honours, from him Homer had not been distinguished, even from the mediocrity of SCOTT of Amwell, whose poetical merits are not, however, slight. In his *Amoeban eclogues*, he may be distinguished as the poet of Botanists.”—*D’Israeli*.

ker with a vengeance. There is a Mr Wilkinson living somewhere about Penrith, who tunes his rustic reed not unmelodiously—the same whom Wordsworth celebrates in an Address to a Spade—"Spade with which Wilkinson has tilled his land, and dressed these pleasant walks by Emont's side."—And there is Mr Wiffen, who writes both with elegance and feeling, and to whom we must devote a few pages some day soon, when we have seen his translation of Ariosto. A translation of Ariosto by a Quaker is rather apt to startle the imagination; but we have been told by a good judge that Mr Wiffen's translation is both faithful, and spirited.

Having thus spoken freely but kindly of Mr Barton, we shall do him ample justice, by quoting some of his best poems. There is considerable strength both of thought and expression in the following composition:—

SILENT WORSHIP.

"Though glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,

On the day of its first dedication,
When the Cherubim's wings widely waving
were seen
On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd

To minister, standing before Thee,
Retired from the cloud which the temple
then fill'd,

And thy glory made Israel adore Thee:

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then;
Yet the worship thy gospel discharges,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repeal'd?

But by Him, unto whom it was given
To enter the Oracle, where is reveal'd,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of
heaven.

Who, having once enter'd, hath shown
us the way,

O Lord! how to worship before Thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee!

This, this is the worship the Saviour
made known,

When the of Samaria found him
Beside the patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around
him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage
he taught

To her, who inquired by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be
sought;

Or adored on Samaria's mountain!

Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail him
Will neither be worship'd *exclusively* here
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit! and they, who aright
Would perform the pure worship he
loveth,

In the heart's holy temple will seek, with
delight,

That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can de-
clare,

Whose bosoms have livingly known it:
Whom God hath instructed to worship him
there,

And convinced that his mercy will own it

The temple that Solomon built to his
Name,

Now lives but in history's story;
Extinguish'd long since is its altar's bright
flame,

And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom
divine,

Though all human fabrics may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
Where the fire burns unquench'd on
the altar!"

There is no little beauty and pa-
thos in this Dream.

"Thou art not of the living now;

And yet a form appears

At times before me, such as thou

In days of former years;

It rises to my spirit's sight,

In thoughts by day, in dreams by night.

Nor can I choose, but fondly bless

A shade, if shade it be,

Which, with such soft expressiveness,

Recalls one thought of thee;

I own it, in itself ideal;

Its influence o'er my heart is real.

I grant that dreams are idle things,

Yet have I known a few,

To which my faithful memory clings;

They seem'd so sweet and true,

That, let who will the fault condemn,

It was a grief to wake from them.

One such came lately, in the hours

To nightly slumber due;

It pictured forth no fairy bowers

To fancy's raptur'd view;

It had not much of marvels strange,

Nor aught of wild and frequent change:—

But all seem'd real—ay, as much,
As now the page I trace
Is palpable to sight and touch ;
Then how could doubt have place ?
Yet was I not from doubt exempt,
But ask'd myself if still I dreamt.

I felt I did ; but, spite of this,
Even thus in dreams to meet,
Had much, too much of dearest bliss,
Though not enough to cheat ;
I knew the vision might not stay,
And yet I bless'd its transient away.

But oh, *thy* look !—it was not one.
That earthly features wear ;
Nor was it aught to fear or shun,
As fancied spectres are :—
'Twas gentle, pure, and passionless,
Yet full of heavenly tenderness.

One thing was strange.—It seem'd to me
We were not long alone ;
But many more were circling thee,
Whom thou on earth hadst known ;
Who seem'd as greeting thy return
From some unknown, remote sojourn.

To them thou wast, as others be
Whom on this earth we love ;
I marvel'd much they could not see
Thou comest from above ;
And often to myself I said,
'How can they thus approach the dead ?'

But though all these, with fondness warm,
Said ' Welcome ! ' o'er and o'er,
Still that expressive shade, or form,
Was silent as before !
And yet its stillness never brought
To *thine* one hesitating thought.

I only knew thee as thou wert—
A being not of earth !
Yet had I not the power to exert
My voice to check their mirth ;
For blameless mirth was theirs, to see,
Once more, a friend beloved like thee.

And so apart from all I stood,
Till tears, though not of grief,
Afforded, to that speechless mood,
A soothing, calm relief ;
And, happier than if speech were free,
I stood, and watch'd thee silently.

I watch'd thee silently, and while
I mused on days gone by,
Thou gavest one celestial smile—
One look that cannot die.
It was a moment worthy years !
I woke, and found myself in tears.

In tears—but not such tears as fall
From sorrow's waking eye ;
Nor such as flow at feeling's call
From woman's.—Mine are dry ;
Save when they melt with soft'ning bliss
And love, in some such dream as this !"

We cannot shew our kindness and
respect for Mr Barton in a way more
agreeable to him, ourselves, and our
readers, than by letting him speak for
himself in the capacity of a poetical
quaker—

THE QUAKER POET.

Verses on seeing myself so designated.

" ' The Quaker Poet '—is such name
A simple designation ;—
Or one expressive of my shame,
And thy vituperation ?—

If but the former—I, for one,
Have no objection to it ;
A name, as such, can startle none
Who rationally view it.

But if such title would convey
Contempt, or reprobation,
Allow me, briefly as I may,
To state my vindication.

It is not splendour of costume
That prompts harmonious numbers ;—
The nightingale, of sober plume,
Sings, while the peacock slumbers.

The shallow brooks, in spring so gay,
In summer soonest fail us ;
Their sparkling pride has pass'd away,
Their sounds no more regale us.

While the more deep, but quiet streams,
By alders overshadowed,
Flow on, in spite of scorching beams,
Their beauties uninvaded.

And on their peaceful verge we see
Green grass, fresh flowers, and round
them ;
Hover the butterfly and bee,—
Rejoicing to have found them.

Is it the gayest of the gay,
The votaries of fashion,
Who feel most sensibly the sway
Of pure and genuine passion ?

No!—hearts there be, the world deems cold,
As warm, as true, as tender,
As those which gayer robes ensufl,
However proud their splendour.

Of mine I speak not :—He, alone,
Who form'd, can truly know it ;
Nor of my verse :—I frankly own
Myself no lofty poet.

But I contend the Quaker creed,
By fair interpretation,
Has nothing in it to impede
Poetic aspiration.

All that fair nature's charms display
Of grandeur, or of beauty ;
All that the human heart can sway,
Joy, grief, desire, &c duty :—

All these are ours—The copious source
Of true poetic feeling :—
And wouldst thou check their blameless
course,
Our lips in silence sealing ?

Nature, to all her ample page
Impartially unfolding,
Prohibits neither saint, nor sage,
Its beauties from beholding.

And thus the muse her gift assigns,
With no sectarian spirit ;
For all the wreath of fame she twines
Who fame and favour merit.

Through every age, in every clime,
Her favour'd sons have flourish'd ;
Have felt her energy sublime,
Her pure delights have nourish'd.

From Lapland's snows, from Persia's
bowers,
Their songs are still ascending,
Then, Quaker Poets, try your powers !
Why should you fear offending ?

Still true to nature be your aim,
Abhorring affectation ;
You, with peculiar grace, may claim
Each simpler decoration.

And, with such you may blend no less,
Spite of imputed weakness,
The god-like strength of gentleness,
The majesty of meekness !

The blameless pride of purity,
Chast'ning each soft emotion ;
And, from fanaticism free,
The fervour of devotion !

Be such your powers :—and in the range
Of themes which they assign you,
Win wreaths you need not wish to change
For aught that fame could twine you.

For never can a poet's lips
Obtain more genuine honour,
Than whilst his GIFT promotes the praise
OF HIM who is it's DUTY :—

One word, therefore, at parting with this author. He possesses much sensibility, and his mind has a strong tinge of poetry. Every now and then he surprises us with glimpses of something infinitely better than the general tone of his conceptions. We think him capable of considerable improvement, by closer study of his own thoughts and feelings, and by a more intent direction of his cultivated faculties on the proper expression of his thoughts and emotions. He has really a spring in his heart that occasionally sends up fine feelings—we had almost said original ones ; and if he would never begin to write till he had a strong and vivid conception of what he intended and wished to produce, we think it probable that he may yet write far better things than any in this volume. There are too many weak and trashy things in it—weeds and faded flowers mingle with the bouquet—but it possesses, notwithstanding, both sweet fragrance and bright colours, and we shall cordially congratulate him on the appearance of a volume which we can conscientiously praise more highly, and with less reservation than the present ; although it is extremely creditable to his taste, talents, and feelings, and has, perhaps, on the whole, been rather under than overrated by us : But such is often our way with people we like, so Mr Barton will take our strictures in good part, and accept the assurance of our regard and esteem. We find that there is just room in this page for a sonnet ; and here is one of Mr Barton's very best—extremely good :—

SONNET TO CHARLOTTE M.—

" Thou art but in life's morning, and as yet
The world looks witchingly ; its fruits and flowers
Are fair and fragrant, and its beauteous bowers
Seem haunts of happiness, before thee set,
All lovely as a landscape freshly wet
With dew, or bright with sunshine after showers ;
Where pleasure dwells, and Flora's magic powers
Woo thee to pluck joy's peerless coronet.
Thus be it ever ; wouldst thou have it so,
Preserve thy present openness of heart ;
 Cherish those generous feelings which now start
At base dissimulation, and that glow
(Of native love for thee which home endears,
And thou wilt find the world no vale of tears."

ON THE COCKNEY SCHOOL.

No. VII.

HUNT'S ART OF LOVE.

LEIGH HUNT is the most irresistible knight-errant erotic now extant. He would be a formidable personage in a night dilly, or the glimmering cabin of a Margate hoy. No milliner's apprentice, removing with her hand-boxes, could long refuse his suit; no wet-nurse, going down to suckle a young Norfolk turkey, could withstand this champion of the liberty of the press. His lovers' vows would raze the vehicle fore and aft; and soft whippers would, at the end of the first stage, confess the triumph of Apollon with the yellow breeches. He has now put forth a little manual of gay deception, prettily entitled the "*Florentine Lovers*," which, lest Mr Hazlitt (the Doer of the Cockneys) should anticipate us in the *Edinburgh Review*, we shall now shortly notice, for the benefit of youths and virgins. As Mr Jeffrey approved of Leigh's incestuous story of Rimini, he will of course condemn the fusionless Platonism of this more impotent attempt. Joking apart, we now consider Leigh Hunt the most contemptible little capon of the bantam breed, that ever vainly dropped a wing, or sidled up to a parrot. He can no more crow than a hen; and his gallantry betrays him into the most awkward predicament. Lord Byron (we speak of them all as authors, and figuratively) makes love like Sir Peter; Moore like a ton-tit; and Hunt like the creature aforesaid. The two first are excellent, each in his several department; for tastes are various; but no one could hold up her face, and declare upon her honour that she preferred the performances of the last. No, no, such manhood will not pass current out of the kingdom of Cockaigne.

The "*Florentine Lovers*" are named Ippolito de' Buondelmonte, and Dianora D'Amorigo. Soberly puzzled will the poor Cockneys be to syllable such names. It will take most of them a winter's evening to commit to memory such outlandish and unconsonable words, along with the usual appendage or appendix of the final R, which will amorously burr within the apple of their throats. Leigh, quite uppish on being in Italy, stops short his story before it is well begun, with this exclamation—

VOL. XII.

"[How delicious it is to repeat these beautiful Italian names, when they are not merely names! We find ourselves almost unconsciously writing them in a better hand than the rest; not merely for the sake of the printer, but for the pleasure of lingering upon the sound.]"

O Gemini! what is this! what is this! To turn out of a love-tale, to fondle two long lank ganky names! It is as bad as to turn from your mistress's lips, to ask the price of the ribbands on her cap, or to praise the softness of her fur-tippet, "For the sake of the printer"!!! Did any created substance ever before interrupt one of its amorous moments, by a reflection on a printing-office? Besides—did the Cockney King so far forget his Royal dignity, as to write "copy" with his own paws? Does his Majesty not employ an amanuensis, like his cousin Dahomey?—But let us hear what sort of youngsters these are with their beautiful names. Ippolito, the Hobblethoy, was about eighteen, "but looked two or three more, on account of a certain gravity and deep regard in the upper part of his face. You might know by his lips that he could love well, and by his eyes, that he could keep the secret." He was a shrewd young knave, in short, who knew better than to kiss and tell. But is there not something effeminate, Cockneyish, and Sporus-like, in a male writer speaking so of male lips? If Leigh Hunt be indeed an unfortunate woman, disguised in yellow breeches, this slaver about lips may be excusable; but if he really be of the sex assumed, nothing can be more loathsome. We said there was something Platonic, notwithstanding, in the Tale, and here is a precious touch indeed—

"There was a likeness, as sometimes happens, between the two lovers: and perhaps this was no mean help to their passion: for as we find painters often giving their own faces to their heroes, so the more excusable vanity of lovers delights to find that resemblance in one another, which Plato said was only the divorced half of the original human being rushing into communion with the other."

When Mr Hunt thinks of a Church (for of course he never goes to one on a Sunday,) it is only as of a place constructed for the mutual accommodation of the sexes, when inclined for love.

"The paintings, the perfumes, the music, the kind crucifix, the mixture of aspiration and earthly ceremony, the draperies, the white vestments of young and old, the boys' voices, the giant candles, typical of the seraphic ministrants about God's altar, the meeting of all ages and classes, the echoes of the aisles, the lights and shades of the pillars and vaulted roofs, the very struggle of day-light at the lofty windows, as if earth were at once present and not present,—all have a tendency to confine the boundaries of this world and the next, and to set the heart floating in that delicious mixture of elevation and humility, which is ready to sympathize with whatever can preserve to it something like its sensations, and save it from the hardness and definite folly of ordinary life. It was in a church that Boccaccio, not merely the voluptuous Boccaccio, who is but half-known by the half-witted, but Boccaccio, the future painter of the Falcon and the Pot of Basil, first saw the beautiful face of his Piametta. In a church, Petrarch felt the sweet shadow fall on him that darkened his life for twenty years after. And the fond gratitude of the local historian for a tale of true love, has left it on record, that it was in the church of St Giovanni at Florence, and on the great day of Pardon, which falls on the 13th of January, that Ippolito de' Buondelmonte became enamoured of Dianora d'Ambrigo."

Unluckily for these ripe and ready youngsters, their papas and mammas (like those of Romeo and Juliet before them) cut each other on the streets of Florence, so that a marriage seems scarcely feasible. Ippolito, however, urges his suit strenuously; and lest his vigour should fail of producing the desired and usual effect, he has recourse to the following most ingenious and irresistible stratagem. "We must even record, that on one occasion he contrived to stumble against a dog, and tread his toes, in order that he might ostentatiously help the poor beast out of the way." If Towler had given him a good snap on the calf of the leg for his pains, he would, we think, have been cheap of the hydrophobia. But it is at church where most he plies his artillery; and Dianora, who is lucky in an accommodating aunt (not a very usual phenomenon in this country, whatever it may be in Italy) ogles to him after his heart's desire. The old, loving aunt thus pleads Ippolito's cause unsolicited and without a fee, being an honorary member of the Philanthropical Society of Florence.

"If he is very handsome, poor boy,

how can he help that?" Butts have been handsome in their days, aye, and young, or their pictures are not at all like, which is impossible; and I am sure St Dominic himself, in the wax-work, God forgive me! hardly looks sweeter and humbler at the Madonna and Child, than he did at me and you, as we went by."—"Dear aunt," rejoined Dianora, "I did not mean to reproach you, I'm sure; but, sweet aunt, we do not know him, you know——" "Know!" cried the old lady, "I'm sure I know him as well as if he were my own aunt's son, which might not be impossible, though she is a little younger than myself; and if he were my own, I should not be ashamed."

The following description is meant, we suppose, to surpass every thing in *Etheridge* and *Suckling*. To us it reads most laughable. There runs through it, too, a small spice of Cockney irreligion, which is meant to season the Cockney voluptuousness. But there is no pith, no marrow. Many a far finer love-scene occurs unnoticed and unrecorded in the pews of Methodistical chapels and during love-feasts. Better to describe one of them, between some serious porter belonging to the Shropshire waggon-office, and the melting widow of a tallow-chandler, than to attempt a Florentine flourish. But here it goes—

"It is our duty to confess, that if the lovers were two of the devoutest of the congregation, which is certain, they were apt also, at intervals, to be the least attentive; and, furthermore, that they would each pretend to look towards places at a little distance from the desired object, in order that they might take in, with the sidelong power of the eye, the presence and look of one another. But for some time Dianora had ceased even to do this; and though Ippolito gazed on her the more steadfastly, and saw that she was paler than before, he began to persuade himself that it was not on his account. At length, a sort of desperation urged him to get nearer to her, if she would not condescend to come near himself; and, on the Sunday in question, scarcely knowing what he did, or how he saw, felt, or breathed, he knelt right down beside her. There was a pillar next him, which luckily kept him somewhat in the shade; and for a moment he leaned his forehead against the cold marble, which revived him. Dianora did not know he was by her. She did not sing; nor did the aunt ask her. She kept one unaltered posture, looking upon her mass-book, and he thought she did this on purpose. Ippolito, who had become weak with his late struggles of mind, felt almost suffocated with his sensations. He was kneeling side by side with her; her

idea, her presence, her very drapery, which was all that he dared to feel himself in contact with, the consciousness of kneeling with her in the presence of him whom tender hearts implore for pity on their infirmities, all rendered him intensely sensible of his situation. By a strong effort, he endeavoured to turn his self-pity into a feeling entirely religious; but when he put his hands together, he felt the tears ready to gush away so irrepressibly, that he did not dare it. At last the aunt, who had in fact looked about for him, recognised him with some surprise, and more pleasure. She had begun to suspect his secret; and though she knew who he was, and that the two families were at variance, yet a great deal of good nature, a sympathy with pleasures of which no woman had tasted more, and some considerable disputes she had lately with another old lady, her kinswoman, on the subject of politics, determined her upon at least giving the two lovers that sort of encouragement, which arises not so much from any decided object we have in view, as from a certain vague acuse of benevolence, mixed with a lurking wish to have our own way. Accordingly, the well-meaning old widow-lady, without much consideration, and loud enough for Ippolito to hear, whispered her niece to 'let the gentleman next her read in her book, as he seemed to have forgotten to bring his own.' Dianora, without lifting her eyes, and never suspecting who it was, moved her book sideways, with a courteous inclination of the head, for the gentleman to take it. He did so. He held it with her. He could not hinder his hand from shaking; but Dianora's reflections were so occupied upon one whom she little thought so near her, that she did not perceive it. At length the book tottered so in his hand, that she could not but notice it. She turned to see if the gentleman was ill, and instantly looked back again. She felt that she herself was too weak to look at him, and whispering to her aunt, 'I am very unwell,' the ladies rose and made their way out of the church. As soon as she felt the fresh air, she fainted, and was carried home; and it happened, at the same moment, that Ippolito, unable to keep his feelings to himself, leaned upon the marble pillar at which he was kneeling, and groaned aloud."

Pass we over some days or weeks, for we know not which, and at last Ippolito is about to enjoy an interview with Dianora. The impatience of the young gentleman is very natural and affecting, and we do not know whether or not to envy his feelings, and to wish being in his shoes.

"Every step which Ippolito heard on the stair-case he fancied was hers, till it passed the door, and never did morning appear to him at once so delicious and so dreary. To be in the same house with

her, what joy! But to be in the same house with her, and not to be able to tell her his love directly, and ask her to love him, and fold her into his very soul, what impatience and misery! Two or three times there was a knock of some one to be let in; but it was only the gossip, come to inform him that he must be patient, and that she did not know when Madonna Lucrezia would please to bring Dianora, but most likely after dinner, when the visitors retired to sleep a little. Of all impertinent things, dinner appeared to him the most tiresome and unfit. He wondered how any thinking beings, who might take a cake or a cup of wine by the way, and then proceed to love one another, could sit round a great wooden table, patiently eating of this and that nicety; and, above all, how they could sit still afterwards for a moment, and not do any thing else in preference,—stand on their heads, or toss the dishes out of the window."

Dianora's old wicked aunt, who had been a rare one in her youth, no doubt, and Goody or Gossip Veronica, another tender-hearted beldam, sneak off to take a drop of comfort, and leave the inflammable and combustible boy and girl to go off like a brace of squibs.

"After dinner, when the other visitors had separated here and there to sleep, Dianora, accompanied by her aunt and Veronica, found herself, to her great astonishment, in the same room with Ippolito; and a few minutes after their introduction to each other, and after one had looked this way, and the other that, and one taken up a book and laid it down again, and both looked out at the window, and each blushed, and either turned pale, and the gentleman adjusted his collar, and the lady her sleeve, and the elder ladies had whispered one another in a corner, Dianora, less to her astonishment than before, was left in the room with him alone. She made a movement as if to follow them, but Ippolito said something, she knew not what, and she remained. She went to the window, looking very serious and pale, and not daring to glance towards him. He intended instantly to go to her, and wondered what had become of his fierce impatience; but the very delay had now something delicious in it. Oh, the happiness of those moments! Oh, the sweet morning-tins of those feelings! the doubt which is not doubt, and the hope which is but the coming of certainty!"

Here Leigh thinks that his female readers may begin to smell a rat, and therefore again stops short his tale, at a very interesting crisis, not as before to sigh over the voluptuous beauty of Octosyllabics, but to argufy the topic of decency or indecency with a female critic, whom he conjures up for the occasion, under the very expressive and

original denomination of "Reader." This lady is quite of his own kidney, (i. e. a Cockney,) and alluding to Di being left alone with Hippy, says, with a wink of the eye we presume, and her tongue elegantly shoved against the inside of the cheek next to his Cockney Majesty,

"Reader. But, sir, in taking these heavenly flights of yours, you have left your two lovers.

"Author. Surely, madam, I need not inform you that lovers are fond of being left—at least to themselves.

"Reader. But, sir, they are Italians; and I did not think Italian lovers were of this bashful description. I imagined that the moment your two Florapines beheld one another, they would spring into each other's arms, sending up cries of joy, and—

"Author. Tumbling over the two old women by the way. It is a very pretty imagination, madam; but Italians partake of all the feelings common to human nature; and modesty is really not confined to the English, even though they are always saying it is.

"Reader. But I was not speaking of modesty, sir; I was only alluding to a sort of—what shall I say—a kind of irrepressible energy—that which in the Italian character is called violence."

This is certainly plain and perspicuous, and deserves a direct answer. But of all roundabout-the-bush-and-bed-post replies on record, King Leigh's is the most incomprehensible circumambidibus. It runs round thus—

"Author. I meant nothing personal, madam, believe me, in using the word modesty. You are too charitable, and have too great a regard for my lovers. I was not speaking myself of modesty in any particular sense, but of modesty in general; and all nations, not excepting our beloved and somewhat dictatorial countrymen, have their modesties and immodesties too, from which perhaps their example might instruct one another. With regard to the violence you speak of, and which is energy sometimes, and the weakest of weaknesses at others, according to the character which exhibits it, and the occasion that calls it forth, the Italians, who live in an ardent climate, have undoubtedly shewn more of it than most people; but it is only where their individual character is most irregular, and education and laws at their worst. In general it is nothing but pure self-will, and belongs to the two extremes of the community—the most powerful whose passions have been indulged, and the poorest whose passions have never been instructed. True energy manifests itself, not in violence, but in strength and intensity; and intensity is

by its nature descending, and not to be surpassed in quietness, where quietness is becoming."

The lady listens with her mouth wide open, no doubt, to some more of this vile slang, and then exclaims,—
"You have convinced me, sir—pray, let us proceed!"

The plot now begins to thicken; and having had a love-scene in a church, now for one in a lady's chamber.

"Ippolito went up to Dianora. She was still looking out of the window, her eyes fixed upon the blue mountains in the distance, but conscious of nothing outside the room. She had a light green and gold net on her head, which enclosed her luxuriant hair without violence, and seemed as if it took it up that he might admire the white neck underneath. She felt his breath upon it; and beginning to expect that his lips would follow, raised her hands to her head, as if the net required adjusting. This movement, while it disconcerted him, presented her waist in a point of view so impossible not to touch, that, taking it gently in both his hands, he pressed one at the same time upon her heart, and said, 'It will forgive me, even for doing this.' He had reason to say so, for he felt it beat against his fingers, as if it leaped. Dianora, blushing and confused, though feeling abundantly happy, made another movement with her hands, as if to remove his own, but he only detained them on either side.

"Messer Ippolito," said Dianora, in a tone as if to remonstrate, though suffering herself to remain a prisoner, "I fear you must think me—" "No, no," interrupted Ippolito, "you can fear nothing that I think, or that I do. It is I that have to fear your lovely and fearful beauty, which has been ever at the side of my sick-bed, and I thought looked angrily upon me—upon me alone of the whole world."—"They told me you had been ill," said Dianora, in a very gentle tone; "and my aunt perhaps knew that I—thought that I—Have you been very ill?"—"And, without thinking, she drew her left hand from under his, and placed it upon it. "Very," answered Ippolito; "do not I look so?"—"And saying this, he raised his other hand, and venturing to put it round to the left side of her little dimpled chin, turned her face towards him. Dianora did not think he appeared so ill, by a good deal, as he did in the church; but there was enough in his face, ill or well, to make her eye-sight swim as she looked at him; and the next moment her head was upon his shoulder, and his lips descended, welcome, upon hers.

"There was a practice in those times, generated, like other involuntary struggles against wrong, by the absurdities in authority, of resorting to marriages, or rather

plightings of troth, made in secret, and in the eye of Heaven. It was a custom liable to great abuse, as all secretaries are; but the harm of it, as usual, fell chiefly on the poor, or where the condition of the parties was unequal. Where the families were powerful and on an equality, the hazard of violating the engagement was, for obvious reasons, very great, and seldom encountered; the lovers either foregoing their claims on each other upon better acquaintance, or adhering to their engagement the closer for the same reason, or keeping it at the expense of one or the other's repentance for fear of the consequences. The troth of Ippolito and Dianora was indeed a troth. They plighted it on their knees, before a picture of the Virgin and Child, in Veronica's bed-room, and over a mass-book which lay open upon a chair. Ippolito then, for the pleasure of revenging himself of the pangs he suffered when Dianora knelt with him before, took up the mass-book and held it before her, as she had held it before him, and looked her entreatingly in the face; and Dianora took and held it with him as before, trembling as then, but with a perfect pleasure: and Ippolito kissed her twice and thrice out of a sweet revenge."

Here the odious Cockney again stops short; and finishes his picture, which seems painted by an eunuch, with a parenthesis manifestly written by a fool.

"We find we are in the habit of using a great number of *ands* on these occasions. We do not affect it, though we are conscious of it. It is partly, we believe, owing to our recollections of the good faith and simplicity in the old romances, and partly to a certain sense of luxury and continuance which these *ands* help to link together. It is the fault of 'the accursed critical spirit,' which is the bane of these times, that we are obliged to be conscious of the matter at all. But we cannot help not having been born six hundred years ago, and are obliged to be base and *revicatory* like the rest. To affect not to be conscious of the critical in these times, would itself be a departure from what is natural; but we notice the necessity only to express our hatred of it, and hereby present the critics (ourselves included, as far as we belong to them) with our hearty discommendations."

You exquisite idiot! was not one episode about printers' devils sufficient, but you must, sensualist as you are, turn the small, mean, twinkling eyes of your mind away from the sight on which they had just been floating, to enjoy the still more heavily gratification of contemplating your own cockney charms? You deserve, sir, for this parenthesis, to be hung up by the little finger till you are dead! You

are indeed a fine creature!—But hark! hark!

"Dianora had consented to receive her bridegroom in her own apartment at home, that same night, by means of that other old good-natured go-between, yclept a ladder of ropes."

It is now all plain sailing; and Ippolito gets a ladder of ropes from his father's valet-de-sham. Here Leigh speaks quite *con amore*.

"Ippolito had noticed a ladder of ropes which was used in his father's house for some domestic purposes. To say the truth, it was an old servant, and had formerly been much in request for the purpose to which it was now about to be turned by the old gentleman himself. He was indeed a person of a truly orthodox description, having been much given to intrigue in his younger days, being consigned over to avarice in his older, and exhibiting great submission to every thing established, always. Accordingly, he was considered as a personage equally respectable for his virtues, as important from his rank and connexions; and if hundreds of ladders could have risen up in judgment against him, they would only have been considered as what are called in England 'wild oats';—wild ladders, which it was natural for every gentleman to plant."

Ippolito, after all, however, turns out a shilly-shally sort of a fellow, and trembles with fear like an aspen-leaf. Two drunk men are fighting near Di's window, and he is terrified out of his wits at the clashing of their swords.

"A clashing of swords ensued, and to his great relief the drunkard and his companion were driven on. In a minute or two all was silent. Ippolito gave the signal—it was acknowledged; the rope was fixed; and the lover was about to ascend, when he was startled with a strange diminutive face, smiling at him over a light. His next sensation was to smile at the state of his own nerves; for it was but a few minutes before, that he was regretting he could not put out a lantern that stood burning under a little image of the Virgin. He crossed himself, offered up a prayer for the success of his true love, and again proceeded to mount the ladder."

As bad luck would have it, two gentlemen, probably out upon similar business, give the view-hollo.

"Ippolito descended rapidly, intending to hide his face as much as possible in his hood, and escape by dint of fighting, but his foot slipped in the ropes, and he was at the same instant seized by the strangers. The instinct of a lover, who above all things in the world cared for his mistress's reputation, supplied our hero with an artifice as quick as lightning. 'They are all

said, 'said he, affecting to tremble with a cowardly terror, 'I have not touched one of them.' 'One of what?' said the others; 'what are all safe?' 'The jewels,' replied Ippolito; 'let me go for the love of God, and it shall be my last offence, as it was my first. Besides, I mean to restore them.' 'Restore them!' cried the first spokesman; 'a pretty jest truly. This must be some gentleman gambler by his face would-be conscience; and by this light we will see who he is, if it is only for your sake, Filippo, eh?'

This is truly a most pitiful and wretched incident. Ippolito is tried—condemned—and forthwith led to execution!!! Dianora spies him from her window—shrieks—rushes out—claps him—confesses that Ippolito had stolen no jewel whatever of hers; and the whole truth being suddenly as plain as a pike-staff, why, to be sure, he is pardoned. And instead of being executed, is married, and put to bed. To relieve our minds from all fear about the couple, we are told that his "cheeks, which seemed to have fallen away in one night, appeared to have plumped out again faster; and if he was now pale, instead of high-coloured, the paleness of Dianora had given way to radiant blushes, which made up for it." So what think you now of the Florentine Lovers?

We have not hesitated to give quotations from this wretched piece of ineffectual immorality, for we wish those worthy persons who may have been disposed to believe, on the misrepresentation of Whigs, Radicals, and Cockneys, that we have been too hard on Leigh Hunt, to form their own judgment of the matter from this one single abortion of his prostituted muse. We accused him of being an immoral, indecent, lascivious, and sensual writer; and for saying so, he and his associates, for friends we must not call them, yelled out the bark of "personality," being at once Curn and Cockneys. We were said to have attacked Hunt's private character. That, in the usual sense of the charge, was a lie. But if the wretched man has indeed put his private character, as many have done, into his writings, our words must have cut into the core of his heart. His books alone have we struck, and they spurted forth their "pus and pimples" beneath the dissecting knife, the subject being in a truly dangerous stage of corruption. If his *own* conscience smote him with crimes or vices

unknown to us, and if, in calling out vain curses and imprecations against us, he made dark and dismal confessions of enormities at this hour unintelligible, ought it to be imputed as a fault to his stern and unsparing castigators, that they knew not the measure of the Cockney's wickedness; and that their plain and unambiguous sentence conveyed to the culprit meanings and intentions which his own sunken soul alone could interpret, feeling the remembrance of his secret iniquities in words that alluded to nothing but his baseness and profligacy as a public writer?

But perhaps his impertinence is more insupportable than his licentiousness in this sorry Florentine Amour. In the first place, he had no right whatever to go to Italy. A man who knew nothing of Italian literature, except Hoole's Tasso, (which he confessed in his denial of that charge,) must be impudent indeed to think of Florence. The essence of his sin is in presuming to put his "Cockney feet—Cockney feet that go so complete" upon classic ground. We should not be surprised to hear that the earth yawned beneath him to the depth of half a yard, and gave the outraged worms an opportunity of biting the legs of such an unauthorized, uncredentialed, and unwarranted intruder. If he dares to go to Rome, we shall send over Hogg to assassinate him, who has, we understand, claimed the murder of Begby. "Hogg stabbing Hunt at the Base of Pompey's Statue," would make a picture full of *gusto*.

Secondly, It is gross impertinence in any Cockney to write about—love. Love, correctly speaking, is a tender affair between a lady and a gentleman; whereas, King Leigh and his subjects imagine it to be merely a congress between a male and a female. There is the mistake, and it is a very gross one. In writing about love, such as is made by us and our fair readers—ladies and gentlemen, to wit—considerable delicacy of mind is required, much grace, liveliness, gentleness, and good-breeding; but the Cockneys have none of these things, and write as if their passions were excited by very weak gin-twist, many tumblers of which are necessary to kindle any thing like a flame which, indeed, they are very apt at the same time to extinguish. We have no doubt that Leigh sup-

poses he can *make love*—not he—any more than he can *write grammar*. No lady in this land could even comprehend what he wished to have, with his eternal sidling and sliding about, and perking up his mouth, and swaling with his coat-tails. The lady would suspect that he wished to throw her off her guard, and that he was watching an opportunity to pick her pocket. But Leigh forgets that ladies do not now-a-days wear pockets. However, be that as it may, any Cockney who writes about love deserves to be kicked,—that is the short and long of the matter, and there is no occasion to say a single word more on the subject.

Thirdly, What, in the name of Katterfelto, can Byron mean by patronizing a Cockney? A Bear at College was all very well;—but, my lord, think on it,—a Cockney at Pisa!—Fie, my lord! This is by far the greatest outrage you have ever yet committed on manners, and morals, and intellectuals. As to Don Juan and Cain, we pardon you them; but this sin is beyond the reach of our forgiveness,—Cain's murder of his brother Abel was nothing to it. Cain was no Cockney; and had he seen one, his speculations on the origin of evil would have been still more perplexing. A Cockney is by far the most unaccountable of God's works;—explain that, and our minds will be at rest for ever.

Fourthly, It is, on the whole, however, satisfactory to see the Cockney in his proper situation—the menial of a lord. This is the man who, for years, kept abusing nobility; and now sneaks fawningly, with hat in hand, to “my dear Byron,” and is quite happy

to do any little dirty job imposed on him by the aristocratical pride of the domineering peer. See him in the “*Liberal*.” Enter—Lord Byron, with a frown and a stride; follows—Leigh Hunt, with a utensil on a salver. His Lordship has a trick of making even clever men look silly. Who could look more so than Mr Rogers, when he was over-persuaded to allow his Jacqueline to be published along with Lara,—like a lady's reticule tied to the tail of the “*Desert-born*” that carried the naked adulterer across four degrees of latitude? But Rogers is a gentleman and a poet. Here, we see only a scavenger raking in the filth of the common sewers and the stews, for a few gold pieces thrown down by a nobleman in a transient fit of self-willed generosity. In this consists his complicated and perfect degradation—that he is unable to perform the loathsome wickedness which he is willing should be demanded of him by the master of a slave; and is thus impelled into perpetual impotence by the entreaties of a diseased nature, and the orders of the “*vultus instantis tyranni*.” But that Satan should stoop to associate with an incubus, shews that there is degeneracy in hell.

There is but one word,—of many melancholy and miserable meanings,—and which we should not dare to apply to any of our brethren; but it may be applied, not only innocently, but rightfully, to a Cockney; and all who have read the “*Liberal*,” and have seen Leigh Hunt there, will say, that that one word only can perfectly describe him.—

A FOOL!

I'Ennop.

“Arbiter, Ausonia, Politiane, *Lysa*
Accipe—

LORENZO DE MEDICIS.

I.

The kind Cockney Monarch, he bids us farewell,

Taking his place in the Leghorn-bound smack,—

In the smack, in the smack—Ah! will he ne'er come back?

What will become of Webb, Hazlitt, and all the pack?

I'm sure our Star's gone, and we're left in a plight.

II.

There he goes, the first thing, to the CAMPO hard by,
Treading the street with his corn-troubled toes,—
Troubled toes, troubled toes,—swalingly goes
The kind Cockney King, for he's pester'd with those,
To find themes for the Article which he must write.

III.

Then he perks up his nose on the country to stare,
And the streams, and the plains, and the skies free from smoke,—
Free from smoke, free from smoke,—what will the Wapping folk
Say when they hear of them? Sure they will think I joke,
And in quizzing am taking my gentle delight.

IV.

In addition to this comes a rustical song,
Which makes one to shudder and laugh also,—
And laugh also,—for the stanzas go
Like a big brewer's horse, all so heavily O!
That jumps with the ginger, and thinks he jumps light.

V.

And besides, upon old Ariosto we've seen him,
Grafting his garlands of Ludgate-hill flowers,—
O the Ludgate-hill flowers, they are fit for the bowers
Of apprentice boys and their paid paramours—
Rear'd in window-pots, water'd from teapots each night.

VI.

Hey for a preface to print at the head
Of the pamphlet containing these patches and things,—
These patches and things, of the Cockney King's,
And then brother Johnny the pamphlet out brings,
But if nobody buys us, we're mortified quite.

TICKLER ON WERNER.

DEAR N.

I thank you for Werner, but you need not have taken the trouble of sending it. Hogg, whom I am now visiting with Dr Feldberg, has an author's copy. As I have no immediate way of returning yours, I shall keep it until I see you at Edinburgh. I ran over the pages very cursorily, and am not inclined to give it a more studious perusal. The story, which has great capabilities, is puzzled and ill told, and the general structure of the piece, considered as a dramatic performance, ridiculously in-artificial. For instance, take the very opening scene between Werner and his wife. You will there see the old silly expedient, which is resorted to by all incompetent play-writers, viz. that of making the dramatic persons inform one another of events, which must have been so perfectly familiar to them, as never by any chance to be matter of conversation, but which are

Altrive Lake, 5th Decr. 1822.

manifestly given for the benefit of the audience. I thought The Critic had laughed this manœuvre down so completely, that no one would now-a-days have had recourse to it. His Lordship might as dramatically, and more satisfactorily, have brought forward a god or devil to *prologize* us of old, or adopted Terence's plan at once, and hauled up on the stage some unfortunate Sosia or Davus, to act the part of channel, to convey to the audience information, which the poet had not skill otherwise to communicate. Werner gravely informs his wife, that he was married to her twenty years; that his father disinherited him in consequence—that they had one son—that they had not seen him for twelve years—that his real name was not Werner,—and other impertinencies of the kind. Would not my wife laugh at me, if I were to tell her, by way of

news, that I am a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine,—six feet four in my stocking vamps—married to her eleven months, and, that the issue of the marriage is a lump of a boy, now two months old, and, I am sorry to say, troubled with the gripes? Or suppose a playwright were to compose a comedy, in which Lord Byron himself, and John Murray, a bookseller in Albemarle street, were chief characters, I leave it to his Lordship if he would not vote the comedian an ass, if he were to make Mr Murray inform his noble author, that he wrote a poem in five cantos, called *Childe Harold*, some years ago; that he was cut up in the Edinburgh, for his *Hours of Idleness*; that he utterly squashed Jeffrey and the whole gang in revenge, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*; or that he (Mr M.) published a poem styled *Don Juan*, so infamous, that he was ashamed to put his name to it, though he made a bold and masterly, but unfortunate effort, to make money by its sale. The Peer would most decidedly whip the fellow at the cart's-tail in some libel or other, and amply would the castigation be deserved. In the old dramatists of Greece, *prologizing* was very allowable; it formed, in fact, an integral portion of the structure of the piece. The Athenian Bards were in general strictly limited to unity of place, almost always to unity of time, and always to a small number of characters, from the paucity of actors allowed them. They therefore, from want of room as I may say, were in a manner compelled to adopt the plan of a direct narration to the audience, or of an opening dialogue to perform the same office indirectly. Besides, their plots were drawn from stories deeply engraven on the minds of all the hearers in the house, and it was little matter in what way the mere tale of the piece, which they knew as well as the poet, was repeated to them. What, therefore, we grant to the ancients, we must rigorously deny to a modern, who can employ as many characters, vary his scenes, prolong his time, and choose his circumstances as he pleases. Lord Byron hinted some time since (I forget exactly when, but I believe in some of his *abundant* prefaces,) that Shakespeare was not an over civilized writer; and yet, I venture to say, that if he turn over the plays of the Bard of Avon, he will nowhere find so clum-

sy an exhibition of want of art, as in the opening scene of *Werner*. And, perhaps, I may add, that Shakespeare would hardly have missed the fine opportunity of developing in its most trying situation the character of Ulric, by declining, as I think Lord B. has done through consciousness of want of power, to give the scenes immediately consequent on the murder of Stralenheim. What a dramatic effect the deep hypocrisy of Ulric, his assumed grief, his eagerly feigned indignation, and his mock anxiety to discover the murderer, the tumult of the attendants, the panic of Idenstein, the vague suspicions resting alternately on Werner and Gabor, would have afforded! What bustle, what life, what deep reflection, what real pathos, what comic distress, might have been, and would have been, called forth by a Shakespeare! But all this is obviously above the powers of Lord Byron.

The characters are anything but original. I do not mean to say that they are plagiarized (let me coin the word, for I do not like to say stolen) from Miss Lee; for that would be mere stupidity, especially as his Lordship indicates the source whence they are derived; but that they are the old-established freeholders on the Byronic Parnassus. Ulric, the favourite, is only the Giaour, Conrad, Lara, Alp, &c. &c. relished and served up as a Bohemian. *Cæsum, non animus mutant*. It is the old mess with a new sauce. Compare him particularly with Lara, and you must be struck with the resemblance. Both high-born—both leaving home mysteriously—both suspected of being linked with desperate characters—both returning to play the magnifico—both charged with heavy crimes, by people who had met them while absent on their wild exploits, and both ready to get rid of their accusers by the summary process of murder. Both are, moreover, very fine speakers, valiant men, high-browed, bright-eyed, black-haired, and *all that*. Now, I may be considered as a *barbare*, when I say that I cannot away with these fellows: The conception of such characters, instead of being the sublime of poetry, is not very far from being the sublime of vulgarity. It is easy to lay on the thick daubing shades of intense villainy; but not quite so easy to wipen them off, so as to draw a character in which these shades blend consistently with the hues of virtue, or

even seeming virtue. The Giaour & Co. are barely unnatural, just as out of the way as Sir Charles Grandison and his compeers, who charmed our grandmothers; and like them, they have become bones of the first magnitude. We are sick of the faulty charms which the world ne'er saw, as our sires were of the faultless monsters in the same predicament. The very stomach of the boarding-school is turning. Again I must refer my Lord Byron to Shakespeare; in him he will find *Macbeth*, and *Richard*, and *Iago*, very different people from his creations; I leave it even to himself to say whether more natural or not. I am too lazy just now to enter on the full consideration of this Amiable-Ruffian-school of poetry; but it is probable I shall ere long throw off some pages on that subject exclusively, in order to shew its utter worthlessness in every point of view.

Of the other characters, Werner is poorly conceived, and poorly executed; but as that is the fashionable style of doing heroes at present, I shall not say any thing farther about the *ais*. Gabor is the material of a good character. Josephine, a milk-and-water piece of nothingness. Ida, an impertinent and unnatural intrusion, introduced, I know not why, except to spoil the keeping of the story. Idenstein is pretty good. I am happy to see that Lord Byron can display wit, without being stimulated to it by malignity, even though that wit is not particularly brilliant. What a different character Idenstein would have been in the hands of the Author of *Waverley*!

I have just a corner left to speak of the verse, which, with few exceptions, is hideous. My ears, accustomed to the Miltonian flow, are quite shocked in almost every page. I am ready to allow every fair licence to dramatic verse; but still it must have more than the bare typographic impress of metre. Ten syllables, counted by finger and thumb, will not do. None of us imagine

Day and Martin,

To prevent fraud, request purchasers to
Look on the signature on the patent Black-
ing
Bottles, &c.

to be versification, and the great majority of Lord Byron's lines are just as harmonious. I remember some of the Edinburgh Reviewers, in order to fret Southey, printed scraps of his *Carmen*

Triumphale as prose, and defied any one to decypher it into verse. To make sure, the gentlemen (they are all gentlemen in that concern) altered Southey's words, and then gave, as fair specimens of the poem, passages which those very garblings of his had spoiled; but here I shall give unaltered, the verses of the antagonist of Southey—the favourite of the Edinburgh Reviewers, ever since he made them writhe under his lash—and challenge any one to read them as poetry, provided always counting on the fingers be not resorted to. I take quite at random.

Gabor. Who shall oppose me?

Ulric. Your own reason, with a moment's thought.

Gab. Must I bear this?

Ul. Pshaw! we must all bear the arrogance of something higher than ourselves. The highest cannot temper Satan, nor the lowest his viciousness upon earth. I've seen you brave the elements, and bear things which had made this silkworm cast his skin, &c.—P. 80-81.

Ul. But it is too late to ponder this: You must set out ere dawn. I will remain here to trace out the murderer, if 'tis possible.

Werner. But this my sudden flight will give the Moloch suspicion. Two new victims in the *Ben* of one, if I remain. The fled Hungarian, who seems the culprit, and—

Ul. Who seems? who else can be so?

Wer. Not I, though just now you doubted—
Yes, my son, doubted—

Ul. And do you doubt of him the fugitive?

Wer. Boy! since I fell into the abyss of crime, (though not of such crime,) I, having seen the innocent oppressed for me, may doubt even of the guilty's guilt, &c. P. 120, 121.

Ul. He too must be silenced.

Wer. How, so?

Ul. As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull as never to have hit on this before? When we met in the garden, what except discovery in the act could make me know his death? Or had the prince's household been then summoned, would the cry for the police been left to such a stranger? [*Pretty English this last sentence, by the bye.*] Or should I have loitered on the way? Or could you, Werner, the object of the Baron's hate and fears, have fled—unless by many an hour before suspicion woke? I sought and fathered you—doubting if you were false or false—perceiving you were the latter; and who confiding have I found you, that I doubted at times your weakness, &c.—P. 179, 180.

There are other passages far more prosaic, but it is not worth while to give

your secretary the trouble of transcribing them. Why they are printed for verse, I cannot for the life of me conjecture; they are as plain prose as a turnpike-act.

Some good passages occur, which, if you or any of your scribes be inclined to write a puff on his Lordship, you may extract. I am in too great a hurry just now to pay compliments. On the whole, Werner is not more than a degree or two above *Mirandola*—and rather a stupid affair.—I am, dear North, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

P. S. "*Heaven and Earth*" was announced to accompany Werner. Do you know why it is kept back? Is it for fear of that barbarous common-law, which prevents publishers of blasphemous books from pocketing their proceeds? If it comes out, and be such as I suspect, I hope honest Mr Bonbow will be at work without delay. *Buccancer versus Blasphemer*, is a pleasant civil war. The Quarterly Reviewer, who was so indignant with the Lord Chancellor, may learn from this, that the method adopted at present is not quite so nugatory as he thought proper to represent it. Blasphemous books are kept out of the market by it, with-

out the odious and unpopular system of prosecution. By the way, the article on Lord Byron's last composition, in the last Quarterly, was a most elegant piece of humbug. The writer, probably a parson, was ashamed, or afraid, to praise directly; but what could be gentler than the censure? And then the accumulation of learned theology to refute such a book as *Cain*! Refuting such a work, in such a way, is about as wise as if a man were to set about quoting all the jurists and statesmen from Moses to Montesquieu, or from Aristotle to Blackstone, to put down a drunken radical bawling against triangular Parliaments. But the honest reviewer well knew what he was about. The whole was a puff collateral, which might thus be reduced into a sentence: The books are rather baddish, in a certain sense, but the poetry is fine; the doctrine learned, so as not to be confuted without much erudition; the author is a man of undoubted genius and information, and, though something may perhaps be said against them, good readers, nevertheless—**BUY THEM—BUY THEM.**

But if I cross my letter again, it will be illegible.—Yours again,

T. T.

NOTES ON THE LAST NUMBER OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

It has been supposed by the Silly that we wished to run down the Edinburgh Review; but our object has all along been to hoist it up. It seemed to us to be tumbling down hill with an alarming velocity, according to the fixed laws of gravitation. At the risk of being crushed by a ponderous body, bounding along with accelerating motion, according to the established ratios, we put ourselves in its way, when every body else stood aloof, and attempted to break its fall and divert its course. Few editors would have acted so generous, and devoted a part in behalf of a descending periodical. We have succeeded in our disinterested attempt, beyond our own hopes, and to the disappointment of many, who had laid heavy odds on its reaching the little black sulky tarn, that lies at the base of the hill of Popularity. The Edinburgh Review has made a pause in its descent; nay, we ally trust, has been shoved, by our powerful interference, some few paces

up the ground it had lost. This makes us very cheerful; and we are confident the worthy editor feels grateful to us for the preservation of his existence, which, he knows, is linked with the vehicle which we saved from destruction.

Number LXXIV is the best that has appeared for several years. It smacks of the spirit of its youth; and may these favourable symptoms prognosticate its restoration to activity and vigour! We advised Mr Jeffrey to take up his own pen, and let us have his own lucubrations, instead of the performances of hirelings of all-work, who pretended to be willing to labour hard for very small wages, but who forthwith began blowing their nails, and finished nothing to their employer's satisfaction, bringing loss and discredit on the proprietor of the soil; which, under such imperfect and ill-furrowed tillage, exhibited the appearance of premature exhaustion, and sent up only weeded, raggy, and mixed crops; such as one sees oc-

asionally on ill-managed farms, where bigg, and barley, and oats, are all shooting up earlessly together in starvel and stunted neighbourhood, intermixed with unhappy stalks of beans and peas, and long, lank, disheartening potato-shaws, as unproductive as docks or burweeds.

Accordingly, Mr Jeffrey, awake at last to the suggestions of us his very best friends, discharges (for a time at least) a few of his idle, drunken diggers, and sets some of his best hands to work. He himself strips his jacket, and yokes to the spade with his usual effective vivacity. Brougham, who hates piddling upon the surface, drives the ploughshare six inches deeper into the soil, till he is stopped by the hard till. Sydney Smith digs away with his little, sharp, well-tempered dibble, like a perfect Faddy.—Chenevix judiciously introduces a touch of French husbandry; and Sir James sows a good day's darg of Polish oats, which we think cannot fail of yielding a good return, although, perhaps, he has ventured somewhat rashly, to bring rather too many acres of the farm under that particular cultivation. However, on the whole, the farm looks well; and the proprietor need not allow, at this term, any considerable reduction on his rents. Twenty per cent will be quite sufficient, and at that the tenants may live easy.

The article on Simond's Switzerland is extremely good, light and airy, with a judicious selection of passages. Mr Jeffrey has a capital knack of reviewing a book of travels. His eye catches the best things in a jiffy; and his light, connecting, and enlivening links, are generally as good as may be. He does every thing of this sort without any apparent effort; and as soon as he detects himself deviating into labour or learning, he turns about gaily on his heel, and leaves his author to prance away for himself. Nothing can be better than his ridicule in this article, on those sulky and stately sultans, who, while they are incapable of opening their mouths in conversation with men of talents, hold up their heads as if they thought talking below their dignity,—and who, because they occasionally belong to what they conceive to be a gentler or higher grade of company, sport the supercilious. We have no doubt, that many such personages have been dry and distant even to Mr Jeffrey himself—nay, we have

known them go the length of drawing up even before Christopher North. Mr J. lays the small, smart, sharp, elastic sapling of his satire very dexterously across their shrugged-up shoulders, and all the while with a good-natured expression of face, that shews he does not mean seriously to hurt them, but merely to put them so on the alert as to hinder them from falling into folly and bad manners. Certainly nothing can be imagined more ludicrous than a dazed country gentleman looking stiff on such a man as the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, or Blackwood's Magazine, for no other reason than because he knows that he is himself an idiot; and has been enabled to purchase his son a cornetcy in the dragoons, and a grand piano and harp for his daughter, by cutting down the old timber on an entailed estate that has ceased to yield any rent.

In this article, Mr Jeffrey, alluding to his friend Mr Simond's book on Britain, says, "that there was in that work too free and frequent a nomination of individuals, and too many personal anecdotes that illustrated only private characters."—Was there, indeed, my good sir? and pray why did you never think of saying so long before? Mr Morris pointed out this little drawback to the Frenchman's book, as a fault particularly worthy of condemnation, although even the Doctor himself did not keep altogether free from it in his own travels. A Whig is slow to make confession—but better late than never.

The article on Vaccination and Small-pox is a good one. But it is in direct contradiction to one of Mr Jeffrey's own papers on the same subject in an early number. In that paper, Mr J. treated with utter scorn and contempt every hint of the anti-vaccinist. However, this recantation is candid and honourable—and leaves untouched the other merits of the previous paper, which were many and great. There is in this little lively and learned article, (written, we hope, by some young practitioner,) a sentence which we recommend to the especial notice of Mr Hazlitt. We intend to make it the motto of our next paper on the Cockney School. The reviewer had evidently Mr Hazlitt in his eye when he penned it, and it shows affectingly how a man is never safe from personalities, even from his best friends.—
"Much has been written on Pox and

PIMPLES; nay, volumes have been employed upon ERUPTIONS—there are FOLIOS ON ACNÆ. If any man has a BREAKING OUT ON HIS NOSE, he may be sure to find it in a book. If it is not in page ten, it is in page twenty."

The review of Bracebridge Hall is nothing remarkable, but amiable and intelligent, like the volumes it commends. Washington Irvine is an excellent fellow, and writes admirably. We were the first to point out his merits on this side of the Atlantic. Mr Jeffrey, as usual, followed; and now his literary reputation is established on a firm basis. Our brother Editor enters into a long apology for Mr Irvine, because that he hath not attacked THE TORIES! Does this, in Mr Jeffrey's sincere opinion, require an apology? Is it possible that so amiable and accomplished a man, as he is universally acknowledged to be, can consider it a phenomenon in literary history, that there absolutely exists one Whig, who, in writing love-stories, and pieces humorous and pathetic, did abstain from grossly abusing and falling foul of the Tories? The very idea itself shews what sort of people Mr Jeffrey considers his dearly beloved brethren in Whiggery. So much accustomed is he to hear and to read the abject and base abuse of Tories, from the slavery mouths and dribbling pens of the Whigs, that the simple man holds up his hands in wonderment at the gentlemanly suavity of any single one of that precious pack! This, indeed, speaks volumes; for if such a man as Mr Jeffrey is thus suddenly startled into surprise by the unexpected apparition of a gentleman among his own party—he who ought to be, and is conversant with the best among it—what must be the mean malice and jaundiced jealousy, and grinning spite, and unhideable hatred, of the Whig hangers-on, lick-spittles, eaves-droppers, and menials, towards all worth, talent, and genius, ranked among another political party in the state? That Mr Irvine is a Whig, we never knew before; and it may be the chief reason for many having praised him (not Mr Jeffrey,) who are totally incapable of feeling or knowing any thing of his great merits. But Whig or Tory, he is a gentleman, and a man of genius—that is enough to procure for him our praise; but both characters would, we verily believe, from Mr Jeffrey's own simple admission,

have been insufficient to extort for him, had he been a Tory, his due meed of applause from a Whig Reviewer.

But the discussion into which this singular wonderment of Mr Jeffrey's has led him, is, on the whole, finely felt, and elegantly worded; and we hope it may not be lost upon those for whom it was not intended. The Tories, making allowances for a few exceptions among foolish boys here and there, now and then, have long been distinguished for their candour and their courtesy towards all their political opponents. Mr Jeffrey knows this, for he has himself experienced it to a remarkable extent, notwithstanding many flagrant outrages against the best of them, by himself or his co-adjutors. Above all, every true Tory rejoices in the sight of talent, and virtue, and respectability, exhibited by a Whig. If they be eminently great, he loves both the man and his works; if they be exceedingly small, he does not measure his kindness by the mite on which it is bestowed, but magnifies it into an imaginary something, on which he may pour out a quantity of that milk of human kindness which is at all times overflowing in his heart. But turn to the Whigs—and oh! sickening disgust at once assails every liberal and independent mind. We are not now speaking of Mr Jeffrey, although we might perhaps do so without much injustice; but of the Whig party generally, as it now exists in Scotland—if indeed it be not degrading to think or speak at all of what is so utterly insignificant and worthless. Why does Mr Jeffrey, in the very article which we have been cordially commending, "speak of the shameful scurrilities of the Ministerial Press?" Let him write in his own Review, not as a hired pleader would speak in a court of justice—we mean in a Jury Court in Scotland,—but let him write like a man as he is, and then lift from his own table the Traveller, Morning Chronicle, Scotsman, and other mean ruffians, and throw the wretched rags into the fire merrily blazing in a bright register-grate. Till he does so—and till he does many other things which he has never yet had the heart, the spirit, the courage, to do,—let him be assured that no man, worthy of the name, will believe that he thinks, that in all this he is speaking the Truth.

The next article is entitled, "Clerical Abuses," and is on the celebrated

Durham case. It is written with vigour, and there is much truth in its general principles, but none in the particular application of them. The Durham Clergy did what they thought their duty; and, right or wrong,—(we think them right)—there was nothing disgraceful in their conduct. But the fellow who attacked them spluttered like an outrageous and dangerous madman, and it was necessary that he should be coerced and gagged by the hand of the law. The reviewer dares not to quote one sentence of his libel; for it is brutal and bestial, even to stottery. With all general arguments in defence of the liberty of the press, even when our Church Establishment is attacked, we go along with the reviewer; but we, and every other person who takes the trouble of even looking into this particular trial, will see at a glance that the libeller was hired to undermine; and therefore let him be left to Lambton and the Law.

But farther, it is not a noble, it is not a high employment for the editors and writers of a great Journal, to attack the Church of England, in league with the despicable foes who are now knocking their brainless skulls and ferocious foreheads against her bulwarks. If the Edinburgh Review see clerical abuses, let them state what they are calmly, and apart from all violent questions of party-politics. Let them take the advice of their own editor in this very number, and remember, "that the polemical parts, even of a statesman's duty, do not hold too high a place in public esteem, and at all events that they ought not to engross the attention of those to whom that duty has not been entrusted. It should never be forgotten, that good political institutions, the sole end and object of all our party contentions, are only valuable as means of promoting the general happiness and virtue of individuals; and that, important as they are, there are other means, still more direct and indispensable, for the attainment of that great end—the cultivation of the kind affections," &c. Such violent papers as that we are speaking of, are written in direct violation of such amiable and rational advice. But, on other grounds, such attacks are beggarly and infamous; for they are carried on in the very spirit of those atheists who are now howling in all the London Ra-

dical, and most of the Whig papers, against the edifice of the Church of England; not because abuses may exist, which may be the case, but because they hate religion itself, and would therefore yell in savage triumph to see all its strong-holds and sanctuaries trodden into the dust by the hoofs of their own crew of basest blasphemers. Such an alliance is a degradation, to which we sincerely grieve to see the Whigs descend. If the Church in England or elsewhere needs reform, let it not be from the "Mart of Sedition and Blasphemy;" and if Mr Brougham, an eloquent barrister, which he truly is, must defend a Williams or a Carlile, let him shake all such reptiles from his side the moment he hangs his gown upon a peg, and his wig on a block, and be thenceforth the gentleman and the Briton.

Next come "The Speeches of the Right Honourable George Canning at Liverpool." Mr Canning cannot make a speech at an election dinner, or at any public meeting of any kind, but it is immediately attacked, pell-mell, by the whole party. But how does it happen that the said speeches remain safe, sound, and uninjured, after all the hurly-burly? Because they are wise speeches. Here the Reviewer drives away with considerable vigour and some sarcasm, but he makes little or no impression on the Secretary. However, it is all quite fair to attack George Canning. The man who draws his Toledo against him will be met with an Andrew Ferrara. He is rather an ugly customer. So indeed is Mr Henry Brougham. But Lara was too rough for Sir Eazelin, who soon bit the floor. So is it in the Commons' House. There is not a Whig of them all can stand up before that swordsman; and therefore they pelt him at a distance with paper-pellets. Parliament will be sitting early in February, and then some sharper sarcasms will come whizzing from the Secretary's bow, than seen now to have been discharged from this overhanded blunderbuss. At the same time, we cannot help thinking it a little hard on Mr Canning, that his after-dinner speeches should furnish articles to the Edinburgh Review. We do not remember that any of Mr Brougham's orations at Kendal or Appleby have as yet been reviewed in the Quarterly. For our own parts, we have never reviewed Sir James Mackintosh's speech on

delivering the subscription to Mr Gerald, although we believe the money was given, and the oration spouted, if at all, by the consistent and unsullied author of *Vindictæ Gallicæ*, at a dinner-party of 200 honest, inflexible, and republican reformers of the Criminal Law.

With Mr Canning's opinions on parliamentary reform, it may not be possible for us altogether to agree; but it is well for the country that such a man holds such opinions at the present crisis. There is an insane rage for reform, total and radical; there is a reasoned and judicious wish for reform, moderate and partial. Now, it is fortunate that an impregnable bulwark exists in Mr Canning's commanding character, against the designs of the wild and foolish multitude. Since that demands are made, not dangerous only, but destructive to the Constitution, he is resolved to resist them by an unflinching stand against the whole changing system. He has bull-d, and will continue to buff, the many-headed beast. His eloquence checks the moderate from joining the immoderate. A dead stop is put to the hopes of the lawless; and the better sort of reformers cannot help hating and hooting their brethren the radicals, when they see them flying helter-skelter in rage and fear, with Canning's arrows sticking through them, and their backs plavardel with the ineffable words of his merciless wit. Thus the ranks of anarchy, when thinned, are not supplied, and thus temperate men become more temperate, and lower the whole tone of their opinions and demands. It is well for the country when innovations are gradually won by a struggle, not tamely conceded, and it is well when a country possesses men like Canning, with the weapons of wit and winged words, to restrain within just limits that which is perhaps a true spirit, and to drive back with ignominy and gnashing of teeth, the disturbers of the public order and peace.

Then follows "French Poetry;" we presume and hope by that truly accomplished man, Mr Chenevix. He touches up the poor points of the French character with a searching probe. They are, indeed, in many respects, a despicable people, destitute entirely of deep passion and imagination. Their cursed nasal twang alone is quite sufficient to set Apollo against

them; so let them and their poetry go to the devil. This admirable article exhibits, in its close, an incomprehensible phenomenon. Mr Chenevix gets hold of three writers, whom he somewhat fancifully considers the poetical representatives of the Aristocratical, the Constitutional, and the Republican parties; and as far as we observe, liberally praises all the three. Now, the truth is, that three more perfect and unexceptionable asses, do not at this blessed hour bray in all Europe—say at once the habitable globe—than these three French donkeys. Not a word of sense can any one of these precious poets write; and the specimens given by Mr Chenevix, and which he gravely tells us to read and admire, are nothing but a collection of French words, without meaning, or with a small portion of some utterly contemptible, and which want only the nasal trumpet to produce nausea and vomiting. Is this a joke of Mr Chenevix upon the public, or his friend, Mr Jeffrey? Mr Chenevix knows as well as any man what good poetry is, and yet boldly says of some bullying bravadoes of the most abject of all these poor devils, "the whole of what we have here cited, is spirited and heart-stirring poetry!!"

"The Bishop of Peterborough and his Clergy," is one of the few subjects on which we at present find ourselves pretty much in the dark. But the article nearest them is one of the best pieces of pleasantry which can be found out of this Magazine. It is quite gentlemanly throughout; and yet instantly gives a pain in the side. Marsh wants sense. There is not any man alive capable of returning right answers to any eight-seven questions upon any subject under the sun that lightens our system. We could ourselves, any evening at Ambrose's, plant the Bishop himself inextricably in the mire, by forty-three questions and a half on the much-agitated heterodoxy and orthodoxy, and all other kinds of doxies, on the famous Antinomian heresy of Gin-Twist. The Bishop might as well hope to fly, on being told to do so before promotion to a richer see, as hope to answer our interrogations on that polemical liquor.

There is something impertinent and tyrannical in putting questions; but one loses all patience to see Dr Marsh presenting his bill to a poor curate who has not wherewithal to discharge it—a bill as long as my arm, and made up of the most unintelligible items. Syd-

ney Smith has turned the laugh against the Bishop most triumphantly and gaffawingly; and we recommend the New Marriage Act to him, as a subject almost as ridiculous and unreasonable as this act of the Bishop of Peterborough.

Then follow two little mean and contemptible articles, which we commend Mr Constable to publish by themselves on whitey-brown, that they may be applied to the proper use. The first is about Wordsworth, and is like the angry snarl of a mongrel or cur-puppy, which you have accidentally and innocently irritated. The manufacture of this very mean article, for which there is now apparently no demand, will be sufficiently well paid by a five-gallon cask of small-beer. We are indeed surprised how Mr Jeffrey could admit it. Mr Jeffrey tells us that he hates all personalities—that he who, in reviewing an author, alludes to the man, acts basely—that such and such things are coarse, indelicate, unworthy of men of education, and so forth. All this is mightily fine in theory—let us see how it looks in practice. “*The contact of the Stamp-office appears to have had nearly as bad an effect on Mr Wordsworth.*” “*Since he has recently taken to the office of a publican, and exchanged the company of leech-gatherers for that of tax-gatherers, &c.!!!*”

Is the writer of that a gentleman, on Mr Jeffrey's principles, and after his own heart? Or is he a pert, paltry, pitiful prater, steeped to the lips in vulgar malice and impudence? What would Mr Jeffrey think of any man who would thus commence an article on his illustrious friend, Mr Dugald Stewart's Dissertation in the Supplement? “Mr Stewart, since he has taken to the Gazette office, (a sinecure, we believe, of 4 or 600 per annum) has lost any little wit he once possessed, and has become an, &c. &c. &c.” Or suppose the Quarterly Review should begin a critique on Mr Jeffrey's article “Beauty,” in the same Supplement, so, “a person who, like Mr Jeffrey, necessarily associates, in his daily vocations, with low greasy attorney clerks; and has his whole mind filled with the meanest knowledge of other people's concerns, who degrades himself seven times a-day by accepting bribes in the form of fees, to speak for hours on end, what he knows to be false, &c. &c. what can he know of beauty,—either natural, moral, or in-

tellectual?” Now, these are two imaginary cases of consummate baseness fit, and no more than fit, to stand by the side of that real one, which this Mr Jeffrey—this spotless spouter against the sin of personality, encloses with a chuckle of despicable satisfaction within the Blue and Yellow.—A little further on we have the creature, whoever he is, reviewing Mr Wordsworth by such interrogations as these. “*What man not blinded by a sinecure place in the Revenue Department,*” &c. &c. And what is the reason, one naturally asks, of all this bitterness and exasperation against Mr Wordsworth? Such a foul mouth betokens, we will not say a bad or a black heart, but certainly one very bilious indeed; and perhaps, after all, pity, rather than contempt, should be felt towards the Yellow-visaged Critic, sitting very squeamish and very angry, and in vain hoping relief from the contents of the paper before him; forgetting, little dishonest and disconsolate fellow, that an emetic or cathartic was what he needed, and that relief could be procured only by another kind of article altogether, to wit, an opening one in some less Public Review. Criticism on poetry, when it is produced by constipation of the bowels, or bile on the stomach, ought to be looked at with indulgence and disgust: So we pardon the little rabid rogue till he is again cleaned out; and we have no doubt that even Mr Wordsworth himself will be glad to hear that the peccancianha or glaubers have worked well,—and that the testy little terrier has subsided into his usual irritability, and is bristling no longer all over, like a Frieze-land cock, inspired by his own tiny crow, and looking up to an eagle, as if he would drag him down from heaven, and tear him to pieces on his own dunghill.

The other despicable article is about the Bishop of London, and is nothing but a low lie from beginning to end, as we shall possibly shew in our next number. The last is on Poland—and the article is well got up. It is one of the best things we have seen lately of Sir James's; but is occasionally prosy—why not? The Morning Chronicle thinks it a noble piece of historical composition, and what can possibly be more flattering?—Where is the History of England?—If Sir James does not expedite the publication, Dr Ranken will be out, to a dead certainty,—and then the knight may sigh, “Farewell to all my greatness!”

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A Collection of Poems from the pen of Helen Maria Williams, with Remarks on the Present State of Literature in France, is announced.

Narrative of a Voyage Round the World, in the *Uranie*, Captain Freycinet, despatched on a Scientific Expedition by the French Government during the years 1817, 18, 19, and 20. In a Series of Letters to a Friend. By J. Arago, Draftsman to the Expedition.

Narrative of a Journey from the Shores of Hudson's Bay, to the Mouth of the Coppermine River; and from thence in Canoes along the Coast of the Polar Sea, upwards of 600 miles, and of the Return of the Expedition over land to Hudson's Bay. Undertaken, and now published, under the direction and authority of the Earl Bathurst, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State. &c. By Captain John Franklin, R. N., Commander of the Expedition.—With an Appendix, containing subjects of Natural History. By John Richardson, M. D. Surgeon to the Expedition. 4to. Illustrated by Charts, and numerous Plates, from Drawings by Lieut. Back, and the late Lieut. Hood.

In the press, A Second Series of Curiosities of Literature, consisting of Researches in Literary, Biographical, and Political History—of Critical and Philosophical Inquiries—and of Secret History. By J. D'Israeli, Esq.

In the course of December will be published, in one vol. 8vo. A Practical Treatise on the Law of Partnership. By Neil Gow, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. Barrister at Law.

A work called *Hora Domestica*, or House Gardening, containing an Account of every Plant that may be raised in a Pot or Tub, is in preparation.

Shortly will be published, Observations on the Dangerous Effects of Lightning at Sea, &c. &c. with an Account of a New Application of Conductors of Electricity to the Masts of Ships, in a Letter to Sir Thomas Byam Martin, K. C. B. Comptroller of his Majesty's Navy. By William Snow Harris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Reflections on the Four Principal Religions which have obtained in the World.—Paganism, Mahomedanism, Judaism, and Christianity. Also, on the Church of England, and other Denominations of Protestants; and on Evangelical Religion. By the late Rev. David Williamson, Preacher of the Gospel, Whitehaven.

VOL. XII.

Automatical Camera Obscura; exhibiting Scenes from Nature, illustrated with sixteen Engravings, 11 vols. By the Rev. T. Towne.

In the press, *The Work Table, or Evening Conversations.*

The Annual Biography and Obituary, for the year 1823. Vol. 7. Containing Memoirs of celebrated Men who have died in 1821-22.

In a few days will be published, *Rog-rald*, an Epic Poem, in twelve books. By J. F. Pennie.

In the press, *The Confederates, a Story*, in three vols.

In the press, *The Antidote, Verse and Prose*, from the North. To be continued occasionally.

The Lectures delivered by Mr Jennings, at the Surrey Institution, on the History and Utility of Literary Institutions, are in the Press, and will shortly be ready for publication.

The first Number of Mr Fosbrooke's *Encyclopaedia of Antiquities, and Elements of Archeology*, dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, will speedily be published.

Thoughts on the Anglican and American Anglo Churches. By Mr Bristed, author of "*The Resources of the United States of America.*" will soon appear.

A Quarto Duoglott Bible will shortly be published, comprising the Holy Scriptures in the English and Welsh language, every column of each version corresponding with the other, by J. Harris.

The fourth volume of *The Preacher, or Sketches of Original Sermons*, chiefly selected from the Manuscripts of two eminent Divines of the last century, for the use of young Ministers, &c. &c. is in the press.

The second edition, in folio, of the Holy Catholic Bible, enriched with Engravings, is nearly ready for publication, under the sanction of the Right Rev. Dr Gibson.

J. Wesley Clarke, Esq. has a second edition in the press of his *Geographical Dictionary*, which is much improved.

A seventh edition is printing of the Rev. J. Wood's *Dictionary of the Bible*, newly revised by the Author.

The Portrait of Mrs Hannah Moore, painted by H. Pickersgill, A. R. A. will soon be published.

Indian Essays, on the Manners, Customs, and Habits of Bengal.

Architectural Illustrations of London, embracing Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Views, of the Principal Buildings in the Metropolis.

The Way to Preserve Good Health; with a Treatise on Domestic Medicine. By R. Thomas, M.D.

A Poem, entitled Zaphna, or the Amulet, will shortly appear. By Miss Isabel Hill.

The two concluding Numbers of Mr Britton's Chronological Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of England, will shortly appear.

Impartial Account of the United States, drawn from actual observation, during a residence there of four years. By Mr Holmes of Liverpool.

Letters from Spain and Portugal. By the Marchese Peccchio, an Italian Exile.

Sermons, by the Rev. Samuel Clift of Tewkesbury, will soon appear.

In the press, and speedily will be published, price 2s. sewed, a Critical Dissertation on Acts, xvii. 30. "The times of this ignorance God winked at;" in which it is shown, that this passage is expressive, not of Mercy, but of Judgment. By J. Crowther.

In a few days will be published, a New Edition of the Life of Ali Pacha, of Janina, with considerable alterations and additions. A fine Portrait, and a View of Janina, recently taken on the spot.

Shortly will be published, a Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Samuel Clift of Tewkesbury.

Preparing for publication, A Treatise on Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, adapted to practice, and to the purposes of elementary instruction; by Edward Riddle, Master of the Upper School, Royal Naval Asylum, Greenwich.

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EDINBURGH.

In a few days will be published, beautifully printed in post octavo, the *Orlando Furioso*; abridged, in prose, from the Italian of Ricci, and interspersed with Sonnets, in the same metre as the original. By William Stewart Rose.

It is curious that the *Orlando Furioso*, though necessary to the understanding of the Story of the *Orlando Furioso*, which is a continuation of it, has never before been translated into English; if we except a mere outline of the main action, which gives little notion of its innumerable episodes, and none of its poetry, or the spirit in which it is conceived. The present translation is an attempt to supply such a deficiency.

In the Press, and will be published early in January, a Collection, for the use of Schools, by the Rev. Andrew Thomson. This collection is distinguished by the variety of interesting and instructive matter which it contains—by its exclusion of every thing which can in the remotest degree injure the religious principles or moral taste of the reader—and by its direct tendency to inculcate sacred truth and virtuous sentiments on the youthful mind, as well as by its suitable and useful exercises, taken from the best writers both in prose and verse, for facilitating the improvement of the scholar in the art of reading. A considerable number of original pieces, on subjects of importance, are interspersed throughout its pages; and there is appended to it a Dictionary, explaining the most difficult and uncommon words which occur in the course of the work.

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The Life of the Right Rev. Thomas Wilson, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Exeter and Man. By the Rev. Hugh Stewell, Doctor of Balliol College, Isle of Man. Second Edition. 10s. 6d.

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Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Pease & Beans.	
1st, ...	20s. 6d.	1st, ...	25s. 0d.	1st, ...	16s. 0d.	1st, ...	15s. 0d.
2d, ...	21s. 0d.	2d, ...	21s. 0d.	2d, ...	14s. 0d.	2d, ...	13s. 6d.
3d, ...	19s. 0d.	3d, ...	18s. 0d.	3d, ...	12s. 0d.	3d, ...	11s. 0d.

Average, £1, 0s. 8d. 4-12ths.

Tuesday, Dec. 10.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 3d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.
Mutton	0s. 3d. to 0s. 6d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 3d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 0d. to 2s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	10s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—Dec. 13.

NEW.

Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Pease.		Beans.	
1st, ...	28s. 0d.	1st, ...	25s. 0d.	1st, ...	15s. 3d.	1st, ...	13s. 0d.	1st, ...	14s. 6d.
2d, ...	21s. 0d.	2d, ...	19s. 0d.	2d, ...	14s. 0d.	2d, ...	11s. 0d.	2d, ...	13s. 0d.
3d, ...	19s. 0d.	3d, ...	17s. 0d.	3d, ...	12s. 0d.	3d, ...	10s. 0d.	3d, ...	11s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 0s. 8d. 5-12ths.

London, Corn Exchange, Dec. 9.

Liverpool, Dec. 10.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	22	40	Maple, new	00	00
Fine ditto	36	38	White pease	24	28
Superfine ditto	50	40	Ditto, hulsters	34	36
Ditto, new	32	55	Small Beans, new	26	29
White, old	26	40	Ditto, old	27	31
Fine ditto	40	42	Tick ditto, new	21	25
Superfine ditto	41	46	Fidd, old	24	27
Ditto, new	36	50	Feed oats	16	18
Rye	18	24	Fine ditto	19	20
Barley, new	21	27	Poland ditto	18	20
Fine ditto	28	30	Fine ditto	21	22
Superfine ditto	33	35	Poland ditto	20	23
Malt	41	46	Fine ditto	23	24
Fine	50	56	Scotch	25	26
Hog Pease	24	27	Flour, per sack	35	43
Maple	27	31	Ditto, seconds	30	34

Needs, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. White,	7	10	Hempseed	—	0
— Brown, new	9	15	(Linsed, crush.	—	0
Turns, per qr.	26	32	— Fine	—	0
Turneps, lbh.	6	0	— White	56	54
— Red & green	0	0	— Clover, red & w.	22	56
— Yellow	0	0	— White	56	54
Caraway, cwt.	51	10	— Coriander	10	14
Canary, per qr.	5	10	— Trefoil	15	20
Rape Seed, per last,	£22	to £23, 10s.			

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.	4	3	to 6		
Eng. Old	5	3	to 6		
New	5	3	to 6		
Foreign	3	6	to 4		
Waterford	4	10	to 5		
Limerick	4	10	to 5		
Drogheda	5	4	to 5		
Dublin	4	10	to 5		
Scotch	5	6	to 6		
Irish Old	3	10	to 5		
Barley, per 60 lbs.	4	10			
Eng. new	2	4	to 2		
Irish do.	2	4	to 2		
Scotch do.	2	8	to 3		
Rye, per qr.	18	0	to 20		
Malt per b.	7	0	to 8		
— Middling	5	6	to 6		
Beans, per q.	—	0	to 30		
English	24	0	to 27		
Irish	24	0	to 27		
Pease, grey	21	0	to 25		
— White	23	0	to 36		
Flour, English,	34	0	to 36		
— 240 lb. fine	27	0	to 30		
Irish	28	0	to 29		

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.	—	0			
Sweet, U.S.	—	0	to —		
Do. in bond	28	0	to 30		
Sour do.	30	0	to 32		
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	2	0			
English	20	0	to 24		
Scotch	21	0	to 22		
Irish	19	0	to 21		
Stran, p. 24 lb.	8	0	to 9		

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Butter, p. wt.	82	0	to 85		
Belfast, new	82	0	to 85		
Newry	76	0	to 77		
Waterford	72	0	to —		
Cork, p. wt.	71	0	to 72		
— 5d dry	64	0	to —		
Beef, p. tierce.	—				
— Mess	65	0	to 72		
p. barrel	46	0	to 50		
Pork, p. bl.	—	0	to —		
— Mess	42	0	to 46		
— Middl.	38	0	to 40		
— short mtd.	26	0	to 30		
Sides	26	0	to —		
Gillams, dry	50	0	to 56		
— Green	26	0	to —		
Lard, r. d. p. c.	42	0	to —		
Tongue, p. fir.	—	0	to —		

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Baron.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Baron.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind.
Nov. 1	M. 33 A. 30 M. 31 A. 28 M. 31 A. 33 M. 30 A. 29 M. 31 A. 28 M. 31 A. 31 M. 32 A. 34 M. 33 A. 31 M. 33 A. 30 M. 36 A. 33 M. 32 A. 31 M. 33 A. 30 M. 32 A. 31 M. 33 								

Average of Rain, 1.690 Inches.

Course of Exchange, December 6.—Amsterdam, 12 : 5. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 2. Rotterdam, 12 : 6. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburg, 37 : 8. Altona, 37 : 9. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 55. Ditto 25 : 85. Bourdeaux, 25 : 85. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburg, per rble. 91 : 3. P. s. Berlin, 7 : 7. Vienna, 10 : 24. Eff. s. Trieste, 10 : 24. Eff. s. Madrid, 37½. Cadiz, 36½. Bilbao, 37. Barcelona, 36. Seville, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27 : 50. Malta, 45. Naples, 30½. Palermo, 11½. Lisbon, 52½. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 93 per cent. Cork, 93 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubletons, £0 : 0 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 23d Nov. 1822.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	23d.
Bank stock,	250½	250	249½	247½
3 per cent. reduced,	81½ 7	81½ 3	81½ 1	80½ 1
3 per cent. consols,	82½	82½ 6	81½ 2	81½ 81
3½ per cent. consols,	—	93½	93½	93½
4 per cent. consols,	99½	99½	98½	98
New 4 per cent. consols,	108½	103½	102½	101½
Imper. 3 per cent.	—	80½	80½	—
India stock,	—	257½	256	—
— bonds,	57 p	46 p	42 p	42 p
Long Annuities,	20 13-16	20 13-16	20 11-16	20½
Exchequer bills,	6 7 p	5 7 p	6 7 p	6 4 p
Exchequer bills, sm.	7 9 p	5 9 p	6 9 p	5 7 p
Consols for acc.	82½	82½	81½	81½
French 5 per cents.	92½ 90 c.	87½ 60 c.	88½ 50 c.	—
Amer. 5 per cent.	96½	96½	97	97

PRICES CURRENT, Dec. 7.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Musc.				
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	57 to 60	55 59	49 56	51 53
Mul. good, and fine mid.	61 64	60 72	57 71	54 70
Fine and very fine, . .	75 79	—	76 78	71 80
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	115 130	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	96 110	—	—	90 90
Single ditto,	88 96	98 110	—	—
Small Lumps,	83 88	88 92	—	76 80
Large ditto,	80 83	80 85	—	—
Crushed Lump,	35 52	80 86	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30 31	29 30	—	30 31
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	23 24	96 110	85 110	80 108
Mul. good, and fine mid.	110 130	112 131	112 132	131 131
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	60 92	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	84 112	—
Mul. good, and fine mul.	—	—	111 131	—
St Domingo,	122 126	—	98 101	—
Pimento (in Bond), . . .	5½ 9	—	84 9	—
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	1s 10d 2s 0d	1s 10d 2s 0d	2s 0d 2s 5d	1s 8d 1s 9d
Brandy,	3 9 4 0	—	—	2 10 5 4
Geneva,	2 0 2 6	—	—	1 4 0 0
Grain Whisky,	6 6 6 9	—	—	—
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growth, bhd.	40 55	—	—	—
Portugal Red, pipe.	32 44	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt.	31 53	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	27 29	—	—	22 28
* Madeira,	40 60	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	27 7 7	—	27 15 8 0	27 15 8 1
Honduras,	—	—	8 10 9 0	9 0 9 1
Campachy,	8	—	9 5 10 0	10 0 11 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	—	10 0 10 10	6 0 8 10
Cuba,	0 11	—	12 0 12 10	9 0 11 0
INDIGO, Caraccas 80p, lb.	11s 6d 12s 0	—	10 0 11 0	10 0 11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8 2 2	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	2 9 3 3	—	—	—
Christiansburg (dnt. paid.)	1 10 2	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 0 1 6	1 2 1 8	0 11 1 0	0 10 1 1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 2 8	1 6 3 0	1 5 2 0	1 6 1 9
TAR, American, brl.	19 20	—	12 6 0	—
Archangel,	15 16	—	—	17 0 0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	—	—	11 0 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	40 42	40 42	37 38	39 0 41 0
Home melted,	—	—	—	32 51
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	45 46	—	—	44 44
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	40	—	40 43	—
FLAX,				
Riga Thies & Drøj. Bak.	54 56	—	—	54 54
Dutch,	50 60	—	—	—
Irish,	40 48	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	85 90	—	—	—
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	— 16	—	—	16 10
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	45 96	—	—	—
Montreal ditto,	46	46 48	48 0	—
Port,	—	—	—	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of Oct. and the 20th of Nov. 1822, extracted from the London Gazette.

- Adey, J. sen. Cray's-hill, Essex, cattle-dealer.
 Armstrong, W. Newgate-upon-Tyne, merchant.
 Ashwell, J. Nottingham, iron-founder.
 Bainbridge, J. Whitehaven, plumber.
 Bagnell, W. and J. Walsall, platers.
 Baker, C. Rousey, Hampshire, fell-monger.
 Baley, T. W. Basing-lane, wine-merchant.
 Barratt, W. Eyre-street hill, brick-layer.
 Beattie, J. Portsea, victualler.
 Bellamy, R. Spaxton, Somersetshire, shop-keeper.
 Bellis, B. Liverpool, grocer.
 Birckett, R. Liverpool, dealer.
 Blackburn, G. Gnosall, Staffordshire, grocer.
 Bowman, H. St. John's-street, Clerkenwell, haberdasher.
 Bremner, A. Bond-court, Walbrook, merchant.
 Brooke, J. Liverpool, druggist.
 Brooke, R. Walest, Somersetshire, common brewer.
 Brown, J. Fleet-market, grocer.
 Buckmaster, J. and W. Old Bond-street, army clothier.
 Child, R. Church Stretton, Shropshire, blacksmith.
 Cooper, J. J. Worcester, draper.
 Cooper, J. Tutbury, Stafford, miller.
 Collins, W. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bone, linen-draper.
 Cook, W. Woultham, Kent, corn-dealer.
 Cookworthy, F. C. Bristol, bookseller.
 Cranage, T. Watling-street, near Wellington, grocer.
 Crockett, H. sen. Haddenham, Bucks.
 Cumming, A. Claines, Worcesterhire, draper.
 Davies, W. Sulbury, haberdasher.
 Dawson, J. Bury, Lancashire, linen and woollen draper.
 Dixon, T. Manchester, joiner.
 Dodd, W. Orton, Westmoreland, drover.
 Douglas, J. and D. Russell, Fleet-street, drapers.
 Drury, J. Sharnth, Yorkshire, coal-merchant.
 Eastwood, J. Meltham, Yorkshire, clothier.
 Edwards, D. Gloucester, tea-dealer.
 Evil, L. Walest, Somersetshire, bill-broker.
 Fairhead, J. Cressing, Essex, jobber.
 Fitze, G. Totnes, grocer.
 Foster, J. Liverpool, brewer.
 Fox, J. Bath, grocer.
 Galt, W. C. Muckham, Wotts, linen-draper.
 Gater, H. Huddersfield, fish-seller.
 Graham, H. Shorkegate, Throgmorton-street, stock-broker.
 Graham, J. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, cotton-manufacturer.
 Greathead, H. Stoney, answay, master-milliner.
 Greathead, J. Snow-hill, antineer.
 Gregson, W. Hull, linen-draper.
 Green, J. King's Norton, Worcesterhire, maltster.
 Hale, E. Newark, corn-factor.
 Hall, R. jun. Bury, cotton-manufacturer.
 Harris, F. Lisle-street, dealer.
 Henesey, R. Whitecross-street, timber-merchant.
 Hease, G. A. Church-row, Fenchurch-street, broker.
 Hewlett, J. Gloucester, cabinet-maker.
 Healey, M. Manchester, draper.
 Hays, C. and W. F. Blunden, Oxford-street, linen draper.
 Hiren, J. Banbury, Oxfordshire, tallow-chandler.
 Hopps, T. jun. Yorkshire, corn-factor.
 Howe, P. Park-street, Hanover-square, horse-dealer.
 Hudson, W. Camberwell, bricklayer.
 Huxley, C. R. Newgate-street, glover.
 James, R. Stamford Barron, Northampton, veterinary-surgeon.
 Johnson, B. J. Houndsditch, cabinet-maker.
 Johnson, J. Pontefract, maltster.
 Jones, J. C. Bridgnorth, linen-draper.
 Kewer, J. Little Windmill-street, carpenter.
 Kemington, C. Giamford, Briggs, Lincolnshire, draper.
 Kitchen, R. and J. Amery, Liverpool, tailors.
 Lea, T. Liverpool, grocer.
 Lee, J. Horsleydown, lighterman.
 Leyland, R. Liverpool, soap-boiler.
 Lindsay, W. J. W. Bath, silk-mercer.
 Manning, J. Clements Inn, money-broker.
 Moore, G. jun. Deptford, timber and coal merchant.
 Newman, J. Upper East Smithfield, slop-seller.
 Noskes, W. Old City Chambers, wine-merchant.
 Parker, T. jun. Wood-street, hosier.
 Radford, E. High Holborn, draper.
 Rivers, G. Judd-street, Brunswick-square, cabinet maker.
 Robinson, P. Kendal, draper.
 Robinson, W. Great St. Helen's, insurance-broker.
 Rowed, J. Queen-street, Finsbury, timber-merchant.
 Sanders, W. Bristol, bahmonger.
 Sell, J. High-street, Shadwell, cheesemonger.
 Smith, J. Liverpool, leather-cutter.
 Smith, T. Hampton Wick, timber-merchant.
 Stevens, R. Southbury, Buckinghamshire, farmer.
 Stollworthy, E. Whitechapel, cheesemonger.
 Stubbs, T. Crawford-street, grocer.
 Thomson, M. C. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer.
 Thorley, J. Chorlton-row, Manchester, merchant.
 Trickle, L. Nuneaton, mercer.
 Underwood, H. Chesham, builder.
 Watts, J. Totnes, linen-draper.
 Wainwright, B. Hereford, maltster.
 Whittle, W. B. Bournemouth, Dorsetshire, tanner.
 Whyte, D. Lewes, linen-draper.
 Wilson, E. and P. Melkley, Yorkshire, maltsters.
 Williams, W. S. Brompton, coach-master.
 Woodward, E. Derby, innkeeper.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th November, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Arbuckle, Robert, farmer and dealer in cattle, sheep, and wool, residing at West Mains of Baldoon, parish of Kirkcubbin and county of Wigton.
 Borthwick and Goudie of Belhaven, near Dunbar; George Goudie and Co. of Belhaven, aforesaid; Borthwicks and Co. of Dunbar, and Bruce, Borthwick and Co. of Hontingsberg, in Prussia.
 Brown, William, maltster and grain-dealer, Broomage Mains, near Falkirk.
 Davidson, James, merchant and haberdasher in Edinburgh, and lately merchant in Dundee.
 Hughes and Williams, canal contractors at Linlithgow.
 Hutton, Robert, portioner and cattle-dealer at Wester Babbisk, in the parish of Muckhart.
 Jamieson, William and Thomas, merchants, Kirkintloch, and millers, Dumblane.
 King, George Hally, merchant and trader in Glasgow.
 McCallum, Donald, vintner and stabler in Glasgow.
 Mackenzie, Alexander, grocer in Glasgow.
 McKissock, Hew, and Co. merchants in Ayr.
 McLauchlan, Alexander, and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Malcolm, John, grocer, victualler, and builder, Gorbals of Glasgow.
 Mathison and Co. merchants in Edinburgh.
 Murr, James, shoe manufacturer and dealer in leather, Kilmarnock.
 Muller, A. and Co. merchants, Leith.
 Newall, Walter, merchant in Dundee.
 Nicol, Andrew, merchant in Aberdeen.
 Rennie, John Hill, distiller, Vett Distillery, by Alloa.
 Rhind, William, merchant, Drumthwae.
 Waters, James, merchant in Thurso.
 Wingate, John and James, merchants and manufacturers in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

- Edie, James, merchant, Cupar Fife; a dividend after 7th December.
 Forman, George, and Co. merchants in Stirling; a dividend after 15th December.
 Gillespie, Colin, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend on 10th December.
 Henderson, A. and Sons, late merchants in Leith; a final dividend after 3d December.
 M'Nair, James, merchant and sugar-refiner in Glasgow; a dividend after 26th December.
 Smith, George, the late, manufacturer in Perth; a final dividend of 6d. per pound, on 27th December.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Capt. Storey, 3 Dr. Gds. to be Major in the Army 15 Aug. 1822
Lt. Jacob, of E.L.C. Depot, Chatham, temporary Rank of Lt. in the Army while so employed 21 Oct.

R. Horse G. Ens. Brunt, from h. p. 5 W. 1. R. (R.M.) Cor. 25 do.

6 Dr. Gds. W. S. Phillips, (R.M.) do. do.

4 Dr. Lieut. McCaffery, from h. p. 58 F. (R.M. at Cavalry Depot) do. do.

7 Ens. Aird, from h. p. 99 F. (R.M.) do. do.

9 — Rind, from h. p. York Chas. (R.M.) do. do.

10 Cor. Sir J. Trollope, Bt. Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Cecil, 76 F. 24 do.

11 Lord James Fitz Roy, Cor. by purch. do.

14 Troop Quar. Mast. Griffin, (R.M.) Cor. 25 do.

15 Lt. McAlpine, Capt. by purch. vice Dixon, ret. 31 do.

16 Cor. Temple, Lt. by purch. do.

16 — Garnier, Cor. by purch. do.

16 Serj. Maj. Blood, (H.M.) Cor. 2 do.

Green Gds. Ens. Knox, from 85 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Lord H. de Walden, 8 F. 24 do.

17 F. Lieut. Crawley, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Nixon, ret. 7 Nov.

29 Ens. Chapman, from 11 F. Ens. vice Wild, h. p. 72 F. 31 Oct.

34 Lt. Bolton, Capt. by purch. vice Glover, ret. 24 do.

41 Ens. Goodwin, Lt. by purch. 31 do.

41 — Ruxton, Ens. by purch. 7 Nov.

53 Ens. Deane, from h. p. 72 F. Ens. vice Chapman, 29 F. 31 Oct.

53 Lt. Stewart, Quart. Mast. vice Blackie, dead 7 Nov.

59 — Clutterbuck, Capt. vice Mayne, dead do.

59 Ens. Murray, Lt. 7 Nov. 1822

64 Hon. A. F. Cathcart, Ens. do.

64 Bt. Maj. Dickson, Maj. by purch. vice Lt.-Col. Barly, ret. do.

67 Lt. Montagu, Capt. by purch. do.

67 Ens. Carthew, Lt. by purch. do.

67 C. D. Bailey, Ens. by purch. do.

67 Gent. Cadet Devereux, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. do.

69 Ensign Mowson, from h. p. 51 F. (Gen. Cadet) Ens. do.

71 Lt. Long, Capt. by purch. vice Bernard, ret. 31 Oct.

71 Ens. Montagu, Lt. by purch. do.

71 — Denny, from h. p. 15 F. Ens. by purch. do.

76 Lt. Lord T. Cecil, Capt. by purch. vice Vilett, promo. 21 do.

87 Ensign Thomas, from h. p. 101 F. (Gent. Cadet) Ens. 7 Nov.

88 G. S. Inghy, Ensign by purch. vice Knox, (Gen. Cadet) 21 Oct.

89 Gent. Cadet J. Robinson, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. 7 Nov.

91 Ens. Cahill, Lt. vice Egan, dead do.

91 J. Robson, Ens. do.

2 W.I.R. Lt. McCarthy, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Lt. vice Ait, 5 Vet. Bn. 31 Oct.

2 W.I.R. J. Spence, Ensign vice Hewan, dead 7 Nov.

1 R.V.B. Ens. Dutton, from h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Ens. vice Buchanan, Quar. Mast. 25 Oct.

Cor. Bickerton, from h. p. Wag. Train, Ensign vice Darnford, ret. list do.

— Edward, from do. do. vice Macdonald, ret. list do.

— Alexander, from h. p. 27 F. do. do.

— Oxley, from h. p. 5 W.I.R. do. do.

— Graham, from h. p. 5 W.I.R. do. do.

2 Capt. Kichman, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Capt. do.

Capt. Dillon from h. p. 101 F. do. do.

— Burgess, from h. p. 6 F. do. vice Galbraith, ret. list do.

Ens. Mayne, from h. p. 32 F. Ens. vice Norton, ret. list do.

— Last, from h. p. 90 F. do. do.

— Hudson, from h. p. York Rang. do. do.

3 Col. Sir G. H. B. Way, from h. p. 22 F. Col. 7 Nov.

Lieut.-Col. Coghlan, from late 5 Vet. Bn. Lieut.-Col. vice Hooper, dead 25 Oct.

Capt. Drew, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Capt. vice Alexander, ret. list do.

— Backett, from h. p. 27 F. do. do.

Lt. Alt. from 2 W.I.R. Lt. vice Collingwood, ret. list do.

— Rickarda, from h. p. 95 F. do. vice Wainwright, ret. list do.

— Atkin, from h. p. Foreign Vet. Bn. do. vice Guest, ret. list do.

Ens. Cressan, from h. p. 93 F. Ens. vice Byrne, ret. list do.

Exchange.

Rt. Lieut. Col. Ogilvie, from 4 Dr. G. with Major d'Este, 11 F.

Capt. Houghton, from 4 F. with Bt. Maj. Smith, 13 F.

Lieut. and Capt. Greville, from Green. Gds. with Capt. Peel, h. p. 2 W.I.R.

Lieut. Hickman, from 11 Dr. with Lt. Wandus, 2 F.

— Sherburne, from 1 F. with Lieut. Keogh, h. p. 34 F.

— B. Meredith, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lt. R. Meredith, h. p. 16 F.

— Armstrong, from 55 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Richardson, h. p. Coldst. Gds.

— Byrne, from 77 F. with Lt. Clarke, Rifle Bt.

Ensign Webb, from 43 F. with Ensign Codrington, h. p. 88 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Bailey, 61 F.

Major Nixon, 11 F.

Captain Dixon, 13 Dr.

— Glover, 51 F.

— Barnard 51 F.

Dismissed.

Purveyors G. Dickson and Jos. Gunson having been guilty of fraudulent practices and gross misconduct, as connected with the Department under their charge in the Peninsula, have been dismissed His Majesty's service.

Deaths.

Major-Gen. Procter, Bath, 31 Oct. 1822.

— Sir H. White, K.C.B. Bath, 1 Nov.

Colonel Lord Granby, 1 Surrey Militia, London, 13 Nov. 1822.

Major Beck, 17 F. 23 April, 1822.

— LeRue, 50 F.

— Parry, late of R. Mar. 8 May.

— Hardy, h. p. 64 F. 21 Aug.

Captain Hemsworth, 46 F. on board the Hindostan on her passage to England, 5 June, 1822.

— Roverat, h. p. 50 F. Adjutant to Chebua Hoop, Chebua, Nov.

— Mitchell, ret. 12 Gar. Bn.

— Flack, ret. 1 Vet. Bn.

— Hare, ret. 5 Vet. Bn.

— Alex. Mackenzie, h. p. 42 F. 8 June.

— Du Sable, h. p. 60 F. Stepney, 24 Sept.

— Cockell, h. p. R. Mar. 31 Jan.

— Alexander, do. 4 do.

— Hole, do. June.

— Lambert, h. p. 21 F. Nov.

Lieut. Lindsay, 4 Dr. Bombay, 1 June.

— Briggs, 11 Dr. on passage to England, Feb.

— Egan, 91 F. Jamaica, 10 Aug.

— Mercer, ret. 4 Vet. Bn. 26 do.

Lieut. Brewer, (h. p. Adjutant of Recruit. Dist.)
 Havre, 23 Sept.
 — Warner, h. p. 4 F. Oct. 1821.
 — Elwin, h. p. 31 F. 14 April, 1822.
 — Cooper, h. p. 59 F. 31 March.
 — Dixon, h. p. 50 F. 19 do.
 — Threlton, h. p. 73 F. 26 June.
 — Grant, h. p. 80 F. 22 Jan.
 — Ford, h. p. 101 F. 21 March.
 — Llewellyn, h. p. Rifle Br. 22 July.
 — Webber, h. p. do. Chichester, 30 Oct.
 — Koller, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt. Waterford, 27 Aug.
 — Chiborne, h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. 13 F.
 — Toole, R. Mar.
 — Waring, h. p. do. 1 Sept.
 — Benson, do.
 — G. Clark (2) do. 28 Oct. 1821.
 — Forwood, do. 2 Oct. 1822.
 — Murphy, do.
 — Angus Campbell, do. 10 Aug. 1821.
 2d Lieut. Dowling, h. p. R. Mar. 3 March, 1822.
 — Sergeant, do. 1 Oct.
 — Collar, do. 7 Aug.
 — Hoile, do.
 — Collins, do.
 — Jones, do. Jan.

2d Lieut. Arnold, do. 5 June.
 Cornet Trollope, h. p. 3 Dr.
 Ensign Hewitt, 2 W.L.R. Bahamas, 11 Aug.
 — Stephens, h. p. 84 F. 24 Feb. 1821.
 — Shaw, h. p. Corsican Rang. 8 April, 1822.
 — Pollock, h. p. 60 F. Edinburgh, 15 Sept.
 Paymaster Fairfowl, 91 F. on passage to England, 1 Aug.
 Quart.-Mas. Harshaw, 1 Life Gds. 10 Sept.
 — Lees, late of 3 F. Gds. Camberwell, 20 Nov.
 — Walker, h. p. 82 F. Leeds, Yorkshire, 10 Aug.
 — Burke, h. p. 133 F. 2 Nov.
 Chaplain Gauntlett, h. p. 94 F. 27 March.
 Med. Depart. Dr Philan, Physician to the Forces, 24 March.
 — Sur. Patterson, h. p. 25 Dr. 2 Nov.
 — Surg. Nicoll, h. p. 7 Gar. Bn. 23 Aug.
 — As. Surg. Hamilton, Royal Artillery, 13 Nov.
 — Woolwich, 15 Nov.
 — Assistant Surg. Murray, h. p. 60 F. 20 Dec. 1821.
 — Assistant Surg. Bridgman, R. Mar. 28 Aug. 1822.
 — Purveyor Fieldar, Greenwich, 22 Nov.
 — Dep. Purveyor Ogle, 15 June.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

March 21. At Aseerghur, the Lady of Captain C. J. Davidson, Garrison Engineer, of a son.
 April 17. At Bengal, Mrs A. G. Balfour, of a daughter.
 20. At Masulipatam, the Lady of Captain J. Ogilvie, of the 1st Battalion 17th Regiment, of a son.
 May 25. At Madras, the Lady of Captain Osborn, of Native Regiment, of a son.
 June 20. At Madras, the Lady of David Hill, Esq. one of the Secretaries to Government, of a daughter.
 Aug. 11. At Port Augusta, Jamaica, the Lady of Major Stewart, 41st Regiment, of a daughter.
 Sept. 10. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Lady of James Duff Watt, Esq. Deputy-Assistant Commissioner-General to the Forces, of a son.
 Oct. 7. At Clifton House, Spanish Town, Jamaica, Mrs William Shand, of a son.
 8. At Georgeby, the Lady of Captain D. Mackay, 70th Regiment, of a son.
 15. At Paris, the Lady of Thomson Bonar, Esq. of Clenden Place, Kent, of a daughter.
 17. At Madeira, the Lady of Robert Wallis, Esq. of a daughter.
 Nov. 4. At George Street, Leith, Mrs Blair, of a daughter.
 — At St. Andrews, Mrs Thomson, of Prieretham, of a son.
 — At Kew, Mrs Greenshield, of a daughter.
 5. At Hermitage Place, Leith, Mrs Mackenzie, of a son.
 9. In Northumberland Street, Mrs Macdonald, of Ballyshannon, of a son.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs Burn Murdoch, of Gartnabur, of a son.
 10. At Auchenhard, the Lady of Major Aston, of a daughter.
 11. At Novar House, Ross-shire, the Lady of Hugh Ross, Esq. of Glashiech, of a daughter.
 12. At Newcastle, Mrs Elliot of Woolle, of a son.
 — At Parkhill, the Lady of Robert Warden, Esq. of Parkhill, of a son.
 — At Stenton Manse, Mrs Balfour Graham, of a son.
 13. At Altyre, Lady G. G. Cumming, of a son.
 14. At London, the Lady of Charles Bentinck, of a son.
 — At London, the Lady of Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of a daughter.
 15. The Lady of Warren Hastings Sands, Esq. writer to the signet, of a daughter.
 — At Sweethope, Mrs D. Hunter, of a daughter.
 16. In Wimpole Street, London, the Lady of Captain Patterson, of the Hon. Company's ship Caningo, of a son.

18. The Countess Brownlow, of a daughter.
 22. At Bargalay, the Lady of John Mackie, Esq. of a son.
 — At Wauchope, Roxburghshire, Mrs Scott of Wauchope, of a son.
 23. Mrs Gillespie, York Place, of a daughter.
 — The Lady of Thomas Mackenzie Paterson, Esq. of Drumcadden, of a daughter.
 24. In Howe Street, Mrs Bailligall, of a daughter.
 — At Albury Park, Lady Harriet Drummond, of a son.
 — At Dublin, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Gordon, of the 5th or Prince Leopold's Regiment of Dragoon Guards, of a daughter.
 — At Cork, the Lady of Major Edward Wildman, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, of a daughter.
 25. At Benderside, the Hon. Mrs George Fairholme, of a son.
 — At Edinburgh, the Lady of Major James Harvey, of Castle Semple, of a daughter.
 26. At Springhall, the Lady of Capt. Douglas, R. N. of a daughter.
 — The Lady of John Bowie, Esq. W.S. of a daughter.
 27. In Dundas Street, Mrs Turnbull, of a daughter.
 — In Dublin Street, Mrs Richardson, of a daughter.
 28. At Shandwick Place, the Lady of Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of a son.
 29. At Kuchlaw House, Mrs Hawthorn, of a daughter.
 Lately. At Linrick, Ireland, the Lady of Dr Macpherson, 42d Regiment, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 15. At St John's Cathedral, Calcutta, James Mackenzie, Esq. to Ann Forbes, second daughter of Captain Daniel Ross of Howrah.
 Sept. 23. At the House of the English Ambassador at Naples, Baron Lord Walscourt, to Miss Lock, only daughter of William Lock, Esq.
 Oct. 25. At London, the Hon. Edward Gore, (brother of the Earl of Arran, and of Lady Isabella Douglas of Ripplingale), to Miss Mary Anne Douglas.
 — At Rennyhill House, Roderick Mackenzie, Esq. writer to the signet, to Euphemia, eldest daughter of Andrew Johnston, Esq. of Rennyhill.
 30. At Kerrisdale, William Macleod, Esq. surgeon in Glasgow, to Mary, second daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq. of Kerrisdale.
 31. At Kensington, Captain David Rae Newall, of the Hon. East India Company's ship Sealsby Castle, to Charlotte Janetta, only surviving daughter of the late James Falconer, Esq. of Bombay.
 Nov. 4. At Hawick, Thomas Grieve, Esq. of

Skellhill, to Marion M. Dickson, youngest daughter of Archibald Dickson, Esq. of Housebyres.

4. At Edinburgh, George Forbes, Esq. of Springhill, Aberdeenshire, to Wilhelmina, daughter of the late Captain James Walker, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

6. At Edinburgh, John Williams, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Civil service, to Sophia, daughter of the late Dr William Roxburgh, also of the Hon. East India Company's service.

7. At Thomson's Place, Leith, Mr John Findlay, Paisley, to Jessie, third daughter of the late Mr James Thomson, Oatridge, Linlithgowshire. In March last, and on the 8th Nov. re-married by the Very Reverend Principal Baird, at No. 41, St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Patrick Syme, Esq. Queen Street, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Claud Irvine Boswell, Esq. of Balmuto, late one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

9. At St Andrews, near Elgin, Major Dunbar, of the 3d Regiment of Bengal Cavalry, to Jessie, daughter of the Rev. William Leslie, of Balmageith, Morayshire.

12. At St John's Place, Leith, James Searth, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Eliza, daughter of John Dugdos, Esq.

13. At Forres, Morayshire, Lieutenant Evelyn Norie, R. N. to Isabella, daughter of the late James Anderson, Esq. of Windyhill.

16. At Edinburgh, Mr John Croley, surgeon, to Helen, eldest daughter of Mr John Mein, surgeon.

— At Plewlands, John Meiklejohn, Esq. writer to the signet, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Mr Alexander McCallum, farmer, Plewlands.

— At Montrose, Alexander Melville, M. D. surgeon of the 23d Regiment, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Captain George Sutherland, of that place.

— At Cupar, Dr Andrew Brown, physician, King's Kettle, to Helen, only child of Mr James Macnaughton, Roscoe.

21. At Westertown of Pittfodels, James Gordon, Esq. of Aberlour, to Margaret, third daughter of Mr Macnab.

25. At Straloch, Major George Turner, of Melnie, to Margaret, third daughter of the late John Ramsay of Bavra, Esq.

— At Arbroath, David Lawson, Esq. of Springfield, town clerk of Arbroath, to Anne Forbes, daughter of the Rev. George Gleig, minister of the gospel there.

— At Kir Street, the Rev. James Mitchell, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Kinnaird, chemist, Edinburgh.

26. At Parkington Church, near Guilford, H. W. R. W. Halsey, of Holey Park, Surrey, Esq. to Mary Noel, third daughter of Andrew Stirling, Esq. of Drumpeilier, Lanarkshire.

27. At St Pancras, Middlesex, William Davidson Blair, Esq. of Glasgow, to Miss Jane Bruce, of Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square, only daughter of the late Dr Bruce.

28. At Yorkfield, Mr John Hutcheson, merchant, North Leith, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr W. Mackenzie, of the revenue cutter Prince Regent.

30. At London, Charles Berwick, Esq. youngest son of Sir William Curtis, Bart. to Henrietta, second daughter of the late Rev. B. Pearson, of Croxall, Derbyshire.

DEATHS.

March 16. A few days after leaving Madras, homeward-bound from India, Mr Alex. Durward, Chief Officer of the ship Fame.

April 2. At Wallajahabad, of an epidemic cholera, B. M'Nellan, Esq. Assistant-Surgeon, Wallajahabad Light Infantry.

May 20. At Madras, Mrs Robson, wife of Captain Felix Robson, 16th Regiment Madras Native Infantry.

28. At Malacca, Dr Milne, the author of several learned works on the literature of China, and the historian of the first Ten Years of the Chinese Mission.

July 8. At Calcutta, the Right Rev. Thomas Farshaw Middleton, D. D. Lord Bishop of that Presidency, after a short but severe illness.

16. At the Grotto, Westmorland, Jamaica, Christian Speed, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Blair, Esq.

Aug. 20. At Augusta, Georgia, Thomas Gardner, Esq. of Savannah, formerly of Glasgow

— At sea, off St Helena, on his return from Java to Europe, for the recovery of his health, John, son of the late John Mackenzie, Esq. Kincaid, Ross-shire.

25. At Jamaica, the Rev. James Dunn, M. D. Rector of Westmorland, and Chaplain to the Hon. House of Assembly.

Sept. 16. At Demerara, Harriet, daughter of the late James Ross, Esq. deputy-clerk of Session.

21. On Providence Estate, Island of Jamaica, Thomas Jones, Esq.

22. At New Orleans, Mr Thomas Hogle, merchant, formerly of Glasgow.

Oct. 13. At Naples, Mr Andrew Craigie, late of Edinburgh, second son of Mr David Craigie, Leith.

— At Filleigh, Devonshire, aged 78, the Rev. John Burgis Karlake. This gentleman, when an infant, was saved by his nurse-maid jumping out of the window with him in her arms, when his father, mother, and two brothers, were destroyed by fire at South Molton, January 30, 1749.

— At Culbair, Colin Shaw, Esq.

— At Pinobush, in the town of Montgomery, New York, Captain Archibald Hunter. The circumstances of Captain Hunter's death, are somewhat remarkable. As he was opening a cask, supposed to have been poisoned in some way or other, he received a slight wound, which became immediately impregnated with the poison, and in less than an hour it was diffused over the whole system, in consequence of which he died in about ten days.

31. In Dublin, Lady Ann Jocelyn, only sister of the Earl of Roden.

25. At Ayr, Mrs Ross, widow of Captain James Ross.

— At Leuchars, Mr Daniel Robertson, late of the Black Bull, Edinburgh.

27. At Portobello, Mrs Ann Dick, wife of Mr John Gillies, and sister to Mr Douglas Dick, late merchant in Glasgow.

28. At Kincaid Lodge, Mrs Gordon of Kincaid.

31. At the Manse of Beggart, the Rev. William Watson.

— At Bath, Rear Admiral Paget, a companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. This excellent and lamented officer had sailed round the world with the late Captain Vancouver, had commanded various men of war, and was many years Commissioner at Madras.

Nov. 1. At Ankestry, Mrs Douglas, relict of John Douglas of Ankestry.

— At Hamilton, Robert Burns, Esq. of Westport, Bothwell. This gentleman was the fourth pupil of the celebrated Mr Bradwood of the Edinburgh Deaf and Dumb Institution, when, at an early period of life, he made such astonishing proficiency, that he felt but very little inconvenience from the want of hearing, being naturally a genius of great perception. No sensible was the deceased of the advantage he derived from the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Edinburgh, that he has left £100 for its support.

2. At Edinburgh, James M'Kinnon Campbell, Esq. of Ormaig.

— At Chelsea, Patrick Paterson, Esq. late surgeon of the 15th Regiment Light Dragoons.

3. At Mary Place, Stockbridge, Alexander Mitchell, sen. Esq.

— At Sandford Hall, Shropshire, Thomas Hugh Sandford, Esq. of Sandford.

4. Near Leghorn, Robina Henrietta, youngest daughter of David Kennedy, Esq. of Kirkcubright.

— At St Andrews, Mrs Tulliope, relict of John Tulliope, Esq. of Kilmux.

6. At Paris, M. Bertholet, the celebrated chemist.

7. At Linlithgow, Mr William Kenmore.

— At St Mary's Isle, of an inflammatory illness of nearly three weeks' duration, James Wedderburn, Esq. his Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland.

— At Ruthven Manse, the Rev. Patrick M'Lauren.

8. In Charles Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Traill, relict of James Traill, Esq. of Westove.

— At Kerrowell, Mrs Jean Lockhart, widow of William Bertram, Esq. of Nisbit.

9. At Pitlour House, Fifeshire, Mrs Lucy Hay, widow of Patrick Moncrieff of Reidie, Esq.

— In Albany Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Warrand.

— At Bigger Park, Jane, daughter of George Gillespie, Esq. of Bigger Park.

— At Mauldslie, Christina Elisabeth, daughter of Colin Gibb, Esq. aged 10 years and 7 months.

— At Dundee, Dr Andrew Ross, physician, aged 71.

10. At Bankfoot, Miss Hay, only surviving daughter of the deceased James Hay, Esq. of Pitfour.

— At Leith, George Gillon, second son of the late Mr John Gillon, shipmaster, Leith.

— At Aberdeen, in the 74th year of his age, Patrick Copland, LL.D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Marischal College and University, in which he taught, with great reputation and success, for upwards of fifty years. His remains were attended to the grave from the Hall of the Marischal College, by the students, walking in procession, the Professors of both Universities, the Magistrates of Aberdeen, his relatives, and a numerous company of citizens.

11. At No. 10, St Leonard's Street, James, eldest son of Mr James Dickson, stationer, Edinburgh.

— Suddenly, in Portland Street, near Port-Eglington, the Rev. John Leech, (formerly of Largs), teacher of Hebrew, and lecturer on Sacred Criticism in Glasgow, aged 58.

12. At Edinburgh, Mrs Wilson, relict of Mr George Wilson, late tenant of Blacemore, Berwickshire.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mrs Reid, relict of the Rev. James Reid, some time minister of the parish of Kinglassie, Fifeshire.

— At his house in Sloane Street, London, in his 62d year, the Right Hon. William Lord Grantley, Baron Markinfeld, in the county of York, Lord High Steward of Guildford, a colonel of the 1st Royal Surrey Militia, F.R.S. &c. His Lordship succeeded in his titles and estates by Fletcher Norton, Esq. the eldest son of the late Hon. Fletcher Norton, senior Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer in Scotland, who was second brother to the late Lord.

13. At Leicester, Mrs Bisset, relict of Commissary General Robert Bisset.

— At Baranagh, William Hamilton, Esq. Mr Hamilton was the last representative of the ancient House of Monklash.

— Rear Admiral John Sprat Rainier.

14. Dr James Cassels, physician in Lancaster, eldest son of the late Andrew Cassels, Esq. Leith.

15. At Glasgow, Mrs Stirling, relict of John Stirling, Esq.

— At Paisley, Major Alexander M'Dougall, formerly of the 74th Regiment, and only surviving son of the late Col M'Dougall, Esq. of Cregganish, Dumfriesshire.

— In Upper Gloucester Street, Regent Park, London, Mr John Debrett, formerly an eminent bookseller in Piccadilly.

16. At Paris, Madame the Countess of Perre-gaux, of the family of Macdonald.

— At Paris, Madame the Marchioness de Villette, the adopted daughter of Voltaire, who was called by him the "beautiful and good."

— At Edinburgh, in the 7th year of her age, Hannah, only daughter of the Rev. Dr Muir.

— Of consumption, in his father's house, William Dymock, teacher, Hulme, son of Mr Dymock, Glasgow, late Rector of the Grammar School of Kelso. Inconsiderately leaping into a river with his clothes on, about twelve months ago, to save the life of a favourite dog, proved the immediate cause of inducing the disorder, which at first slowly, but afterwards rapidly, undermined his constitution, and brought him to the grave in the 25th year of his age.

18. In Richmond Place, Edinburgh, at the great age of 105 years, Mrs Agnes Anderson, relict of Mr George Mackenzie of Stockbridge. It is believed she was the oldest inhabitant of Edinburgh, and was born and brought up here, as well as her ancestors for many generations. In 1745, after witnessing the reception of the Pretender at Holyrood House, she was struck with a musket ball fired from the Castle, while carrying her eldest son, who bore her head to the grave.

19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Henderson, many years matron of the Charity Workhouse of this city. Among other legacies, she has left one of 50*l.* to that institution.

20. At Dunkeld, Mr Charles Leslie, surgeon, R.N. aged 42.

— At Edrom Manse, Berwickshire, suddenly, the Rev. John Hastie, minister of that parish, in the 60th year of his age.

— Suddenly, at Dunbar House, Master John Balfour, eldest son of James Balfour, Esq. of Whittinghame.

22. At Dunkeld, John, second son of William Mowbray, merchant in Leith.

— At Leith, Mrs Rebecca Wightman, aged 32.

— At Abotsall Manse, Dr James Whyte, formerly of Charles Street, Edinburgh.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr David George, printer.

27. John Dun Stewart, Esq. of Tonderghie.

28. At Dublin, the Hon. and Rev. Hely Hutchinson, youngest brother of the Right Hon. the Earl of Donoughmore.

— At 66, Great King Street, Mrs Paton, wife of Mr John Paton, builder.

— At Bath, Don Francisco Antonio Zea, minister of the Columbian Republic. His health had been in a declining state for more than twelve months.

30. At London, Asher Goldsmid, Esq. aged 71.

31. At Cowhill, Major Charles Scott, late of the 10th regiment of foot.

— At Criff, Captain R. Macdonald, late of the 19th regiment of foot.

Lastly. At No. 5, Nelson Street, Miss Joan Adair.

— At Ruchan House, in the 86th year of his John Loeh, Esq. of Ruchan.

— At his seat, Oxfordshire, Ralph Sheldon, Esq. M.P.

— At Bath, Sir Henry White, K.C.B. Major-General in the Bengal army.

— At Naples, M. Contugno, the author of numerous important anatomical discoveries, distinguished also, as an elegant writer, both in Latin and Italian.

— In the commune of Beauphy, France, Dominique Espanen, aged one hundred and eight years and fifteen days. He never was sick, and was, from his great age, an object of veneration to all the country.

— Captain George Johnston, of Greenock. He crossed the Atlantic no less than 172 times; and that not merely without once being wrecked or captured, but also without having met with a casualty of any kind, so as to have occasioned a loss to the underwriters on the ships under his command.

— At Marguise, near Calais, Richard Usher, Esq. This gentleman, who is said to have been one of the handsomest men in Europe, was killed by his gun going off accidentally, owing to the trigger coming in contact with a twig.

— At Rome, Madame Letitia Buonaparte, mother of the late Ex-Emperor of France. The chief heir to her immense wealth, is her grandson, the young Napoleon. To her eight children now living, viz. Joseph, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Elise, Pauline, Caroline, and Hortensia, she has bequeathed 150,000 scudi (17,000*l.*) each; and to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, a superb palace, fitted up in the most costly manner.

INDEX TO VOLUME XII.

- ACCOUNT** of the life of Donald M'Bane, 741
- Agricultural** distress, letter on the, 436—
Question of a composition with the national creditor considered, 437—Hints to the country gentlemen, 483—Cause of the distress considered, 485—Letter II. To the country gentlemen, 624—Remarks on the meeting of the county of Lanark, 632
- Ambrosianæ**, Noctes, No. IV. 100—No. V. 360—No. VI. 695
- Anecdote** of the enchanter Faustus and Queen Elizabeth, 230
- Ancient** national melodies, No. IV. 466
- Antique**, review of Croly's *Gems* from the, 478
- Appointments**, promotions, &c., 126, 247, 513, 699, 800
- Arctic** land expedition, account of the, 500
- Art** of hoaxing, specimen of the Italian, 589—Tale the third, 594—Tale the fourth, 598
- Auto-Biography** of Timothy Tell, school-master of Birchendale, 595—Introduction to the enlightened British public, Chap. I. 396—Chap. II. 405—Chap. III. 606—Chap. IV. 610—Chap. V. 612—Chap. VI. 615—Chap. VII. 618—Chap. VIII. 621
- Ballad** metre-monger, first notes of an incipient, 67
- Bankrupts**, British, 125, 246, 512, 688, 799
- Barton**, Bernard, review of his poems, 769
- Belshazzar**, review of Milman's, 25
- Births**, 128, 248, 517, 690, 801
- Blessington**, Lord, review of his Observations on the State of Ireland, 153
- Bowles's** *Grave of the Last Saxon*, review of, 71
- Boxianæ**, No. IX. Scene—Mr Belcher's Castle Tavern, Holborn, 460
- Brande**, Mr, answer to his review of Thomson's System of Chemistry, 40
- Brown**, John, or the House in the Muir, 603
- Buchanan**, translation from, 671
- Burns**, Ferguson and, or the Poet's Reverie, 352—Part II. 497
- Byron**, Lord, remarks on his tragedy of *Werner*, 710—Compared with Miss Lee's tale of *Kreutzer*, 713—Remarks on, by Timothy Tickler, 762
- Calcutta**, Chap. VII. The Indian Press, 133
- Canning**, Mr, letter from a Protestant, on his speech on the Catholic Question, 3
- Catholic** Question, letter from a Protestant Layman on the, 3—Letter of a Catholic Layman on the above, 414
- Celtic** Society, remarks on the, by a Goth, 357—Remarks on the controversy between Glengarry and, 359—Letters of Glengarry, 362, 365—Letter of a Celt, 367—Letter of Lieut. M'Kenzie, ib.
- Chemistry**, Dr Thomson's answer to Brande's review of his System of, 40
- Chief**, the, and his tail, an excellent new song, by a person of quality, 351
- Childhood**, reflections on, 139
- Cinders**, introduction to the noble science of sifting, 523
- Clans** of Scotland, with their badges of distinction, alphabetical list of the, 271—Never distinguished by their tartans, but by the badges worn in their bonnets, 355
- Clavers**, a story of, 663
- Cockney** school of poetry, remarks on the, No. VII. 775
- Congress** at Verona, remarks on the, 631
- Corn** markets, 123, 244, 509, 686
- Country** ball, packing up after an English one, 69
- Country** gentlemen, hints to the, 482, 624
- Dart** Days, tales of the, 690, 761
- Darriyman's** Daughter, the, review of, 749
- Dale's** *Israd and Adah*, review of, 61
- Death** of Isaiah; a fragment. By David Lindsay, 205
- Deaths**, 129, 249, 519, 691, 802
- De Stael**, Madame, on the politics of, 586
- Distresses**, agricultural, letter on the, 436—Hints to country gentlemen on, 482, 624
- Douglas**, James, review of his Hints on Missions, 147
- Edinburgh**, the King's visit to. By a Londoner, but no Cockney, 266—Plan for expediting the mail from London to, 673—Letter on the proposed new High-school in, 756
- Elder** Jonathan, 476
- Elgy** to Alia, translated from Buchanan, 671
- Elizabeth**, Queen, anecdote of, and Dr Faustus, 230
- England**, the lakes of, remarks on Green's guide to, 84
- English** country ball, packing up after an, 69
- Faustus** the Enchanter, and Queen Elizabeth, 230
- Ferguson** and Burns; or, the Poet's Reverie, 352, Part II. 497
- Franklin**, Captain, return of, from an Arctic Land Expedition, 500

- Fresco Painting, sketch of the process of, 234
- Gathering of the West to see the King. Greenock Folk, 306—Paisley Bodies, 310—Glasgow People, 313—The Movement, 315—Meeting in Edinburgh, 317—Lenth, 320—Introductory Letters, 321—The Landing, 324—Fire works and Illuminations, 325—The Levee and Drawing-room, 327—The Finish, 329
- Genus from the Antique, review of, 478—Pericles and Aspasia; the Genius of Death; Leonidas, 480—Sappho; Pindar, 481
- GIN-twist, a twist-inomy in favour of, 635
- Glengarry and the Celtic Society, remarks on the controversy between, 359—Extracts from Glengarry's Letters, 362, 365—Letter from a Celt, and from Lieut. Mackenzie in reply to, 367
- Goth, letter from a, on the tartan dress, 354
- Grave of the last Saxon, review of Bowles's, 71
- Greeks and their Cause, remarks on the, 467
- Green's Guide to the Lakes of England, remarks on, 81
- Halloween Divertimento, a, 668, 764
- Hazlitt's Table Talk, review of, 157
- High-Jinks School, a *jeu-d'esprit* of the, 455
- High School proposed new one in Edinburgh, letter on the, 756
- Hints to the country gentlemen, on the subject of the agricultural distress, 482—Letter II. 624
- Hoaxing, the Italian art of, 589
- Hogg, James, the Ettrick Shepherd, review of his Royal Jubilee, 343
- Dora Germanica. No. XIV. Mulner's "Albanesum," 218
- House in the Muir, a story of the Covenanters, 663
- Hunt's Art of Love, 775
- Incipient Ballad-metre-monger, first notes of an, 67
- Indian Press, the, 133
- Irad and Adah, a tale of the flood, review of, 61
- Ireland, review of Lord Blessington's Observations on the State of, 153
- Isaiah, the Death of, a fragment, 205
- Italian Art of Hoaxing, Specimens of the, 589
- Italy, Letters from, No. I. 429.—No. II. 433.—No. III. 531.—No. IV. 726
- Justiciary Opera, notice of the, 455
- King, the, reflections on his visit to Scotland, 253—His landing at Leith, and procession to Edinburgh, 258—Reflections on his reception by the people, 260—And the effects of his visit on Scotland, 264
- King, the account of his visit to Edinburgh, by a Londoner, but no Cockney, 268—The landing at Leith, 269—Procession to Edinburgh, 271—Illumination, 275—The Levee, 276—The King's Court, 278—The Drawing-room, 280—Procession to the Castle, 282—The Review, &c. 492—The Banquet, 495
- King, the, account of his entertainment in Edinburgh, by Omai the traveller, 285
- King, Gathering of the West; or, We're come to see the King, 306
- Körner, the sword song of, 585
- Laird, the, 477
- Lakes of England, remarks on (Green's Guide to the, 84
- Lanark, remarks on a meeting of the county of, to consider the state of agriculture, 632
- Ledyard, Peter, a lyrical ballad, 145
- Lemur, the, a Halloween Divertimento, 668, 774
- Lee, Miss, comparison between her writings and Lord Byron's, 713
- L'Envoiy to the King, 392
- Letter from a Protestant layman, on Mr Canning's speech relative to the Catholic Peers, 3
- from Philomag, with answer from Christopher North, Esq. 40; and Postscript to the public, 53
- from a gentleman of the press to Mr North, 56
- from an Oxonian, 93
- from Timothy Tickler, on the Quarterly Review, No. 53, 94
- from Malachi Mullion, inclosing the contributor's lament for the Yellow and Blue, 167
- to Mr Charles Nodier, author of a Tour to the mountains of Scotland, 191
- from Paris, 215
- from Aberdeen, inclosing a translation of an ode of Horace, 217
- from a Goth, on the tartan dress, 354
- of a Celt, in answer to Glengarry, 367
- of Lieut. M'Kenzie in reply to Glengarry, 367
- of a Catholic layman, on that of a Protestant layman, 414
- on the agricultural distresses, 436, 482, 624
- on the proposed new High School in Edinburgh, 756
- Letters from the dead to the living, No. II. Cattiana, 194
- of Glengarry, relative to the Celtic Society, 362, 365
- from Italy, No. I. 429. No. II. 433. No. III. 531. No. IV. 726
- Life of Donald M'Bane, account of the, 741
- Liverpool, the Earl of, remarks on his political character, 91
- London and Edinburgh, plan for expediting the mail between, 673
- Loudoner, a, but no Cockney, his account of the King's visit to Edinburgh, 268, 492
- Love, Leigh Hunt's art of, 775
- M'Bane, Donald, account of the life of, 741

- Mail from London to Edinburgh, a plan for expediting the, 673
- Man-of-war's-man, Chap. V. 448—Sailing of the Totum-fog on a cruise, *ib.*—Reading of the articles of war, 449—Mustering of the crew, and picking out the watches, &c. *ib.*—Conversations between decks at dinner, 450—Trial of the abilities of the crew, 451. Chap. VI.—The nautical-day, 630—Scheme for the speedy manufacture of seamen, 643. Chap. VII.—Arrival at the cruising-ground, 644—Visit to Brasay Sound—The Shetlanders, *ib.*—Speedy departure in chase of a privateer, 646—Exercising the guns, 647—Shocking accident, 649
- MS. notes on the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, 785
- Marriages, 129, 249, 518, 690, 801
- Memoir of Rossini the Composer, 440
- Memorials and sonnets, by Wordsworth, review of, 175
- Metamorphoses not fabulous, 656
- Meteorological Tables, 122, 246, 510, 698, 797
- Metricum symposium Ambrosianum, 79
- Military promotions, exchanges, &c. 126, 247, 513, 687, 800
- Milman, Rev. H. H. review of his poem of Belshazzar, 25
- Missions, review of Douglas's Hints on, 147
- My garden, 412
- My mother, 474
- My aunts, 475
- Napoleon's Address to the statue of his son, 760
- National melodies, ancient, No. IV. 468
- Naval promotions, appointments, &c. 127, 516
- Needle rocks, a visit to the, 109
- Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. IV. scene Pisa, 100. No. V. scene Ambrose's back parlour, 369. No. VI. 695
- Nocturnal separation, the, 17
- Nodier, M. Charles, letter to, 169
- North, Christopher, Esq. letter to, from Philomag, with his answer, 48—and a postscript, 53—Letter from a gentleman of the press to, 56
- North, the rising in the, 212
- Notes, manuscripts on the last number of the Edinburgh Review, 785
- Notice of the Judiciary Opera, 453
- Nuptials in jeopardy, 720—Private and confidential prologue, *ib.*
- Odoherly, remarks of, on Lord Byron's Werner, 710
- Omai, the traveller, second voyage of, 285—His account of the King's visit to Edinburgh, 285—The grand entry and fire-works, 287—The illumination, 290—The levee, 291—Sunday, the addresses, the drawing-room, 293—The royal yacht, 294—The royal progress to the castle, 295—Cavalry review, and pea's ball, 298—The banquet, 300—The church, 303—The parthenon, the theatre, 304—the farewell, 305
- Oxonian controversy, letter on another, 93
- Philomag, letter from, with Mr North's answer, 48—And a postscript, 53
- Plan for expediting the mail from London to Edinburgh, 673
- Pleasures of sickness, on the, 190
- Poetry—Review of Dale's *Irak and Adah*, 61—Packing up after an English Country ball, 69—Farewell to my friends, 78—Metricum symposium Ambrosianum, 79—Songs by Odoherly, 101, 106—Song by Lord Byron, 113—Peter Ladyard, a lyrical ballad, 145—Negro's lament for Mungo Park, 167—The Contributor's lament for yellow and blue, *ib.*—Review of Wordsworth's Sonnets, 175—The death of Isaiah, 205—The rising in the north, 212—Idem *Latine Reddium*, *ib.*—The King's muster, 326—The King's visit to Scotland, 350—Stanzas for the King's landing, *ib.*—The chief and his tail, 351—Ferguson and Burns: or the poet's reverie, 352, 497—The Roman wall, 409—My garden, 412—The route, 427—The sword song of Körner, 585—A twist-inimy in favour of gin-twist, 635—The Lemur, a halloween divertimento, 668—Translation from Buchanan, 671—Stanzas to an infant, 672—Song by Odoherly, 695—Song by Tickler, 699—Song by Hogg, 706—Nuptials in jeopardy, 721—The Greek to his sword, 759—Napoleon's address to the statue of his son, 760—The Lemur, a halloween divertimento, 764—Silent worship, 772—The Quaker poet, 773—Sonnet to Charlotte M., 774—L'Envoi to Leigh Hunt, 781
- Poetry, on the Cockney School of, No. VII. 775
- Poet's reverie, the, 352, 497
- Political economy, elements of save-allism, 526
- Politics of Madame de Staël, remarks on the, 506
- Postscript to the public, 53
- Prices current, 124, 245, 511, 687, 798
- Process of fresco-painting, sketch of the, 234
- Promotions, appointments, &c., 126, 247, 513, 689, 800
- Protestant layman, letter of a, 3
- Publications, monthly list of new, 117, 245, 503, 683, 793
- Quarterly Review, No. LIII. letters on the, 94, 153
- Remarks on Green's Guide to the Lakes of England, 84—On the political character of the Earl of Liverpool, 91—On the Pleasures of Sickness, 190—On his Majesty's visit to Scotland, 253—On the controversy between Glengarry and the Celtic Society, 350—On the Greeks and their cause, 467—On the politics of

- Madame de Staël, 506.—On the meeting at Lanark on agricultural distress, 632.—On the sitting of the European congress, 661.—On Lord Byron's *Werner*, 710
- Reus of land regulated by the fiars, 465
- Reminiscences of childhood, 139
- Review of Milman's *Belshazzar*, 25.—(Of Thomson's answer to review of his system of chemistry, 40.—Of Dale's *Irak* and *Adah*, 61.—Of Bowles's *Grave of the last Saxon*, 71.—Of Douglas on *Missions*, 147.—Of Lord Blessington on the state of Ireland, 153.—Of Hazlitt's *Table Talk*, 157.—Of Wordsworth's *Sonnets and Memorials*, 175.—Of Mulner's "*Albaneserin*," 218.—Of *Sixty-five Sonnets*, &c. 226.—Of Hogg's *Royal Jubilee*, 343.—Of Croly's *Geans from the Antique*, 476.—Of Vargas, a *Tale of Spain*, 730.—Of the *Dairymen's Daughter*, 749.—Of Barton's *Poems*, 767
- Review, Edinburgh, MS. Notes on the last number of the, 785
- Rising in the North, the, 212
- Roman Wall, the, a Poem, 409
- Rossini, the Composer, *Memoir of*, 440
- Route, the, 427
- Royal Jubilee, a Scottish Mask, by the Ettrick Shepherd, Review of, 343
- Save-all-ism, elements of; or an introduction to the noble science of sifting cinders, 325
- Saxon, Bowles's *Grave of the Last*, review of, 71
- Scottish Character, Sketches of, 473
- Sea-side Sketches, No. II. going the Neddles, 169
- Sickness, on the pleasures of, 199
- Silent worship, 772
- Sketch of the process of fresco painting, 234
- Sketches, seaside. No. II. 169
- Sketches of Scottish Character, No. XI.—The *Finale*, 473.—Will Webster, *ib.*—My Mother, 474.—My Aunt, 475.—Elder Jonathan, 476.—The Laird, 477
- Song on the King's Visit to Scotland, 350
- Sonnets and Memorials. by Wordsworth, review of, 175
- Sonnets, sixty-five, with Prefatory Remarks, &c., review of, 226
- Sorrows of the Stot, the, 333
- Specimens of the Italian art of hoaxing, No. I. 509
- Stael, Madame de, on the politics of, 586
- Stanzas for the King's landing, 350
- Stanzas to an infant, 672
- State of Ireland, Review of Lord Blessington's *Observations on the*, 153
- Stot, the sorrows of the, 333
- Table Talk, or Original Essays, by Mr Hazlitt, review of, 157
- Tales of the Daft Days —No. I. Introduction, 600.—The Maister—The Mistress, 602.—Tammy—Auld Iranny—The Minister—The Student, 603.—The Writer—His Family—The Captain—The Accountant, 604.—The Dominie—The Midshipman—The Man o' Grief, 606.—No. II. The Farmer's Tale, or Pate an' the Ghaist, 761
- Tartan not an original Scotch dress, 354.—Is only a fanciful and a very modern invention, 355
- Tell, Timothy, auto-biography of, 305, 606.
- Thomson, Dr. his answer to Brand's review of his *System of Chemistry*, 40
- Tickler, Timothy, letter from, on No. 53 of the *Quarterly Review*, 94.—On *Werner*, 782
- Translation from Buchanan, 671
- Twist-imony in favour of gin-twist, 635
- Unicorn, letter to the Editor of the *Calcutta Journal* on the existence of the, 600
- Vargas, a tale of Spain, review of, 730
- Verona, remarks on the Congress at, 651
- Voyage second of Omui the Traveller, 285
- Webster, Will. 473
- Werner, a tragedy. by Lord Byron, remarks on, by Odoherly, 710.—And by Timothy Tickler, 782
- West, the gathering of, to see the King, 306
- Whig Song, an excellent new one, 466
- Wordsworth's *Sonnets and Memorials*, review of, 175
- Works preparing for publication, 115, 236, 501, 681, 791
- Ye gentlemen of England, an excellent new Whig song. 466

INDEX TO BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Abercromby, 249, 517
 Alston, 801
 Anderson, 128, 249, ib. ib. 518, 690
 Balfour, 401
 Ballingall, 801
 Balmain, 128
 Bell, 248, 249
 Bentinck, 801
 Blackwell, 690
 Blair, 129, 801
 Bonar, 801
 Bowie, 891
 Bradport, 249
 Brodrick, 517
 Broadhead, 517
 Brown, 517
 Brownlow, 801
 Buchanan, 690
 Buckle, 690
 Burnett, 128
 Cambridge, 249
 Campbell, 517, ib. 518
 Carnegie, 249
 Carruthers, 517, 690
 Cavan, 517
 Christie, 128
 Clark, 517
 Cockburn, 518
 Comie, 518
 Cranbourn, 690
 Cumming, 801
 Cunningham, 519
 Dalrymple, 518
 Dartmouth, 128
 Davidson, 801
 Dods, 690
 Donaldson, 518
 Douglas, 128, 249, 518, ib. 801
 Dow, 690, ib.
 Drummond, 801
 Duff, 248
 Dunmore, 128
 Elcho, 249
 Elbank, 518
 Erskine, 517, 518
 Fairholme, 801
 Ferner, 249
 Fitzclarence, 690
 Forbes, 517
 Forrest, 517
 Fraser, 128, 518
 Fullerton, 518
 Gairdner, 690
 Gardner, 517
 Gifford, 128
 Gillespie, 517, 518, 801
 Glanville, 518
 Gordon, 128, 690, 801
 Graham, 801
 Grant, 249, 690
 Greenfields, 801
 Greig, 518
 Hallows, 690
 Hamilton, 249, 518, ib.
 Harver, 801
 Hastings, 728
 Hathorn, 801
 Hay, 128
 Heriot, 249
 Hill, 801
 Hogg, 518
 Hood, 249
 Hopetoun, 128
 Howard, 128
 Hunter, 517, 801
 Hutchinson, 128
 Innes, 518
 Irving, 129
 Jamieson, 517
 Jordon, 690
 Jersey, 517
 Johnson, 128, 249
 Kennedy, 249, 517
 Ker, 129
 Kermack, 517
 Kidd, 128
 Kintore, 517
 Kippen, 517
 Lamont, 248
 L'Anoy, 690
 Laurence, 517
 Learmonth, 517
 Lee, 518
 Laird, 690
 Lindsay, 517
 Lockhart, 248, 690
 Longford, 518
 Macdonald, 517, 690, 801
 Macdowall, 690
 Macgregor, 248
 MacHutcheson, 517
 Mackay, 128, ib. 801
 Mackenzie, 128, 249, 517, 690, 801, ib.
 Macle, 801
 MacLachlan, 690
 Macleay, 690

Macneal, 249
 Macpherson, 801
 Mactavish, 128
 Maitland, 690
 Manvern, 518
 Matheson, 518
 Maxwell, 128, 249, 517
 Menzies, 129
 Minto, 690
 Mitchell, 518, 690
 Monro, 518
 Moodie, 128
 More, 517
 Moubray, 517
 Murdoch, 801
 Mylne, 128
 Nairne, 249
 Napier, 518
 Ogilvie, 517, 501
 Orr, 129
 Osborn, 801
 Paterson, 249, 518, 801
 Peddie, 690
 Portsmouth, 517
 Ramsay, 128, 517
 Reid, 249
 Reid, 129
 Renton, 517
 Richardson, 801
 Robinson, 129
 Rose, 801
 Ross, 249, 518
 Sands, 801
 Scott, 128, 249, 518, 801
 Seton, 129
 Shand, 801
 Sibbald, 249
 Sinclair, 128
 Smith, 517
 Somervall, 517
 Sprout, 518
 Starr, 517
 Stewart, 801
 Stirling, 517
 Stothart, 248
 Straker, 517
 Street, 517
 Tait, 128
 Thomson, 517, 801
 Turing, 129
 Turnbull, 801
 Walkinshaw, 517
 Wallis, 801
 Warden, 801
 Wardlaw, 518
 Watt, 801

Wauchope, 517
 Wedderburn, 517
 Wildman, 801
 Wilson, 690
 Wishart, 517
 Woolfe, 801
 Wright, 690
 Wyld, 517
 Young, 129

MARRIAGES.

Adams, 129
 Adolphus, 518
 Aikman, 249
 Alexander, 249
 Allan, 249
 Alston, 691
 Archer, 691
 Ballingall, 518
 Banks, 129
 Bell, 690
 Bellis, 249
 Bere, 518
 Bewick, 802
 Beddard, 249
 Blackett, 129
 Blair, 518, 802
 Bogle, 691
 Bower, 518
 Bowes, 692
 Boyd, 690
 Brown, 518, 690, 801
 Broomefield, 518
 Bruce, 129
 Buchan, 129
 Burn, 129
 Burnett, 691
 Campbell, 129, 519, 691, ib. ib.
 Carstairs, 129, 518
 Chalmers, 691
 Chester, 519
 Cherwynd, 518
 Chisholme, 518
 Christie, 518
 Clark, 249
 Clements, 249
 Collins, 249
 Colvingham, 249
 Comb, 518
 Condell, 129
 Cunley, 802
 Cunningham, 519, 691
 Cuthbertson, 249
 Dalgleish, 801
 Dallas, 249, ib.
 Dalzell, 518
 Digby, 519

- Douglas, 518
 Downie, 249
 Drummond, 691
 Dudgeon, 691
 Dunbar, 519, 802
 Eaton, 518
 Findlay, 802
 Forbes, 519, 802
 Fordyce, 691
 Fraser, 249, *ib.*
 Garden, 129
 Geddes, 519
 Gifford, 518
 Gore, 801
 Gordon, 518, 691, 802
 Gower, 129
 Grace, 518
 Grant, 129
 Grieve, 801
 Haldane, 518
 Hames, 518
 Hanbury, 518
 Hasley, 802
 Hearn, 129
 Henderson, 127
 Hendry, 249
 Heyman, 690
 Huxley, 518
 Hutchinson, 249, 802
 Inglis, 518
 Irvine, 129
 Keith, 129
 Keith, 249
 Lamborn, 519
 Lander, 249
 Lander, 690
 Laster, 518
 Leck, 129
 Leeson, 802
 Macdonald, 249
 McDonald, 519
 MacEwan, 129
 Mack, 691
 Mackenzie, 518, 801, *ib.*
 Macleod, 518, 801
 Mandeville, 691
 Marshall, 518
 Mason, 249
 Maule, 129
 McClejohn, 802
 Melville, 802
 Mennons, 519
 Mill, 691
 Mitchell, 802
 Morrison, 518
 Murray, 690
 Newall, 801
 Norrie, 802
 Oppenheim, 249
 Outram, 129
 Pace, 519
 Pattison, 518
 Pennant, 249
 Porter, 518
 Ramsay, 129
 Reid, 249
 Rennie, 249
 Rogers, 519
 Rolfe, 519
 Rowley, 518, 519
 Rymar, 249
 Scarth, 802
 Scott, 129
 Shepherd, 690
 Smith, 129, 518
 Snoddy, 249
 Sonncrset, 249
 Spears, 249
 Spence, 519
 Sperling, 249
 Stirling, 129
 Stopford, 249
 Stuart, 691
 Syme, 802
 Taylor, 129
 Thomson, 129, *ib.*
 Turner, 802
 Wake, 129
 Wallace, 519
 Wallace, 801
 Walter, 249
 Westorra, 129
 White, 129
 Wightman, 691
 Williams, 802
 Wilson, 129, 249, *ib.*
 Yule, 129, 249
- DEATHS.
- Adam, 803
 Adams, 130
 A. Aell, 250
 Alfordie, 520
 Anderson, 130, 250, *ib.* 801, 803
 Ansdley, 250
 Arbuthnot, 250
 Auchmuty, 620
 Badier, 521
 Baird, 521
 Baker, 522
 Balfour, 503
 Ballantyne, 130
 Bellingall, 129
 Baird, 250
 Barclay, 129, 691
 Beckwith, 250
 Bell, 520, *ib.*
 Bennett, 691
 Bartholet, 802
 Bertram, 692, 802
 Bisset, 803
 Blair, 250, 520, 691, *ib.*
 Blackwood, 130
 Blair, 130, 519, 802
 Blomefield, 520
 Bogle, 802
 Bonar, 522
 Bonaparte, 803
 Borthwick, 521
 Bothwell, 802
 Boyd, 521, 691
 Breadberry, 519
 Brodie, 692
 Brooks, 519, 691
 Brown, 130, 250, 521, 692
 Buchan, 520
 Buchanan, 521
 Buego, 250
 Bulkeley, 129
 Burnet, 130
 Butter, 130
 Calder, 520
 Callender, 692
 Campbell, 130, *ib.* 250, 519, *ib.* 521, 522
 Canova, 691
 Carfrae, 521
 Carrothers, 130
 Cassels, 803
 Chatro, 692
 Chisholm, 691
 Christie, 519, 520, 521
 Christie, 692
 Clark, 519, 691
 Clay, 691
 Cockburn, 250, 691
 Contugno, 803
 Copland, 803
 Corbet, 692
 Corri, 519
 Couper, 129
 Craigie, 802
 Crawford, 521
 Crokat, 522
 Crosbie, 250
 Cumming, 521
 Cunningham, 250
 Dalrymple, 521
 Darling, 692
 Daun, 802
 Davidson, 130, *ib.* 250, 691
 Dawson, 522
 Delaney, 521
 Dehrett, 803
 Delaval, 692
 Denovan, 519
 Denholm, 521
 Dick, 520, 802
 Dickson, 803
 Donaldson, 522
 Donner, 520
 Douglas, 802
 Drummond, 250
 Dudgeon, 250
 Dun, 130
 Duncan, 520
 Dunderdonald, 521
 Dunlop, 520
 Durward, 691, 802
 Duthie, 250
 Dymock, 803
 Edmonstone, 519
 Elliot, 691
 Engelhart, 521
 Erskine, 520
 Espanson, 803
 Fairbairn, 519
 Falkland, 250
 Ferrie, 130
 Fisher, 130
 Fleming, 521, 691
 Forbes, 129, 250, 220
 Forrest, 692
 Foster, 520, 691
 Fraser, 521
 Fullarton, 250
 Gabrielli, 691
 Gairdner, 521
 Gardner, 691, 802
 Garrick, 692
 Gartur, 691
 Gauntlet, 521
 George, 803
 Gib, 803
 Gibson, 519
 Gillespie, 249, 802
 Gillies, 519
 Gillon, 803
 Girdwood, 519
 Glasgow, 250
 Grafen, 519
 Goldsmidt, 803
 Gordon, 130, 521, 692, 803
 Graham, 519
 Grant, 129, *ib.* 519
 Grantley, 803
 Gregory, 250
 Greig, 130, 519, 521
 Grierson, 250
 Grinlay, 521
 Grieve, 692
 Guthrie, 130, 250
 Gwydyr, 521
 Haldane, 521
 Halkerton, 521
 Hall, 250
 Hamilton, 803
 Hannah, 521
 Hanz, 250
 Harvey, 250
 Hastic, 803
 Hay, 692, 802, 803
 Haynes, 521
 Henderson, 250, 803
 Heron, 520
 Hershell, 520
 Hertford, 130
 Heugh, 250
 Higgins, 521, 522
 Hodgson, 521
 Home, 521
 Hunter, 250, 802
 Hutchinson, 803
 Hutchinson, 519
 Inglis, 520
 Ireland, 521
 Irving, 691
 Jackson, 522
 Jaffray, 692
 Jarvis, 691
 Jeffrey, 250

- Jocelyn, 802
 Johnstone, 250, 602, 803
 Jones, 802
 Karlake, 802
 Kemble, 130
 Kennedy, 802
 Kennore, 802
 Ker, 821
 Key, 822
 Kilgour, 519
 Kirkwood, 130
 Knox, 821
 Lamont, 250
 L'Amey, 691
 Law, 129
 Lawson, 350, 601
 Leach, 803
 Leslie, 803
 Lindsay, 519
 Livingston, 691
 Loch, 803
 Lorimer, 520
 Low, 130, 522
 Lurche, 250
 Lyon, 250
 Macalpine, 250
 Macandrew, 250, 519
 Macdonnick, 601
 Macdonald, 130, ib. 602, 803
 Macdonell, 521
 Macdonald, 521, 803
 Macdowall, 691
 Macfarlane, 519
 Macgillivray, 130
 Macgowan, 130
 Maclequhan, 521
 Maclean, 130
 Macintosh, 250, 551
 Mackellar, 691
 Mackenzie, 130, 250, 521, 602, 800
 Mackinnon, 802
 MacLaren, 802
 Maclean, 130, 519, 521, 522, ib.
 Macleod, 130, 250
 Macmillan, 802
 Macmardo, 130
 Macnabb, 519
 Macnnochie, 521
 Madden, 130
 Magee, 522
 Main, 130
 Malcolm, 250, 602
 Manderham, 519
 Maroot, 602
 Marjoribanks, 129
 Markham, 522
 Marr, 130
 Marshall, 130
 Matheson, 250
 Maynard, 522
 Meek, 602
 Meddum, 129
 Melfis, 519
 Mercer, 250
 Middleton, 802
 Milne, 802
 Mitchell, 130, 250, 802
 Montmorency, 521
 Morrison, 250
 Mountashel, 692
 Mowbray, 803
 Muat, 250
 Muir, 803
 Murdoch, 522
 Murray, 130, 250, 519, 520
 Nepean, 602
 Newcastle, 521
 Nimmo, 521
 Nisbet, 250
 Norbury, 250
 Norwood, 520
 Oakes, 521
 Odoherly, 691
 Oliphant, 519
 Orange, 602
 Ord, 691
 Oughterson, 521
 Owen, 522
 Park, 520
 Passmore, 130
 Paterson, 802
 Paton, 803
 Peat, 520
 Peebles, 519
 Pegge, 519
 Pellagallo, 522
 Phillips, 520
 Plin, 250, 521
 Pollock, 521
 Pringle, 130
 Pustendorf, 250
 Puget, 802
 Raffles, 519
 Rainier, 803
 Ramsay, 250, 521
 Reid, 519, 803
 Renton, 250
 Riddell, 250
 Rigante, 522
 Ritchie, 691, 692
 Robertson, 130, 250, ib. 691, 692
 Robson, 802
 Rowe, 802
 Row, 602, 602, 803, 803
 Russell, 130, 521
 Ruthven, 521
 Sanderson, 130
 Sandford, 802
 Sandilands, 602
 Sawers, 250
 Saxby, 250
 Scott, 520, 521, 602, ib. 803
 Scougall, 250
 Shand, 691
 Shaw, 130, 802
 Sheldon, 803
 Simpson, 250, 521
 Skeen, 691
 Skirving, 130
 Small, 519
 Smith, 250, 251, ib. 522, 601, 692
 Siedman, 129
 Stenhouse, 520
 Stewart, 519, ib.
 Stevenson, 692
 Stewart, 129, 130, 519, ib. 520, 803
 Stirling, 519, 521, 803
 Sutherland, 129
 Swinton, 692
 Taylor, 519
 Thomson, 130, 250, 519, ib.
 Thynne, 521
 Traill, 802
 Tullidolph, 802
 Turnbull, 521
 Tweedie, 519
 Upton, 129
 Urquhart, 520
 Usher, 803
 Vallance, 521
 Vetch, 692
 Venturini, 691
 Villette, 803
 Walker, 692
 Walpole, 130
 Ward, 250
 Warand, 803
 Watmore, 130
 Watson, 130, 602, 802
 Wedderburn, 802
 Weir, 250
 Welsh, 522
 West, 250
 Whigham, 250
 White, 130, 521, 691, 803
 Whyte, 519
 Whyte, 130, 803
 Wightman, 803
 Wilkinson, 130
 Wilson, 803
 Winter, 691
 Wiseman, 519
 Wright, 520
 Young, 250, ib.
 Zee, 803

